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JOURNAL

July, 1954

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The Magazine Women Believe In

213503

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She grew up in the slums;
he in Boston.
ey quarreled, flew apart, flew together.
The most delicious, humorous, heartwarming
married love story ever told,
by husband, Richard Aldrich

ERTRUDE LAWRENCE
AS MRS. A

DREAD COMEBACK
by Morton Sontheimer

SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS
A New Series

Now—brush away tooth decay after eating sweets!

New Ipana with WD-9 blocks formation of tooth-decay acids for hours. So always use it after eating . . . as your dentist recommends.



Almost everybody eats some sweets—a particularly satisfying source of quick energy.

But after eating sweets, you should cut down the risk of cavities . . . with new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why.

Many foods team up with mouth bacteria and their enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 in new Ipana blocks formation of these acids for hours—because it is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) BEFORE decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds of people who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing this way with Ipana. Start today—get new white Ipana with WD-9.



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New IPANA® with WD-9 protects your teeth after sweets

Heart of your New Freedom Gas Kitchen: a new* **ROPER** *automatic "CP" Gas range; the really silent* **SERVEL** *Gas refrigerator with no moving parts to wear and a 10-year warranty.*



Look to GAS for the smartest kitchen in the world

*REG. A. G. A.

Go ahead! Let your kitchen coddle you — you deserve it! Own a range — a new automatic Gas range — that will turn itself on and off with a clock control. Own a range you can trust . . . a range that broils without smoking, bakes without burning, one that responds instantly to your slightest touch. Own a refrigerator with an automatic icemaker that frees you from the mess and fuss of filling and refilling ice trays . . . a Gas refrigerator. See your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer for these advanced contributions to modern living. That's how to own the smartest kitchen in the world!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

Only Gas gives such matchless performance

GAS—the modern fuel for automatic cooking . . . refrigeration . . . water-heating . . . house-heating . . . air-conditioning . . . clothes-drying . . . incineration.

Journal

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July 1954

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Journalities

RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH tells such a great deal about himself as well as his beloved actress-wife in *Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A* (Page 26) that it hardly seems necessary to say more. He is one of the most distinguished men on the American theatrical scene. After he was graduated from Harvard, his family hoped he would be a banker, and he even tried to learn but soon gave it up. "The fascination of producing plays," he says, "is in seeing them come to life. You start with nothing but a stack of typewritten pages and in a few weeks or months you transform them into flesh and blood. It's creation—taking the author's idea and making it live. Of course you hope to get your money back and show a profit, but the sense of creating something that didn't exist before is your reward, and you have it even if the play fails. And that is why you always want to try again." And that is also why Richard Aldrich never really wanted to be a banker.



Richard Aldrich

PEGGY DRAKE *(Steak and Apple Pie,* Page 30) reports: "I am a real Westerner and had never been east of Denver before I was married. I was born on Circus Day in Tucson, Arizona. My ancestors were Mormon pioneers. I met Bill Drake in college and we were married two weeks after I graduated. We've accumulated a daughter, Kathy, Kenneth and Andrea (twins), and Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum (twin Siamese cats). We live in Omaha, where my husband is Nebraska manager of the United Press."



Peggy Drake and children

If *The Disappearance of Mary Blake* (Page 32) makes you feel the writer knows the theater, you're right. MARY ORR is both an actress and a writer. She began her career in the Broadway comedy *Three Men on a Horse*. Later, in collaboration with her husband, Reginald Denham, she wrote, then acted in, their first play, *Wallflower*. It ran for a season on Broadway and became a Warner Brothers movie. She also helped to write, and acted in, many television dramas. Her first short novel, written without her collaborator, became the Oscar-winning picture, *All About Eve*. This comedy won a Screen Writer's Guild Award in 1950.



Mary Orr

Novel Condensation Complete in This Issue

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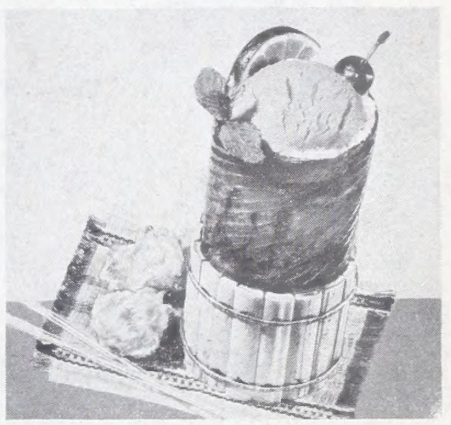
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Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by Beatrice Cooke





FREE! 10 SUMMER COOL-OFF RECIPES

Tropic Cooler
Peppermint Freeze
Apricot Flip
Strawberry Rhubarb Frost
Chocolate Banana Float
Rhubarb Crunch a la Mode
Meringues au Chocolat
Almond Butterscotch Puffs
Pink Pear Sundae
Chocolate Ripple Ice Cream Pie

Like to tempt tired summer appetites when the temperature soars? Try serving a tall, frosty cooler. Or a luscious ice cream dessert that tastes as good as it looks. You'll make these refreshers even more delicious if you use Meadow Gold Sherbet or Meadow Gold Ice Cream. That's because they're smooth-frozen, the special Meadow Gold way. Made with the finest ingredients money can buy. Why not treat the family to a thirst-quenching Tropic Cooler soon? And send for your complete set of hot-weather recipes today

Recipe for Tropic Cooler

½ cup lime juice
¼ cup sugar
1 quart sparkling water
2 pints Meadow Gold Lime Sherbet
2 lime slices, cut in half
Maraschino cherries

Combine juice and sugar. Pour into 4 chilled tall glasses. Fill three-quarters full with sparkling water. Mix well. Add scoops of Meadow Gold Lime Sherbet to each glass. Garnish each with half lime slice and maraschino cherry. Serves 4.

When your recipe calls for milk, be sure you use Meadow Gold Milk. It's as pure and creamy and good as milk can be!



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If rich desserts are not for you,
here's a happy thing to do—

have grapefruit instead

Spooning up each luscious forkful is fun, but only half the story. A Florida grapefruit salad can satisfy appetite and perk you up. Have it instead of a rich dessert and you keep your poundage down.

How so? Each can of sections or juice brings you a whole array of Florida-fresh health benefits. Vitamins are crowded in—lots of vitamin C, the buoyant health vitamin you need each day. *And calories are crowded out.* Reducing is easier, eating is fun—*if you have grapefruit instead!*



Worth its weight in health — Florida grapefruit sections or juice in cans

Plump sections tumble out ready, as is, for breakfast or dessert, or for salads. Lively tasting juice is a wonderful refresher. A can of frozen concentrate puts a pint and a half in a pitcher. Keep chilled and ready to pour.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Our readers write us

She Likes, She Keeps . . .

Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Editors: Years ago you gave us Eleanor Roosevelt's story, Bette Davis', Joan Crawford's, John Gunther's, Karen's miracle story, the Little Princesses; and more lately Mother Was Human, Jimmy John's, Elizabeth Taylor's, and now Mrs. Eisenhower's, and in May, Anna Perrott Rose's Tinchy, the "Frightened Boy." Should this very young-at-heart author live to be a hundred and five and take a wolf child to love and rear, pléase, editors, get the story for your readers.

Is it any wonder that I like, I kiss, I keep . . . taking your wonderful magazine as long as my eyesight and money hold out?

Thanks and best wishes to your *whole* staff.

Sincerely,
MRS. JACK G. WEST

▶ ***The* Journal *and Mrs. A. P. R. Wright thank Mrs. West and the many readers who wrote, for whom she stands as spokeswoman. For you all—another memorable* Journal *event:* Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A., *surely the tenderest, most delightfully humorous and tempestuous true story of married love ever lived or told. Begin it on Page 26. ED.***

Kitchen Police?

Simonstown, South Africa

Dear Editor: If you are one of those who would shriek at the sight of a mouse on your kitchen table, what would you do if you returned home to find a huge hairy monkey climbing over the kitchen sink with your morning loaf of bread?

The housewives here in Simonstown, South Africa, for six months now have had to fight a running battle with baboons.



Not in our yard, please!

The other day a Mrs. Bennett returned from her morning drive to the station, and found three enormous, four-foot-high baboons in her kitchen.

With amazing presence of mind, she remembered reading that unless he feels himself cornered, the baboon will rarely attack a human being. So, leaving the kitchen door open, she rushed in herself by the side porch, making as much noise as possible. Fortunately, these were well-read specimens and knew what was expected of them.

They did not wait for her to get there. The leader growled and barked like a dog as he jumped from the sink and, trailing the kitchen towel behind him, made a dash for the garden fence. Once they reached a safe distance, they all three sat down and defied her.

The raids are nearly always organized by groups of as many as ten or more. But the housewives of Simonstown are now up in arms, so there is only one way in which a battle like that can end.

Most sincerely,
OLIVER K. WHITING

Lived In—And Loved

Orange, Connecticut

Dear Editors: I wonder if forty years from now someone will be loving the house they built from the plans of the little "Salt Box" house shown in March,



Journal house 40 years later.

1954, Ladies' Home Journal. That is what I'm doing, loving greatly, a house, so comfortable, taken from April, 1912, Ladies' Home Journal and built in 1913.

Sincerely,
MRS. CHESTER R. JONES

▶ ***Present indications are that* more *than 1800 families in all forty-eight states, Canada, and even East Africa will soon be living in Salt Boxes. ED.***

Tottering Marriage Saved

Pasadena, California

Dear Editors: For some months we have read your articles, Can This Marriage Be Saved. We knew our marriage was tottering on the brink of disaster, but were too afraid to act. When things finally became desperate, we decided to ask the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles for help, which they gave immediately and with the greatest tact.

We have found we not only had our children in mind, we really adored each other and were too juvenile to admit it. Our life is wonderful! Our relations with the world are more secure and we are so grateful to all of you. We hope that many more like us can be helped. We know there *are* many who desire it.

Let them hope and take action. They will never be sorry.

Most sincerely,
(Name Withheld)

Poisoned Relations

Greenwich, Connecticut

Dear Editors: I can only add another voice in deploring the detrimental effect of American crime comic books abroad. I have lived in India for eight years, and have heard repeatedly from Indian friends that America cannot want peace and at the same time allow these books to be published for their children.

We have an excellent United States Information Service in India. The American Reporter which we publish is well written and widely read. All our constructive effort is largely negatived by these books, which are like a poison in our foreign relations.

Cannot you use your influence to organize some responsibility on the part of publishers to represent us abroad as honorably as we expect our Government to do? The moving-picture industry has had someone of integrity to establish standards of responsibility. Could there not be some such person to whom all export of printed material would be referred? And with that, publicity should be given to publishers and editors of all such periodicals which enter into affecting our foreign relations, for better or for worse. Publishers of worth-while magazines will not fear publicity.

We have freedom of the press, and freedom to drive an automobile. But in our driving, we are not free to injure our fellow men.

Sincerely yours,
EVELYN WARREN-BOULTON

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting... this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—

yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!



This is a *New Drene* formula—

so **Mild** you could

shampoo every day!



A PRODUCT OF
PROCTER & GAMBLE



Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year...but I avoid detergent hands with Jergens Lotion!"



Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped red hands instantly!*



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper. Lovelier hands at once! Jergens never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. Yet, you pay *less* for Jergens, the world's favorite hand care.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"Let's face it. We're not getting away from it all, we're taking it with us!"

JULY, if ever, is the time to relax—that long month of long hot days when you dream of the trips you want to take. It's the time to cast off worry, to get into the car and drift along at thirty-five miles an hour with the top down, to wander off into the hills, foot-loose and fancy-free.

I just read the travel diary of a man who did the 1744 equivalent. He was Dr. Alexander Hamilton (not *the* Hamilton). He got on his horse and for four months rode over the countryside from Annapolis to Maine and back again. He found the roads good, and also the service on the *fifty* ferries he had to take. The women in Newport were the "prittiest" he saw, and those in Albany the ugliest. The "muscettoes" in Long Island were bad. The best company and conversation were in New York, but there were too many "toapers"; he got tired of "nothing but their excessive drinking." In Boston he lived at a boardinghouse on Beacon Hill from which he had a view of the whole town and the peninsula on which it stands! **GENTLEMAN'S PROGRESS, the Itinerarium of Dr. Alexander Hamilton,** edited by ***Carl Bridenbaugh.*** (University of North Carolina Press, 1948.)

●

I've heard it said that the most useful thing you can take traveling with you is information. That you shouldn't read just one book on the subject, but as many as you can lay your hands on. And that doesn't mean books about Italy or Sweden or England any more than it means San Francisco.

The European guidebooks are a library in themselves. The Baedeker type, that tells all—that counts the train stops and names each mountain peak—is indispensable in the foreign country itself, in my opinion. This would be the Nagel or the Muirhead or the Blue Guide—whichever one deals with the country you're visiting.

For reading ahead of time and taking notes, I have found two very satisfactory series of travel books. ***Virginia Creed's*** **ALL ABOUT AUSTRIA** and **ALL ABOUT IRELAND** are excellent. I can't imagine enjoying those countries quite so much without having primed up on them from an authority. There are also **ALL ABOUT ITALY, ALL ABOUT SPAIN, ALL ABOUT HOLLAND.** (Holt.)

Equally helpful and full of lighthearted suggestions are the *Horace Sutton* books, FOOTLOOSE IN FRANCE. FOOTLOOSE IN ITALY, and so on. (Rinehart.) In both these series you get the point of view of history-minded, sophisticated, sensible people who pick and choose, and do not recommend indiscriminately.

●

AROUND THEATERS is a collection of ***Max Beerbohm's*** reviews of London plays and people from 1898 to 1910. These were the years when he was dramatic critic on The Saturday Review, succeeding George Bernard Shaw. He saw everything—the opening night of Peter Pan and of The Passing of the Third Floor Back, even Henry James' play which was a sure-fire failure. But the special charm of the book is its turn-of-the-century air, its wit, its elegance.

The things that happen these days in the theater would make the inimitable Max turn in his grave—if he were in it. But he isn't. He is now over eighty, and graduated to radio.

●

THE FLAW IN THE CRYSTAL, by ***Godfrey Smith,*** is a first-rate English suspense novel, based on the disappearance of the two British Foreign Office men, Burgess and McLean. *(For what it is worth: I heard that these two were seen in Berlin during the Four Power meeting last winter.)*

●

Daphne du Maurier, who from time to time has used her fine pen on her relatives—*Gerald: A Portrait*, *The Young George du Maurier* (letters edited), *The Du Mauriers*—has now written a historical novel, **MARY ANNE,** about her great-great-grandmother. Mary Anne Clarke was the mistress of the Duke of York, son of George III, and protagonist in one of the liveliest scandals in the history of Great Britain. The book follows her from childhood in the London slums, through the mazes of political intrigue to her final exile in France. END

OLD 'N WHITE SALAD with cottage cheese
d Pineapple Slices. Inviting and easy-to-fix for family meals
d informal buffet entertaining. On platter, with crisp lettuce
aves, heap mound of cottage cheese. Decorate generously with
ained Pineapple Slices. Accompany with French dressing
fruit salad dressing



Tempt 'em with Pineapple canned tropic-fresh

Nature's most refreshing flavor



CRUSHED
canned Pineapple, good to eat "as is," also makes delicious pies, cookies, puddings, icings, sundaes, meat sauces, jams



PINEAPPLE JUICE
tastes wonderful any time you're thirsty. Chill and shake well before serving

CHUNKS
of canned Pineapple (bite-size) and the smaller Tidbits are favorites for fruit cups, to sauté with meat, for salad-making and to sprinkle on puddings and cereals

Probably there never was a salad canned Pineapple couldn't improve! By adding a golden glamor-look . . . by making old favorites *taste new.* As with salads, so with main-course meats—with desserts and bakings, fruit servings, too—the more canned Pineapple in your eating the more you'll like all that you eat. Keep a "PINEAPPLE SHELF" in your kitchen with all 5 forms of this tropic fruit. Reach often for the pleasure flavor stored by Nature in canned Pineapple!

PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION, *San Francisco*



She stuck in her thumb,

And pulled out **PINK PLUM**

And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢



Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet



"We teach our Conover School students how to use Cashmere Bouquet Indelible-Type lipstick. They apply, splash cold water on their lips, then blot. The color clings for hours!"

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

"Why, Mrs. Johnson, I hoped you were going to bring your little boy with you again."

© B. A. AND CO., LTD.—"THE BEST CARTOONS FROM PUNCH"



A husband does change with the years; he even gets milder. . . . I used to exclaim bitterly when there wasn't a pencil at the phone; now I meekly put a dozen pencils there every week in the hope there'll be one when I need it.

Not that I really miss Fourth of July firecrackers. But I wouldn't object too much if Ike fired a cap pistol near a White House microphone to be broadcast coast to coast, powerfully amplified, for the encouragement of all true patriots.

When the archaeologists and geologists dig into our rock garden an aeon from now, they'll be baffled to explain how Oregon rocks, Florida beach sea shells and pebbles from Martha's Vineyard all got blended there.

Our luncheon club's deep thinker argues that Acheson, Marshall and Dulles are so dissimilar that Senator McCarthy couldn't possibly hate 'em all if they hadn't each been Secretary of State, dealing with furriners.

I've resolved to spend at least twice as much time with books, magazines and newspapers as with radio and TV. . . . Or maybe three times. . . . If the Russians can soften us up with low-grade radio, TV and the comics, they'll never need an atom bomb.

At the bridge table we agree that nothing rekindles love 'twixt wife and husband so quickly as the news that other couples rough each other up with flirtations and quarrels, yet remain happy. Magic formula for a hug and kiss after a morning brawl: "Others have it bumpier!"

"My husband often asks me," reports Betty Comfort to her dearest chum over midmorning coffee, "what Rubirosa's got that he hasn't got. I tell him Rubirosa's probably more helpful with the dishes."

It's delightful to observe better manners among the younger generation. . . . I was watching a five-hour-old baby through a big window at a hospital when he yawned prodigiously. But instantly he covered the yawn with a small hand.

Some of my severest locker-room critics argue I'd improve my golf game if I'd keep score more carefully. But shucks, all I ask of golf is to walk on the velvety fairway, once or twice outdrive with my old No. 1 iron the opponent smuggest about his new wooden clubs.

"My boy tells me," confides Peter Comfort, mixing some poison-ivy spray, "that there's $90,000,000 worth of gold in every cubic mile of sea water. And he thinks I've got a direct pipeline to it!"

Between neighbors, supreme politeness must prevail, as between two Eastern potentates. That's why, after I've waited a year for their return, I always borrow back my rakes from my neighbors without batting an eye.

If you love a girl, anything she does is delectable. I was once enchanted by a girl who liked to crumble soda crackers on her ice cream. . . . In memoriam, I still crumble crackers on my ice cream, occasionally to the b.w.'s bafflement.

Our youngest argues strongly for a power lawn mower. But I retort that our yard is level, and occupied largely by a concrete tennis court. Anyhow, he and I need the exercise; mostly he.

Another family argument I've never won: whether to eat the skins of broiled fish or of Maine baked potatoes. Epicures say yes; but my beloved ones still spurn skins. I still eat 'em, with a hangdog look; but I don't argue any more.

I can no longer conceal my deep love for our Aunt Daisy. . . . Of all the eightyish ladies I know, she's the most positive that we of the younger generation aren't really going to the dogs, we're just putting it on.

. . . When you suddenly discover that you and Junior *can* talk the same language,

. . . And your daughter agrees to let her red hair grow out, without a $25 bonus,

. . . Or your youngest tiptoes into your room at 3 A.M. and turns out your bed lamp and takes the book off your chest,

. . . And your Lady of Sheer Delight agrees with you ten times in a row (or you agree with her and think she agrees with you) . . .

Then you can stop muttering to yourself or raiding the icebox for midnight solace, and kiss her on the ear when she least expects it.



this is how you feel...

All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet

cashmere
bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

59¢
29¢ 43¢
Plus Tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good-grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

Now you can cook Fresh Vegetables without boiling away that garden-fresh flavor

Spry makes the difference!



Here's All You Do!

For beans — melt 2 tablespoons of Spry in heavy saucepan. Add 1¼ lbs. of sliced beans, salt, pepper, ¼ cup water. Mix lightly together. Cover and cook over medium heat 18 minutes, or until tender.

For carrots — melt 2 tablespoons Spry, add 3 cups of sliced carrots, salt, 2 tablespoons water. Cook as above for 13 minutes.

When you cook your vegetables this way, there's no liquid left to drain off . . . so the vitamins and garden-fresh flavor are in the vegetables. They'll taste wonderful, or Lever Brothers will return your money.

Spry makes just about everything you cook taste better!

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"Landscape with Cottage and Hay Barn," by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-69). National Gallery of Art, Rosenwald collection.

The farm problem and me

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

By the time this article appears I shall have relieved by an infinitesimal fraction the headaches of Mr. Ezra Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture. There will have been an auction on my Vermont farm, in which I will have disposed of a herd of registered Jersey cows and young stock and of the major portion of a shedful of farm machinery which cost me thousands of dollars.

The market being what it is, I anticipate whopping losses. What some of my friends and members of my family have called "Dorothy's Folly" is ending.

Yet the farm has not been a "hobby." My sincere ambition has been to make the farm pay, or at least to make it break even. It hasn't, and it won't. Now I know it.

For twelve years it has provided one or another farmer and his family with a modest but comfortable living. I mean it has partly done so. For when receipts are balanced against grain bills, extra labor in the haying season, expenditures for gas, seed and fertilizer, maintenance and repair of machinery and buildings, veterinarian fees, fencing, utilities and insurance, leaving out interest on capital investment, it turns out that mamma is supporting those lovely, big-eyed Jerseys with her typewriter—at the standard of living which they and the milk inspectors demand, but beyond their owner's means.

I shall drop a tear when the darlings are loaded onto the trucks. But I can't go on expending my life for cows. I know the books—down to the last detail. They balance, but with the checks from articles, or the returns of a lecture trip. I can get more net from the rent of the furnished farmhouse—and sweet, comfortable and comely it is—to "summer folks" than I ever have from milk checks.

I've done everything I was advised to do by the county agent and the U. S. Soil Commissioner. The Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture has given me an extended education at the taxpayers' cost. But what it has never been able to demonstrate is how to make a medium-sized financially unencumbered farm of some eighty arable acres, between twenty and forty milk cows and young stock, supplemented by a small flock of sheep and some five hundred laying hens, and all of them doing fine, support not me and my family, but the bedrock costs necessary to work it, and to return a modest income to its working manager.

This is not a notion but a fact. It occurred to me to rent the land and buildings, including a furnished dwelling house, all in excellent condition and the buildings insured (for less than their value) for $25,000. I didn't want to cheat anyone and inquired of the county agent what would be a fair price. He replied that he would not advise any farmer with little or no equity in necessary machinery to engage himself for more than $50 a month. That's about 1 percent on my investment, with me continuing to pay taxes, insurance and major repairs. The price would barely cover taxes. But I agreed with the county agent that anyone working for cash income and paying more would get, at best, a bare living.

I have no complaint about "lazy" farmers. All of them can quip that they don't expect an eight-hour day but would settle for an eight-hour night. In fact, I have no "complaints." But I am in a position earned by experience to know something about the assets and liabilities of the medium-sized farm, and have some views about its future. As a means of producing cash income it is too small.

Farms can succeed financially when they are large enough to employ a full-time, well-paid and expert manager, preferably the owner himself, and sufficient resident and seasonal labor to be worked, as factories are worked, by division of labor, in operational units. A herd of a hundred or more milk cows, a flock of five thousand chickens, a range of several thousand beef cattle or sheep are "economic." Such great farms actually supply most of the food consumed by the nonfarming, and even by much of the farming population.

But there is another form of farming of ancient and stable ancestry. That is the farming that does not produce for cash money, but for family consumption.

The farm owner whose effort is to house, feed and raise a large, healthy, joyful family must reduce his farm operations to what can be accomplished in part-time work by himself, his wife, his children, and occasional labor hired for a specific and limited purpose. He must earn his cash income working forty hours a week in a factory, office, store or profession, and he must find his farm within reach of such opportunities and within reach of good schools! If I could have my way there would be tens of thousands more small factories in this country, in or on the outskirts of nearly every medium-sized village, many of them tied in with the great factories of the nation, and their workers would live on little home-farms, run only to feed their families—actually extended gardens.

For the productivity of land is an awesome miracle. Ten acres of properly conditioned and cared-for land, cultivated solely to feed the stock and people living on it, can supply in abundance most CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

"Pure California lemon juice already squeezed for you! *All you add is water!"*



LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD, Los Angeles, California

"Cool! Quick! Luscious!

Make 'em both the easy, easy way!

Wouldn't your family go for that big, friendly-looking tray of ice-cold lemonade — with a high, light 'n honey of an angel food cake? Just the thing for summer afternoons — or nights . . . company time, or just "family."

And it's so simple! All you have to do is to open one of those convenient small cans of Frozen Lemonade from California and add water — one six-ounce can makes a quart of the finest lemonade. You couldn't make better if you "squoze" the lemons and "squooshed" the sugar yourself! Trim with fresh mint and add a gay red cherry! Looks wonderful — tastes fine!

Cake 'n Lemonade!" says Betty Crocker

OF GENERAL MILLS

Easy as easy, too, to have that big white cake all ready. Just bake it in the morning from our newest pride and joy — our Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix. Bakes a cake as high, as light, as angel-perfect as Betty Crocker's own best 13-egg angel food recipe.

Anyone can bake it. All the fine country egg whites you need are right in the package. And, especially with ice-cold lemonade, angel food cake tastes so heavenly you just don't need an icing.

Stock up now for summer week-ends — stock up for fun with lots of California's finest frozen concentrate for lemonade — and with Betty Crocker's finest — the new Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix. It's **C-O-O-L!**



A perfect cake every time you bake —
cake . . . after cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!

NOW! the tested treatment for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF that has helped thousands of Men and Women





LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC ... Kills millions of germs including the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. OVALE)

MANY PEOPLE never realize that they have infectious dandruff until they see those recurring telltale flakes and scales on the hair, coat or dress shoulder. When dandruff is due to germs, it's a real infection so don't neglect it. It calls for quick treatment ... persistent treatment ... antiseptic treatment!

So start right now with regular use of Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your hair and scalp a thorough antiseptic bath ... treats the infection as an infection should be treated ... with real germ-killing action.

Yes, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale), the very germ that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought complete relief or marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company.

At the first symptom ... Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

of the food, except sugar, coffee, tea, flour, salad oil, and salt and pepper, for a family of eight to ten people.

I know what I am talking about. The one unquestionable asset we have from our farm is not what we sell but what we eat ourselves.

One reason the nation's storehouses are glutted with butter, meat and dried eggs is that thousands of men who produce them can't afford to feed them to their own folks, because they need cash to pay for machinery and other costs. So farmers selling thousands of pounds of milk per month to creameries eat margarine, and tilling scores of acres of land eat canned vegetables and store meat.

We sell at a loss but consume at a profit.

At this moment 30 cubic feet of freezer space on our farm is crammed with veal, lamb, pork, poultry, every vegetable that grows, and raspberries, strawberries and peaches. On shelves in the storage cellar are 250 quart or pint jars of corn, succotash (no room in the freezer), tomatoes canned and in purée form, mincemeat, sauerkraut, dill, mustard, and bread-and-butter pickles, fruit, boiled cider, jams and jellies. Except for prime beef, I never buy a pound of meat, whether living on the farm or in New York, to which I have it shipped, and where I have another, smaller freezer. Cream desserts, and cakes made with six or more eggs, are no luxury on the farm. I don't earn my living by raising food, but I save enormously by so doing—and consuming it in the family. I lose only by selling it. My real trouble is our family isn't big enough to eat what we *could* produce, not on 80 acres—and counting rough pasture, bogs and woods, over 400—but on a maximum of ten.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.

—J. H. FICHTE

These ten ideal acres, in the farm for home abundance that I envisage, would be divided:

1 acre for home and buildings, lawn, shrubbery and flowers.
⅛ acre potatoes.
⅛ acre vegetables.
⅛ acre fruit.
3 acres of prime pasture
3 acres of prime hay.
2⅝ acres of wood lot.

A potato patch of ⅛ acre will produce all a family can eat, as well as seed for the next crop.

On the ⅛ acre of my own vegetable garden I grow every vegetable that will flourish in the Tuscan gardens around Florence, Italy: lettuce of many varieties, including Oak Leaf, which survives sharp frosts; bushels of asparagus; green, wax, pole, shell and Lima beans; peas, and the too seldom grown "sugar peas" of which you eat pod and all; sweet corn of earlier and later varieties, tomatoes (bushels of them), leeks, onions, garlic, winter and summer squash, salad and pickling cucumbers, spinach, carrots, beets, salsify. Plants, started in a cold frame, produce broccoli, cauliflower, kohlrabi, eggplant, celery, peppers and cabbage—white, red and savoy. An herb garden, of about 6′ x 10′, produces every herb mentioned in the Gourmet Cookbook.

FROM July onward our kitchen, and the colonnaded porch that shades it, often resembles a factory, with everyone shelling peas, cutting beans, cleaning broccoli. One can't read and write *all* day. I'd rather help my cook, a countrywoman neighbor, than go to a cocktail party or play golf, and the house guests are drawn in, apparently to their city-weary pleasure.

My ideal ¼-acre fruit orchard would have twelve fruit trees: five apples, three pears, two plums and two cherries. Peaches and apricots won't grow in New England. But there would be five or six grapevines (trained on poles with telephone wires stretched between) a 50′ row of red and black raspberries, currants and a few blueberries, and a 12′ x 12′ plot of strawberries.

Two cows (bred to freshen at different times, so there would always be one milking; a cow, in case you don't know, milks 305 days a year and is dry 60 before calving).

A flock of five or six ewes (sheep), fifty laying hens, one or two hogs.

One first-rate Jersey cow will produce 30 or more pounds of very rich milk per day.

BUT she's going to fetch a fancy price and I'd settle for two pretty good ones, whose barn records show they average 24 pounds each per day. Don't buy a cow in a poke or trust your own discerning eye. Buy only from a DHIA (Dairy Herd Improvement Association) herd. Members of this association, who support it themselves, are visited every month on unannounced days, by an expert dairyman who himself tests each cow in two milkings according to the amount she eats, the milk she gives and its butterfat content. He's impartial and accurate. So don't buy Mary, Daisy or Jill without seeing what she's produced during the previous year of lactation. And don't buy her if the butterfat content of her milk is under 5 per cent.

Two such cows should give you 48 pounds (24 quarts) of milk a day, of which you will take, say, 4 quarts (8 pounds) for your family—with much more cream content than you'll ever get in the milk you normally buy. You can lift your coffee cream from the top of the bottle. That leaves you 280 pounds per week to separate into cream and skim milk. If you use a quart of heavy cream per week, you will have sufficient left to churn from 7 to 8 pounds of butter (25–27 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter). And you will feed your skim milk and buttermilk to your calves (when they appear), and to your hogs, hens and pullets.

You will raise the pasturage on which your cows feed in summer, and the hay on which they feed in winter, and buy the grain rations they are fed at milking time—one pound to every three pounds of milk. This is a high ratio, but see how the cows take it. Cows rarely overeat. They aren't humans.

You will hire a man with a tractor to cut your three acres of hay, two for the cows and one for half-a-dozen sheep. It must be first-class, high-protein hay, producing at about three tons to the acre, and it will cost you to plant it in the first place, for labor, with machinery, seed and fertilizer—and have the soil tested first—about $200. But hay is a perennial and if you keep it manured and lime-dressed it won't need replanting for six to eight years. Harvesting by a hired worker with his own machinery will cost about $60.

Your two cows will reproduce themselves each year, and until you foresee the advisability of replacing one or another of them raise their calves for veal, feeding them your fortified not too heavily skimmed milk, a raw egg daily, and nothing else. They should each weigh 150 pounds slaughtered and skinned.

Half-a-dozen sheep should yield you the same number of lambs in April, and be pasture-fed except when the ewes are lambing and must have grain, or you're fattening the lambs for three weeks before slaughtering. And you will raise lambs, dressing at 25 pounds each, superior to any you have ever eaten. Don't sell your sheep's wool. When you've accumulated a couple of shearings send the wool to a factory that will weave it into blankets, cloth or knitting wool, at a fraction of the price you'd pay for goods of equal quality. There is at least one such place in Maine.

As far as possible, make your land fulfill two functions. Your orchard, thickly planted to Ladino clover, will be an ideal range for the fifty pullets you will raise to layers each year, and what they eat off the ground will reduce your grain bill by 20 per cent. So will skim-milk and buttermilk rations.

A sheep tethered so he can't reach flowers or shrubs will mow your lawn and like it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

1954

PERFECT RICE WITHOUT COOKING

Just add
to boiling water
for perfect rice
every time!

MINUTE
BRAND
RICE

PERFECT EVERY TIME

PRE-COOKED



No washing! No rinsing!
No draining! No steaming!

You don't boil Minute Rice. You merely *add* this pre-cooked rice to boiling water, remove from heat—and presto! The whitest, fluffiest, most delicious rice that ever brightened a dinner table! No work, no watching, no sticky pans. And Minute Rice is foolproof—you get perfect results *every time!* Thrifty, too—costs just pennies per serving. Be sure to get the big economy package.

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MINUTE RICE WITH CLUB STEAK

Surest way to a man's heart—a sizzling steak with plenty of fluffy rice to soak up the juices! What could be easier, with handy Minute Rice so easy to prepare? For 4, simply add 1 1/3 cups Minute Rice and ½ teaspoon salt to 1½ cups boiling water. Cover; remove from heat; let stand 13 minutes. Look how every grain swells up plump and separate—perfect rice for certain, without work or guesswork!

You'll find dozens of delicious ways to serve this wonderful rice—with meat, poultry, sea food—in soups, casseroles, desserts. Exciting recipes on every package—"quickie" treats only Minute Rice makes!

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

Many brides worry because their emotional acceptance of sex is incomplete at first.

How a Bride Adjusts to Marriage

THIS summer and fall, thousands of young couples will be busy "getting settled" in their new homes. Before the wedding the most urgent practical questions were decided, such as where to live, whether the bride should work, and how to budget the income. Now household arrangements must be worked out in detail, and everyday necessities of life provided routinely.

Meals must be cooked, furniture placed; there are pictures to hang, grass to cut, letters to write. The budget makes no allowance for dry cleaning, the living-room sofa doesn't fit its space, a change in the bus schedule complicates transportation to work. Even trivial domestic problems require attention, and the major responsibility falls on the bride.

In her preoccupation with the mechanics of the household, it is important that she does not lose sight of other objectives. For the vital element in any marriage is the personal relationship between husband and wife. And the quality of that relationship in the future is greatly influenced by the couple's emotional adjustment now. Practical problems during these first months of marriage, however pressing, are seldom crucial unless they impede or delay adjustment.

Sensible young couples know that each partner will have to adapt to the tastes, habits and attitudes of the other. But the process of adjustment is more complex than that. It involves the interplay of all their separate qualities of mind, heart and character, and also of their physical characteristics and sexual needs. Too often, the relationship between husband and wife is handicapped at the beginning by the bride's inadequate or faulty understanding of the role of sex in marriage.

To be sure, the modern girl is probably better informed about sex than her mother was. Through discussion, reading and perhaps courses in marriage she has become intellectually aware that sex is an essential part of marriage. On the conscious level, she rejects the old-fashioned idea that sex is a wife's unwelcome duty, a husband's right.

But her emotional acceptance may be incomplete, and hampered by inward feelings she herself doesn't recognize. As a single girl she was taught to control and restrain her sexual impulses (if not actually to be ashamed of them). After years of practice in being sexually unresponsive, it is not surprising if she is slow to respond fully in marriage.

Her husband, though disappointed, will try to understand and be patient. He, too, wants their relationship to be based on co-operation and mutual desire. But because sexual responsiveness typically develops earlier in men than in women, his self-denial will impose a real hardship on him.

The ideal time to seek improvement, if needed, is in the early months of marriage, when the desire to please each other is most intense, and before resentments, constraints and misunderstandings have become habitual. But as many letters that have come to us recently show, wives often don't recognize the difficulty until they have been married several years, when the situation is much harder to correct.

Any wife who wants love to endure will try from the beginning to meet her husband's needs in this as in other respects. She will do so, not because it is her duty or his right but because sex is the physical means of expressing love. Her very wish to please her husband will increase his appreciation and understanding. In self-forgetfulness, happiness will be found.

Can May Marry December?

"AT nineteen, I married a man fifteen years my senior. The difference in age seemed unimportant then, but, ten years later, it has become a serious obstacle to my happiness and I suppose to his. I thought I loved him, but I didn't. We have no children, and if I didn't have a job I couldn't stand the monotony of our marriage. He wants to stay at home every night, I want to go out occasionally. He is narrow, selfish, has no sense of humor and frowns upon any *frivolity*, his name for anything that isn't useful. The only reason I put up with him is because he would be miserable if I left him. The road ahead is so depressing that I don't know what to do."

No two individuals considering marriage can afford to disregard an age barrier as wide as this. Though the couple may seem congenial initially, differences may appear later. Further, as they grow older, the gap may widen rather than narrow. As in this case, the elder partner loses interest in activity and recreation outside the home along with the decrease in his physical energy; but the wife, still a young woman, craves some of the gaiety and fun enjoyed by her contemporaries. The bitterness of the argument is likely to be intensified by the husband's envy (conscious or not) of his wife's youth, her resentment of his assumption of authority.

Such marriages can be happy. But to an even greater extent than in conventional marriages, success depends on the efforts and resources of the wife. The suggestions listed below, based on our research, are directed primarily to wives already married to older men. But the young woman considering such a marriage may be guided in her decision by asking herself if she is equipped for the required role.

She accepts his goals. Most young married couples naturally share many objectives. Both want a home, a family, job success; they work together to achieve them. But the mature husband has achieved or modified his earlier ambitions. His wife cannot expect him to retrace the steps he took as a younger man. Instead, she must identify herself with his goals.

She establishes common interests. Here again, when husband and wife are the same age, they naturally gravitate toward many of the same pursuits. But whereas a young wife likes movies, dancing and popular music, her older husband enjoys reading, symphony concerts or an evening of bridge. Instead of forcing her preferences on him, or abandoning all her accustomed pursuits, the wife tries to find among their separate interests some that both can share, a circle of friends agreeable to both. Otherwise their companionship is unrewarding.

She respects his judgment. This is not only the tactful course to follow, it is common sense. Because of his wider experience, she should accept his opinion when possible, and respect it always.

Shared goals, companionship and respect are essential components of any marriage. The husband and wife who love each other deeply and wisely enough can cultivate them and achieve happiness, regardless of age.

Ask Yourself: Are Our Standards Compatible?

Research shows that compatibility of husband and wife depends more upon their being socially than intellectually well mated. The greatest identification results when their attitudes and standards are in harmony. Circle the number of each item below which you believe applies to your marriage.

We hold and practice about the same standards in regard to:

1. **Telling the truth and being ethical.**
2. **Provision for, and use of, leisure time.**
3. **Smoking, profanity and drinking.**
4. **Respect and consideration owed relatives.**
5. **Paying debts and handling money matters.**
6. **Selection of, and association with, friends.**
7. **Personal grooming and neatness of dress.**
8. **The courtesies we show each other.**
9. **Religious beliefs and observances.**
10. **Keeping confidences and avoiding gossip.**
11. **Behavior toward persons of opposite sex.**
12. **Training our children.**
13. **The meaning and aims of marriage.**
14. **Time that we share as ours alone.**

In the most compatible and happiest marriages, 11 or more similarities are designated. The average marriage scores 8 to 10, while incompatible marriages total 7 or fewer. Instead of blaming your husband for not thinking as you do, why not try to work out an acceptable compromise? Note that similarity of beliefs is stressed, rather than the beliefs themselves.

Do You Agree?

Do you believe in high-school boys and girls going steady?

No. An individual needs to know and date as many as twenty-five or thirty persons to learn how to make a suitable choice of a mate.

Pillsbury

(no doubt about it)



The only leading cake mixes with country-fresh eggs right in the mix

MILK IS ALL YOU ADD

(Now available in Canada, too!)



WHITE



CHOCOLATE FUDGE



GOLDEN YELLOW



SPICE



P. S.—Add water to Angel Food



HOBAN-GALLOB

There'll be stars in his eyes
for the girl who also finds—and shares—
excitement in the world of everyday.

SUB-DEB edited by RUTH IMLER

You sit on the top of a Ferris wheel; the car rocks, you catch your breath, *he* touches your hand and you shiver as you look at the whirlpools of light below. Then the wheel takes another turn, gently starts, stops and rocks its way down. And that dizzy romantic moment is over. . . .

Sometime this summer or next summer or the summer after that, you'll meet your "stranger," possibly on a crowded seashore, and you'll dream of a "lifelong romance." Such a thing couldn't exist, of course, *but* a lifetime can be shot through with romantic moments. For romance can be more than a personal relationship, it can be a way of life. Some people have lives as dull as dishwater, and others, who go through exactly the same experiences, have lives with a champagne sparkle.

They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; we say that romance is an infinite capacity for making a fuss. *So be fussy.* Especially about the way you look, act and think. Especially if you'd like to inspire romantic notions in a—let's face it—boy!

The Way You Look

▪ *fastidious:* Be fussy about the way you iron the tucks on a blouse or the ruffles of a dress; insist—by sewing up seams and making extra darts—that your clothes fit you trimly, not snugly or tightly; be firm with yourself about touching up make-up in private *only* and never *immediately* after you get into a restaurant or dance.

▪ *pretty:* Because you're unafraid (you *want* to look "sweet") to wear pink, blue or yellow, or to sport a colored shoe or a sissy umbrella (because everybody else does not!).

The Way You Act

▪ *thoughtful-plus-imaginative:* A Christmas card to a friend is thoughtful, but a "Happy Fall" message decorated with hand-drawn oak leaves on the first crisp day is romantic. It's the unexpected gift of time or thought that's romantic. It's thoughtful to settle for the same old movie-and-hamburger date, but it's romantic (and just as inexpensive) to suggest a sunrise bike hike, cooking breakfast outdoors after you've reached your destination; or to cook dinner for your date yourself some night, complete with candlelight and lace tablecloth.

▪ *a little unpredictable:* Enjoy getting caught in the rain (he'll be expecting you to worry about your hair); know something about cars, politics, economics and sports (you're not supposed to); compliment him occasionally on his appearance; don't try to crowd all your short life's history into your first hour with an exciting new date—save a little, so that later on he can say, "Why, I never knew you did," or "I never would have thought that you ——"

▪ *feminine:* Harsh or vulgar language, a strident voice or a boylike gait scares off romance; treasure your high moral standards, but don't preach 'em—express your interest and affection for boys in small ways: a touch of the hand, a sudden smile, the repetition of a remark of his you'd obviously tucked away for remembering.

▪ *gracious:* Too many girls discourage the romantic impulses of boys by laughter or ridicule. If a boy compliments you on your appearance, just for instance, thank him; never say, "Bet you tell that to all the girls," or "Are you blind or something?" or, worse, press him for further details! You can show your admiration and respect for a boy's abilities by treating him as an *individual* and not just another boy. If he knows something or can do something that will be of *genuine* help or interest to you, ask it of him—he'll be delighted.

The Way You Think

▪ *about yourself:* That you are the only person in the world exactly like yourself, so therefore both precious and exciting; that as a woman you have inherited all the grace, mystery and loveliness of every woman who has ever lived (study the lives of charming women); that you have the capacity to add to yourself constantly: a new language, a new recipe, a new poem, a new idea.

▪ *about others:* That everyone you meet is the hero or the heroine of an absorbing story. Ask the next person you meet 1—where he was born; 2—what his first memory is; and 3—what his favorite book is and why. You'll be intrigued with his answers—and with him!

▪ *about the moment:* That *now* is what matters. Enjoy the smell of fresh bread from a bakery, the symmetrical display of fruit in a store window, the splashings of a sparrow in a mud puddle. Marvel at the changing of your body as you become more woman and less child.

▪ *about life:* That it is capable of offering you beauty and adventure as well as pain and disappointment. Give it all you have and demand the same in return. If you do, you won't miss one thrill of romance and you'll be ready for love when at last it comes to you. And it will.

Now! This new Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

ives you a choice of 3 waving and drying methods...

and Beauty Rinse Neutralizer guarantees best results whichever method you use!



1. RICHARD HUDNUT PINCURL METHOD...

for casual curls: this pincurl permanent really *takes*, because the soft waves and casually curling ends are locked in with Beauty Rinse Neutralizer. So smooth! A perfect joy to comb and manage!



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for step saving: this is the most satisfactory on-curler method there is, because Beauty Rinse Neutralizer safeguards your hair. It works *instantly* to give you good, firm, springy curls that stay!



USE THE WAVING AND DRYING METHOD YOU WANT,

get the results you want: because the Beauty Rinse Neutralizer in this new Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives hair the strength it needs to really hold a good, natural-looking curl. $1.50, plus tax.

Today's active people want

Light Refreshment

MAYBE it's the popularity of the beaches that's helped to make the world so figure-conscious.

Or maybe it's today's finer figures, and the pride their owners take in them, that have made the beaches popular.

Either way, the reason Pepsi-Cola is in greater favor than ever today, at beaches and everywhere else, is the fact that Pepsi has adapted itself to the modern desire to stay trim and fit.

Today's active people prefer lighter foods, lighter beverages. And today's Pepsi-Cola, never heavy, never too sweet, is reduced in calories for today's sensible taste in diet.

It is the modern, the light refreshment. You'll find Pepsi-Cola everywhere, in the familiar economy bottle that serves two people, or in the smaller, single-drink size, just right for one.

Have a Pepsi. It refreshes without filling.

Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling

MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

ave periods of premenstrual de-ion, with crying jags."

OMETIMES wonder if I am not going ," the tall, dark-haired girl wept. There circles under her eyes, suggesting sleep-ights. She had wrung her hands futilely her history was being taken. "You think me an awful idiot."

n the contrary, I think you are tolerat-ery well the condition which is affecting -much better than a number of other en whom I could name."

that true? I supposed I was just a sort ak."

ot at all. Suppose you go into more de-bout your symptoms."

Well, about ten days before I am due to truate, I begin to feel an almost intoler-sense of foreboding. I know I should brains enough to realize that nothing is going to happen, but I can't seem to ll, or lie still, or relax. I am as irritable bear with a sore paw and snap at every-. I don't sleep nights. I have vertigo and aches frequently. Please don't laugh I tell you that sometimes I feel as gh I were literally going to jump right f my skin."

can see no cause for mirth in anything have told me. What you are suffering is, in all probability, a severe case of *enstrual tension*. Let me ask you this: ou experience relief once the menstrual has been established?"

es, almost immediately—or within a few hours."

nd the relief is complete?"

is *won*derful! Of course I do have a sen-n of heaviness, low down in the abdo-for a while. I feel sort of *bloated* in that n."

hat is to be expected, and there is a good n for it. How about your breasts at such ?"

hey are heavy—and tender, always. An-thing I've noticed is that at this time I nore. Is it because I'm so nervous?"

hat is undoubtedly a factor."

ut in spite of eating more I don't seem t any fatter."

re you sure of that?"

think so. I have been at my present ht for at least three years. A hundred and ty-three pounds. You wouldn't call that or a girl five feet eight, would you?"

"No. You told me you were due to menstruate within a couple of days. Suppose we check that weight. Will you step on these scales? There! What do you think of *that?*"

"Why—the scales read a hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Are you sure they are correct?"

"You saw me balance them before you stepped on."

"Then I *am* fatter?"

"You are heavier. Yes, indeed, you had to be."

"Do you suppose I gain this much every month, and then lose it?"

"I do. You have been taking on more fluid than usual and retaining it in your tissues. Why do you think your lower abdomen feels bloated? And your breasts heavier and larger? And your weight greater than you imagined? It is that you have been ingesting more fluid, and not eliminating it. This is due to extensive changes which have taken place in the physiology of your body. The cause seems to be an imbalance of the ovarian hormones, activated by the approach of the menstrual period. Estrogens have a salt-retaining effect.

"We are getting into the realm of physiological chemistry now; let me see if I can simplify the explanation.

"You probably have been told or have read of the advisability of taking a certain amount of salt in hot weather when perspiration is easy and large amounts of fluids are craved. The reason is this: Salt makes the fluids remain in the tissues. 'Take a salt tablet now and then,' you may have been counseled. 'You won't have to drink so much water.' Have you been told that?"

"Oh, yes. Frequently."

"See how it applies to your present condition. With increasing ovarian activity, there is an increasing production of *estrogen*, one of the ovarian hormones. Estrogens have a salt-retaining effect. So your salt intake is encouraged to remain, with a consequent water accumulation. No wonder you are heavier, since your tissues are bloated. You are particularly conscious of this in the region of the lower abdomen and breasts, and it makes you miserable."

"That seems to be a clear explanation, Doctor."

"This subject of premenstrual tension is serious for many women. There is more than bodily suffering to be considered. There is the effect on the social adjustment of these individuals."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

r Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of n, containing several chapters which have not red in the Journal, has been published by Haw-Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

says Candy Jones

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"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily."



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"French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet.

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Candy



Complexion and big bath sizes

Did you ever?

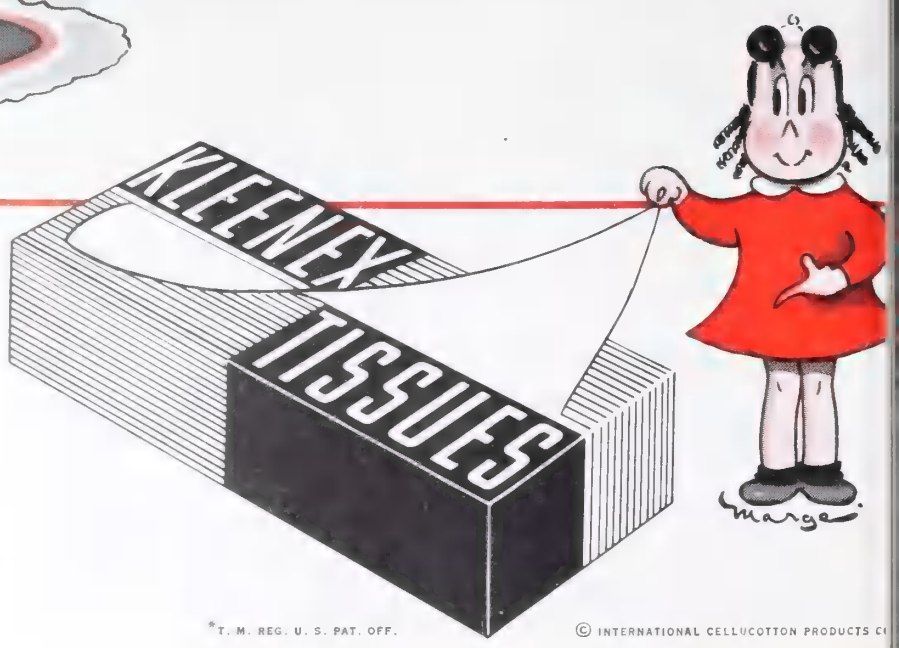
By LITTLE LULU



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Building international friendships

. . . Arkansas Student Exchange

New Diplomacy

By MARGARET HICKEY

IT is no longer true, if it ever was, that "you have to be either rich and old or young and wicked to travel abroad." College and high-school students in the United States have many opportunities to visit other countries cheaply. One twenty-year-old student traveler who cycled through Europe recently reported he had to sell his bicycle in Paris. "Expenses zoomed to nearly two dollars a day," he explained.

It is still not so easy for foreign youngsters to visit and travel in the United States. The American dollar may seem small to us, but it is as large as the moon, and almost as hard to get, in most other countries. But variously subsidized scholarships are permitting many foreign students to live and study in the United States. Besides knowledge and skills, they take back home a true picture of life in the United States that false propaganda will never be able to distort.

Last year, under American Field Service International Scholarships, 265 overseas students studied in American high schools and 254 American youngsters lived with European families during the summer. This is a program of community cooperation in which individual families welcome students into their homes. The Young Adult Council of the National Social Welfare Assembly has another plan for getting the youth of various nations acquainted. In August, fifty well-informed young Americans will be in Singapore when the World Assembly of Youth meets to discuss problems facing young people in every part of the world.

Girl Scouts are going abroad too. A troop from Manchester, Connecticut, pooled its earnings from a year's potato-picking and baby-sitting to pay a visit to pen pals in Belgium. In Indianapolis, a troop sold doughnuts to help pay its expenses to France. Twenty-two other Girl Scouts are going to six European countries with assistance from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. As a part of the two-way exchange, American Scouts will soon welcome thirty-six Senior Guides from six foreign countries and six two-girl teams from South Africa, the French Antilles, Belgium, Panama, Switzerland and the Netherlands.

These and many other arrangements are bringing the youth of all nations together. The Institute of International Education estimates that each year 70,000 persons are on educational-training missions between the United States and other countries. Getting to know people from other countries at the family dinner table, in the classroom, workshop and field is the world's best diplomacy. Good neighborliness succeeds where high-level conferences may fail.

"THREE wives are better than two," the young man from Thailand told his English instructor. In her extracurricular job as president of the University of Arkansas Foundation for International Exchange of Students, Mrs. Jessie O'Kelly hears many rather fantastic things.

During one class session, Marnop Debhavalaya, also from Thailand, remarked that he had once been a monk.

The French boy, Norbert Felter, was incredulous. "*Non!*" he gasped. "*You*—not a really monk?"

Tan-hued Marnop is about five feet tall, a bit roly-poly, poised with great dignity on tiny, square-toed feet. A grave young man. His smile, though, is pure sunshine. "In my country," he said, "where my faith is customary to give one year in a Buddhist monastery. Is what-you-call sacrifice?"

"This is before you are married?" Norbert inquired.

"Oh, no. I am married then."

"Well," said Norbert, "you don't give up a wife to be a monk. What do you give up?"

"We don't eat tiger meat."

By then the class was in a hubbub in a variety of accents. Praderm Titatarn once caused similar confusion merely by saying, "I have tin elephants." ("You have *ten* elephants!" "No—really I have eleven elephants." "Oh—I thought you said *ten*." "That's right. They are tin elephants." "Then they are not real, they are *tin?*" "No! They are real tin elephants. They work in our tin mine." "They go down into the mine and mine tin?" "Oh, no. Tin elephants haul the tin." "All ten at once?" Slowly, "My family has *eleven* real elephants that *haul* tin. One at a time." "Oh.")

As Som Smerasuta explained to Mrs. O'Kelly, it is an old saying in his country that three wives are better than two. But it is a very sensible saying. In Thailand, where a man can have as many wives as he can afford, only the first and her children inherit the family fortune if he dies. Therefore, a second wife might be CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

BERN KEATING



An old American custom—toasting marshmallows at the fireplace—brings smiles to the faces of international students at the University of Arkansas. At the home of a law professor, they enjoy relaxing from their books and trading reminiscences about traditions and get-togethers in their homelands.



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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN July, 1904, everyone was talking about the solid-gold dog at the St. Louis Exposition. The famous Victor trade-mark was cast by Tiffany's to advertise the new talking machines. Thirty thousand homesteaders hustled out to South Dakota for a stake in the last large Government grant to settlers, some 400,000 acres. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm headed the best-seller list, and the immortal Merry Widow Waltz was written.

And writes Editor Edward Bok in the July, 1904, JOURNAL, "This magazine is repeatedly asked why it does not devote more attention to the servant-girl problem. Since 82 per cent of American families keep no servant at all, we feel that although it is a throbbing problem, it is not a matter of national interest."

"Good Health for Girls: A refreshing summer drink is oatmeal water. This may be made into a thin gruel."

Advises Margaret Sangster: "If you are going to the St. Louis Exposition, dear girl, be sure and count your pennies first, as prices there are high. Board will be at least a dollar a day and this may not include all your meals."

"Hilda: A very faint perfume, a mere suggestion, is admissible in a lady's toilette but a decided scent such as rose or violet is vulgar."

Remarks the JOURNAL's Needlework Editor, "The new Madeira embroidery is so new that it is a *fad* this season, and next year will be a *craze*, yet I argue for it a long life."

"In order that children may learn politeness, they must be treated with courtesy," reminds the Lady from Philadelphia.



You could buy a camera for $5 in July, 1904, according to a JOURNAL ad. Family albums bulged with such happy vacation shots as this mammoth teeter-totter.



JOE DI PIETRO

Gertrude Lawrence (portrait by Ben Ali Haggin) seems to keep a watchful eye on her husband, Richard Aldrich, as he and Hugh Kahler go over the manuscript for Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A, which begins on Page 26.

THE portrait of *Gertrude Lawrence*, painted by *Ben Ali Haggin* in 1931 when the actress and *Noel Coward* were playing together in Private Lives, dominates the scene here as *Hugh Kahler* and *Richard Aldrich*, in the latter's apartment, make final changes in the manuscript of Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs A, starting in this issue. Her personality, Hugh said, still dominates the whole apartment. Every one of a hundred ornaments was a very personal possession—gifts from practically every great name in the theater of today. Hugh especially admired a tiny golden sewing box, with miniature gold thimble, scissors and all. Dick told him it was something Gertrude had looked at longingly in a shop for weeks, but considered too great an extravagance to buy for herself, though nothing was ever too extravagant for her to give. "So this became my gift to Gertrude," Dick explained to Hugh. "It was the kind she liked best to get."

When ***Henrietta Murdock*** was describing a club here called Obesity Limited, whose members weigh in once a week and pay $1 for every pound they fail to lose of their weekly quota, ***Dottie Robinson***, the beauty assistant, told of the Lean Jean Club in Byron, Michigan, one of whose members wrote in about their penalty for breaking the club's reducing rules. It's to wear a badge that says, "I've been a little pig."

The Botanical Garden uptown here is working on a new variety of sneeze-free goldenrod.

Ever since we told here in February about Smokey, the now-famous fire-prevention bear whose fur was singed in what we said was a blazing Arizona forest, our mail about this matter has been very heavy, and all of it from New Mexico. That's where the fire really was. Our mistake.

A breakdown of 1953 automobile accidents shows that cars traveling straight ahead killed 30,760; cars turning right, 960; turning left, 2200; backing, 380; slowing or stopping, 460; skidding, 2210. . . . Studies show that "golden brown" is the common hair color in the United States, including about 30 per cent of the men and 27 per cent of the women; about 11 per cent of the men are "golden blond," but less than 11 per cent of women. Red hair is twice as common in women as in men.

The skirt that little ***Adrian Vaughan*** is clutching on this month's cover is her mother's. And if you recall the beaming baby who looked up at you from the March, 1953, cover, that was Adrian's little sister Valerie. And according to ***Tana Hoban***, who took both pictures, by the time you read this there may be still another cover girl in the Vaughan family.

Women buy more cosmetics today than they did ten years ago—but try to achieve a more "natural" look: rouge has declined in usage almost 30 per cent. . . . Since 1940, hospital insurance in American families has increased from 9 per cent to 57 per cent; surgical insurance, from 4 per cent to 48 per cent. However, about one sixth of our population owes medical bills averaging $127.50.

*Tipped off to look up a certain page in the West Point yearbook for 1915, we found ourself reading about a cadet named **Eisenhower**. He was down as "Daredevil Dwight, the Dauntless Don," and described as one of the handsomest cadets at the Point. . . . Did you know, by the way, that on Mamie's charm bracelet there is a heart marked "Ike"?*

Studies show that the housewife who belongs to many clubs, organizations and committees is likely to be restless and dissatisfied: the woman who likes housework, children, and belongs to only one or two clubs is usually a happier wife.

In Baarn, Holland, last winter, ***Betty Hoffman*** met a woman whose story she can't forget. Now the wife of an American Red Cross official in Germany, she was an Army nurse in the Philippines when the Japanese invaded. Before taking to the hills with the guerrilla forces, she only had time to grab a little clothing, some medical supplies, and six issues of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For the next two years her group read those six JOURNALS to tatters. What they minded more than the Japs, she told Betty, was having to wait until their liberation to read the ending of ***Daphne du Maurier's*** Frenchman's Creek.

When *Joannie Norman* was here from California recently, visiting her sister-in-law, our beauty editor, Dawn asked her why she was always darting into antique shops. "I'm trying to find needles for my sewing machine," was why. Seems Joannie uses a pre-1900 Wheelock & Wilson, and has since sent us this picture to prove it. The formal she's making is from *Nora O'Leary's* pattern pages. So is the dress she's wearing. The poodle is Lady Paulette Powder Puff.

Joannie Norman and her turn-of-the-century sewing machine.



JOHN ENGSTEAD



GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

AS

"Mrs. A"

An intimate biography of the great star by her husband,

RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH

DOROTHY WILDING



"I'm not Gertrude Lawrence. I'm Mrs. Richard Stoddard Aldrich—and I adore it!"

TO her friends, she was "Gertrude" or "Gee." When she was on tour and her play was doing big business, she might dash off a brief, jubilant note signed "Mrs. Gotrocks." I would always be primed to find her in what she felt was a subtle, literary mood by the signature "Emily Brontë." If she was feeling lonely and acutely conscious of the enormous distance and the dangers dividing us, as when she toured the Pacific bases for USO and I was on duty in England, she became "Your Bunkie." But at all other times in letters and wires, from the first penciled note she left on the pile of handkerchiefs in my bureau drawer the day after we were married, to me she was "Adoringly Mrs. A."

The name was her own invention. She never used it in writing to anyone but to me, and she never referred to herself as "Mrs. A" except when we were alone. It had a significance for us both which made it peculiarly and preciously our own. Millions will remember Gertrude Lawrence lovingly always. But Mrs. A is a woman who was known slightly to not more than a dozen persons. And fully, intimately to only one—myself.

Copyright, 1954, by Richard Stoddard Aldrich

"Poor Richard Aldrich! He thinks he has married Miss Lawrence. He'll soon find out she isn't 'Miss' but 'Myth' Lawrence."

This sally of Constance Collier's was repeated to me. I thought it amusing and apt. After all, a good many myths had grown up around Gertrude during the seasons she had been enchanting audiences in England and America. She was of the stuff of which legends are made. You were always hearing about the outrageous pranks she played in the theater and out of it, her quick wit, her love of parties at which her irrepressible comedy spirit made her the glittering center, her extravagances which had run her into bankruptcy, the men in love with her, her fabulous clothes, furs and jewels; above all, her glamour—a word which she had brought back into parlance, and the only term our language affords which even haltingly describes her radiant charm.

"Myth Lawrence," I called her teasingly when we were taking a late arm-in-arm stroll across the lawn toward the dunes, something she always liked to do the last thing at night.

I was unprepared for the seriousness with which she took the witticism. She drew closer and her hands—strong, capable and as

he valiant Anna in The King and I — her last and perhaps
eatest role — she "whistled a happy tune" all of her life.
MM



Knowing her husband's love for the place where he had spent boyhood summers, Miss Lawrence made "Northfield" a magic word, "to quench domestic flash fires." Spoken by either during a quarrel, it bound both to two minutes of silence.



RICHARD C. KELSEY

"She was not to be comprehended all at once."

eloquently mobile as her face—tightened on my arm. "Darling," she said, "those things get laughs, but only by people who can't get love. We have each other. But oh, do let's be careful!"

Here, as I was to discover, was the keynote of all her thinking and feeling about our marriage: "We have each other; but do let's be careful." All that this portended I was not to understand until we had been married some time; until I had found my way through the enveloping myths, the inconsistencies and contradictions of her nature—of all that gave her her prismatic radiance—to the truth of Gertrude Lawrence. I might never have found this, as many men never reach a clear understanding of the women they love and marry, if the war, my four years' service in the Navy and Gertrude's career had not separated us frequently, sometimes for long periods. We both chafed at these absences, although neither of us ever questioned their necessity. One of the conditions that I insisted on before our marriage was that our careers were to be entirely separate. Though we came to each other for advice and drew generously on each other's professional experience, it was always as husband and wife. I never wished to become Gertrude's producer, and she was never my star. In the theater, therefore, we went our separate ways.

As the years went on I believe we both came to see that the separations, presenting innumerable problems, challenges and readjustments, gave us an insight into each other which uninterrupted companionship might have inhibited. There was scarcely a day when we were apart that we did not exchange letters or wires. Naturally shy in expressing her deepest feelings in words except through the medium of paper and ink, Gertrude was one of the rare human beings who write without self-consciousness tugging at the pen. She had a freedom of expression, as well as a freedom of affection, which I never attained. I envied her these from the bottom of my heart.

Her letters were often not more than a few lines penciled in her strong square script on whatever paper came easiest to her hand in hotel suites, theater dressing rooms, on ships, trains and planes. If she couldn't write, she sent



Ouija board evidently escaped ban on frivolities such as theater. Grandmother Joy, Aunt Alice, Uncle Jim, Mother.



Mother believed in family tradition, Congregational Church, gilt-edged bonds.



a telegram. These messages, however sent, are the intimate spontaneous expression of whatever she was thinking or feeling at the moment. Reading them is like feeling her hand steal into mine.

She had the quality which above all others endears a woman to a man: with her, intimacy never frayed out into familiarity. She was not to be comprehended all at once. Instead, she grew steadily through the twelve years we had together, developing and disclosing new and unsuspected facets of her character as circumstances and the needs of other human beings close to her called them forth. The provocative spices of surprise and change were always present, seasoning our relationship, giving it savor and zest.

Not all the changes effected by our marriage were only in Gertrude. Alterations even more profound went on in me. These were the inevitable results of the exposure of my cautious, less-expansive nature, inhibited by an undiluted Puritan New England ancestry and by childhood associations and training, to the warm, vital forces that flowed so richly through her. Gertrude was the most outgiving person I have ever known. In her the need for affection, urgent as this was, never amounted to the need she felt for bestowing affection on human beings, on animals, on birds and plants.

Scarcely less marked than her influence on me were the changes she brought about in other members of my family circle. None of us—Aldriches, Joys, Hobarts—are what we were, or what we would have been if she had not been a vital element in our lives. This is especially true of my mother.

Mother was in her eightieth year when I telephoned her on the morning of CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



CULVER SERVICE

Understudy to Bea Lillie in a Charlot revue, her big chance came when Miss Lillie fell off a horse and broke collarbone.



SASHA

With Noel Coward in Private Lives, at the Times Square Theater, N. Y. "This is Gertrude the way I first saw her."

"Born there? He is Plymouth Rock!"

CECIL BEATON © CONDE NAST



"Scotch terrier, Mackie, worshiped her, tolerated her friends, and was her inseparable companion."

At their cottage on Cape Cod, Miss Lawrence gardened, painted, sawed; was "not above stopping the drains so she could display her talents as a plumber."



CULVER SERVICE

In Skylark, at the Cape Playhouse, she awed producer—her future husband.



VAN DAMM

When Gertrude acquired the rights to The King and I, her mother-in-law gave her a first edition of the real Anna Leonowens' memoirs, which she had owned 60 years.

"Aren't we lucky to be so intelligent
about marriage?" asked Jane.
Fitz could have hit her.



Steak and Apple pie



"With this ring

I thee wed." . . .

Fitz wondered

if he should have added,

"I think."

ON their wedding night, Jane helped Fitz move his two suits and seven shirts and several hundred books from his single room in the Village to her apartment in the Village.

They had been married during lunch hour in City Hall—a legal minimum of formalities, without flowers or music, and with completely indifferent witnesses borrowed from an office across the hall.

Jane had liked it. Jane had said, "It wasn't the least bit stuffy or provincial!"

Fitz agreed, though he did not tell her that until this very moment, as they sat cross-legged on the floor, looking up at the bookshelves, he had not felt very much married.

"Look," he said, "tête-à-tête!" pointing at their two yellow-bound volumes of T. S. Eliot, one of which had just made the symbolical taxicab trip through the Village and now nestled against its mate.

Jane smiled at him indulgently.

After all, it was their wedding night.

Fitz was a blunt-faced young man of twenty-two. Jane was almost as tall as he, blond, with her hair pulled back straight in a horse's tail that bounced nervously. She wore very dark lipstick and no other make-up, flat shoes, and tweeds that had a tendency to fly out when she walked and disguise what Fitz considered to be, when he wasn't too preoccupied to think about such things, a quite marvelous body.

They both wore blackish horn-rimmed glasses, and they had met during a debate tournament while they were seniors in neighboring New England colleges. They had both come to New York, though not because of each other, but quite apart, each to seek the unfolding of his own personality and enough money to pay the rent.

They had met again at a friend's cocktail party, and had both immediately apologized for their presence in such a prosaic situation.

They had left the party early, together. From there, affairs had advanced until Fitz found himself suggesting the even more prosaic situation of marriage.

"But marriage is so . . . insidious!" Jane said.

"What?" Fitz blinked.

"Well, take a love affair," Jane said thoughtfully. (Though they'd never even *discussed* an affair. After all, their New England upbringing!) "A love affair keeps you on your toes, more or less. Any time one party starts getting dull and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

By PEGGY BILBY DRAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED NOVEL

The

He came a
stood over her.
"I'll tell you
what will happe
if you try it—
if you dare."

What she had done
she had done through love.
But would any man believe it?
Would Carter?

Disappearance of Mary Blake

By MARY ORR

IT was five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon in May in New York. Mary Blake, the wife of James L. Blake, prominent young advertising executive, lay on the bed in her attractive apartment. She was not asleep. But she lay quietly, her eyes focused on the ceiling, thinking. Outside the bedroom door, in the kitchen across the hall, she could hear the colored maid fussing about cleaning a cupboard. Suddenly she raised herself to her elbow and called out:

"Leila!"

The fussing ceased as the girl stopped her work and came to her mistress. "Yes, Mrs. Blake?"

"Since Mr. Blake is in Washington, I've decided to dine out tonight, and I've made a dinner engagement. You may go home as soon as you're through."

"Yes, Mrs. Blake," the maid replied.

"Oh—hand me my pocketbook, Leila." The maid brought her a large patent-leather bag which had been casually tossed on a chaise longue in a corner of the room. Mary extracted three ten-dollar bills from her purse and handed them to her. "Here you are."

"Thank you, Mrs. Blake."

"I'm going to try and sleep now, Leila, so good-by. I'll see you on Monday."

"Yes, ma'am."

The maid closed the door quietly. Half an hour later she left the apartment.

At ten minutes to seven Mary Blake came down in the elevator. She was dressed in an attractive light-blue suit with a matching hat. Around her neck was a small sable scarf.

As she walked through the lobby, the doorman respectfully tipped his hat. "May I get you a taxi, Mrs. Blake?"

"No, thank you, Joe," Mary said. "I'm not going far. It's such a pleasant evening, I think I'll walk."

Joe stepped out to the sidewalk as he held the door open for her. He watched her stroll to the corner and turn down the side street. That doorman was the last person known to have seen Mary Blake alive, for when she turned that corner, to all intents and purposes, she walked off the face of the earth.

On Sunday night about eight, James Blake called his wife from Washington. The telephone did not answer. *She's probably out to dinner or gone to a movie*, he thought. He spent a busy evening with the client he had come to the capital to see. When he returned to his hotel room, it was one in the morning. He picked up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

ILLUSTRATED BY R.G. HARRIS

"I do well, my lord. Is she not lovely?"
John smiled assent—
the infant looked like all others to him.

Katherine

She twisted from him wildly.

"Aye, I love you,"

she cried bitterly,

"though I knew it not till now."

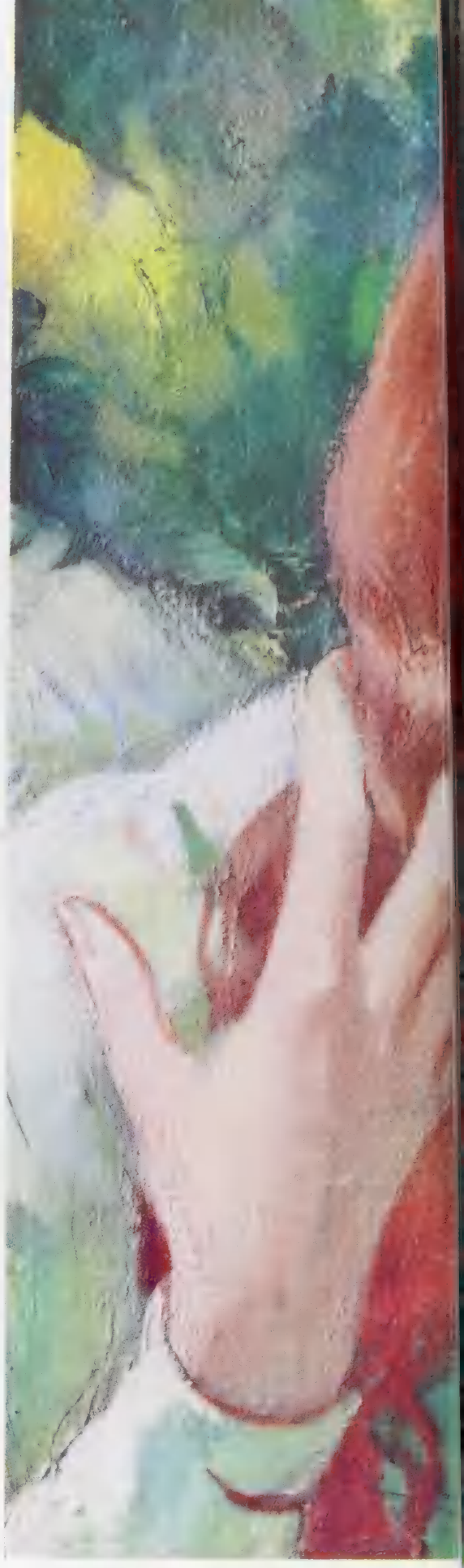
"I'll not force you, Katherine—

you shall come to me of yourself."

By ANYA SETON

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Convent bred, and thus never having looked in a mirror, Katherine de Roet was unaware of her startling beauty when she was brought to the English court where her sister Philippa was maid in waiting to the queen. Philippa was betrothed to the court scrivener, Geoffrey Chaucer. Katherine, too, was of marriageable age—fifteen—but without a dowry there was small chance that she would marry well. When Sir Hugh Swynford, boorish knight in the retinue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, asked her hand, generously overlooking her lack of dowry, she felt that she had no choice; although she could not love Hugh, she determined to make him a good wife. Dressed for her wedding by her friend, Hawise, daughter of the fishmonger, Katherine was radiant. The duke and his gracious lady, Blanche, came to the wedding, and the duke kissed the bride in accordance with custom. But strangely, the kiss stayed in his mind. He could not forget the girl; there was the mark of destiny upon her.



KATHERINE'S wedding night was spent at a pilgrim inn near Waltham Abbey. Hugh had meant to go farther, but he listened to Katherine's timid plea that she might stop and see the famous Shrine of the Black Cross.

Hugh was not in the least devout; he had never bothered to visit any shrine before. As he and Katherine mounted the pilgrim steps, while he looked up at the black cross, a strange thing happened. Somehow the buckle which fastened his scabbard to the belt had loosened, and as he bent his knee his sword fell with a clatter, then rolled down the steps to the chancel floor. Other pilgri shrank back, murmuring and exclaiming. It wa sign, they said, that the Holy Cross was angry w the knight. Then a fat monk hurried up from behi the shrine, and said that indeed it was a sign, alm a miracle. He deemed that the Holy Cross wish the sword offered to it as a gift.

Hugh stood silent amid the commotion. T sword was of finest Damascus steel, the hilt crusted with small rough emeralds. This sword h been his father's and had saved Hugh's own life many a skirmish. He looked down at it and sho his head, muttering, "I will *not* give up the sword



e monk peered into Hugh's shut face and
said that there might be another way to avert
. The shrine had need of embellishment. It
be that for the price of the sword the Blessed
would be appeased.

gh looked from the monk to the heavy black
towering dark and sinister above him. He
hat Katherine had drawn aside and stood
ing, her cheeks gleaming white in the darkness
hood.

opened his purse and put into the monk's
retched hand four marks. The monk murmured
liction and walked quickly behind the shrine.

Hugh descended the steps, picked up his sword from the floor and strode from the church while Katherine walked after him.

They went to a mean and shabby inn, the Pelican, because Hugh had given up nearly all the money that he had. The stuffy little loft room was no fitting bridal bower. The straw was moldy on the square box bed and hidden but in part by stained old quilts. In the dusty corners black beetles scampered.

Hugh looked sideways at Katherine, then shouted for Ellis to bring up a flagon of ale, and of this he drank cup after cup. He offered some to Katherine, but she merely wet her lips, and gave him back the cup. She had become very still, and stood by the tiny window, gazing out into the twilight toward the abbey.

She turned her head a moment when Hugh banged down the oaken strip that bolted the door. She saw that his face had grown dark red, and heard the sound of his breathing. She shrank nearer to the window, and her hand clenched on the sill.

He came up behind her. "Katherine!" he cried. "Katherine ——" The pain of his grip on her shoulders almost made her scream, and yet she knew that his fury was not directed at her, and through her fear pity flickered and was gone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

Like a castle in the style of a farmhouse.



Pottsgrove

By RICHARD PRAT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

THE early ironmasters of Southeastern Pennsylvania took the ore from the earth, and in their furnaces and forges turned it into usable iron—incidentally, of course, into the gold of great fortunes. The father of John Potts was among the foremost of these ironmasters, a Philadelphia Friend; and when John became head of the family on his father's death, and head of the family iron business, too, he was forty years old, married to a daughter of another famous ironmaster, and father of seven children (ultimately thirteen). That was in 1750. He decided forthwith to build himself a suitable house, near what is now Pottstown, and this is it. Its simplicity befits a Quaker background, and gives nobility to its bigness and beauty. You are welcome to wander through it, and to do so is a delight. Among the great country houses of the large early landowners thereabouts, this is probably the greatest. They were truly manorial houses, often far apart because of their great extent.

Fifteen miles away toward Philadelphia, John Potts' fourth son, Isaac, an ironmaster, too, lived in one which became forever famous in the winter of 1777 as Washington's Valley Forge Headquarters. Each manor had its workers' homes, its furnaces and forges, its springhouse, gristmill, and its barns like mighty fortresses; and all with walls laid up in this warm and wonderful Pennsylvania stone. . . . You can tell from the way Pottsgrove looks today how beautiful it must have been, even when it was new.



The high post bed through which you see the southeast bedroom is Philadelphia Chippendale; the highboy, Chippendale. In all the eight principal rooms, upstairs and down, there are corner chimney pieces.

EZRA STOLLER



The three-part mahogany Chippendale dining table and eight matched Chippendale chairs were made in Philadelphia when the house was brand-new. All woodwork in the house is the original color.



With thirteen children, there had to be a children's dining room. Its simplicity and fine generous proportions are as pure Pennsylvania as the more formal rooms with their proudly stalwart paneling. Through the doorway to the right of the painted dower chest you get a glimpse of the miller's house, a picturesque appendage.



Complacency has lowered our defenses against VD; taught youngsters to be contemptuous of syphilis and gonorrhea while these diseases spread through their b

THE DREAD COMI

Undiscovered and untreated syphilis still menaces the hea

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

• *Gonorrhea and syphilis must be exposed to the cleansing light of universal knowledge because they maintain themselves almost entirely on public ignorance and public indifference.*

If the present Federal appropriation for VD is cut, it will result in destroying the case-finding, case-holding and educational parts of the program. This program is the backbone of the VD-control problem.

There is still desperate need for state-wide supervision and correlation of the various programs in the states and large cities.

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

FIVE years ago there was reason to believe that the venereal diseases were just about finished. Most people believed that the twin plagues of syphilis and gonorrhea had been conquered. For there was no doubt of the weapon. Penicillin could not only cure either disease, but it could cure quickly and painlessly. By 1949 the case rates were toppling, the VD wards were emptying, the death rates were dwindling.

Scientists turned to other fields. Doctors ceased looking grim and assumed their most competent smiles. Women's clubs gave themselves a well-deserved pat on the back for having been in the forefront of the great crusade against VD that started in the thirties. Public-health authorities said that the "next big problem" was mental hygiene. It seemed all over but the shouting. In recent months, however, some disturbing events have begun to come to light. They emphasize this all-important truth: *undiscovered* syphilis is th enemy of society. It can be a killer of the inno

In Georgia, health authorities are still a over what has come to be known as the " Point Story." The story started when a y draftee from the Georgia town of that name referred to a local diagnostic center by the A because he was presumed to have syphilis. It e with the discovery of an epidemic of 68 cas syphilis, all traced from the one person disco by accident. Dr. C. D. Bowdoin, of the Ge Health Department, commented:

"We have been unable to determine wh how this happened. We feel that if this c happen to us in a six-week period of time small community in Georgia, it is happenir other parts of Georgia to a greater or lesser e and could be happening anywhere in the U States. We hope that it will cause people to thi

EPORTED SYPHILIS IS INCREASING*

THESE STATES:	IN THESE CITIES: †
izona	Akron
nnecticut	Buffalo
strict of Columbia	Cincinnati
uisiana	Detroit
ichigan	Miami
evada	New Orleans
w Jersey	New York City
w York	Newark
egon	Portland
ode Island	Providence
uth Carolina	Rochester
ah	Seattle
ermont	Syracuse
rginia	Toledo
ashington	
est Virginia	

EPORTED GONORRHEA IS INCREASING*

THESE STATES:	IN THESE CITIES: †
abama	Akron
strict of Columbia	Atlanta
eorgia	Boston
inois	Chicago
na	Cleveland
nsas	Detroit
ntucky	Los Angeles
uisiana	Louisville
aryland	Minneapolis
assachusetts	New Orleans
innesota	Newark
ontana	Norfolk
rth Carolina	Oakland
vada	Pittsburgh
w Jersey	Providence
w Mexico	Rochester
ah	San Francisco
yoming	St. Louis
	St. Paul
	Syracuse
	Worcester

creased reported case rates, fiscal year 53 over 1952, compiled by Division of ereal Disease, U.S. Public Health Service.
udy of cities of 200,000 population and e only.

ROBERT FRANK

BACK

this nation.

octor Bowdoin was right—it was indeed hap-ng in other parts of the United States. There also other significant developments.

Detroit, Dr. Edward D. Spalding, a heart ialist, was shot dead as he stepped out of his e building. Fortunately, a bystander saw the who killed him walk calmly from the scene. ollowed the man and led police to him. When asked him why he killed Doctor Spalding, he ally replied, "Doctor Spalding? H'm-m, I the wrong man. I don't know any Doctor ding."

ear Holbrook, Arizona, Mr. and Mrs. Ray-d Allen, a young Pennsylvania couple, camped de the road for the night in their trailer. Sud-y a powerful six-foot man burst into the er, tied up the couple. Then he raped the young , set fire to her hair, burned her body with spaper torches, and after five hours of torture choked her to death. The husband, forced to watch, finally worked loose, got his pistol and shot the intruder.

What gave these two awful cases meaning was that it later developed that each demented killer was in the late crazing stages of syphilis. Since violence is rare among victims of syphilitic insanity, even the experts were impressed. If there were two such homicidal cases, it was obvious there must be a vast amount of nonviolent psychosis from syphilis.

"Ninety-four million people [six out of every ten] live in areas where venereal disease is out of control in this country," estimates Dr. James K. Shafer, of the Public Health Service.

Has penicillin, the great cure, failed? On the contrary, improved penicillins are more effective than ever. Then what happened? A victory was won, then thrown away. Most people concede that after two world wars demobilization each time came too fast and too fully, leaving the nation unprepared to meet recurring dangers. The same thing happened after our triumph over the tough, implacable enemy, VD.

At the last annual meeting of the American Academy of Dermatology and Syphilology, doctors thought the organization might shorten its name. Then the members heard from New York University's Dr. Charles R. Rein, and Dr. John C. Cutler, of the United States Public Health Service, that fifteen states and the District of Columbia reported more syphilis last year than the year before, that there are today approximately two million cases of syphilis in this country, undiscovered and untreated or inadequately treated. The Academy did not shorten its name.

The Academy heard only part of the story. The gonorrhea rate increased in eighteen states. The rate for one or the other of the two diseases, or both, was up in twenty-nine of America's largest cities.

Doctor Rein, in his report to the dermatologists, summed up: "Syphilis and gonorrhea have a remarkable potential for epidemic outbreaks, especially when the public, physicians and health departments become too complacent."

You could almost measure our complacency in dollars and cents. In 1948 the Federal Government was spending 17 million dollars a year to fight syphilis and gonorrhea. Results were soon spectacularly evident. Immediately, then, the Government began slashing the VD appropriation. By 1952 it was only 10 million. Last year that was cut in half. This year's budget allows less than two and a half million.

"Great advances have been made," said the congressional committee reporting on the last appropriation. "However, the committee believes that the point has been reached where states and communities can take care of the problem with a minimum of assistance."

But the states and communities also cut appropriations for VD control!

Each slash carried away a valuable part of the control program. First, the educational efforts, to make people recognize and seek treatment for VD, were all but eliminated. Then clinics began shutting down. Then laboratories that ran tests to discover VD were closed. Next to suffer were the case-finding services with their social detectives tracing the hidden cases and bringing them in for treatment. Discouraged or discharged for economy, 478 members of VD control staffs left the service in a single year. Many of them were highly trained medical experts whose skills were much needed.

Oddly enough, the more control efforts were cut he better conditions looked for a while. The answer—and a few unheeded experts tried to point it out at the time—was that as efforts to find and treat VD cases diminished, fewer came in for treatment. Naturally, then, fewer cases were reported.

How that can happen was demonstrated not long ago at Camp Lejeune, the Marines' training base in North Carolina. The camp had one of the highest VD rates among naval installations in the United States. There is a public-health rule that military VD rates reflect rates in the surrounding civilian population. But Camp Lejeune seemed to contradict this. The three surrounding counties reported little or no VD.

However, when public-health authorities moved in with clinics, case-finding and rigid control measures, the VD rates of the surrounding area immediately went up. VD, of course, had been there all the while. It simply wasn't being found.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

■ *Morton Sontheimer's article sounds a warning to an American public that has been lulled into a false sense of security about a great social danger. There remains in this country a vast reservoir of venereal disease. It can burst forth at many places to pollute our youth—it already has.*

The fact that we now have the means of curing VD quickly and easily is not enough. We must educate potential victims to the danger, enable them to know when they have it, and bring them in for treatment.

To abandon these simple public-health measures would be tragic.

It is particularly fitting that the American public should now be alerted to the recurring menace of VD by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *which courageously pioneered in bringing the original danger of syphilis and gonorrhea to the attention of America nearly twenty years ago.*

CONRAD VAN HYNING
Executive Director,
American Social Hygiene Association,
New York City

● *When the Federal Government drastically cuts its appropriation for venereal-disease control—as it indeed has done—some wealthy states can still carry on an adequate program against VD. But many poor states cannot. The danger to all of us, though, lies in the fact that the organisms of gonorrhea and syphilis know no state boundaries. A pool of venereal infection spreads in ever-widening circles, tainting first the promiscuous and, as it goes on, inevitably the innocent too. As Morton Sontheimer's article so clearly demonstrates, we have become far too complacent about an adversary that is constantly ready to regain lost ground—wherever it has not already done so.*

HAROLD ERICKSON, M.D.
President,
Association of State and Territorial Health Officers,
Portland, Oregon

FRANK TURGEON

RED CARPET FOR

By ALDEN HATCH

President Eisenhower broke precedent at inauguration by insisting his wife ride beside him to White House. (Other Presidents rode with Vice-President.) Mamie's Inaugural Ball gown was given to Smithsonian, as was wedding dress.

INTERNATIONAL



"Don't you ever stand up for me, Mamie," Ike admonished her when she, with 10,000 others, rose in homage to Columbia's new president.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Inspecting White House with Mrs. Truman, Mamie planned some changes, furniture arrangements, thriftily decided that Margaret's curtains would do for her.

UNITED PRESS



Bathrobe-clad Eisenhowers waved gaily from campaign train at 3 A.M. *"We had been so long away from people who looked happy."*

MAMIE

"Mamie, will it be all right if I say a prayer before the inauguration?" asked Ike. . . . "It's always good to say a prayer."

CONCLUSION

THE President of Columbia's house at 60 Morningside Drive was a Georgian-style palace of pink brick and white marble about twice as big as Quarters One. It had been built to the specifications of President Nicholas Murray Butler, who enjoyed life in the grand manner. The first floor consisted of a spacious entrance hall, a long, elaborate drawing room and a state dining room, with a small reception room off it which Mamie used as the family dining room. On the second floor was a suite of slightly less formal rooms, including a big library and a sitting hall. Third and fourth floors were bedroom suites. The kitchen was in the basement. Mamie looked the house over and decided that the kitchen would not do at all.

Columbia's trustees were so delighted to get Eisenhower that they were ready to do anything to make Mamie happy. They had their architects draw up a plan of alterations, which they were told would cost Columbia $225,000. Slightly aghast, they consulted Ike and Mamie again. It was sheer nonsense to spend money like that, the Eisenhowers agreed. But Mamie insisted that the kitchen be brought upstairs for the convenience of the maids. This could be done by making the oversize dining room a few feet shorter. A kitchenette was installed on the bedroom floor where the Eisenhowers could—and did—cook their own meals when they felt like it. A sun porch was built on the flat roof, where Mamie put the Philippine porch furniture. That is where the Eisenhowers spent most of their time.

Eisenhower retired as Chief of Staff in February, 1948. Mamie thought that they might have time for a short vacation before he took up his duties at Columbia, but that was not what happened. Instead Ike took the two months' interim to record his own story of his campaigns for posterity. The writing of Crusade in Europe in so short a time was almost as stupendous a literary feat as the campaign was in a military way. The house was full of secretaries; editors from Doubleday, who were to publish the book; and military aides running about checking facts. For eight hours every day Ike paced back and forth dictating steadily. At night they worked on revisions of the text. Mamie hardly saw her husband. It was worth it, though, for Eisenhower netted over $500,000 from the sale of the book. For the first time in their lives Ike and Mamie were financially secure.

Just as the book was finished, the Eisenhowers made a flying trip to see their first grandson, Dwight David Eisenhower II, who was appropriately born in the post hospital at West Point.

When the Chrysler turned into the driveway under the glass canopy at 60 Morningside after the long drive from Washington, John and Barbara were there to greet the Eisenhowers. Behind them was Mrs. C. Gage Lent, the housekeeper, and the three maids whom she had engaged to take care of the house. It was a sort of lord-of-the-manor welcome that amused both Ike and Mamie. Grandeur quickly evaporated when it was discovered that there was no food in the house. Since it was Sunday evening, the Faculty Club was closed, and nobody felt like going to a restaurant.

In this emergency Mrs. Lent offered to run around to a delicatessen for some food. So that first evening the CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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PRESS



Barbara Ann and Dwight David, 2nd, with Grandmother Eisenhower, greeted grandfather on his return from Europe in 1951.



When our young editors learned about Doctor Spock's conducting a regular Journal page, they were as jubilant as all young mothers will be. So were their youthful "assistants"—each a "Spock baby"!—welcoming him here. L. to r.: Dawn Crowell Norman with her Cynthia, 2; Devon Fredericks, 4; Diana Norman, 4; Dick Bass, 7; Mary Bass; Stephen Smith, 5; Tina Fredericks; Wendy Smith, 2; Nora O'Leary Smith; Stacey Fredericks, 2½; Kate Hoffman, 2; and Elizabeth McFarland Hoffman.

DR
WITH

When young mothers t

inevitably turn

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

I'VE often been asked, "Why didn't you say anything about pacifiers in your book?" The answer is that I was afraid to. Twenty years ago, and even ten years ago, a pacifier (an arrangement like a rubber nipple without a hole, attached to a disk, which a baby can suck at without choking on) was considered by many people unhygienic, germ-laden, habit-forming, tooth-deforming, disgusting. I'd heard of cases when a total stranger—of the indignant, self-righteous type—would come up to a baby carriage where a baby would be lying, sucking happily on a pacifier, snatch it out of the baby's mouth and hiss at the mother that she didn't deserve to be entrusted with an innocent baby's welfare.

I didn't want to get mothers into this kind of trouble and I didn't want doctors to think my book so unreliable they would advise parents not to use it.

The climate has changed a lot in the past ten years. Lots of things that were generally frowned on then (irregular feeding schedules for infants, waiting for a child to "train himself" for the toilet) are now not just permissible but quite stylish.

I had used pacifiers quite often in my pediatric practice in New York in trying to prevent thumb-sucking. I was going on the theory which Dr. David Levy proposed: that a baby in the first year of life turns to thumb-sucking because he hasn't had enough minutes of sucking at the bottle each day to satisfy his particular need. I believed that the sucking need was particularly strong in the first three months of life, and yet that is the period when most babies are still unable to get their thumbs in their mouths when they want to—they haven't the co-ordinatio
So I figured that the first month or two of lif
the time to try hard to keep the nipple holes
enough so that each feeding took at least t
minutes, and then, if it was a baby who still se
to be trying to get his thumb, too, to give hi
pacifier in addition, freely, just as much
wanted or was willing to take it.

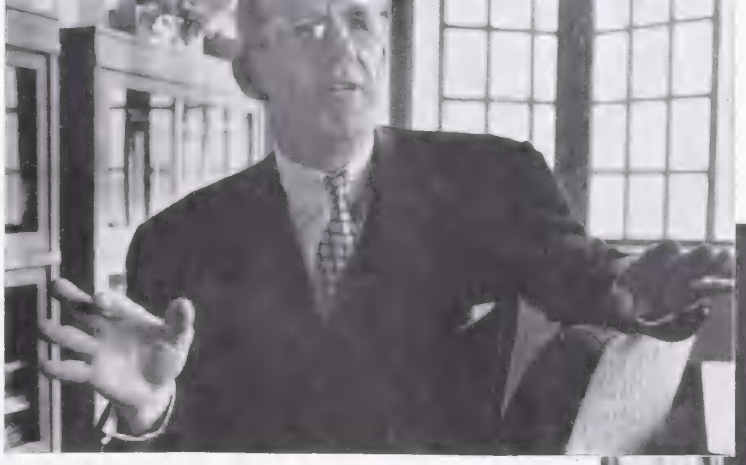
The first baby I tried it on was what mig
called a desperate case. The older child had b
severe thumb-sucker. The mother had been w
not to interfere actively, according to my a
But this caused trouble with her husband an
child's four grandparents, all of whom happen
hate to see thumb-sucking and kept clucking
scolding the mother. The new baby began to
his thumb noisily in the delivery room an
mother and I both realized we were facing a
She just couldn't take that amount of disapp
for three or four years more.

She made it her business to pop a pacifier i
mouth every time he was awake, and he loved
couple of months later he was beginning to be
with it at times, and a couple of months later s
spat it out for the last time. He never want
again and he never sucked his thumb. Of cour
mother and I thought we'd discovered the
that would prevent all thumb-sucking.

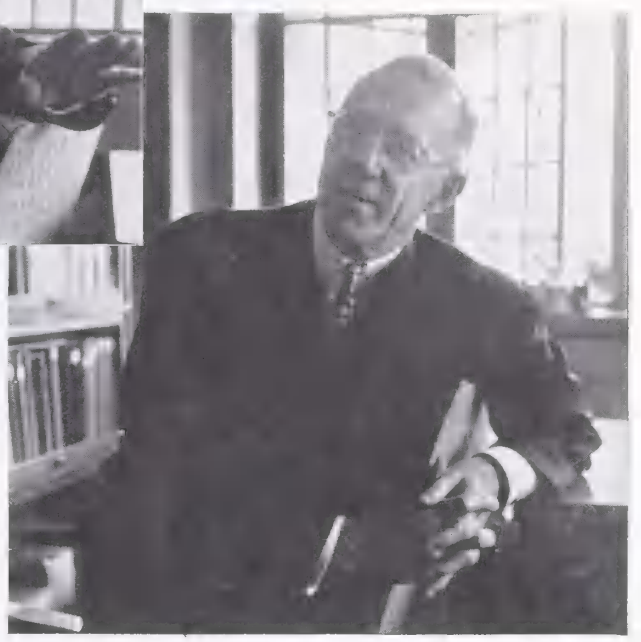
Unfortunately, the method never worked s
again. That's often the way in experiments. I
on recommending pacifiers in cases where the
ents particularly dreaded the development of th



Spock says:—"I think girl babies are as wonderful as boy babies."



Spock says:—"Every time you pick your baby up—every time you change him, bathe him, feed him, smile at him—he's getting a feeling that he belongs to you—and that you belong to him."



Spock says:—"Don't be afraid to trust your own common sense. . . ."

SPOCK TALKS MOTHERS

ut their children—and they always do—the conversation Spock. The JOURNAL *is happy to have him enter the discussion.*

ng, or where the very young baby seemed to an unusually great need to suck. (A baby who lready learned to get and enjoy his thumb is ant to give it up for a pacifier—the only easy o start the pacifier is in the earliest weeks.) ough no experiment with a pacifier was ever so ssful as the first I tried, I got the impression n the average it worked better than the thumb as given up somewhat sooner.

there were complications. Several babies who on their backs, and were allowed to sleep with acifier in their mouths, got themselves and mothers into trouble when they learned to turn onto their stomachs in their sleep. They'd lose acifier and wake and shriek for it, sometimes -dozen times throughout the night. These moth- ere mad at me. I sup- the answer would be ve the pacifier any the baby wanted it he was awake but al- to take it out of his n as soon as he went ep.

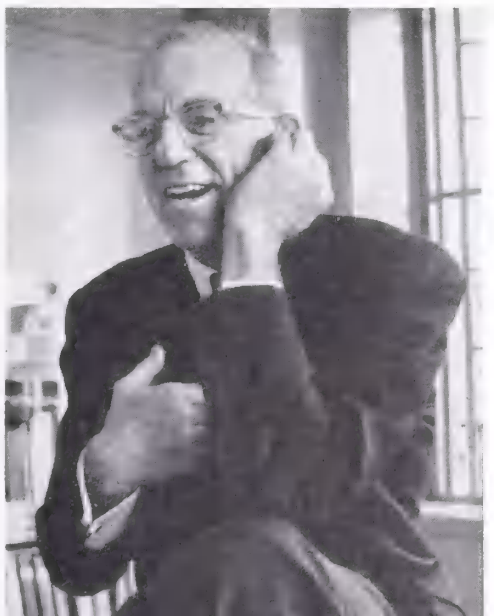
few other mothers to resent the pacifier a child continued to it after the first year. thumb-suckers con- to want the thumb hree, four or five years ge.) These mothers happened to think the pacifier looked cute bobbing in an infant's mouth, but thought it looked babyish and unattractive in a runabout child. I can't help feeling that if you are going to let a child become dependent on a pacifier in the first year it isn't fair to try to tear it away from him later just because he has learned to walk.

Aside from the question whether a pacifier, used early, is some help in preventing an even longer-lasting thumb-sucking, there is its helpfulness in other conditions. I tried it several times, early, for babies who were wakeful, high-strung, fretful during the early months and thought that it was a great comfort to some of them.

Dr. Milton Levine, a pediatrician in New York City, wrote a medical article a few years ago reporting his success with pacifiers for babies with real "three-month colic." I was sorry I was no longer in pediatric practice so that I could try it myself. I certainly had never found anything else that was a dramatic success for this distressing condition.

I'd be interested in hearing from any of you who have had particular successes or failures with pacifiers, for these or other conditions. END

OS BY JOE DIPIETRO



Spock says:—"Enjoy him as he is—that's how he'll grow up best."

SPOCK EXPLAINS

When the Goulds asked me to write regular articles for the JOURNAL I answered that it tired me out just to think of writing a full article on one subject each month. For a week I'd be putting it off but having no fun. Then it would take another week of evenings to write it, what with sharpening pencils and wondering how to begin. And I'd always be worrying about running out of major topics unless I kept repeating myself.

But I said I thought a column would be a lot easier. It wouldn't have to be so long or so stuffy. For these same reasons I could imagine you parents enjoying it more. The editors suggested a column that would answer readers' letters because then I'd surely be dealing with topics that interested you most. Also, people like to feel they can get at a lecturer or writer and bring him down in a practical and personal way to their particular problem. I liked the idea of letters for part of the time, but I also want a chance to take up topics like legislation affecting children (it sounds dull but isn't necessarily dull), preparation for parenthood, personal experiences, that readers wouldn't bring up but I will be bursting with opinions about.

There will be difficulties in letter answering. A person who has an unusual or severe medical or psychological problem naturally turns to a lecturer or writer, but such a case has little interest for most readers and is usually *much* too complicated to be explained in a letter or adequately discussed in a column. There's no chance at all that I can answer any letter personally, and of course others on the magazine have not the medical training to do so. So *please* don't write for special advice. We'll be glad to have letters suggesting topics of everyday interest and I promise to take up the ones that are mentioned most frequently. END

The Sunday Smell

How can you know what is right and wrong... unless, miraculously, there is a sign?

AT the last moment Beth Adams snatched two dangling bobby pins from her back hair, and then with as much dignity as she could muster she and her three white-collared sons followed the tall, handsome, white-carnationed usher down the aisle to their accustomed pew.

She gave the usher a small smile and rolled her brown eyes slightly, which meant, *What a rat race; I know I'm a mess; you look elegant with your white carnation.*

He bowed and handed her an order of worship.

"Didn't daddy know us?" whispered John, who was six.

David, eleven, hissed that his little brother was to shut up.

Beth reached for the program which Mike, eight, had already started to fold into an airplane, noted that his nails were black-rimmed in spite of a thorough scrubbing last night, and put her other hand over her eyes as she bowed her head for the brief invocation.

This was the first time she had sat still with nothing to do since early morning, and she felt shaky from all the rushing. Unexpected guests had stayed late last night, so that the usual Saturday-night assembly of Sabbath attire for her three boys and one girl had been postponed until this morning. What a scramble it had been, with the kids behaving as they always seemed to do when she was harried. David, newly conscious of hair, had hit John because he spilled his bottle of hair lotion. Four-year-old Melinda had cried because her brand-new starched petticoat had to be hidden under last year's dress. Mike had stayed at her heels. He had been in one of his expansive moods—sometimes so endearing, this morning so trying—and had observed that Sunday had a different smell. "I mean, if I was someplace without any calendar and some crook or somebody had knocked me out and I came to, well, when it was Sunday, mom, I bet I'd know it."

She couldn't remember whether she had answered him, since at the moment she had been busy with the polishing of four pairs of shoes and the browning of the chicken. *Good heavens!* she thought now. *Did I or did I not turn down the heat under that chicken?*

The congregation was standing and David handed her a hymnbook opened to the first hymn. It was O Day of Rest and Gladness. She sang it without enthusiasm. *Day of rest*, she thought, and a glance at the hymnal confirmed her guess that the words had been written by a man. Sunday was unquestionably the hardest day of her week. She wished she could figure out some way to make it easier. Not try to have a big Sunday dinner and the best dessert of the week, maybe. Or skip church. Some people did it that way and often she was tempted. How good it would seem to lie abed late, have sandwiches for lunch; work around outside a bit, just take it easy. There were those who argued, not without convincingness, that there was more actual religion in that kind of Sunday.

Church-on-Sunday she thought of as being an important part of the life she and Dave were trying to give their children, and yet increasingly, it seemed, the children employed every known maneuver,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

ILLUSTRATED BY RGHARRIS

Michael hit David
against the leg
for reasons unknown,
and Beth redistributed
her sons.

by Naomi A. Hintze



New idea—a duet of coffee tables instead of the usual big one. Advantage: they move easily at your guests' convenience. Antique-blue taffeta-and-foam-rubber seat cust

Romantic Modern

By H. T. WILL



look graceful and trim.

modern room that adds charm
to comfort. A color scheme
as lighthearted as a
nese waltz. Accessories that
sparkle and please the eye.

HAROLD FOWLER

HERE, in a modern mood, is a room where time stands still and cares of the day fall away, a room that says, "Modern can be touched with magic! Because a room is comfortable, functional, practical, it does not have to sacrifice beauty."

Take our color scheme, for instance. It is as iridescent as a jewel, yet the soft blue cotton-and-rayon tufted rug is both inexpensive ($139.50, 9′ x 10′) and washable. At each side of the fireplace, brass-fitted chests are a high-luster vivid pink lacquer—also washable and impervious to water and alcohol. These, incidentally, started out as unpainted chests and conceal multiple storage drawers and shelves. Two chairs of cane and beechwood are painted a cool aquamarine and pillowed in chintz fresh as a water color. Draperies of clover-pink silk filter the light, and at night shutters can close and still let in a flutter of breeze. For dining or an after-dinner game, a round table of gold-toned mahogany is combined with chairs of white ash with woven cellophane seats. A room to come back to with joy again and again and again!



Strictly contemporary—brass-and-mahogany desk with white glass top.

Contrast in woods adds distinction. Chairs are white ash with woven cellophane seats and table is gold-toned mahogany.





Quartet in shorts—linen ones worn with silk top, cotton seahorse blouse, jersey pull-over, pretty print. Add fun belts, big straw bags.

Carrousel at the beach—mother wears full skirt and blouse of gingham in checks of three sizes. Child in piqué dress and faded-blue sneakers.



Monogrammed piqué bathing suit by Carolyn Schnurer; Gustave's crushed kid slippers with strawberry trim. Linda in terry-cloth shorts and shirt.





Sunfish cotton print in a halter dress to wear to lunch. Patent slippers with straw bows, by Ben Sommers. Bracelet by Rettenmeyer.

WE LIVE AT THE

Bicycling—mother and daughter in chambray-denim shorts stitched in white, cotton shirts.





easide fun—wool bathing suit Brigance, child in seersucker.



Lunching in checked cotton and piqué by Muriel Ryan. Little girl in a garden print.

Going to town in silk-and-cotton dresses by Nornie Lanz.

WILHELA CUSHMAN



U.S.A. style . . . seaside, countryside

Everybody looks young, feels young. Mothers are like big sisters in their shorts, pull-overs and printed shirts. Big sisters are like little sisters in their seersucker bathing suits, terry-cloth tops, crazy cotton beach hats. Checked gingham and white piqué are universal in bathing suits and lunchtime dresses. Everybody has a roomy hip-length jacket and a blanket-size, bold-colored beach towel, a special silk or cotton print for buffet lunches, at least one bare-back sun dress, bright cotton or straw-cloth shoes.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

BEACH

"He Was The Ma…
…but I had to remake myself first"

Most every girl harbors in her heart the desire to fall in love, captivate and marry the man of her dreams. But sometimes the steps that lead from the wish to the wedding are discouragingly steep. Following is the story of one girl who spent most of her …hree years convinced she would …s a butterball — but never a bride.



Quartet in shorts—linen ones worn with silk top, cotton seahorse blouse, jersey pull-over, pretty print. Add fun belts, big straw bags.

Carrousel at the beach—mother wears full skirt and blouse of gingham in checks of three sizes. Child in piqué dress and faded-blue sneakers.





MEASUREMENTS

…SS …E	BUST	WAIST	HIPS	THIGHS	ANKLE	UPPER ARM	RING SIZE
…″	56″	48″	59″	28″	13″	18″	10
…″	39″	27″	39½″	22″	9″	12″	6½



By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

…s 16 …ore a …my …unds. My …etter …mes, Then …llow. …ble. I …RNAL …e me …ould …yself. …unds. …sked …oing …osed. …ks to won-

Here is Doris' story as she has told it to us:

WILL never forget my first date with Dennis. Although we had been brought up in the same town, and I had had a crush on him for years, we had never been introduced. It was a blind date arranged through a mutual friend. Fearing he might back out if he knew *whom* he was dating, she told him it was to be a surprise.

I wore my prettiest dress, a yellow linen, and had the works—shampoo, set and manicure—at the beauty parlor. But a 240-pound girl, even meticulously groomed, is hardly a catch for a handsome, eligible Air Force sergeant. When Dennis saw me his face dropped a mile.

He took me to a movie, making sure to walk behind me as we entered the theater. He didn't want to be seen dating Fatty Stradley. After the show, he asked, "You don't want anything to *eat*, do you?" I was home almost before I could answer "No, thanks." His duty done, the man of my dreams disappeared into the dark, calling back, "I'll be seeing you." It was obvious he didn't mean to if he could help it. The average girl might have given

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Doris pictured on her honeymoon with the "man of her dreams," Sgt. Dennis McFall. Says Dennis: "I'm very proud of my wife. She's a wonderful girl and through her own efforts she has made herself wonderful-looking too!"

JOHN ENGSTEAD



I Wanted.

Gentlemen

Raw-Vegetable Appetizer Soup
Ginger Beef on French Bread
Corn on the Cob Skillet Beans
Relishes
Apple-Apricot Pie with Cheese
or
Watermelon
Coffee
(Planned for 8)



Look who's cooking

IT'S July and vacations are here. Your dear old buddies from back home are on the march. They aren't coming in to borrow two eggs and a cup of sugar. They are coming to sit out from two days to two weeks of your hottest months. They toil not, neither do they spin. They eat.

So now, whether you're entertaining house guests or having a few of your cronies in for luncheon and a game, an appetizing, cool and photogenic menu (eye appeal as well as taste) is in order. The first course, a favorite of all, is brought right from the coldest spot, in fragile, frosty cold cups, and with it come salty biscuits and thin slices of pumpernickel. It is jellied chicken broth and here is the receipt:

Ladies

Jellied Chicken Broth
Shrimp Rockefeller
Green Salad
Hot Rolls
Ice Cream in Melon Rings
Iced Tea
(Planned for 6)

STUART-FOWLER

by Ann Batchelder



Jellied Chicken Broth

often 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup chicken broth, our own or canned. Dissolve over hot water and add to 4½ ups cold chicken broth. Mix it well and chill it until jellied. It peace of mind to get this into the refrigerator a day or night efore. Add ½ teaspoon curry powder to ⅓ cup thick com- ercial sour cream. When it's serving time, fill chilled soup cups vo thirds full of the jellied broth. Garnish each cup with a poonful of the sour-cream mixture, and sprinkle each with teaspoon chopped chives. It's well to hang a fancy cut of mon on the cup and put a flick of ground peanuts on top.

The main course of this luncheon is:

Shrimp Rockefeller

Chop very fine ½ pound fresh spinach, washed and well drained and then dried in a towel (this is important and don't forget it), 6 scallions or little green onions not old enough to answer back, ½ head lettuce (make 2 cups chopped), 1½ stalks celery, 1 clove garlic and ½ cup parsley. Chop it all up. Heat together ½ cup butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, 1½ teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco sauce. And scant the last—once in, it's in for good. Out on the table, it may go in, if you like it. Add chopped greens (about 1 quart in all) to the seasoned mixture and simmer 10 minutes or until the vegetables are tender. Add ½ cup soft bread crumbs. Taste for seasoning. By the way, CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

KAROLIK COLLECTION, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON



"Cotton Plantation," probably painted just before the Civil War in Louisiana. It is signed "C. Giroux," but nothing is known of the artist.

Linen Day

By Ann Batchelder

1 If I Could Learn

I often feel if I could steal
Down by a river's brink,
And there could stay one livelong day
Nor idly dream the hours away—
I'd learn to think.

If I could wake and measure take
Of the sky's unsullied blue,
Make heaven seem more than a dream
Like fishing in a quiet stream—
Dreams might come true.

If I could live and learn to give
With both hands open wide,
My love would be an unplumbed sea,
Returning waves of love to me—
And more beside.

2 Quaint as a crinoline, but the nicest summer refreshment you can think of. Cake and lemonade—angel cake would be my choice. And so easy, what with cake mixes and lemonade concentrates.

3 A vacuum bottle of coffee is a must in the picnic basket. But some take it black, some like cream. What to do? Have it black in the bottle, then take along a little can of powdered cream compound. You're all set.

4 An easy summer way to baked ham is via the canned-ham route. Needs baking in a slow oven only long enough to heat it through. I like mine glazed. Sieve enough canned apricot halves to make 1 cup. Add 2 tablespoons prepared mustard. Glaze the ham with this. Garnish the platter with canned apricot halves for pretty.

5 A slick fish dish, to my mind, is this one, done with herbed crumbs. *Part 1:* Cut 1½ pounds fish fillets into serving pieces and arrange in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and dot with butter or margarine.

6 *Part 2:* Combine 3 cups soft bread crumbs with ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine. Add ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon *orégano*, ¼ teaspoon marjoram and ¾ teaspoon salt. Toss lightly. Cover fish with crumbs. Bake at 375° F. 25 minutes, or until crumbs are brown.

7 A hot-weather salad is composed of little "cocktail" shrimp, unsweetened fresh pineapple cut into pieces, and sliced ripe olives. Dress with mayonnaise. Serve very cold in lettuce cups and garnish with water cress and salted almonds.

8 Did you know that grated orange, lime or lemon rind for flavoring will keep a week, maybe longer, in a tightly closed glass jar in the refrigerator?

9 Surround a platter of creamy scrambled eggs with buttered toast points spread with puréed avocado lightly sprinkled with salt. Scrambled eggs with personality!

10 The only blue food comes to market just before the Fourth of July. Just in time for a festive dessert to honor the day. Alternate spoonfuls of softened raspberry sherbet and vanilla ice cream in a freezing tray. Freeze firm. Spoon into sherbet glasses. Sprinkle with blueberries.

11 *From an old cookbook:* "My mother's receipt for plum cake was left to me, a treasured heirloom," writes Mrs. Anon. Here it is: "Ten pounds flour, ten pounds sugar, eight pounds butter, twenty-five pounds currants, two ounces mace, two ounces nutmeg, one half pint rosewater, one half spirits, two pounds citron, ninety eggs. Make into a paste." *My* ma wouldn't have willed it to me. She'd have felt sure I'd have tried it.

12 It's the season again when cold soups come to the table frequently. I have some ideas for dressing up familiar favorites to bring surprise to the palate and delight to the eyes. Fold a tablespoon or so of chopped, buttered, toasted almonds (you can buy them in a can) into each cup of otherwise plain jellied consommé.

13 *Here's another:* Thin canned cream-of-chicken soup with the proper amount of milk. I like to use half light cream. Flavor with 1 teaspoon curry powder blended with a little cold water. Be generous with minced chives. Good? You bet it is.

14 Folks say that fruit appetizers are working their way into the hors-d'oeuvre department. Here's one that goes over well: Serve frozen pineapple chunks thawed to the almost, but not quite, stage on a bed of grape leaves. Have a grape arbor? Pick some. More to come.

15 Set 2 bowls alongside—one containing grated American cheese and the other grated coconut. Spear the pineapple chunks with toothpicks. Now to dip in either cheese or coconut. Try both. Delicious!

16 At a party a spell back I came across an hors d'oeuvre so elegant that I must share it. Mix together finely chopped cucumbers and water cress. Add diced lobster meat and mayonnaise. Fill tiny cream-puff shells or pastries, or spread on pumpernickel bread.

17 Cool as an old maid's stare at a debutante ball, the ripe cantaloupe doubles as a bowl for other fruit. And provides a lovely dessert. Cut it in half, lengthwise. Remove seeds. Fill with cut peaches, cherries, seedless grapes; over all squeeze fresh lemon and orange juice, add a little powdered sugar and chill like a polar breeze.

18 The Fourth is a holiday and a party is indicated. Fried chicken is a must. Fry young broilers, split, until brown all over. Cover with bacon in a pan. Add 1 cup milk, ½ cup cream and 1 cup chicken broth and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—for about 45 minutes.

19 *Cont'd:* Take out the broilers and keep hot. Finish the sauce, adding broth as you need it, thickening to a heavy cream consistency, with a little flour and seasoning properly. Garnish with canned apricot halves heated in their own sirup. Pass the sauce separately.

20 Another easy-come-easy-go dessert, for it's summer and let's be a little lazy. Ice cream? Why not? Take slices of angel cake, cover each slice with a good scoop of peach ice cream. Add a rain cape of pie meringue over the whole business. Bake in a hot oven just long enough to tinge with brown.

21 And who isn't looking for a cooling summer drink? Empty the contents of 1 can lemonade concentrate into a quart container, and fill the container with chilled ginger ale. And if you like a touch of pink, ¼ cup raspberry sirup will not go amiss. This, should you inquire, is known as a Lemon Sparkle. Refreshing too.

22 A salad homer. *First inning:* If it's on your mind to give family or guests a salad treat, get some little tomatoes, peel them and marinate in oil and lemon juice. Slice some hard-cooked eggs, a few slices of crisp bacon, and 6 or 8 artichoke bottoms (the kind that come in glass jars).

23 *Second inning:* Add some cut celery hearts, and some sliced black olives. Toss together with Roquefort mayonnaise. Lettuce, of course. The last word in salads.

24 Mulled cranberry sauce is a good relish to go with the cold-meat platter. To a 1-pound can whole-cranberry sauce add 6 cloves and a piece of stick cinnamon. Let it stand in the refrigerator 24 hours to "mull."

25 Back to salads. Sprinkle well-chilled canned grapefruit sections with celery seed or celery salt. Arrange on shredded lettuce and serve with French dressing.

26 If your family goes for barbecues, try this: Slice 1 can luncheon meat into 6 slices and arrange in a shallow skillet. One with a cover. Pour over the meat some ready-made barbecue sauce. Cover and simmer 5 minutes or until the meat is heated through and the sauce bubbling. Serve with French bread and a green salad.

27 Variation on the "sardine on rye" sandwich: Spread thin slices of rye bread with butter or margarine, then with mashed sardines. Top with thin slices of cucumber and tomato. More rye on top, of course. Good!

28 Summer calls for fruit desserts. Serve chilled canned pears with lemon sauce; sprinkle on toasted coconut.

29 Freeze an ice-cube tray of tea—with a sprig of fresh mint in each cube. For iced tea, naturally.

30 From now until the leaves fall hamburgers will be sizzling in patios and back yards. I know something good to serve with them. Read on.

31 To 1 cup chili sauce add 1 tablespoon horse-radish, several dashes of Tabasco. Combine with 1 cup chopped water cress. Hot! But good, Esmeralda. Your Annie.

How to plan Ideal Summer Meals around delicious bowls of Soup



NE MARSHALL
r Home Economics
ell Soup Company

THERE'S NO NEED to stifle in a hot kitchen this summer. With a well stocked Soup Shelf you can have tempting, easy, delicious meals—planned around soup.

For example, keep plenty of Chicken Noodle Soup on hand. It's generous with chicken and egg noodles, in en chicken broth. Don't forget Vegetable Soup, s almost a meal in itself, with 15 tender vege- s in hearty beef stock. And another very satis- g soup is Bean with Bacon, thick and savory.

n favorite sandwich fillings ready for use . . . neal's practically on the table in no time. And a good meal! Really ideal, for Summer. e to order to give *you* more time for porch, or park.

EGETABLE SOUP, with deviled ham spread, a honeydew and raspberry salad.

HICKEN NOODLE SOUP, with sliced egg and n sandwich, tomato and watercress salad.

EAN WITH BACON SOUP, with brown bread cream cheese sandwich and tossed green salad lettuce cup.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USING

Campbell's SOUPS





RED CROSS
Cotton Balls



For removing nail polish



removing make-up



applying home permanents

For { beauty care
baby care
first aid use



sterile

Johnson & Johnson

No connection whatever with American National Red Cross

KATHERINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

In the quiet dawn light after Katherine had been weeping for many hours, she heard the nightingales singing from a thicket behind the inn. She eased her bruised body into a position as far from Hugh as possible. He lay on his back, snoring heavily.

Hugh stirred and murmured in his sleep. He reached his arm out as though he searched for her. She lay motionless, watching coldly through narrowed lids. His gesture did not touch her; he was as alien to her now as had been the panting, heaving beast earlier. But she would never be afraid of him again. Nothing that he did could touch her. She would be a dutiful wife, but yet she would be free. Because he loved and lusted and floundered while she did not, she would be forever free.

Thus Katherine thought on her first morning of wifehood in the ugly loft room of the inn at Waltham Cross.

On their way to Lincolnshire, Hugh, Katherine and Ellis spent three more nights on the road. Katherine was neither happy nor sad. She treated Hugh in a cool, friendly-enough manner. He marked with jealousy that all her warmth and tender pleasure went to the little mare he had given her. She had named it Doucette, and she was forever patting its neck and murmuring little love words to it. Hugh felt hot anger at the horse, but this he tried to hide, being afraid of Katherine's scorn.

Wednesday, when they were a few miles south of Lincoln Town, they turned off the Ermine Way and climbed the ridge to see Hugh's smaller manor of Coleby, which he held in fee from the Duke of Lancaster. This manor was much neglected, its house nothing but a crumbling shell, where Hugh's reeve, a sottish man named Edgar Pock-face, dwelt in the leaky hall with a brood of fifteen children. The reeve came lurching out the door as he heard horses. Hugh dismounted, glaring around at the tumble-down dovecot, the byres and stables half unroofed.

"By God's blood, Edgar Pock-face!" he cried. "Is this the care you give my manor?"

Edgar mumbled that the serfs refused to do their work, it had been so long since Sir Hugh or his bailiff had come here they had near forgot they were not freemen.

HUGH raised his hand and struck the stupid face a vicious blow. "Then this will remind you that you are not free!" The man staggered back and fell in the muck. Then, as though he had settled the whole matter of the manor's management, Hugh mounted his horse and, gesturing to Katherine and Ellis, led the way back to the highroad.

Katherine was pained and puzzled. She did not yet know that Hugh was the most indifferent of landlords, caring nothing for husbandry. He had not been home in three years. So long as Hugh gave knight's service to the duke, his wants and those of Ellis were provided for, and soon his wartime wages from the duke would commence. It was on the prospects of these that he had raised cash in London to finance his wedding and buy Katherine's palfrey. But the forced gift to the Black Cross at Waltham had so reduced him that now he had but a few pence left.

Katherine did not think long about the dilapidation of Coleby, assuming that all would be different at Kettlethorpe, the home manor. It had been drizzling all day, but now the dun clouds dropped lower and the rain sliced cold and straight as knives.

They plodded on, meeting nobody. As they drew nearer the manor lodge the wind came up and blew the rain in their faces. It was dark when they saw upon the left a pair of tall iron gates, and a cottage just inside.

"Kettlethorpe!" said Hugh. "We'll soon be dry and sheltered, Katherine."

But no one came to open the gate. The lodgekeeper's thatched shanty remained dark and no smoke came from its chimney.

"The devil and his foul fiends take this wretched churl. I'll have him put in the stocks!" Hugh drew his sword and dealt the old padlock a violent blow. The chain that held it parted; the padlock dangled free.

Ellis pushed back the creaking gates and said in surprise, "This road has not been used for long, Sir Hugh. 'Tis full overgrown."

There was, in fact, no road at all, though its place was marked by an avenue of magnificent wych-elms, tall as steeples. Beneath the elms there was a tangle of weeds, bushes, long grasses. The horses balked, seeking some easier way. Ellis had to go ahead on foot, beating down the thicket with his sword.

Is there no end to this journey? Katherine thought, shivering, and noted that Hugh had fallen silent.

For nearly a mile they fought their way along the abandoned road, then suddenly Katherine saw a church on her right, a dark shape of the cross against the darker sky, while to the left there were a huddle of buildings. Still there were no lights, and no sound but the wind and the slash of rain.

They rode into the muddy outer court, and now Katherine saw the gleam of a small moat and a low stone gatehouse, its wooden bridge drawn up against the arch.

"Ho, Kettlethorpe!" shouted Hugh. "Gibbon le Bailey! Lady Nichola! Open up!"

Still the uncanny silence held. Then it was broken by a frenzied baying from the inner court.

"'Tis old Ajax," cried Hugh, with unconcealed relief. "Someone's there. Open up!"

A dim white head peered out of the peephole above the gatehouse, and a voice cried, "Who is't now that makes such a clamor?"

"Toby Napper, what ails you all? A fine welcome this for the lord of the manor and his new lady!"

The white head disappeared, the windlass began to creak until the rickety bridge flopped across the narrow moat. The horses crossed into the inner courtyard where the hound came bounding and growling at them. But he knew Hugh's voice, and when Hugh gave him a powerful kick he slunk into the shadows.

Then Hugh turned on the gatehouse keeper, who stood holding a wavering horn lantern. "Where're the stableboys? Where the house servants?"

"Nought but me, m'lord, for this year past. M'lady turned 'em out. No one sleeps in the manor but me and m'lady—and—and Gibbon."

"Aye, and what *of* Gibbon? Why isn't he here?"

"Ah, he's dying, is Gibbon," said the old man unctuously. "There's a worm gnawing of his bones. He lies abed all day and move."

Hugh made an exclamation, grabbed lantern and threw open the unbolted the great hall. Inside it was as dark an as out. There was no fire. The eating planks and benches were stacked high far wall. Rain splashed through a hole thatched roof.

"Ellis!" Hugh cried. "Gallop to the and bring back serfs. We must have fo warmth, no matter what's amiss here!"

The squire ran out and mounted his Hugh put the lantern on the hard-earthen floor. He turned slowly from o of the hall to the other, remembering it days of his boyhood when there ha torch and firelight, the smell of roasted and ten servants running to attend the ford appetites.

KATHERINE crumpled down in one window embrasures, so cold and wear she could not think. Then through h haustion she heard a rustling at the d woman stood there, staring at Hugh. S small and thin as a stick, her black flapped around her in the wind from t opened door, and her triangular widow was no whiter than her narrow face.

"Is it you—Hugh?" She spoke in a sighing voice in which there was neithe prise nor pleasure nor dismay. "I th you'd come. *They* told me so."

Hugh had jumped back as she appeare denly, gliding into the hall. "Aye, lady said warily, not moving toward her. come home, with my bride." He point Katherine. "And I mislike the welcom give to the new Lady of Kettlethorpe."

The woman turned her mournful ga Katherine. "A bride?" she said. "A bri Kettlethorpe? *They* did not tell me that."

"*Who* did not tell you, madam?" snapped.

The Lady Nichola Swynford waved a hand vaguely toward the east. "The folk live in the water, in the river, in the well. mustn't say their name. They tell me things."

"God's wounds," Hugh whispered, c ing himself. "She's lost the few wits she h

The girl nodded. They both watched Lady Nichola, who began to drift restl around the hall. As the black-robed f came to the water that streamed through



"It's either the roar of a wild panther or the trolley car on Main Street."

to the dais, she stopped. She cupped
ds and caught some of the water, mur-
soft words to it.
erine shut her eyes again. A merciful
ss fell across her mind.

ng the next days at Kettlethorpe, Kath-
d opportunity for the exercise of many
s she had not known she possessed.
ong young body recovered soon from
austion of her arrival; the acceptance
itions so different from her imaginings
nger. Yet a sturdy common sense came
id. For better or worse, this was now
ne, and she the lady of the manor. She
ld enough to feel pride in the sudden
ibilities thrust upon her.
ethorpe had never been a populous or
lly productive manor, the soil being
only to the growth of hay, flax, hemp
ch. Earlier owners had had large hold-
sewhere to supplement their rents, as
ugh's father until mismanagement had
ed off Nichola's dowry, leaving the
rds only Coleby and Kettlethorpe.
hese two would have supported them
ufficient comfort, were they well ad-
red. Hugh had near sixty serfs at Ket-
pe, plenty to give him week work on his
arms, boon work at the harvests, and
work to run the manor. The trouble was
l: the Lady Nichola's eccentricities and
rtal sickness which had attacked Gib-
e bailiff.
e days after Katherine's arrival she de-
o see this man who lay in a wattle-and-
ut at the end of the courtyard.
weather had cleared and Hugh, having
and whipped some sulky serfs from
vn field work and back into the manor
, had taken Ellis and ridden into the
o hunt for sorely needed food. The
must be replenished; they were com-
empty. Lady Nichola lived on sheep's
d stewed herbs which she cooked her-
bbon existed on the fitful donations of
y Brewster, the village alewife, but her
duties and brood of babies left her
me for charity. No one knew what old
ved on in the gatehouse, but he was
, despite his age, and there had been
to notice the squeal of snared rabbits
ord's hunting preserve.
erine had not asked Hugh's permis-
visit the bailiff. Already she had learned
mention of painful subjects induced in
angry stubbornness which might well
d to refusal.
vaited until she saw the tip of his long-
sappear into the forest, then set herself
ured inspection of her domain. She de-
o visit the Lady Nichola first in the
oom. She had not seen her mother-in-
e the night of arrival.
ower had been built, as had the manor,
red and fifty years ago. It was attached
hall and solar, but there was no com-
tion with these except by the outside
e, which also served the solar. The
plan was simple. There was the
d two-storied hall, forty feet long, and
row solar where Katherine slept with
was tacked high onto its western end.
n the solar lay an undercroft for stores.
eastern end of the hall there was a
, and a half loft above it where the
s slept. These and the tower with its
donjon and two round rooms above
there was to Kettlethorpe.

s a more primitive dwelling than any
ine had ever known; even the convent
ppey had been more luxurious. And the
ings at Kettlethorpe she deemed shock-
lain and scanty for a knight's home.
nks and trestles and benches in the hall
roughly hewn as those in a rustic's cot,
he solar was furnished only with a
box frame heaped with a moldering
feather bed and a bearskin for a cover-
surprised her that there should be no
of the slightest value to be seen, nor a
y to keep out the constant drafts.
he ascended the outside flight of wooden
nto the tower, her heart beat fast, for
ard the Lady Nichola's high murmur-
at out onto the still air. The dairymaid
at the Lady Nichola had water-elf sick-
ness, a fearsome spell; and none of the servants would go near her.

Katherine mounted the stairs and entered the tower's ancient guardroom. The room contained only two ironbound chests. In the center of the stone floor there was a rusty grille over the air shaft to the donjon beneath; it had long been empty of all but rats that tunneled upward from the surrounding moat. Katherine saw that dust lay thick on the chests and a drift of dead leaves had blown into the corners.

She climbed the narrow stone steps and came to the top room. A mangy deerhide barred the doorway. The murmuring had stopped; there was a listening silence within.

Katherine cleared her throat and called softly, "My Lady Swynford! It's Katherine, Hugh's bride. May I enter?"

She heard a scuffling noise as though something were being quickly hidden and a tiny stifled sound, sharp and high, but there was no answer.

She pushed the deerhide and entered. "Ah, no!" she cried when she saw the little black figure. "My poor lady, you mustn't be afraid of me!"

THE Lady Nichola, her arms clasped tight across a lumped cloth on her breast, crouched behind her bed. Her dark eyes were fixed on Katherine with dumb terror.

"Dear lady, I won't hurt you. I've come up to do you honor. See, I'll come no nearer." Katherine's voice, low and soft as a viol, thrilled with pity.

Nichola stared unbelieving. "You'd take her away from me," she whispered. "Don't take her away!"

Though the Lady Nichola was over forty and her scant dark hair was streaked with gray, yet her little face, twisted by fear, was somehow childlike.

Katherine stood stock-still as she had promised and saw the clutch of the claw hands slowly relax on the bundle they protected. The cloth heaved and squirmed.

"What have you there, my lady?" said Katherine very gently. "I swear by St. Mary and her blessed Son that I'll not touch it, nor do anything you don't wish."

"But Hugh would—he'd take her away from me and beat me as his father did. Beat me because I'm barren."

Katherine stiffened. "No," she said. "No one shall beat you."

The Lady Nichola crept forward to the bed. She put the bundle down on the coarse hemp coverlet. The cloth heaved and from underneath there walked out a small bedraggled kitten. It wore a collar of woven grass from which dangled a leash of plaited scarlet wool.

Almost Katherine laughed, for she had expected some shocking thing, a baby perhaps—crazed women did steal babies. "Dear, my lady," said Katherine, "'tis no sin for you to keep a kitten."

"*They* gave her to me," said Nichola, stroking the little beast while she tied it to the bedpost. "She was drowning in the river, because they wanted her themselves to play with, down there amongst the reeds, but they let me have her. Sometimes they're very kind. But they didn't tell me you were coming—Hugh's bride." Suddenly the unseeing stare left Nichola's red-rimmed eyes. "So there's a new Lady of Kettlethorpe," she said. "How did you come to be here?" She sat down quietly on the bed.

Katherine was startled at the change. Now for a few minutes while there was sanity in Nichola's questions, Katherine told her something of her life and how she came to marry. Nichola nodded from time to time and listened sadly.

"I, too, came from the south," she said, "to this most dismal place. But I was always afraid. He would not have hated me so, had I not been afraid." She twisted her head and looked at Katherine. "*You're* beautiful. Yet you will molder here, even as I, and grow ugly and afraid unless—unless ——" She jumped up, her voice soared to its high chanting note. "I'll weave a spell for you, Hugh's bride. I'll make a potion that'll save you."

She ran to the iron pot which hung on a tripod against the smoke-blackened wall. She blew the smoldering charcoal embers in the



Are you the master of your car?

MOTORING is a favorite pastime for millions of Americans . . . especially during summer when the countryside is so inviting. However, since traffic is heaviest during summertime, long vacation trips . . . or short weekend drives . . . can be hazardous.

Safety authorities say that motoring can be safer and more pleasant and relaxing if all drivers learn to keep their cars under control in varying road, weather and traffic conditions.

No driver should ever "take the wheel" when preoccupied, confused or fatigued. When perception is dimmed, no one can be sure he can control his car. If you are planning a long vacation tour, it is wise to keep the following facts in mind for your own safety and that of others.

The majority of accidents due to fatigue occur after long periods of driving. If long distances must be traveled in a day's time, pace yourself to avoid getting tired. If you do feel tired, pull off the road and take a short nap.

The competent driver always keeps control of his car by traveling at safe speeds. The rate of speed is still the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. In fact, if existing speed laws in every state were rigidly observed and enforced, many thousands of lives could be saved every year.

For safer summer driving, here are other precautions to take:

1. Follow other cars at a safe distance. This distance, of course, should be increased at night or when the weather is bad.

2. Always be alert for what other drivers may do, and try to anticipate their possible mistakes.

3. Keep a sharp lookout for pedestrians, especially at night and when passing through congested areas.

4. Have your car regularly and thoroughly checked by a competent mechanic, especially before taking a long trip.

If you are a relaxed and alert driver, and observe all traffic and safety regulations, summer motoring can be fun.

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pan beneath, and catching up a fistful of dried herbs, began to cast them in the pot.

"Nay, dear lady," said Katherine gently, "I want no potion." But she saw that the moment of reason had passed. Nichola did not hear her.

Katherine turned away and slipped from the tower room. She felt no fear now of the Lady Nichola, but she was heavy of heart. She descended the steps to the courtyard. Ajax, the great mastiff, walked over to her stiff-legged from his kennel, sniffed her gown, then stalked away toward the stables. She followed him and, entering, went to Doucette's stall. The little mare greeted her with a whinny, and she threw her arms around its neck. Then she looked at her horse and a sudden anger possessed her.

She spied a stableboy's bare legs protruding from a mound of straw in the next stall. "Wake up, you lazy churl!" she cried. "What's your name?" Katherine surveyed him with disgust—his matted hair, dangling red hands and torn, dung-spattered tunic.

"Wat—that be Walter—Wat's son, m'lady."

"Well, Wat Watson!" cried Katherine. "Why have you not curried my palfrey? Why is the hayrick empty?"

Wat swallowed and said that the hayrick was empty because there was no hay.

"There's green grass in the meadow beyond the moat," she snapped. "Go pull enough to fill the manger. Then curry Doucette and water her. When you've finished, clean out this foul stable. You should be shamed!"

He nodded, openmouthed. Later in the alehouse he told the story with embellishments. He said that Katherine had belabored him with a pitchfork and roared at him with strange oaths. Nobody believed all this, but it confirmed the general apprehension that the easygoing days were over.

Buoyed on the wave of her anger, Katherine quitted the stables, picked her way through ancient refuse to the hut where she knew the bailiff lay, and tapped upon the door.

A man's harsh voice said, "Who's there?"

She answered, "Katherine Swynford, the new Lady of Kettlethorpe."

"Enter then!"

The stench inside the hut nearly knocked her over. She gasped and stepped back into the courtyard. "Is he *unclean?*" she whispered, not knowing that she spoke.

"Nay, lady," said the bitter voice in the darkness, "I'm no leper. Would that I were, for I'd be with others of my kind and tended by the brothers."

Katherine came back within the door.

"Open the shutter, lady," said the voice, half sneering. "'Twill sweeten the air for squeamish noses."

KATHERINE flung back the little window shutter. The cool spring breeze blew across the room and out the door. She looked down at the man who lay on a straw pallet on the floor. A russet mantle covered his body; she could see but his arms. And in his ivory skull-head the eyes were sunk so that she scarcely could see that they were blue. Only the curling brown hair of his head and his matted beard showed that he had been a comely man.

"Behold Gibbon, your steward, my lady," he said. "I can move nothing but my head, and these fingers—see!"

"What is it, Gibbon?" she asked.

"I know not. It began two years ago with a weakness in my legs. They trembled much. The trembling crept from limb to limb, but now they do not even tremble."

"You've had a leech?"

"A barber from Torksey bled me often. It does no good."

"Does no one tend you, Gibbon?"

"Oh, aye—when they remember. Old Toby at times, big Margery Brewster from the vill."

Katherine frowned. "There must be many changes on the manor!" she cried. "*I'll* see that you're tended properly—then you'll get better."

He looked at her with some attention. A feeble smile narrowed his sunken lids. "You're full young to be so resolute."

"Is there much pain?" she said. There was a flagon of ale on the floor, and a piece of bread. She poured ale into a wooden cup and held it to his lips.

He shook his head to the ale. "
was here this morning. I was fed. N
no pain. Where's Hugh gone? I
horses in the courtyard."

"Hunting in the forest. We need m
said it lightly, that he might not thin
proach to his stewardship.

"Hugh told you nought about me,
Gibbon looked up at her. It had b
since anyone had lingered to talk to

"No," she said, "he spoke never
nor of his manors."

"Aye, it was always that way. Hug
tle interest in his lands, but *I* had. I fe
him, and ruled his villeins. We were
ing. Soon we might have made th
worthy of Swynfords. I can guess wh
tion it's in."

"I've wondered," she said, hesitatin
there are no furnishings, except the ru

"Hugh sold them at his father's de
had to pay relief and heriots to *his* feuc
of course, before he could claim h
itance. Hugh should find a new bailiff
You will need help to administer your

"I bring no dowry," said Katherine.

His silence hurt her so that she fo
illness and added sharply, "Is it the cu
Lincolnshire for the hired bailiff to
himself so deeply in his master's affairs

Gibbon turned his eyes back to he
but madam, I, too, am a Swynford. H
I are half brothers."

"But I don't understand ——"

HE made a derisive sound in his
"Simple enough, for I'm a bastard. A
most dear father, Sir Thomas, had me
by the Gilbertines at Sempringham. W
father made full confession on his de
Hugh summoned me to aid him on th
It was generously done, and I was grate

"Aye, it was generously done," Ka
murmured, turning this new aspect of h
band over in her mind. "Gibbon," sh
"will you help me when you can, tell m
must be done here?"

His lips moved in assent, then fell sla

She went quickly out of the hut in
sunny courtyard. *Dear God, this is n
home*, she thought. *Soon Hugh and Ellis
to Aquitaine and I shall be here alone
crazed woman, a dying man and a pack o
lious serfs.*

Then from the forest she heard a wi
looing and the fainter winding of a ho
least there would be meat for dinner.

Hugh left Kettlethorpe in the middle
gust, on the day after the Feast of the As
tion. They had managed to celebrate thi
with some of the traditional lavishness.
had been dancing on the green, while
little church for blessing the peopl
brought samples from the harvest: oats
ley and flax plants, in woven baskets.

In June the Manor Court had been he
Hugh had dealt out punishment to his
He exacted immediate payment of the ov
rents and fines and clapped those who
for time into the stocks, besides perso
flogging others.

Katherine had had a litter made for G
and he had been carried into the hall to s
the court. When he found the strength t
advice, Hugh usually heeded.

So now in August, the administration
manor had improved. New officers had
appointed from among the villeins: a hay
to guard the fields and pastures, and a
Sim the Tanner, the shrewdest man in th
lage. Sim was cold-eyed and slippery
mackerel, but being an indefatigable w
himself, would brook no excuses from th
leins it was now his duty to oversee.

Gibbon had suggested that the tann
chosen. No life had returned to the ba
useless limbs; still, cared for now by a
lad, his mind had lightened and a trace of
came into his bone-pale skin. No new
had been found, and in truth Hugh woul
have known how to look for one, nor
the money for his wages.

On the night of the feast, when Hugh
Katherine went to bed, he, being hot wi
and suddenly aware of how sorely he
miss her, pulled her roughly toward him

"Let me be, Hugh," she said sharply.

er flared. "How dare you shove me
" As she stiffened, turning her head
lrink-soured breath, he struck her,
t hard, across the cheek.
she said with biting contempt, "like
e son. But *you* will not need to beat
blackthorn stick for that I'm bar-

hy should I not!" Then he caught
ng. His clenched fists fell open. "Are
child, Katherine?"
elieve," she said coldly.
think you it'll be born?" Hugh's
ked with gladness.
y, I suppose," she answered in the
tone.
y?" said Hugh eagerly. "No doubt
k with you. It won't take us long to
astilian rabble."
e you'll be back, Hugh!" She spoke
tly, though in truth she could not
ow it would be in May, and longed
m go.
must be a midwife on the manor,"
. "I believe 'tis the parson's wench,
k Gibbon. And mind you keep away
crazed Nichola; she might upset you
avings, might mark the child."
careful, Hugh." She was faintly
y his solicitude. And when he again
toward him, but now with clumsy
ce, she suffered the scrape of his
rd while he kissed her hungrily.
xt morning, before the dew was off
the church bell rang and all the vil-
embled to Godspeed their manor

as dressed in gleaming armor from
s had polished every trace of rust or
he came through the gatehouse and
e drawbridge, his serfs gave a polite
ey made way for the parish priest,
ered through the lich gate to give
sing. Hugh and Ellis knelt on the
receive it. The priest murmured
ged them with holy water.
ose and clambered into the saddle
mounting block. Then he sat stiff
to look down at Katherine. "Fare-
God keep you, my Katherine."
ou, my lord and husband," she re-
Guard him well, Ellis," she added.
ne dutifully waved good-by until
otting horses faded from sight down
avenue of wych-elms. She felt
ief nor the slightest doubt that Hugh
urn. Her certainty of his safety arose
ch from ignorance of war as from a
ecognized trust in the overlord he
ve. Because the Duke of Lancaster
nerable, so would his men be.
ay grows warm, lady," said the
pping his shining red face. "'Twill
rime."

NE took the hint. "Come in and
r fast with me, Sir Robert. I believe
l some mead left from the feast."
nner, the reeve, who stood waiting to
peasants back to their tasks, gave a
ort. Nobody believed that the priest
d his belly. A greedy and lazy man
rt de Northwode, but well liked by
nonetheless. He came from the par-
as the only son of a freeman black-
o prospered enough to finance his
in the world. Robert took minor
d when the old rector died Hugh, at
suggestion, appointed Robert to the
rtainly there were no other eager
s.
however, was pleased. It was agree-
addressed by the priest's honorary
sir" and to have become the chief
the parish after the manor lord. Be-
and lusty, he soon picked a hearth-
tout good-natured wench from the
nd with his Molly and their four
ants he made himself very comforta-
gh canon law denied her the title of
ly was not ill thought of. Celibacy
asked of monk or friar, but hardly
atural a man as a village parson, nor
Bishop of Lincoln trouble himself
egularities in poor parishes.
ine had hoped for spiritual and intel-
idance from her manor priest. But
discovered that Father Robert could neither read nor write, and that to her timid confessions he scarcely listened, but granted absolution in a hurried gabble before she had finished, while his flat Lincolnshire accent made the Latin he had learned by rote almost ludicrous.

More and more during the autumn months as her pregnancy advanced Katherine drew into herself. She scarcely found the energy for talks with Gibbon and he did not trouble her, having established a fair working relationship with the reeve.

The Lady Nichola was no companion. Now that the weather was bad, she kept always to her tower room with her cat and seemed to be confused by Katherine's rare visits. Besides, the girl was not unmindful of Hugh's command. Who knew what might not mark the child?

After the leaves fell and the freezing November rains began, Katherine stayed almost entirely in her room, either shivering by the smoking fire or huddled in the great bed beneath the bearskin. Sometimes she roused herself and plied a listless needle to make swaddling clothes for her baby. But the baby still seemed imaginary.

"It'll be different when you quicken, lady," said Milburga. This was the servant Katherine had chosen as personal waiting maid because she was cleaner and less stupid than the others.

On St. Catherine's Day, November twenty-fifth, Katherine awoke to find that she had been crying in her sleep, and knew that she had dreamed of her childhood. The fire had died to ashes. Katherine looked at the cold gray ashes and her tears changed to a loud and passionate sobbing. When Milburga bustled in with the morning ale, the maid exclaimed, "Mistress, what ails ye?"

As the girl merely hid her face in her arms and continued to sob, the woman drew back the covers and made a quick examination.

"Have ye pains, here or here?" she demanded.

Katherine shook her head. "Leave me. Go away," and she sobbed more violently.

Milburga's sallow face tightened. "Stop that, lady! Ye'll harm the child."

"Oh, a murrain on the child!" cried Katherine wildly, rearing herself on the bed.

"St. Mary protect us!" gasped Milburga, backing away.

The wild, angry grief fell off Katherine like a mantle, leaving her afraid. "I didn't mean it. Send for Sir Robert. Tell him he must celebrate a Mass. This is my saint's day—my sixteenth—that's why—why ——"

But of what use to explain to that shocked face that she had been sobbing for her own childhood. Even at Sheppey the nuns had made a little atmosphere of fete and congratulation for her on this saint's day. Here there was nobody to either cherish her or care.

MILBURGA, bound on her errand to the rectory, paused in the kitchen to regale the other servants with their mistress' shocking behavior. They clustered around exclaiming, the cook and the servitor and the dairymaid. All work stopped at once, except that little Cob o' Fenton, the towheaded spitboy, crouched in his niche in the great fireplace, automatically turning the handle with his toes. They were roasting a lean old ewe, and her scanty grease smelled rancid as it hissed into the fire. The manor food was poor, and slackly prepared, now that Lady Katherine kept to her room.

The initial good will Katherine had aroused on the manor by reason of her beauty, youth and the promptness with which she had done her duty in conceiving an heir had soon died down. After all, she was a foreigner. She spoke an English they had trouble understanding. And moreover, she was a nuisance. Were it not for her, the house carls might all have returned to their own pursuits, as they had before Sir Hugh's brief visit. Katherine, sunk in sickliness and torpor, knew that they gave her grudging service, but had not the spirit to care.

On the fourth Sunday in Advent she dragged herself up and, feeling a trifle better, crossed over to the church for Mass. She sat alone and watched as through a fog the priest lurch and gabble through the service. She tried to fix her thoughts upon the elevation of the Host, yet all she could think of were the rolls of pink fat on the priest's neck and the quivering of oily curls around his tonsure.

It was at that moment that she felt the baby quicken, and was frightened. Katherine stifled a cry and rushed from the pew through the side door of the church into the open. She sank on the bench beneath the lich gate and drew great lungfuls of the cold, sparkling air. Her terror receded and she grew ashamed. She must go back into church and apologize to the Blessed Body of Jesus for her irreverence. She got slowly to her feet, then turned, for a horse came galloping down the frozen road.

The horseman reined his mount before the drawbridge and Katherine, with a great leap at her heart, saw that he wore on his tunic the Lancaster red rose.

She ran across the court. "Whence do you come? Is there news of the war?"

The lad was Piers Roos, the duke's erstwhile body squire, who had been left at home to serve the duchess. He said with some uncertainty, "My Lady Swynford?"

She nodded. "What news do you bring?"

"Nothing but good. At least we know no war news yet from Castile. I come from Bolingbroke, from the Duchess Blanche. She sends you greeting."

"Ah." Katherine's drawn little face softened with pleasure. She had never dared hope that the Lady Blanche would remember her.

"She bids me escort you to Bolingbroke for the Christmas festival," Piers told her, "if you'd like to come."

Her indrawn breath and the sudden shining of her eyes were answer enough, and Piers Roos laughed, seeing that she was even younger than he was and not the solemn woman she had seemed as he dismounted.

"We'll go tomorrow, then, if you wish. The ride'll take but a day."

"I—I cannot go fast," faltered Katherine. "I—they think I should not ride at all."

"What folly," said Piers cheerfully, understanding. "The Lady Blanche is larger than you and she still rides out daily."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

DERRING-DON'T

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

There's little, my hero, you wouldn't do
For me, your lady. I know that's true.
You'd scale Mt. Everest any time.
But what are the chances, beloved, you'd climb
The attic stairs to find me a carton?
Of course you'd leap like a dauntless Spartan
To slaughter a dragon; but, dearest spouse,
Dispose mayhap of a plain old mouse?
You'd swim the Hellespont might and main;
But empty the garbage in the rain?
You'd fetch me the moon, that's perfectly clear.
But change me a bulb in a chandelier?
I wouldn't ask it! I want to save
Your strength, my gallant, for something brave
Like moving a mountain, not female sport
Like moving a pennyweight davenport!

"Coffee-break"

with

Mary Margaret McBride



Really, I can never get over our American coffee. It just isn't found anywhere else on earth. We brew it to a pleasantly smooth flavor and distinctive aroma that are entirely different from French, Italian or Turkish coffees. And these warm days, nothing can equal the refreshing lift of our own country's summer version of the year-round favorite — coffee *iced*. The cardinal rule is this: *good iced coffee always starts with good hot coffee!* And for perfect iced coffee every time, don't fail to follow these directions of the Coffee Brewing Institute:

The Pre-Cooled Way

Make your regular strength coffee — one Standard Coffee Measure or two level tablespoons of coffee to each ¾ measuring cup of water. Cool in a *non-metal* container for no more than three hours. The container should be tightly covered in the refrigerator. Serve in a tall glass filled with ice cubes . . . add sugar and cream to taste.



The Quick Way

Make your coffee double strength by using half the amount of water to the usual amount of your favorite brand of coffee. Pour hot into tall glasses filled with ice cubes. The extra-strong coffee allows for the dilution caused by the melting of the ice.



A theory that seems to have originated in the tropics is that hot coffee makes you feel cooler. It may be true, too. The hottest, spiciest foods, you know, are traditional in the hot climates. But hot or cold, everyone agrees that there's nothing like the gentle stimulation of truly fine coffee.

The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.

120 Wall St., New York 5, N. Y.



This one centers around a variety vegetable salad served with the one and only *Miracle Whip*, or *Kraft Mayonnaise*. Add cheese and meat slices and you have a menu that's hefty enough to serve for supper, if you prefer, instead of lunch.

Light and refreshing for a ladies' luncheon! But not *too* light . . . *Kraft Mayonnaise* makes the frozen fruit salad filling as well as luscious. New *Casino* or *Miracle French* will bring out the goodness of the other fruits and dress the tender greens to perfection.

Here's one for the family *or* for company—hearty salmon salad, made with *Kraft Mayonnaise*, and deviled eggs that are full of zip and quick to fix with *Miracle Sandwich Spread*. Lots of nutrition on this plate, too.

So hearty, the men will go for this! Serve it either for lunch or for the main meal on a hot, hot day. The one and only *Miracle Whip* makes—*absolutely makes*—the coleslaw in the ham roll-ups. For the beans and greens, give the folks a choice of *Miracle French* or *Kraft French*

Salad Plate Lunches

...LIGHT ON WORK AND LONG ON GOODNESS

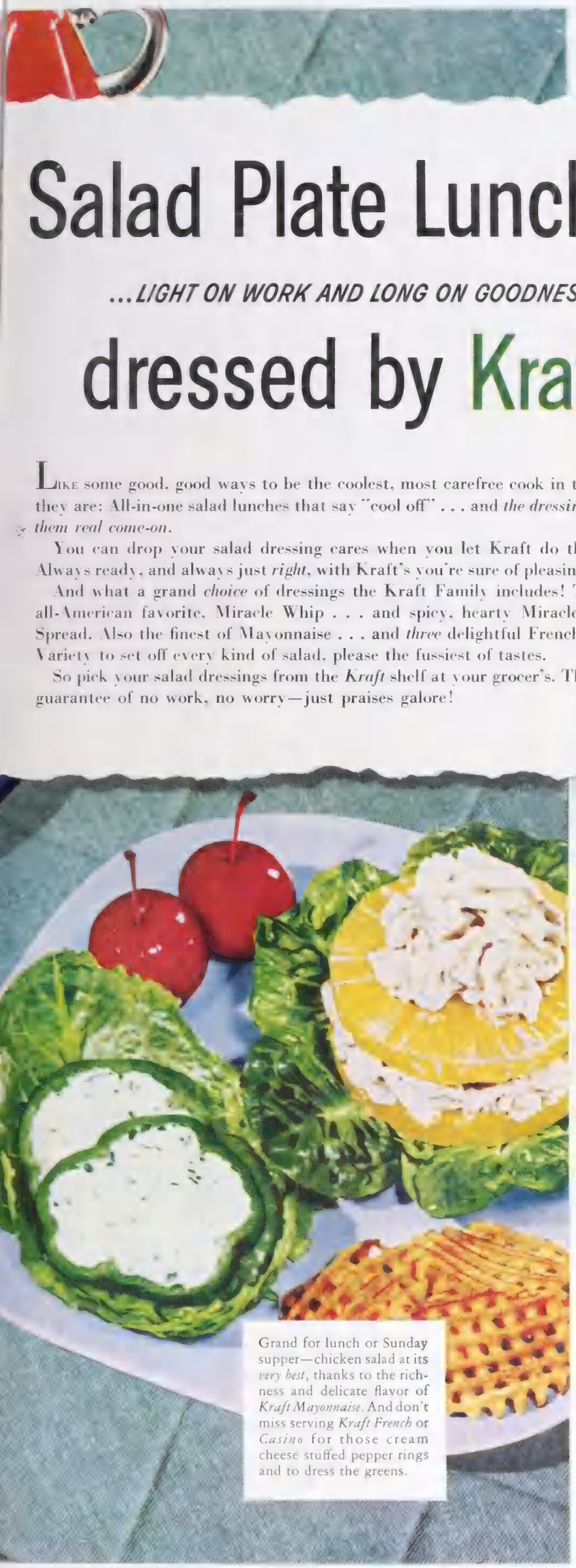
dressed by Kraft

Like some good, good ways to be the coolest, most carefree cook in town? Here they are: All-in-one salad lunches that say "cool off" . . . and *the dressings that give them real come-on.*

You can drop your salad dressing cares when you let Kraft do the making. Always ready, and always just *right*, with Kraft's you're sure of pleasing.

And what a grand *choice* of dressings the Kraft Family includes! There's the all-American favorite, Miracle Whip . . . and spicy, hearty Miracle Sandwich Spread. Also the finest of Mayonnaise . . . and *three* delightful French dressings. Variety to set off every kind of salad, please the fussiest of tastes.

So pick your salad dressings from the *Kraft* shelf at your grocer's. They're your guarantee of no work, no worry—just praises galore!



Grand for lunch or Sunday supper—chicken salad at its *very best*, thanks to the richness and delicate flavor of *Kraft Mayonnaise*. And don't miss serving *Kraft French* or *Casino* for those cream cheese stuffed pepper rings and to dress the greens.



MIRACLE WHIP—Far and away the best liked of all dressings for salad is Kraft's original creation, the *one and only Miracle Whip*. Sandwiches, seafoods, salads—all get a lift from Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. There's nothing else like it!



KRAFT MAYONNAISE—True mayonnaise at its finest—made of the choicest ingredients mixed satiny smooth in Kraft's own exclusive beater. You'll love the delightful flavor and luxurious richness of *Kraft Mayonnaise*.



MIRACLE SANDWICH SPREAD—A Thousand Island type dressing, Kraft adds lots and lots of special pickle relishes to Miracle Whip to make handy, hearty *Miracle Sandwich Spread*. Wonderful on salads and grand for sandwiches just as it comes from the jar.

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MIRACLE FRENCH—Robustly seasoned with onion and garlic, *Miracle French* is the liveliest of *Kraft's* three French dressings. Use it as a marinade for potatoes for potato salad and for meats before broiling or baking.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"The Lady Blanche!" Katherine repeated, wondering that she should be amazed, and why the young squire's information came as a small unpleasant shock. "When?"

"Oh, March or April, I believe. I know nought of midwifery." He laughed outright, and Katherine after a minute joined him.

The energy Piers' invitation brought her buoyed Katherine through all difficulties. She ordered Doucette curried and groomed and ignored the disapproval of her household.

Next day she smiled and hummed as she crossed the inner court to take leave of Gibbon.

"Aye, mistress," he said sadly, "you're in a fever to be quit of Kettlethorpe."

"Only till Twelfth Night," she cried. "Then I'll be back. And I'll not pine any more, I promise. I'll help you on the manor again."

Bolingbroke was a small, fair castle set in meadowlands. It was the Lancasters' favorite country castle. There Blanche had spent much of her girlhood, and there she and John had come in the first days of their marriage.

From the moment when the Lady Blanche herself met Katherine in the Great Hall through the twelve days of Christmas, Katherine managed to forget Kettlethorpe. With the rest of the duchess' company, she immersed herself in the serene and gracious aura which surrounded Blanche.

The duchess, thickened by pregnancy, was no less beautiful and Katherine admired her passionately.

There were few guests. The Cromwells from nearby Tattershal Castle rode over Christmas night, and the Abbess of Elstow, who was cousin to Blanche, spent the days between St. Stephen's and New Year's, but so intimate was the castle gathering that Katherine wondered much, while she rejoiced, that she had been invited.

She put it down to kindness of heart, and tried to repay the duchess in every way she could. The duchess responded with affection and growing interest in the girl. Yet it was a sentence in a letter she had received from her husband which had prompted the invitation.

The duke had written soon after landing in Brittany, telling many items of news: that Joan, Princess of Wales, was *enceinte* again; that King Pedro had with him at Bordeaux his handsome daughters, and that the desolate plight of these princesses had captured the sympathy of all the English.

Descending into less exalted vein, the duke had shown his usual consideration for Blanche's comfort at home. She found in the last paragraph the question, "Have you seen aught of the little Swynford? Her clodpoll knight is here and confides that he has got her with child. It might be kindness to see how she does, alone, on their manor."

Blanche hastened to obey without question and in generous measure. She was rewarded, for she enjoyed Katherine's visit.

THE girl's admiration touched her. The two women sat together and embroidered through the winter dusks. Sometimes Blanche picked up her lute or gittern and they sang—plaintive love songs, or Christmas carols to the Virgin. And at the singing Blanche knew herself surpassed, for her voice sometimes flatted, while Katherine hit true and round on every note.

"Do you make much music at Kettlethorpe?" inquired Blanche one evening.

"No, madam," said Katherine. She had, from pride and a desire to forget the place, always evaded the duchess' polite questions about her manor.

"Are your minstrels unskilled?" asked the duchess in some surprise.

Katherine thought of her hall, which was barer and meaner than the cow byres here, and could not help laughing. "We have no minstrels, madam. It's not," she added quickly, "a manor quite like any you have known."

The duchess raised her pale arched brows and, seeing Katherine's unwillingness, said no more. She determined to make the girl some presents on New Year's Day and, dismissing the matter, she turned smiling as her two little girls ran into the ladies' bower to announce that mummers had arrived and had playfully chased the children around the courtyard.

"Dragon, mama! All fire!" Elizabeth shrieked, dancing on her little red shoes and pointing to the window. "Big dragon! He'll eat us up!"

"It's not a real dragon, mother," explained Philippa earnestly. "It's only a man in a disguise. You mustn't be frightened."

Katherine, watching, thought how like the good little Philippa that was. At six and a half, she was already a blurred copy of Blanche, well mannered and considerate, though she gave no promise of Blanche's beauty.

Elizabeth, who was not yet three, outshone her elder sister. She was willful and demanding and extremely spoiled, for she had charm.

The baby danced over to Katherine singing, "Dragon, dragon, come see 'Lisbet's dragon!"

Katherine was more than willing. She looked to the duchess for permission, then took the children's hands.

When they reached the courtyard, it was full of retainers and villagers who had come to see the fun. The mummers let out a shout of greeting to the ducal children and cavorted around the trio, singing "Wassail, wassail!" There were a score of them, each disguised as an animal—goats, rabbits, stags, dogs and bulls—except their leader, the Lord of Misrule, who wore a fool's costume tipped with jingling bells.

Dr. Adolf Meyer, Johns Hopkins psychiatrist, was sought out by many of the world's great figures. Queen Marie was no exception. One of her friends brought her to Doctor Meyer and said, "I want you to meet the Queen of Rumania." To which the doctor answered, "How long does she think she's been queen?"

The dragon was indeed a wonderful object. He writhed realistically and, opening and shutting his painted canvas jaws, emitted clouds of evil-smelling brimstone.

But then the mummers' play grew bawdy. Katherine gathered up the protesting Elizabeth and shepherded Philippa back to their mother.

By the time they reached Blanche's firelit bower, Katherine had silenced the baby with a firm command and then the crooning of a little French nursery song. When she went to put her down beside her mother, Elizabeth clung fast to Katherine's neck.

"You're truly good with the children, Katherine," said the duchess. "But you should not carry that heavy child in your condition.... Elizabeth, let my Lady Swynford go!"

"Won't," cried the child. "I like her better'n you."

It was only a piece of baby naughtiness. It ruffled the duchess not at all, who merely called Elizabeth's nurse from the anteroom, yet it gave Katherine a strange guilt as though she had somehow unwittingly hurt this lady who had been her kindest friend.

She thrust Elizabeth at the nurse, who vanished with her howling charge. Katherine picked up her embroidery and fought off the unease that had come upon her.

It passed, of course. She reasoned it away, telling herself that women in her state were given to fancies and that it was a piece of presumption for her to think she might affect the duchess in any way at all—just as her cheeks grew hot with shame when she remembered what a ridiculous dither she had been in at the duke's perfunctory kiss in the church.

Here in his castle with his wife and children, she saw her folly in its true light and, in some way allied to this, she began to think more kindly of Hugh.

Katherine duly returned to Kettlethorpe in Piers Roos' charge but the duchess, having decided that the roads were too icy for horseback, sent her in one of the great ducal chariots. It was drawn by four horses and was as lavishly carved, gilded and painted as Blanche's own bridal chests. Katherine lay inside on a velvet couch and, despite the jouncing and lurching of the springless wheels, she fo that this piece of generosity somewhat all ated her sorrow at leaving Bolingbroke. So the other evidences of Blanche's kindnes coffers at the rear of the carriage. Kathe had two dresses now, and a length of Flem woven wool with which to make a third. Th was fine linen for baby clothes, and there w a lute, an English psalter and an ivory cruc The duchess after consultation with Piers finally realized something of conditions Kettlethorpe.

THE ride home took fifteen hours and the miles were nearly as wearisome as they been when she first came in May with Hu And her welcome was scarcely better. manor house was dark, the servants, not pecting her, had gone to bed and when rou out by Piers were surly and unhelpful.

Katherine went up to her dank, musty-sm ing solar. She did not undress but crept as was between the clammy sheets. The ni candle flickered and blew out in a gust fr the east wind through the shutter.

Nothing had changed. Katherine pulled bearskin around her ears and, clenching teeth, prayed violently for resignation.

The winter snows melted in the strength ing sun. April came in with soft cloudless d and gentle nightly showers. The whole ma pulsed with spring, and Katherine spent m of her time outdoors basking on a bench in courtyard. She could not walk far now, she was no longer sickly or unhappy.

In Holy Week, a wandering Gray Fr turned up at the manor to beg a night's h pitality. He told Katherine that eleven d ago the Duchess Blanche had delive of a fair healthy son, christened Henry.

"Oh, I'm glad!" cried Katherine. Te came to her eyes, of honest joy for Blanche.

On the last day of April, Katherine awo early and was filled with restless energy. S dressed before the sun was up and, walki into the woods, gathered armfuls of flow and flowering branches. She carried them the hall and began to prop them in corne and in the window embrasures. Then, see that the long oak table was spattered w candle wax, she called into the kitchen Milburga.

The maid found her mistress feverish polishing the table and, noting the flowers a branches, nodded sagely. "Aye, lady, I see ye hands're restless and ye feel the need for bus ness. For sure your time be nigh."

Katherine looked up startled. "No, I f well, better than for long. I but wanted to bri the May into the house for tomorrow." H voice wavered, for she thought of May Day year ago in London.

"I'll go tell Parson's Molly ye'll be needi her," said Milburga stolidly.

"Nonsense, the baby isn't due yet."

"Aye, I'd best warn Parson's Molly," r peated the woman, "or she might be off at su down to light the fires and launch Ket's bo on the river."

Katherine bit her lips. Milburga knew th Katherine had forbidden the outlandish ritu performed by her tenants on this St. Wa purga's Eve. Gibbon had warned her of it, an described it as a brutish heathen festival whic had come down from Druid times. The serfs l fires on a hill near the Trent and after an org of dancing, guzzling and worse they launche a coracle on the river. The coracle would co tain three slaughtered newborn lambs.

Katherine had been shocked and issued command forbidding them to hold Ket's ri this May Eve.

"I *told* you, Milburga, that I forbid th thing tonight," said Katherine.

The maid's lips twitched. "To be sure, lad So I needn't warn Molly?"

"Certainly not!"

Thus it was that an hour after sundow Katherine felt her first pains and found herse alone, deserted by all the housefolk. She ran t the door and down the stairs calling "Mi burga!" There was no answer. She went ou into the court. "Toby!" she shouted. Thoug the bridge was down, the keeper was not there She turned and stumbled to Gibbon's hut.

"God's wounds, what is it?" cried the man slow voice in the darkness. "Is it you, my lady

ur time has come. Go up to bed, send for midwife! Oh, aye—I'd forgot—they've to Ket's Hill. Devil take this useless body ne."

What shall I do, Gibbon?"

o to your bed." He spoke briskly. "It be long before they come back. Be brave little; it won't be long." Though he knew that last year they had stayed the night gh at their wicked rites.

ye," she said, "I'll go to bed."

e crept up to the solar and, throwing off own, lay on the sheet in her shift.

ward midnight Gibbon, lying in the hut, d the first scream shrill down across the yard. In her tower room, the Lady ola, too, heard the scream.

e wandered down the stone steps and ss the guardroom when she heard the d again. She knew it came from the solar pushed the door slowly open.

HAT was it on the bed that writhed and d, and ever and again gave forth a wailing She moved nearer and saw a mass of ed hair and two wild eyes in a glistening

Hugh's bride?" she whispered. She blinked eaned over the bed. "What has been done ou, Hugh's bride?"

For the love of God, lady!" cried Kath-. "'Tis my baby that will not be born." grabbed at Nichola's hand, clenching it the bones cracked, and with the pain that desperate grip the shadows receded ichola's mind.

e had borne no child herself, but she had birth once long ago on her father's manor. sat on the bed and held Katherine's hands, winced when the girl pulled on them ically. Between the pains she murmured ning words and wiped the sweat-drenched with a corner of the sheet.

esently Katherine quietened a little, fall-nto an exhausted doze. Then the girl's la-ng body renewed its struggle.

he sun had climbed above the forest when vas delivered at last.

Oh, what is it?" Katherine cried when she d speak.

'Tis a girl, a baby girl," said Nichola ly. "I remember—there is something s be done ——" She fumbled at her girdle e she kept the little knife she used for cut-herbs. She bound the cord tight with a torn from the sheet, then clipped sharply. baby gasped and let out a wavering cry. ola started when she heard the cry. She d the linen coif from her head and ped the baby in it, then cradled the little lle against her chest.

Ah, let me see her," Katherine whispered. e her to me."

chola drew back a step. Uncertainty came her face which had been sure and intent re.

What do you want, Hugh's bride?" she d. "What is it that you want?"

want to see my baby, bring her here, ——" The girl could not understand why woman who had been her only comfort ight long should back away and shake her . Neither of them heard a commotion in courtyard.

he baby whimpered and Nichola, bending kly, kissed its face. "Ah there," she ned, "my pretty one, you want to see , don't you? We'll go to the river ——"

eadly fear smote Katherine. "Lady!" she l. "Come here!"

ichola backed yet another step. She stood ant, then shook her head. "Nay, *they* of iver want to see her. I must hasten ——"

atherine stumbled from the bed and amed. Nichola ran through the door, e footsteps clattered up the stairs. The an shrank by the open door, cowering the baby. A man stood on the landing.

Oh, stop her, stop her!" Katherine sobbed. e's stealing my baby!"

wift as light the man took the bundle from hola, who let out a long quivering moan. ut the baby on the bed, then turned to the who had fallen to her knees. "In God's e, Katherine!" he cried and, picking her up, her on the bed beside the baby.

he stared up at him. "My lord duke," she spered in feeble wonder.

It was past high noon when Katherine came to herself again and heard the subdued muttering of women's voices. At first she could not think what had happened, but then she remembered and started up with a cry, "My baby!"

The kind round face of Parson's Molly bent over her. "Here, lady. Here's the tiny maid, all snug and swaddled and content." She put the infant in the crook of Katherine's arm. "As fine and fair a babe as I ever see." Over Molly's shoulder Milburga's frightened, peering face nodded agreement.

No one knew what the duke would do. His anger had been terrible when the housefolk came stumbling and lurching back across the drawbridge from Ket's rites. He had not whipped them, nor berated, but the tone of his voice as he gave orders banished their drunkenness like a purge.

The Lady Nichola, sobbing, had been chained to her bed in the tower by the duke's men.

The women now heard footsteps on the wooden landing and a knock outside. Molly went to the door and curtsied as she said low, "Our lady sleeps, my lord duke, but we've washed her and the babe."

John pushed her aside and strode into the room. He stood looking down at Katherine. Her long lashes quivered and she opened her eyes.

"I don't wish to disturb you, Katherine," he said gently. "I came to see how you did—and the babe."

"I do well, my lord. Is she not lovely?" She nuzzled the baby's head.

John smiled assent, though the infant looked like all others to him.

"How came you here, my lord?" she asked, drawing her arched brows together. "It seems strange, now I begin to—to wake."

"Having business in Lincoln, I thought to pay you a May Morn visit, and—I scarce expected to be so opportune." He frowned. "I thought you might like news of Hugh."

"Aye—where *is* Hugh?"

"Still in Castile, with my army, but unharmed. I'll send him back soon. My ship waits at Plymouth. I came back because I have a son."

"Ah, yes. How does my Lady Blanche?"

"Fairly." He said no more, seeing that Katherine was not fully awake and making an effort to be courteous. He turned to the window.

Blanche had been well enough for him to leave Bolingbroke and make this hasty trip to Lincoln to inspect its castle, which he owned. Conferences with the constable had taken little time and it had been on impulse that he decided to ride on to Kettlethorpe and see Katherine.

HE returned to the bed. "Your villeins must be punished," he said. "I understand from your bailiff that you forbade their extraordinary rites last night. These serfs cannot be permitted to defy you. I shall leave one of my men here—a Gascon named Nirac de Bayonne."

John smiled suddenly. Nirac amused him with his quick tongue, nimble wits and sly humor. John had saved his life at Nájera and the fiery little Gascon had been passionately grateful. John knew that Nirac would obey his commands loyally.

He glanced toward the courtyard window where the sun already slanted above the church spire and said:

"Yes—I'll leave you Nirac until Swynford gets home. And, Katherine, your baby must be christened—now."

Katherine gasped and drew the baby closer. "Is there danger for her? Does there seem something wrong?"

"No, no—there's nothing to fear. But we'll christen the babe at once, because *I* shall be its godfather."

"Oh, my sweet lord," whispered Katherine, flushing with delight. "It is a very great honor."

"Yes," said the duke, "and will help insure your safety and the babe's." It was for this reason he had suggested it. A child so honored would be powerfully protected, and even Katherine's unruly serfs should be intimidated.

The christening took place an hour later in the little church of Sts. Peter and Paul. Parson's Molly held the baby and served as godmother, since there was obviously no one else in the least suitable. The baby was christened Blanche Mary, as Katherine had asked. She wailed satisfactorily when the holy water doused her head.

Katherine heard the ringing of the church bell and dissolved into happy tears. *My tiny Blanche*, she thought, *Blanchette, named for the lovely duchess and the blessed Queen of Heaven.*

Surely all the good fairies had hovered near this christening and brought the baby luck, though there was scarcely need for luck greater than sponsorship by the duke. *How good is he*, she thought, and she felt for him the same gratitude and humble admiration she had for the Lady Blanche.

When the duke preceded Molly and the baby back into the solar, Katherine greeted him with a soft little cry and, taking his hand, kissed it in a childlike gesture of homage.

The duke, receiving it as such, bent over and kissed her quickly on the forehead. "There, Katherine, your babe is now a Christian and you and I have become spiritual brother and sister. So I must leave you. I can scarce reach Bolingbroke tonight as it is."

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She nodded. "I know, my lord. And when you see Hugh ——"

"Aye," he broke in with sudden curtness, "I'll tell him all and send him back. In the meantime, here is Nirac."

The little Gascon had been hovering in the doorway. The man was like a blackbird with his bright round eyes, his cocky strut and hair like glossy blue-black feathers. He wore the duke's blue-and-gray household livery.

John said, "I've told the serfs that I leave you here in my place until their rightful lord comes home. You'll know how to make them obey?"

The bright beady eyes gazed intently up at the duke's face. "*Oui, mon duc*, your wishes shall be done." He looked at the pale girl on the bed, then back into the duke's face. Then he ran to the bedside and knelt. "*Votre serviteur, belle dame*," he said. "I shall guard you for the duke."

NEITHER of them gave any deeper meaning to these words or guessed that Nirac had misconstrued the situation. He came of a primitive southern race where emotions were simple as they were violent. There was love and there was hate, and no nuances between. Perhaps the baby was the duke's—that would explain why the young mother never spoke of her husband in the days that followed, but spent all her time nursing and petting her baby.

She listened, though, when Nirac spoke of the duke. They often spoke French together. He was gay, and of some help to her on the manor, though the serfs resented him bitterly.

Parson's Molly always defended her mistress when she heard the others reviling her. She pointed out how the lady had shown mercy in many ways, and particularly in the matter of the Lady Nichola. She had ordered that the crazed woman be unchained and simply confined to her tower room behind a locked door. Lady Katherine herself brought up milk and bread and spoke gently to the woman who had tried to steal her baby. But the Lady Nichola never answered; she crouched now day and night in a corner of her room while floating little pieces of straw in a pan of water, nor even cared about her cat.

And no woman, Molly said, could be a better mother than the Lady Katherine, that was plain for all to see. The hours her mistress spent with the Gascon were always in the hall or courtyard in full view of everyone, and at night not only was the solar door bolted but Katherine had taken little Betsy, the dairymaid, to sleep with her and help tend the baby.

The twenty-ninth of June would be the feast day of Sts. Peter and Paul. On this day, after morning Mass, the villagers had always held high carnival with sports and games and copious drinking. This year they were uneasy about their celebration, having in mind the unfortunate consequences of their May Eve rites.

A week before the festival they deputed their reeve to approach Katherine. When Sim Tanner, the reeve, presented himself Katherine was in the hall with Nirac and Gibbon, whom she often had carried there so that he might lie by the fire and have a change of view. Nirac had been amusing himself by whittling a set of chessmen from an elder slab.

Sim cleared his throat. "Prithee, m'lady, I come to ask ye summat. I speak for all your villeins. Next Tuesday's our Church Day. Since the time of our great-gaffers and long before Kettlethorpe folk've held the day special for sport and feasting."

"*Pardieu!*" Nirac threw down his knife and jumped up to stand by Katherine. "'Tis all they do here, these drunken churls—feasting and sporting. Never do they think of work!" He knew how angered the duke had been by the May Eve rites, and besides, he despised the serfs and considered that anything that thwarted them advanced Katherine's interests.

"Peace, Nirac!" said Katherine sternly. She didn't like the reeve, but Gibbon said he served the manor well. In strict justice, the villeins deserved their feast day, yet there would be drunkenness and brawling. She said, "And if I refuse permission, you might defy me as you did May Eve?"

Sim's long face flushed. Before he could answer, Nirac sprang forward. "They cannot defy you, for they have *me* to reckon with—me, Nirac le Gascon! My sword is ready, and my dagger. I shall slice their ears and fingers ——"

"Nirac!" Katherine cried impatiently. She was used to his extravagances, but the reeve had gone chalk-white.

His voice was high and thin like a neighing horse. "And whilst you're brandishing your sword and dagger, what think you *we'll* be doing? We've pitchforks, and axes, and scythes—we can carve off ears and fingers too."

"Sim—Sim!" gasped Gibbon from his pallet. Nobody heard him. Katherine stood frozen, while a dangerous stillness flowed over the Gascon.

"You t'reaten me?" he said softly. "Do you forget, miserable serf, that I wear the livery of the Duke of Lancaster?"

The reeve's face convulsed. "He's not *my* overlord!" he shouted. "I spit upon your Duke of Lancaster!"

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The instant the spittle left his mouth, the reeve was frightened. Nirac scooped the whittling knife off the table and sprang.

"Holy name of God, Nirac!" Katherine screamed. "You'll kill him! He's unarmed." Neither of them heard her. The panting bodies struggled, knocking against the stools and table. Nirac was on top, his knees on the reeve's chest, his knife hand raised. Katherine clenched her teeth and, grabbing a handful of Nirac's streaming black hair, jerked with all her might. "*Halte!*" she shouted. "*Au nom du duc!*"

Nirac's grasp loosened, he shook his head in a dazed way. "You don't want that I kill him?" he panted. "Yet you heard what he said!"

"I think you *have* killed him. Get up!" She yanked him off the inert reeve who lay gasping and bleeding. "Milburga, bring water and linen—someone get the priest. Hurry!"

"Bah!" said Nirac, smoothing his hair back and wiping his knife. "A few cuts—he's had no more than a good blood-letting."

Nirac was right, it appeared, for by the time Sir Robert came puffing into the hall, Sim was recovering. The reeve had not said a word nor raised his bloodshot eyes as he tottered away.

"Lord shield us, lady, but what took place here?" asked the priest, settling himself into a chair. "What has Sim Tanner done?"

"He insult *me!*" said Nirac. "And he insult *mon seigneur le duc*."

Ah, that Nirac! thought Katherine. His notions of serving her and his lord made him a dangerous nuisance.

Ajax from his kennel let out his warning bay, and they all heard the clack of horse hoofs on the drawbridge. *The duke is back*, Katherine thought, and a wild sweet joy explo like a golden shower in her breast, then ished. For, as she ran to the door, she hea voice in the courtyard.

"It's Hugh come home!" she cried. flung wide the door.

The summer of 1369 was one of disaster England. Young Duke Lionel, the king's ond son, was dead in Italy. He had died on wedding trip after marrying the Mila heiress, Violante, and there were some spoke of poison. The period of mourning scarcely over before people heard disquie news which affected their lives more nea War with France was declared again.

For a time these national affairs scarcely fected Kettlethorpe, but the Swynfords sha more immediate troubles with the rest of E land's rural population.

It had been a winter of vicious cold, when a late spring unlocked the deep-fro earth it brought weeks of unremitting r The swollen Trent burst the dikes as far Newton. Then the waters rushed over land, drowning and devastating.

At Kettlethorpe, the moat merged with flood waters until the building seemed to st in a vast lake. Besides the devastation of land, the flood brought another tragedy. sound of rushing waters roused the L Nichola from the mindless stupor into wh she had fallen. Somehow she loosened the b on her door, clambered up the stones to roof and flung herself into the waters below was many days before they found her bo The Lady Nichola was laid to rest beneath aisle slabs near the church altar—next Gibbon.

Gibbon had died in a manner as quiet as Lady Nichola's leave-taking had been fr zied. Katherine had mourned deeply for G bon and Hugh had too. They had made a s cial trip to the cathedral to buy Masses for soul, but Katherine had had no leisure much mourning. Besides the care of li Blanche, there was the new baby, Thom there was the manor work, and there Hugh.

On a hot afternoon in late August, Ka erine sat on a heap of straw with the babies the courtyard and listened to the tolling of church bell from across the moat. It would t for three hours in memory of yet anot death.

The good Queen Philippa had died at Wi sor. Sim, the reeve, had heard the news in L coln, where he had gone to try to buy se corn to replace the ruined crops. He brou back also a letter from Geoffrey Chauc Geoffrey wrote that there was plague in Lo don, an outbreak more virulent than any years. Geoffrey was worried about his Philip who was pregnant and much distraught o the queen's death. After the funeral Geoffr thought to bring Philippa to Katherine. himself was ordered to France, on a missi for the king.

IT had been more than three years since t sisters had met. Katherine looked down at queen's little brooch, with which today s had fastened the neck of her gown. *Foi va quera*, she thought, touching the motto, a wondered if the queen's faith had truly s tained her through these last years. Even Kettlethorpe, one heard of the shameless Al Perrers.

"*Non, non, Blanchette!*" cried Katherine, called from her abstraction by the straying her eldest toward the stables. "Come back mama!" The baby giggled naughtily, her little legs ran faster. Katherine flew across t courtyard and swooped the baby up in h arms. Blanchette was a vital, lively little thi with a mop of marigold curls and gray e like her mother's. She was continually getti into mischief and Katherine adored her, as s had from the hour of her birth.

With little Tom it was different. He had be born in September nearly a year ago. He w a stolid child who seldom smiled. He h hemp-colored hair and was in fact remarkab like his father.

Katherine sighed when she thought of Hug This morning when he rose at dawn to hu the red deer in the forest, he had been weakened that even with Ellis' help he h

been able to mount his horse. This
ry that Hugh had brought back from
often seemed cured and yet each time
d.

erine sighed again. She had been up
aybreak, caring for the babies and try-
help poor Hugh. She pulled Tom's
lose to Blanchette and, curling around
ping children, nestled into the straw.

is thus that the Chaucers found her a
ur later. They had dismounted and
across the drawbridge to inquire, be-
hilippa, on seeing the manor house, had
re that there was some mistake.

s can't be Kettlethorpe Manor," she
er voice penetrated Katherine's dreams,
girl stirred and slowly raised her head.
ovement caught Philippa's incredulous
Blessed St. Mary—'tis Katherine! God's
ster, do you sleep on straw like a *beast*,

herine blinked, still thinking that these
nom she had not seen for so long were
her dream. Then she scrambled to her
d, rushing to her sister, threw her arms
her neck. Philippa returned the kiss,
offrey, who knew the signs, saw what
e's next words would be like, and said
, "By God's mercy, my dear—you're
han ever . . . and these are the babies?"
ippa was not to be diverted. "Katherine,
the way you keep your state as lady of
anor?" She glanced, frowning, around
ered courtyard.

herine smiled. "Kettlethorpe is small,"
d temperately, "but we did well enough
his summer. We had a fearful flood and
r crops washed away. Our flocks too.
is hunting in the forest, but game is hard
d. The wild things were all driven out by
ters."

n, yes," said Geoffrey sadly. "We saw as
me north fires, famine—but here at least
no plague?"

herine glanced in sudden fear at her
s. "I've heard of none," she said, and
d herself. "You—you haven't lost ——"
faltered, glancing at their mourning
s.

n, no," said Philippa, "we wear this for
ueen, God assoil her gentle soul."

e had the queen's Requiem Mass to-
said Katherine. "You mustn't think we
sorrow for her here, though we *are* so
way."

the time Hugh came in from hunting, the
cers had been settled in Lady Nichola's
ower room and were in the hall awaiting
er.

gh made an effort to greet his guests cor-
. He sent Cob to broach the last keg of
Little Cob, the erstwhile spitboy, was now
een and had been promoted to servitor.

en Hugh filled the wooden mazer, said
ssail," drank and passed it to Philippa as
itality demanded. "What news of the
in Picardy? How goes the war?"

OFFREY shrugged. "A standstill, I believe.
noble duke makes alarums and excur-
, but that wily Valois fox will not fight.
as but to wait until the Prince of Wales
nsulted the last of our Gascon allies, then
hole of Aquitaine will revolt against us."
ou speak *thus* of the *prince?*" Hugh said,
ning.

My dear Hugh, I speak truth. In Aqui-
they call Edward 'the Black Prince,' and
only from the color of his armor. He
ders and kills without mercy. One by one
tranges his barons there. They're proud,
e Gascons. Is it wonder that they turn to
rench king?"

haw!" said Hugh. "The Gascons are
y riffraff."

atherine looked at her husband and won-
d if he thought of Nirac.

ere had been a fearful scene with Nirac,
Hugh's return two years ago. The
nded reeve had lost no time in taking his
ance to his lord, and he had slandered
erine too. Hugh had struck Nirac a vio-
blow and kicked him off the manor. Nirac
gone without saying anything except to
erine in French: "Adieu, madame, I obey
duke—but I shall not forget your brave
nt." His black eyes had glittered like a
d's.

Geoffrey saw nothing special in Hugh's remark beyond the normal English contempt for foreigners, and he thought that Hugh's irritability doubtless sprang from ill health.

Hugh had aged much since Geoffrey had seen him last. He could not be over thirty, but a young man's vigor had seeped out of him. *Poor Katherine*, thought Geoffrey, as Hugh, with a muttered oath, clutched at his belly and stumbled out into the courtyard.

Geoffrey said, "Is it because of these attacks that Hugh has not gone to join the duke in war service?"

"Nay, for sometimes he is well," Katherine said slowly. "My lord duke wrote from the Savoy that Hugh must stay on our manor to—to care for it." Katherine colored and looked away from Geoffrey's alert gaze. The duke's letter had actually said, "You are ordered to remain at Kettlethorpe to give proper guardianship and care to your lady." Hugh had been hurt and angry. He had felt himself discarded. "We've heard nothing else from their Graces of Lancaster," said Katherine, "except that the duke sent that hanap for Blanchette." She pointed to a silver-gilt chalice which stood on a wall bracket below Hugh's armor.

"The Duchess Blanche is this week to arrive at Bolingbroke," said Philippa. "She, too flees from the plague."

"Is she, indeed?" A pang, half sweet, half bitter, shot through Katherine's heart. She thought of those twelve days of Christmas she had spent with the Duchess at Bolingbroke nearly three years ago.

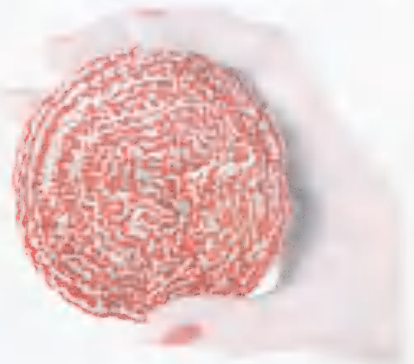
"Why don't you ride over to Bolingbroke and wait on her, Katherine?" suggested Geoffrey. "'Twould be fitting."

Hugh had come back. His eyes lifted now to his brother-in-law's face, and he frowned.

"By all means!" cried Philippa, having instantly seen the advantages. "She was fond of you. If Hugh's out of favor with the duke ——"

"Nay, he is *not!*" cut in Katherine sharply. "What a foolish thing to say."

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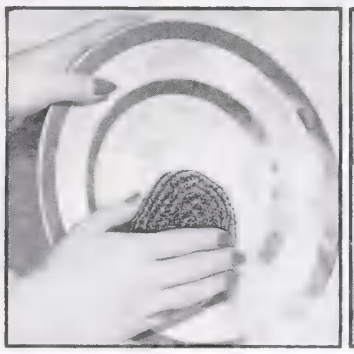


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"Pica didn't mean that," said Chaucer. "Everyone knows that Hugh fought most bravely in Castile. But 'twould be courteous to wait upon our most lovely lady since she's so near. Hugh would accompany Katherine."

"No," said Hugh somberly. "I want no truckling in women's bowers. I'll abide here till the duke sends. Ellis can escort Katherine, since you think it seemly that she go."

"I'd like to go," said Katherine, hesitating, "for a few days—and take Blanchette, except not until Hugh is better . . . and, too, I ——"

"Oh, peace to this babbling, Katherine!" said Philippa briskly. "You shall go next Monday before the whole of Lincolnshire knows that the duchess is at Bolingbroke and the castle's swamped with supplicants. I'll take charge here. 'Tis fortunate you had the plague and recovered. Maître Jacques, the queen's leech, says that when that happens the Black Death never strikes again."

It was the eleventh of September before Katherine set out on her journey to Bolingbroke. The wind blew in her face and she hummed as she spurred Doucette into a gallop, while the disapproving Ellis pounded along at the requisite three paces behind. "My lady, slacken!" he called finally. "There's a party up ahead!" She pulled in Doucette.

The road was blocked by a procession of carts piled high with wool sacks and drawn by oxen. Three well-dressed horsemen rode ahead of the carts and one, hearing Ellis' shouts, called a command.

"I could have ridden through the field around them," said Katherine as she edged past the carts.

"Oh, no, lady." Ellis was shocked. "Not seemly to give the road to peasants. You must remember your rank."

Aye, thought Katherine, *I suppose I must*. She patted her hair and replaced her blown riding hood as she came up to the horsemen.

The eldest was a merchant and obviously a man of consequence. "God's greeting, lady," he said. "We regret to have impeded your way."

Katherine glanced at the two other riders. The younger checked his horse and guided it beside Doucette.

"Are you traveling far, fair lady?" he asked. He, too, was finely dressed.

"We go to Bolingbroke," said Ellis.

"Why, we go there too!" cried the second merchant. "Best that you stay with us. There are outlaws in the forests."

"I've heard of none," said Ellis stiffly, "and I know well enough how to protect my lady."

"Wait, Ellis, we'll ride with them a little." Katherine had talked to no one outside of Kettlethorpe for so long, and Ellis was so dull a companion that she longed for novelty. "Do you also go to see the duchess, sir?" she asked.

"Aye"—he nodded—"to ask her help, though we're bound later for that cursed town of Boston, may the foul fiend snatch it!"

"And what has Boston done?" said Katherine, glancing at the third horseman, who was garbed in cleric's robes.

"We are Lincoln men! We are the De Suttons, lady!" cried the young merchant. "Do you need to ask what Boston has done?"

"Indeed, sir, forgive me, but I do not know."

"Why, they've stolen our staple!"

"Ah, to be sure," said Katherine. Hugh had mentioned that the king had moved the staple from Lincoln to Boston. No longer would all the wool and hides and tin of the county pass through Lincoln for export. She looked sympathetically at the three gloomy men. "Do you think the duchess can help you?"

The young merchant hunched his shoulders. "We can but try. The duke is our friend. We hold manors under him near Norfolk and he had often dined at our house."

Katherine considered this with interest. The De Suttons were wealthy burgesses and one of Lincoln's most prominent families. Master John, the father, had been Lord Mayor of Lincoln and now held a seat in Parliament.

Robert de Sutton was delighted with so attentive and pretty a listener. "Why do *you* go to Bolingbroke, lady?"

"I go to pay my loving homage," she said slowly. "Sir Hugh Swynford, my husband, is the duke's man."

"Oh, aye?" said Master Robert. "Swynford—of Coleby and Kettlethorpe? Have you much pasture? I don't seem to remember any lots of your wool."

"We seldom have surplus, and this year none at all. Most of our sheep were drowned in the flood."

"Oh, yes, the floods—a great pity."

It was scarcely past midday and the sun had been glowing fitfully behind dark-massing clouds. Now wisps and curls of mist began to float by. On the wooded upland of the Wolds the treetops reared above a bank of lemon-gray vapor.

"Yon's an uncanny light ahead," said the young cleric. "Fog looks yellow as saffron, and I ne'er saw fog at midday so far inland."

The air was thick and still, and when they began to climb they walked the horses in silence, for they could see ahead but a few feet. They mounted higher and the mist cleared, though they saw that it lay thick as tawny wool below where Bolingbroke must lie. When they began the descent, they plunged back into the fog.

There was an eerie stillness until Master John broke it. "I smell smoke," he said.

They all sniffed the thick unmoving air. Yes, there was smoke, but in the faint pungency Katherine caught a trace of and odor, a fetid sickening fume.

They plodded on in the still, yellow world. Then through the fog appeared orange glow and they heard the crackle hiss of flames and came upon a bonfire in center of the road. They could see no one small houses and an alestake showed that had entered Bolingbroke village.

"There's another fire down there," Katherine, "by the castle wall, I think." coughed, her eyes watered.

The horses snorted and, tossing their he began to trot. No other living thing move the village street. They reached the barb and saw that the great wooden drawbr was raised flat against the portcullis.

"Look!" Ellis pointed with his whip.

"God shield us," whispered Katherine. the bottom of the drawbridge was painte red cross four feet high.

"There's plague in the castle!" cried J de Sutton. "We must turn the wool c Robert, don't let them come nigh here!"

His son gave a cry and galloped down street into the fog.

"Come, Lady Katherine." Ellis snatche Doucette's bridle.

A shutter opened in the guardroom of gatehouse and a man's helmeted head sho at the window. "Now who be ye that ga and jangle out there?" the guard called. " sure ye see that we've no welcome to giv except the kiss of the Black Death."

"Blessed Virgin, what has happened?" c Katherine.

"Sixteen of us are dead—God shrive th for a priest has not! The chaplain died a-fi five nights gone; the friar after him."

Ellis grabbed her arm, and she shook it "What of the duchess and her babes?"

"I know not, mistress, for since yestere I've not quit the guardroom and I've ba the door."

"Come away, lady—come!" Again E seized Katherine's arm.

"Nay," she said. "I'm going in. I'm s from the contagion."

"You're mad, lady—Sir Hugh would me if I let you go ——"

She saw that he meant to drag her off force. Deliberately she called on anger. "H dare you touch me, knave!" With her f hand she slapped him hard across the face

Ellis gasped. His hand fell off her arm.

She said, "You need not enter the ca with me, but this you must do. Ride fast to abbey at Revesby. Bring back a monk, once! In the name of the Trinity, Ellis—g

He tautened the reins and spurred his ho

Katherine called, "Lower the bridge a let me in!"

"Not I, mistress," said the man. "I'll budge. The postern gate is open, since through there the castle varlets fled."

Katherine guided Doucette along the moat to a footbridge that led across to postern. She dismounted, tied the mare, a crossed the footbridge.

She went through the unlocked door in the bailey. On the flagstones near the well other plague fire burned. An old man in so tarnished livery threw handfuls of yellow s phur on the smoldering logs. He raised head and looked at her dully.

Katherine reached the stone staircase th led up to the duchess' apartments. She beg to mount the worn stone steps. As she round the first spiral the hush that held the castle w broken by the sudden tolling of a bell. S clung to the handrail while she counted t slow strokes. Twelve of them—a child th this time—somewhere in the castle and dim through the knell she heard a far-off wailin

In the great solar it was dim and quiet. Tw huge candles burned on either side the va square bed. The duchess lay there on wh samite pillows. Her eyes were closed, but h body twitched. A trickle of black blood ooz from the corner of her mouth.

As Katherine gazed down, shuddering, t purple lips drew back and murmured, "W ter ——" The girl poured some into a cup a the duchess swallowed. She whispere "Where's Father Anselm? Tell him come ——" Her voice trailed into incohere muttering.

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COOL! LIGHT! REFRESHING!

herine knelt on the *prie-dieu* which stood
the bed. None that vomited blood ever
She prayed only that Ellis would bring
nk in time. She prayed while the candles
d down an inch, and the duchess shiv-
nd moaned, and once cried out. Sud-
Katherine's wits cleared and she saw
he must go back outside the castle to
the monk, since he would be a stranger.
slipped down the stairway to the bailey.
dark outside now except for the glare
the plague fire. Katherine sped out
gh the postern door. At first she could
body outside the castle walls. Then she
the whicker of a horse over by the
n and ran there, calling "Ellis!"
squire and a tall Cistercian monk in
had taken shelter in the church porch,
g indeed been unable to find a way into
stle. Katherine wasted no time on Ellis.
g the monk a murmur of gratitude, she
the edge of his sleeve. Together they
d back into the castle and to the duch-
oom.
duchess still lived. She stirred as Kath-
and the white monk came to her bed,
when she saw the cowled head and the
ix the monk held out to her as he said,
vobiscum, my daughter," she gave a long

e duchess died next morning at the hour
me. A little while before her passing, the
Blanche's torments eased. Her wander-
aze passed over the monk and rested on
erine with a look of puzzled recognition.
ist have mercy on you, dear child," she
bered. "Pray for me . . . Katherine."
en the great room was quiet except for
chanting of the monk. Lady Blanche
d deeply, her fingers closed around the
ix on her breast. "*In manus tuas—Dom-*
—" she said clearly. And died.

seemed that the Black Death, having
the duchess, at least slacked its greed.
e were a few more deaths throughout the
—a scullion and a dairymaid, two of the
ls—but these had all been stricken before
uchess and there were no new cases.
ey sealed away the Lady Blanche in a
y made coffin and placed it in the private
el. Katherine brought the ducal daughters,
ppa and Elizabeth, to light candles and
by their mother's black velvet bier. The
ren had been safe in the north tower
ghout the scourge. The Holy Blessed
er had watched out for them, since their
could not.
therine longed for her own children, es-
lly when she saw little Henry, who was so
to Blanchette in age. But her own babies
well at Kettlethorpe. Ellis had ridden
with the frightful tidings and returned
days later with a message from Philippa.
ou're not to come home yet, on any ac-
, lady," Ellis reported stolidly. "They're
ell and wish to stay so. Dame Philippa
here's no telling but the plague might be
g in your clothes. You must *not* return
all danger from pestilence has passed."
therine nodded. "Return to Kettlethorpe
ell them I shall join the funeral cortege
l escort our dearest Lady Blanche to
on, for this is what the king commands."

e Lady Blanche of Lancaster's funeral
ge wound its solemn way down England
gh the first days of November. The peo-
athered everywhere by the roadside to
the duchess' hearse, sable-draped and
n by six black horses in silver harness.
d the hearse rode the king's youngest
Thomas, a lad of fourteen. Since Lionel
lead, and his other brothers were fighting
ance, there had been no one else of fitting
for the king to send.

THERINE had a place in the middle of the
ession. She no longer saw the ducal chil-
except at a distance, for they rode in a
ot with their nurses behind their young
e Thomas.
the last afternoon when the procession
urned right through Islington there was a
flourish of trumpets and a muffled roll of
rs on the road ahead. The horses were
d and word ran back along the line that
ing had come out to meet them. They all
dismounted and continued on foot to the Savoy.

Katherine could see little of what went on, and it was not until the duchess had been borne into her home chapel and the procession was broken up that she saw the king. He wore a plain silver mourning crown and beneath it his faded blue eyes were red-rimmed. Yet, not six paces behind him, taking precedence of all the lords and ladies, came Alice Perrers, her head respectfully bowed, but a faint smile on her thin red lips. Katherine watched with disgust and wondered that the courtiers seemed to take so calmly this woman's flaunting presence.

Many things shocked her that first night at the Savoy Palace. The king and his company remained for supper and Katherine from her seat at the side of the Great Hall observed the High Table with little of the wide-eyed admiration she had felt three years ago.

The supper began on a solemn-enough note. But this seemly quiet lasted only until the first cups of wine had been drained. Then Alice Perrers, who sat next to the king, leaned toward him and whispered in his ear, whereupon his melancholy mouth curved in a smile. At once the watchful minstrels changed

BEAUTY ENTIRE

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Beauty was woven from beauty
(Sea marshes, sea moors and the sea)
With a sun that was beauty set shining,
And a wind that was beauty set free,
And there was a finch that was beauty,
Perched on a twig, light as dew,
And the hawk that struck down out of heaven,
The hawk—that was beauty too.

to a merry tune, and a wave of ribaldry flowed unchecked along the High Table.

Katherine's head began to ache. At last she murmured an excuse and slipped out of the Great Hall into the night.

So vast was the Savoy that she could not remember her way back to the small dorter the chamberlain had assigned to her. She wandered through wrong turnings and into several dark courts. Then from a small gabled house near the state apartments she saw a tall friar emerge. "God's greetings, good brother," she said. "I regret to trouble you, but do you know the palace? I've lost my way. I'm to lodge in the Beaufort Tower, but I cannot find it."

"Ah," said the friar, "mayhap you came from Bolingbroke with the funeral train?"

Katherine bowed her head. Suddenly tears stung her eyes and her journey seemed to her both foolish and futile.

"You're weary, mistress," said the friar. "I'll guide you to the Beaufort Tower." He led her through an arch and down some steps, then up again and into a court. "Yonder's your tower," said the friar.

He had heard the choke in her voice, and wished to examine her a moment by the torchlight. Though the plague seemed to be over, it was his duty as physician to be watchful.

"You are not feverish, my sister?"

"Nay, brother, I'm well enough—in body. 'Tis my heart that's heavy. Have you heard when our lord duke will come?"

"Why, very soon! For he has landed at Plymouth. A dark and bitter thing 'twill be for him, his meeting with his poor lady, God absolve her soul."

"I think He has no need to," said Katherine, very low. "She was without sin. . . . *Grand merci* for your guidance, Sir Friar."

Brother William murmured "*Benedicite*" and walked thoughtfully back through the courtyard.

The duchess was interred four days later. Her marble tomb was placed in a chantry next to the high altar in St. Paul's Cathedral. Her funeral procession was the most magnificent ever seen in England. It surpassed even Queen Philippa's recent obsequies, but to the duke it brought no comfort.

When he returned from St. Paul's he would speak to nobody and, mounting straight to his private apartments, locked himself into the small chamber that was called "Avalon" because its tapestry portrayed the enchanted burial of King Arthur.

DURING this time there was only one person whom he would admit, Raulin d'Ypres, his Flemish body squire who brought him food which he barely touched. No one else saw him.

Each morning in the high-vaulted Presence Chamber an anxious group of men gathered to await the squire's word as to whether they would be received, and each day Raulin came back, his broad face gloomy as he gave them a denial. On Thursday after the duchess' funeral he returned to the waiting men and said, "The duke's Grace still vill not see you, my lords, though he vishes Master Mason Henry Yevele sent for."

"God's wounds!" cried the Baron Michael de la Pole. "Then he wishes to consult Yevele on the alabaster effigy of the duchess. If he can do that, he can spare *us* a moment! Has he quite forgot the war?"

Michael de la Pole was devoted to his duke, to whom he had taught many of the arts of war, but he did not understand this excessive grieving. He walked over to join Lord Neville of Raby.

"He," said De la Pole, frowning in the direction of the Avalon Chamber, "has not even reported to the king on our campaign in Picardy! What's our *next* move to be? The Prince of Wales is sore beset in Aquitaine—we must plan a *new* attack—yet my lord duke sits in there moping alone."

Lord Neville blew his beaked nose loudly. "Aye," he said angrily, "but 'tis not of land *I* wish to speak to him. 'Tis of the disposition of our ships." Neville had just been appointed Admiral of the Fleet and, as a man of fifty, it irked him to await the decisions of a man of twenty-nine, his feudal overlord.

There was a stir across the room. Both men watched the newcomers warily. These two noble young sprigs, the Earl of March and Richard Fitz Alan, heir of Arundel, were known to hold little love for the duke.

Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, was a weedy stripling of eighteen. Insignificant as a stableboy, a stranger might have thought him, except for his pale eyes which had a cold, steady gaze; but no one in the Presence Chamber thought him insignificant. He was the ranking earl, he owned vast possessions and he had just wed young Philippa, the only child of Duke Lionel, and thus become grandson to the king.

"I'm here," he announced, "to see my lord duke. I have a message for him."

"No doubt you do," said De la Pole, "but he's not to be disturbed."

"I come," said Lord March imperturbably, "from the king. He summons the duke to Westminster at once. He's to accompany me *now*. Kindly have me announced."

Raulin departed on this new errand, and the company settled to wait for his return. The little earl hunched himself in a gilded chair.

"That churlish squire takes long to return," he said to Fitz Alan. "The duke forgets my rank. This is outrageous ——" He stopped, for Raulin returned and came up to him, bowing.

The squire said without inflection, "My lord, his Grace sends his love and duty to the king and prays His Majesty to bear vit him. He cannot come now, but vill anon."

March got off the chair and drew himself as high as he could. "D'you mean to tell me it took all this time to produce this insolent message!" he shrilled.

"Well, my lord," cried De la Pole cheerfully, "you've had your answer." His own discontent with Lancaster had melted into pride.

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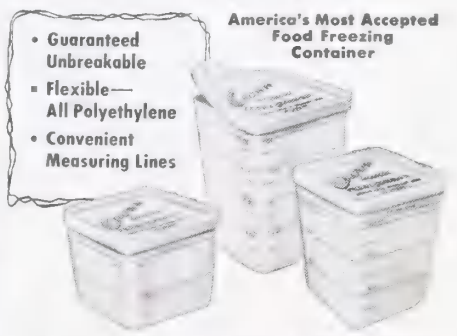


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The duke was afraid of nothing, not even his father's Plantagenet temper.

The earl and Fitz Alan left with what dignity they could, and De la Pole bowed to Neville. "Well, I see no use to stay here longer. I give you good day."

One by one they departed. Raulin waited until there was no one on the stairs, then sped out into the courtyard and made for the Beaufort Tower. The porter told him that Lady Swynford was not within. Her mare had been saddled and she had left some time ago.

"Did you hear nought of vere she might've gone?" pursued Raulin.

"I might of——" The porter paused.

Raulin opened his purse and held out a quarter noble. The porter said, "My Lady Swynford did ask the way to Billingsgate, summat abaht a fishery French name—Poissoner—Pechoner—she wanted to see."

Katherine had spent the last days in growing dejection. Her grief and horror had worn themselves out at last and she had stood among the hordes of mourners in St. Paul's and felt only sadness. Since then she had been planning how to get home. She had not enough money for the journey, nor would she have dared set off without escort.

THE decision to go to Billingsgate and seek Hawise had been impulsive. In three and a half years the Pessoners had changed very little. The low raftered hall smelled of fragrant smoke and fish. Hawise gawked for a moment, then a wide, happy grin spread over her big face. She cried, "'Tis Kath—m'Lady Swynford!" She rushed across the hall and, folding Katherine in her arms, kissed her heartily.

Dame Emma bustled over with a pewter platter of honey cakes and sugared ginger. "Welcome, welcome, lady."

Katherine laughed, basking in the warm, kindly atmosphere. She turned to Hawise. "Tell all! How has it been with you, this long time?"

"Aye, but first of you, sweeting," said the older girl, sobering to glance at Katherine's black gown. "'Tis worn for the duchess—nothing else, I pray?"

"Nay. We're all well at Kettlethorpe. *I've two babies*, Hawise!"

"And I one." Hawise ran to the court door calling, "Jackie, Jackie—come hither."

She hauled her offspring into the hall. Jackie was two years old and a true Pessoner, being fat, cheerful and sandy-haired.

"Aye, he's Jack Maudelyn's right enough," said Hawise, "and born in wedlock too."

"Is Jack still weaver's prentice?"

"No prentice now, nor weaver neither. He went for a soldier to make us a fortune in booty, we hope."

"To be sure," said Katherine, smiling. "So your man is gone, and you've come back home to wait like many another."

"Isn't the same with you, lady dear—your knight abroad too?"

"Not now," said Katherine. She told a little of what had passed with her since Hawise had waved tearful good-bys on the wedding day.

When Katherine had done, Hawise said, "Have ye no woman there wi' you save those north-country hinds?"

"Well, for a while there's Philippa."

"In truth." Hawise gave a skeptical twinkling glance, but from politeness said no more. Being intuitive as well as practical, she guessed there was some embarrassment about getting back to Kettlethorpe. She was turning the matter over in her mind when there came another rap on the door. Dame Emma hastened to open it.

Raulin d'Ypres stood upon the doorstep and asked, "Does anyone here know a Lady Swynford?"

Hawise looked at Katherine, who stood up in surprise. "I'm Lady Swynford."

The squire bowed. "Please to come vit me to the Savoy. Someone vishes to talk to you, my lady."

"Who does?" said Katherine in surprise.

The squire glanced at Hawise and Dame Emma, then back to Katherine's puzzled face. "May I speak vit you alone, my lady?"

Katherine frowned. "Come over here," she said, stepping into the empty dairy room. The squire followed.

"His Grace vants you to come to him, my lady," said Raulin very low.

She lifted her head. "The duke?"

Raulin bowed. "Lady, hasten. It is already long since I vas sent to find you."

Katherine walked back into the hall. "I must go," she said to the anxious Pessoners. "But I'll see you very soon."

Katherine and Raulin rode back to the Savoy and dismounted. Raulin said, "This vay, my lady," and led her into a dark passage. Here was a small wooden door which he unlocked. He motioned her up narrow stone steps that ended in a narrow passage and another wooden door. This door was concealed by a painted-cloth hanging. Raulin pushed it aside and they emerged into a small oblong chamber.

Behind another painted hanging they entered the darkened solar. They went through more rooms until they turned into a square tower called Grosmont. Here was the Avalon Chamber.

Raulin knocked on the carved oak door and gave his name. A voice said, "Enter!"

Katherine walked in quietly, her head lifted, her cloak clutched around her. The duke was sitting on a window seat gazing out over the river. He was clothed in plain black wool without girdle or mantle. His thick tawny hair was cut short below his ears, and he was cleanshaven. This startled her, for it made him seem younger.

"You summoned me, my lord?" She knelt, as was seemly, and taking his hand, kissed it in homage.

Her cloak loosened and her hood fell back. He touched her hair. "'Tis the color of carnelians," he said, "the gem that heals anger. Would that it might heal sorrow." He spoke as though to himself, and she raised her head, wondering. Through every fiber in her body she had felt that light touch on her hair.

His gaze slid slowly over her face. "I sent for you, Katherine, that I might thank you. Old Simon of Bolingbroke told me what you did for—for her. You shall know my gratitude."

She jumped up from her knees and pulled the cloak around her. "My lord, I want no reward—no payment!"

"Hush, Katherine. I know you're not venal. I've thought of you much these last days, how you were with her at the end—while I—on the day she died——" He broke off and, getting up, walked restlessly to the fireplace. "Katherine," he said abruptly, "I cannot rid me of my grief. Each day it worsens, and yet I must rid me of it and take up my heavy duties."

She looked at him mutely. She could find no words of comfort.

"Put off your cloak and sit down," he said, smiling faintly. "You stand there like a hart that scents the hunter. I think you need not fear me."

She flushed. "I know, my lord." She walked across the room and hung her cloak on a silver perch that projected from the wall. It was a room of beauty and luxury such as she had never imagined. Two of the plaster walls were powdered with a pattern of gold stars and tiny flowerets like forget-me-nots. The hooded fireplace was of green marble deeply carved into medallions and foliage. On the east wall hung the great Avalon tapestry in dark and mysterious greens.

"Aye, that tapestry pleases me much," John said, following her gaze. "Merlin's castle puts me in mind of one I saw in Spain, after our victory at Nájera."

"You were happy in Castile?" Katherine ventured. "You and the Prince of Wales righted the great wrong done the Castilian king."

"But, God's wounds, it didn't last!" he cried with sudden anger. "Don't you *know* what happened at Montiel last March? King Pedro foully murdered by his brother, who sits upon the throne he has no right to!"

"Who has right, then, since the poor king is dead?" she asked, thinking that it might be anger was better for him than brooding grief.

"The heiress is the king's daughter, the Infanta Costanza. 'Tis she who is the true Queen of Castile."

He sighed and turned from the tapestry. "Merlin had many prophecies about my house," he said listlessly. "Blanche cared nought for such things—she cared only for the things that came from Holy Writ." He flung himself down in a chair and leaned his forehead on his hand.

"My lord," said Katherine softly, "do you remember how she looked on the day of the great tournament three years ago—so golden fair and laughing when you rode up to the loge? For sure, she will look thus in heaven while she waits for you."

He raised his head. "Ah, Katherine, you know how to comfort! So few know how I long to talk of her. Instead they look away and speak of foolish things to distract me—yet here is one other that understands."

He got up and went to the table, which was littered with vellum books and official missives. He picked up a folded parchme "Listen." He read very slowly:

"I have of sorrow so great wound
That joy get I never none
Now that I see my lady bright
That I have loved with all my might
Is from me dead, and is agone.

"Alas Death, what aileth thee
That thou should'st not have taken me
When thou took my lady sweet
That was so fair, so fresh, so free,
So good, that men may well say
Of all goodness she had no meet. . . .

"Right on this same, as I have said
Was wholly all my love laid
For certes she was, that sweet wife,
My suffisaunce, my lust, my life,
Mine hap, mine health and all my bless
My world's welfare and my goddess,
And I wholly hers, and everydel."

He sighed. "The maker has said it for and with true English words. The maker your brother-in-law, Katherine."

"Geoffrey!" she cried. "Is he back then, lord?"

"Nay, at Calais on a mission. He says he writing more of this poem and with my p mission will call it 'The Book of the Duche Katherine, you see new reason why I'm gra ful to you and your kin."

"It is joy to serve you, my lord." She lift her face and smiled at him.

For John it was as though a shutter h been flung open, and the noon light rushed He had never truly seen her beauty befo Why had he summoned her today? Why h he let her share in his grief now and kept h with him in this warm intimacy when a pu of gold would have amply repaid? His eye t on the pouch at her girdle. It was of paint leather blazoned with the Swynford arms. stared at the three little yellow boars' hea and said angrily, "Have you no blazon of yo own, Katherine?"

Her smile faded. She was puzzled by t sudden harshness. "My father had no blazon she said slowly. "He was knighted only ji before his death."

He heard the quiver in her voice, and anger vanished. He had indeed forgotten h lowly birth, and the consciousness of the gr gulf between them brought a subtle relief.

"But you may rightfully bear arms," he sa "Come, what shall they be?" He motion her to the table where he sat down and pick up a quill pen. "Your name was Roet, was not? Well, that means a wheel." He drew o on the parchment. "But stay—it must be *Catherine* wheel, of course, since it is yours He added small jagged prongs to the wheel, it always was in St. Catherine's symbol.

KATHERINE watched as he drew the shie then placed three Catherine wheels inside.

"The field shall be gules," he said, touchi the shield lightly with his pen, "the wheels for those colors suit you. Lancaster hera shall enter this in the Roll of Arms tomo row."

"Thank you, my lord," she cried, truly d lighted, as much for the interest that he h shown as for her own promotion to armig and as she leaned to look more closely at t little shield, the warm flowery scent of h body assailed him.

He shoved the parchment across the tab and jumped to his feet. "Jesu," he whispere "Jesu!" He pulled her slowly toward him a she came as one who walks through wat each step impeded, until she leaned again him and yielded him her mouth with a lo sobbing moan.

They stood thus in a mindless wine-da rapture while the last reflected light fad from the Thames outside and vesper bells ra faintly down the river. She felt him lift her his arms. She had no strength to put again his will, yet as he laid her on the ruby-velv bed her hand turned against his chest and s felt the sharp pressure of her betrothal ring.

She twisted from him wildly and flung he self off the bed. "My dearest lord, I cannot. cannot!" She sank to her knees and buried h face in her arms.

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

WHEN a little girl stoops to tie a little boy's shoes, she's off on the wrong foot.

It isn't easy to make children understand that one parent can use words to the other he doesn't mean; it's in the same category as yelling, "Kill the umpire!"

Every mother ought to wake up one morning a week imbued with the fever to see how much she can leave undone.

Advice to parents who don't say "don't": Do!

I grew up in a family in which no company was unexpected. Mother awakened in the morning expecting company and father did his best to keep her from being disappointed.

Any woman who thinks she can read her husband like a book should be cautioned not to skip the footnotes.

When you scold a boy for getting dirty you are defying a law of nature.

Every married woman is proof that men absorb praise and flattery.

The test of being a good host is how well the departing guest likes himself.

Wanted: A house with a yard, large enough to keep husband busy but not so large wife will have to assist.

A man is middle-aged when he realizes he cannot do as much work as he once could do . . . if he'd done it.

If any person wishes to know where the fat of the land is, let him travel to some beach this month.

For girls wanting to be wives: An idea now and then does very well in conversation if you let him introduce it.

As impersonal as another man's birthday.

When there's a triangle there's usually a curve.

aid very low, "I want you, Katrine, and
e you love me."
raised her head and cried with bitter-
Aye, I love you—though I knew it not
w."
fire hissed in the silent room. John put
nd on her arm. "*I'll* not force you,
e—you shall come to me of yourself."
annot," she repeated, though she dared
ok at him. "Aye, I know adultery is so
thing at court, but to me 'tis sin so vile
would hate myself as much as God
."
d hate *me?*" He spoke low and gently.
inte Marie, I could never hate you. Dear
rd, don't torture me with these ques-
Ah, let me go"—for his hand had
ed on her arm. She gathered all her
th and cried, "Have you forgot why we
th in black?"
drew back sharply and went to the fire.
rce know what to think," he said, "ex-
at I must forget *you*, it seems." His blue
ad gone hard between the narrowed lids.
have yourself reminded me that there
dies of the court will help me to forget all
er of grief, and who will not think it
to be desired by the Duke of Lancas-

answered as steadily, "I've no doubt of
your Grace. As for me, I must return to
thorpe at once."
nd if I refuse permission? What would
ay?"
at such a thing would ill befit a man re-
one of the most chivalrous knights in
tendom."
ey stared at each other and she clung to
dden enmity between them as a shield.
turned first. "Very well, Katherine. I
arrange your escort back to Lincolnshire.
shall have no cause to reproach me for
titude."
e seized her cloak and was out of the door
ad shut it behind her before he under-
. He turned, crying "Katrine!" to the
door. Then, staring at it, he sank down
e window seat as she had found him.
re's a fire been lit that's not so easy to put
he said aloud. He got up and, going to
able, picked up Chaucer's poem. He
d at it, and put the poem carefully to one
After a moment he began to rip the seals
e neglected official missives, his fingers
ng with sharp, violent jerks.

(To be Continued)

THE FARM PROBLEM AND ME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

ow some broilers along with the pullets
u want to, but don't despise the homely
who goes to your table or freezer *before*
aying days are declining. We keep only
superior hens more than a year from the
they begin to lay. At that age, if they have
properly fed—and that milk will help—
are plump and tender, weigh, dressed,
nd five pounds, and if roasted slowly, and
ed until the last few minutes, in a heavy
like pot roast) will be delicious.
fty hens should give you an average of
eggs a day. More if you're lucky. But
he chicks from the best growers.
glets can be bought for $10–$12 apiece.
ally a hog must be fed grain mash and
milk, but from there on the milk and
garden and orchard will support him.
food must be clean and moved from
en to sty every day. Add grain mash
for a fortnight before slaughtering. In
months you will have raised a 200-pound
er, of which nearly 170 pounds will be
meat and bacon and the rest salt pork
lard. Including original cost, purchased
and slaughtering and smoking fees, it
come to not more than 30 cents a pound.
a proper farm nothing is wasted. Meat
s, and chicken necks and feet, are cooked
canning kettles to make soup, which is
frozen—lamb for Scotch broth.
But what an amount of work!" you will be
ng by now. Yes—and don't touch it if you don't like it. But for the uninitiated it can be exaggerated. A cow can be milked by hand in fifteen minutes. A chicken or fowl can be defeathered and dressed for freezer or oven in the same time. I never dressed a fowl in my life until last summer, but that's what it took me! When there's a sudden rush of garden abundance or butcher jobs, the family has to make a "bee" of it, and prove that many hands do make light work, and lots of fun!

You won't get any of your food for no cost except family labor. But you'll get it 12–50 per cent cheaper than in the stores. And you'll have some to sell, at retail prices and to discriminating customers.

A farm is the only place where children are an economic asset and not a liability. Quite small children can gather eggs, feed animals, pick fruit and vegetables, and pull weeds. Nowhere do children earlier learn to take responsibility. Little boys become little men earlier; little girls, little women. Working beside their elders, they feel important. And when they sit down, "starving," at a laden dinner table, to whose bounty everyone has contributed, there is meaning in the grace they may say:

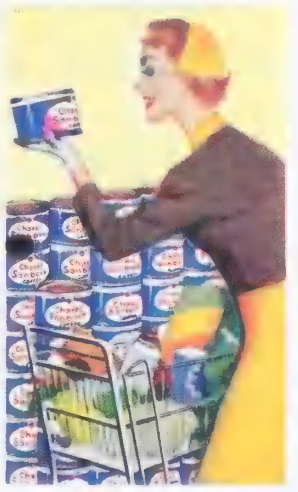
"*Be present at our table, Lord,*
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee."

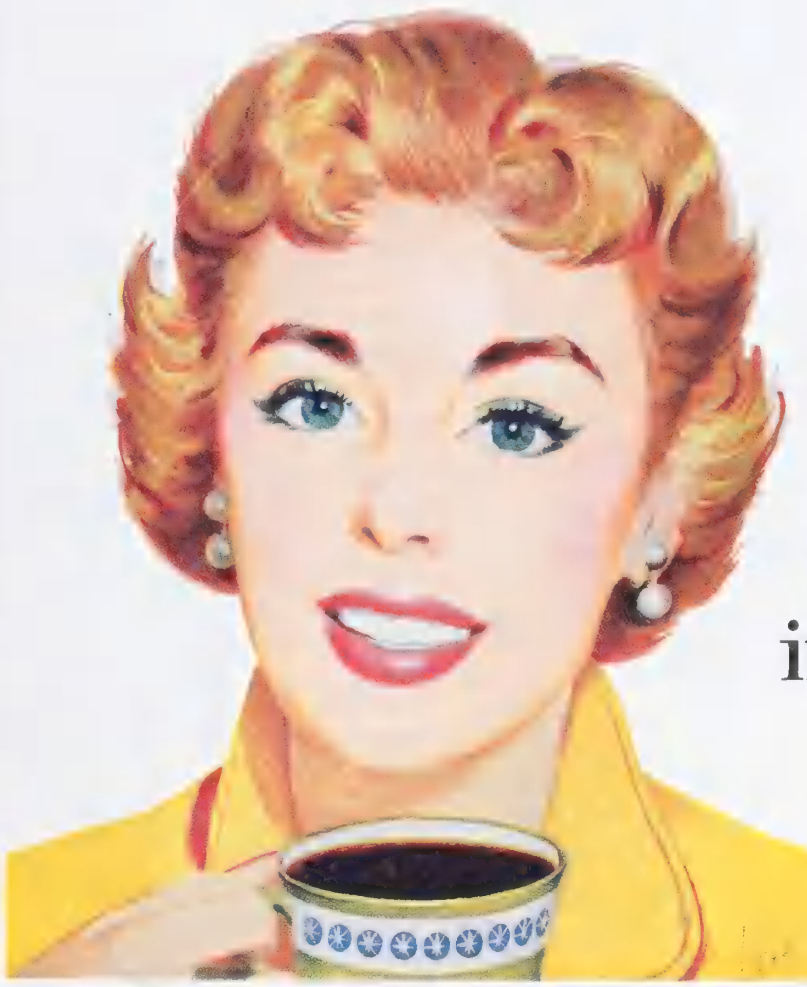
And when a guest comes by, you'll say, "*Do* stay for dinner," knowing that there's always enough for more.

Now that this article is finished I would—were I on the farm—go down to the cool egg room to buff, grade and pack some 300 eggs in an hour. Work? I find nothing so restful! Nothing more calculated to take one's mind off H-bombs, Indochina, congressional committees and all the things that plague and stimulate my mind. Just solitude, quiet, peace, and the feeling of wonder and goodness of nature and life.

I'm "liquidating" the farm? I never will! But it's got to feed *me*, not me it. END

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STEAK AND APPLE PIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

domestic and take-it-for-granted, the other party can pick up his hat and leave, and the first party can't do anything about it. Anyway, the first party knows that all the time and probably doesn't let himself *get* dull and domestic. . . . See what I mean?"

"Sure," Fitz said, "but we wouldn't ——"

"We *think* we wouldn't," Jane insisted, "but just look at our friends."

Fitz had to admit many of them had fallen into hideous sloughs.

"Why," Jane said, "they've all gone to seed mentally. They're chained to each other. They don't even talk intelligently any more!" She shuddered.

"But we could make a pact," Fitz suggested.

"Yes," she said slowly, "we could swear to watch each other, and any time one of us sees the other slipping into a rut, he could blow a whistle or scream or something."

"Sure," Fitz agreed.

"We'll be different," Jane pledged. "We'll never ask questions or tie each other down, or expect things! We'll have absolute freedom, won't we?"

"Sure," Fitz agreed again.

The landlady and grocer still had to be paid, however. A week after the wedding, Jane and Fitz found themselves getting up to an alarm clock at a quarter of seven, much the same as always, in the same rush.

However, they breakfasted together, leaving the dishes. In fact, they left all the dishes until the one who was hungrier washed a few or suggested they go out to eat.

THEY were very happy. Saturday afternoons and Sundays they did the unordinary things that delighted their unordinary souls. They did the museums, absorbing art, letting it absorb them, until Fitz's feet hurt. They went to obscure concerts or foreign-language movies. They haunted secondhand bookstores and repertory theaters. They hied their educated palates to shadowy little cafés. They read aloud to each other, always something terribly old or terribly new, so as not to diminish the pleasant sense of discovery.

Once in a while they dropped in at the homes of some of the old school friends who had settled with their mates in the environs of New York. From any such placid, well-ordered ménage with its shelves lined with book-club selections, its highball glasses decorated with nudes or polka-dot elephants, its bronzed baby shoes, Jane and Fitz would escape happily to the rarefied bliss of their own little apartment and its unframed Left Bank prints curling at the edges, its African death masks, and the delicate joys of an inadequate little red wine."

"Has it occurred to you, wench," Fitz asked one night, after such an escape, "that *we* might have a child?"

"We?" Jane was curled up in a large chair, from which she had had to empty three American Scholars and two of Fitz's soiled shirts to make room for herself. "Oh, heavens! One of those pink-and-white, fat little creatures?"

"Could be," Fitz said.

"Impossible," she laughed. "What would we call it?"

"I don't know. What *would* we call it?" he asked.

"It . . . I guess!" She giggled.

They considered the subject in silence for a while.

"You know," Jane said, "I think the time has come when one of us must blow the whistle."

He sat up straight, at that.

"Yes," she said, "it's not what we're *doing*. It's what we're *not* doing. We've fallen into a dreadful habit of coming home and spending the evening together accomplishing nothing."

"But it's only been for a few months ——" he began to protest.

"No," she said firmly. "It's a bad sign. We've got to go out, do things alone, retain our individualities. We ought to take one day, say Wednesdays, for each of us to do what he wants."

"Have you something in *mind?*" Fitz asked her. There was the shadow of a frown on his broad brow.

"No," she said, "not yet. But I shall have, lots of fascinating things, which I won't tell you, of course. That's the whole idea. Come to think of it, better make it Wednesdays *and* Fridays!"

"Well ——" Fitz said.

"You know I'm right. It'll do us both good. You've been looking sort of . . . tired, or something."

Fitz was tired. In fact, he was too tired to argue. He agreed with her.

The first Wednesday, it worked out nicely. Fitz had a lot of work on his desk at the office, which he finished in a few hours, and he then drank two Martinis, *very* dry, at a quiet bar and went home.

Jane came in a little later, looking radiant. "Oh, darling, I've had the most wonderful ——"

"Uh . . . uh," Fitz protested sleepily. "It's your secret. Keep it."

"But I just wanted to tell you about ——"

Fitz was already asleep.

On Friday, Fitz woke up wondering what he would do with his evening. There wasn't anything to keep him at the office tonight. He knew how the other married fellows in the office would have loved a night of freedom, and he felt awfully lucky. Now, what did he most want to do in the world that he didn't have a chance to do ordinarily?

He wondered all day. He couldn't think of a thing. That evening after supper he glanced over the theater page of the Times. Nothing especially new and tempting there.

Jane was getting ready to leave, and of course he couldn't ask her where she was going.

"I'll walk as far as the corner with you," he offered.

She allowed him to come.

"Have a good time, old girl," he said.

"Same to you," she called back gaily.

Fitz began strolling. He could always *think*, of course, about the many things he was too busy to think about ordinarily. However, nothing seemed to occur to him to think about.

He found himself under the marquee of a movie house. An old Betty Grable picture was playing.

"Well, just for laughs," he said, reaching in his pocket.

All through the movie he kept wishing Jane were there to make fun of it with him.

The next Wednesday he got morbid drunk, all by himself at a neighborhood bar. It was much too expensive, and he woke up with a terrible hang-over, besides.

By Friday, he was frankly unsettled. He had a vision of the whole city of New York as a vast roaring tunnel with everyone shoving to make him keep moving, and with no place for him to sit down and put his feet up. It was sort of like being lonely.

When Jane said to him that night, over the Russian *réchauffé* she had fixed for dinner, "Aren't we lucky to be so intelligent about marriage?" he could have beaned her one, except that she was absolutely right, of course.

He didn't answer.

"My," she said, "aren't we surly tonight?" Now, that was against the rules, a personal remark like that.

HE went out early and walked for a while, long enough to make sure Jane would be gone. He bought a gaudy paper-backed book, Seven Corpses, for a quarter at the drugstore and went home to bed.

He had worked his way through the first three of the corpses when he heard a key in the front door. It was Jane; and strangely enough, it was only nine-thirty.

He slid his book under the night stand and closed his eyes.

He heard her mutter with surprise when she discovered him already in bed. She tiptoed around quietly, and finally turned off the light.

Fitz lay silent in the dark for a long time. It was embarrassing to be caught in bed at nine-thirty. In fact, Fitz didn't know what could be more embarrassing, even a fanless fan dancer. Jane would start blowing the whistle, but good. She might even pick up her hat . . . and —— If he had to sit on a bench in the park, he'd not put his need for independence under a shadow of doubt again.

The next morning they avoided each other's eyes, but within a few days they were their old gay, bantering selves again, sniggering at the vacuum cleaner that ran at all hours in the apartment above. When they smelled pork chops or other such vulgar and identifiable odors, they congratulated themselves on their own meatless *buffath*, raspberry-nut sandwiches, and coffee with cardamom.

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

Edited by John M. Henry

A man's real worth is probably an average between what his son thinks it is when the son is eight and when he's eighteen. MANAGE MAGAZINE, Dayton, Ohio

Men who go on being romantic for years after marriage surely catch the dickens when their wives find out about it. H. G. HUTCHESON in Augusta, Kans., Gazette

If you can't keep your head above water, a $50,000 swimming pool isn't a good buy. PRICE GIBSON, Detroit, Mich.

A machine has been invented that will unwrinkle raisins and blow up foods to as much as thirty times their true size. It must have been invented by the man who introduces public speakers. ZULA BENNINGTON GREENE in Strong City (Kansas) Chase County Leader News

A woman is essentially fair. The years she takes off her age are about equal to those she adds for another woman. THERESA CHAMPAGNE, Ames, Iowa

And if Fitz sometimes felt it was a bit of a strain to be always witty and clever and infinitely discriminating, he realized he had a very special wife and a very special marriage.

However, even the most blessedly enlightened and unconventional of households is not always immune from the onslaughts of unenlightened and conventional germs, particularly when that household lacks in dusting, scrubbing and disinfecting what it has gained in culture. Thus Fitz woke up one spring morning with a sore throat, a fever, and an ache in his bones. He moaned pitiably, turned over and went back to sleep.

Jane studied the abject body heaped over with bedclothes, phoned his employer to make the proper excuses, and then said good-by fondly.

By noon she had not heard from him, so she called. He answered the phone hoarsely. Was he all right? Should she come home? He was all right, though barely alive. No, she needn't come home.

Nevertheless, she felt worried and somehow a little guilty. After keeping an urgent appointment, she stopped at the DeLuxe Specialties Shop ("Everything for the Gourmet") and rushed home, toting two large paper bags.

The apartment was hardly recognizable. She had forgotten that the rug was that color of blue, or that the kitchen was as large as it seemed with nothing cluttering the counters.

Fitz was sitting up in bed, sucking on a lemon, reading.

"I thought the bed lamp was broken. Where'd you get the lemon? How're you feeling?"

"New bulb," Fitz said. "That's all it needed. Mrs. Higgins brought me the lemon. I'm better, thank you. I'll probably be all right with a few weeks of tender care."

"A few *weeks!* Mrs. Higgins!" Jane dropped her sacks in a chair, her beret on the bedside stand and her shoes on the floor.

"Ah—ah—ah!" Fitz said. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

"*Fitz!*"

HE pointed at the ceiling. "Higgins. She did the vacuum cleaner."

Jane laughed. "Oh, that! What happened to the living room?"

"Oh, she brought it with her—the vacuum cleaner—when she brought me my lunch," he told her. "Rustled up a new light bulb too. Did the dishes, I think, too. At least, it sounded ——"

"Well, I like that!"

"Brought me some murder mysteries too." He pointed at a pile of dog-eared paper backed books. "She's a great detective fan, Mrs. Higgins is. Tried to talk me into television."

Jane was feeling weak in the knees. She staggered out to the kitchen with her sacks.

"Just how," she called, "did you happen to run afoul of horrible Higgins?"

"Oh, she's not so horrible," Fitz said indignantly. "Kind of pretty, roundish, lots of curls—you know. Strictly middle-aged, of course. The landlady stopped by for the rent and you know how these things get around the neighborhood."

"The *neighborhood?* Honestly, Fitz, you must be sicker than I thought. How quaint can you get?"

She had come to the doorway and was leaning against the frame. Fitz thought, suddenly, that she looked awfully pale, and not quite as self-assured as usual.

"Are you all right, Janie?"

"Yes," she said. "But *you'd* better get well yourself, and quick. It may come as a shock to you, but I've just been to the doctor's and I'm going to have to quit work pretty soon ——"

Even with a head cold, Fitz was sharp enough to figure that one. "It?"

Jane collapsed then, in tears, on the foot of the bed.

"But why are you crying, sweetheart?" Fitz asked, patting her shoulder. "We've talked about It before. I think it's ——"

"Don't . . . don't!" she sobbed out. "How *can* you call a sweet little, round little, soft little baby It? You're horrible!"

Fitz smiled over her head, a smile compounded of triumph and sympathy and a bit of gratitude for this help from an unexpected source.

When Jane was quite calm, she said, "I have some lovely cold vichyssoise for you, darling."

"No, no," Fitz bellowed, pounding on the counterpane. "I do not want cold vichyssoise. *rod kaal, canelloni*, curried tongue, iced clam bouillon, vegetable borsch or any of the rest of that junk."

"What do you want?" Jane whispered, wide-eyed.

"I want," Fitz said, settling back with a sybaritic sigh, "steak and mashed potatoes . . . and apple pie!" He grinned at her. "But I'll settle for a couple of hamburgers."

"Yes, sir," Jane said humbly, "I'll do what I can."

It was some time later, when Jane had finished the dishes and was reading one of Mrs. Higgins' mysteries out loud to him, that Fitz realized it was Wednesday night and here they were together. Jane hadn't said a word about leaving.

But she looked so newly soft and sweet sitting there in the lamplight that he had a hunch this was the way they both wanted it to be from now on, together. END

This is the easy Wesson way for barbecue sauces and salads





Pour Wesson Oil for fresh, savory barbecue sauce and save the fuss of measuring and melting solid fat. Pour delicate Wesson Oil for the fresh, homemade salad dressing you make in *one minute!* It's Wesson's wonderful *delicacy* that brings out all the subtle flavor and garden freshness of salads. It's Wesson that stays pure and delicate, even over hot barbecue fires, to protect the good flavor of all your outdoor cooking.

You can't buy dressing or sauce that could suit your taste more exactly. Those you make with light, sparkling Wesson Oil—you can season to your own liking—mild or spicy, just as you prefer!

FIESTA FRENCH DRESSING
(for salad)

¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
2 teaspoons paprika
¼ teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons French's Prepared Mustard

Combine and shake well in covered jar. Yield: 1 cup.

CRISP GREEN SALAD: Combine your favorite greens, such as romaine, watercress, leaf lettuce, head lettuce and spears of French endive; garnish with cucumber and radish slices. Toss with Fiesta French dressing.

WESSON JIFFY BARBECUE SAUCE
(for basting and serving with chicken)

½ cup Wesson Oil
¾ cup chopped onion
¾ cup ketchup
¾ cup water
⅓ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons French's Prepared Mustard
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon black pepper

Cook onion till soft in hot Wesson Oil. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer 15 minutes. Enough sauce for basting and serving with 2 chickens.

FOR BARBECUING CHICKEN OUTDOORS: Brush sauce on halves of broiler chickens before and during broiling. Broil 30 to 45 minutes—12 to 14 inches from coals. Start with inside of chicken down facing coals and turn to finish with skin side down. Serve with remaining sauce.

This sauce may also be used for barbecuing indoors. Wonderful with hamburgers, frankfurters, or other favorites.

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So whenever you suffer from an ordinary headache, take Bayer Aspirin for *gentle* relief and *fast* relief. And when you buy aspirin, don't look for a bargain. The *best* always costs more. So to be sure you are getting the *best*, buy *Bayer* Aspirin.

Get the best—get

BAYER ASPIRIN

CARL PERUTZ



Doing for his baby is the quickest way for a man to be inducted into true fatherhood, and the whole family benefits.

Getting father "into the act"

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESE

President, Chicago Board of Healt

PERHAPS my readers will forgive me if I have now and then drawn attention to the progress that has been made in my time toward making childbirth and motherhood the safe and satisfying experiences they should be. First, there are the improvements in prenatal care and in medical techniques that have cut down maternal- and infant-mortality rates so materially. More recently it has been the return wherever possible to breast feeding. And finally, the psychological preparation of the mother for the joys and responsibilities alike of her new estate. These are medical milestones of which my profession has a right to be proud.

As always happens in medicine, however, for every milestone we pass, another appears on the horizon. We are just beginning to understand what a mistake it has been to overlook an essential element in the new family—the father. Recent studies have brought home the full implications of this oversight. They tell us that many of the problems mothers have with children stem from a father who hasn't been prepared properly for fatherhood.

One case that came to my attention not long ago is illustrative of quite a number. Severe feeding problems had arisen with a baby in its first weeks of life. The mother seemed unable to provide breast milk, and one formula after another was tried without success. Yet the baby was sound and normal in every respect. The doctor decided the baby must be reacting to the mother's very obvious tenseness, and the mother confessed why she was so tense. The new father displayed no interest in th baby, and was jealous besides of the at tentions the mother was necessarily pay ing it. Every loving pat she gave i widened the breach between herself an the man she loved. So the treatmen spotlight was shifted to the father' childish attitudes. When these were cor rected, the mother's tension disappeare and the baby could take and digest it food!

In other cases, a father may not re veal his feelings so promptly an dramatically. Instead a slow-burnin antagonism may develop, which is trans ferred by a chain reaction from fathe to mother to the infant or child. In mentally ill youngsters and adoles cents, we can often trace the effects o fathers who were not prepared fo fatherhood.

Fathers are by no means wholly to blame. In part, at least, we doctors aided and abetted by hospital officials have promoted the situation. The average man has a natural feeling o awe and remoteness from the whole process of gestation and childbirth. The medical world has exaggerated this feeling, undoubtedly, by the "hospital curtain" it has thrown about the new mother and baby, giving them an aura of untouchability. Few husbands escape the impression that they are excluded and unwanted during these exciting first days of their babies' lives.

And what happens next? In the average situation, father brings home a baby he has had no chance to get acquainted with, and a wife who seems to have forgotten him in her absorption

THE SUNDAY SMELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

g Sunday sickness, to get out of going. tely they envied the kids next door; rents were giving them no formal re- raining now so that when they were ey might choose for themselves.

ir Force sergeant was being seated front; often these young men came to rom the nearby base. *If—when—our away from home in the armed serv-* r heart contracted at what seemed to tability—*will they go to church? Or d to go so much when I was a kid" be use, as it is of so many?*

lieve in God the Father Almighty, f heaven and earth ——" David re- e creed from memory, scorning the Michael tried fast enough to ; John pretended but he had the side down.

y Sunday, Beth, *I stand d say I believe e things I don't nd. I do believe* ut it was hard to believing in ou didn't under- arder still to ex- the people next hy you seemed cing these things children.

were halfway the Gloria Patri e noticed that ad disappeared e line-up. He was he seat looking Sunday-school She pulled him feet and he d his head. A and important- black hat turned what the disturb- as. Beth felt her rise. No doubt Peabody, the of the large and ant-looking hat, ne of those who d that church or adults and Mrs. Peabody ght. Michael hit a savage rap t the leg and she Mrs. Peabody was

redistributed her o that Michael t on the other side . The place she oped to reserve ve when his usher- ties were over had taken by a Mr. Irs. Nichols. The lses were rich, ss, and were said to have a white free- rug in their living room. Beth fumbled her veil, which until now she had not d was caught up over the flowers on her Mrs. Nichols could always make her feel he wore high-button shoes and were the r of too many children. She hoped Mrs. ls would not notice that Mike was feel- her sables, his face awed.

minister was beginning his morning and she tried to compose herself. For he did not hear his words, having prayers own: *Dear God, I pray that Melinda have to have her tonsils out—four is so nd she is so dear to us. . . . Dave deserves romotion, God, and we just have to have money. . . . Help David pass his tenderfoot ements. . . . Help me to know what to do that comic book I think Mike swiped from ugstore yesterday. . . .*

e organ was playing now and the ushers taking up the morning offering. Mike craned to see what people dropped into the collection plate as it came along their row. She let him drop in their envelope which contained more than they could afford. Mr. Nichols put in a five-dollar bill.

THE doxology. "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ——" Gratefulness swelled inside her. She knew what blessings were. Not free-form rugs and sable scarves. She smiled with love down at Mike, who was standing on tiptoe to tell her something. "Wow!" he whispered as she inclined her ear. "Five bucks!"

The choir sang an anthem and the minister read the Scripture. She got a pencil and some paper out of her bag for John and noted that David was using his handkerchief to practice tying the knots on which the scoutmaster had refused to pass him last week. She hoped Melinda was being good in the nursery. She hoped she had turned down the heat under the chicken.

The minister had barely started on his sermon when Michael wanted to know how much longer. "Pretty soon now," she promised, and got more paper and another pencil from her bag. *How divine it would be*, she thought, *to be able to sit calmly all through the service really listening to every word.* The minister was speaking of the difficulties of the good life. As always he seemed to have prepared his sermon with her problems in mind. The easy way was never the most rewarding, nor even the happiest, he said.

I believe that, she thought, with a moment's clear flashback to her own mother sitting with a scrubbed reluctant row of offspring. What a difficult yet joyous life her mother's had been.

"Faith of our fathers ——" With sighs of relief now that the end was in sight, her children rose and Beth lost herself in the majesty of the closing hymn. She bent her head for the benediction. She felt rested, refreshed. People turned, started smiling, talking, shaking hands. Mrs. Nichols slid her sables around under her throat. "My, but your boys were good today." Beth looked at her with sudden liking. "Why, yes," she agreed, thinking back. "I believe they were." She turned. Her three sons had escaped through the side door.

On the church steps she spotted the young Air Force sergeant in his dress blues and made her way toward him. She remembered now for sure that she had turned the heat down under the chicken. She told him who she was and asked him to come home with them to dinner. It was a good dinner, right for Sunday, and for inviting a guest.

He had a homely face and a beautiful smile, with the whitest teeth she had ever seen. "I'd like to come. I noticed you in church with your kids. Took me back to the way mom had us in a row every Sunday"—he looked down at his cap and then gave her that dazzling grin—"come hell or high water."

Come hell. Come the hell of war and maybe some memory would draw her sons. They reached the car where the boys were waiting, David, Michael, John. She touched them and said their names by way of introduction. The eyes of all three were solemn with admiration. "Sir," said David, "have you ever passed the sonic barrier?"

Dave was coming now with Melinda from the church nursery. She skipped, her pony tail bobbing, a paper chain in her hands. "Marilyn tore my chain and I kicked her," she called sunnily.

They piled into the car and drove along the Sunday-different street toward home. Beth took off her hat and ran her fingers through her dark curly hair.

Dave said, "Honey, I could stop at the drugstore and pick up some ice cream."

She considered. "Well, yes, ice cream would be nice on the apple pie."

"I'll get out," said Mike. "I saved my nickel from Sunday school."

"Brother," said Dave fervently, "again. After all we said. Sometimes you wonder how much—if anything—gets through."

Beth smiled at him, conscious of something close to gladness in her heart that would not be disturbed. *Maybe nothing much gets through*, she thought. *Maybe just the memory of the look and the sound and the smell of the day that was Sunday.* END

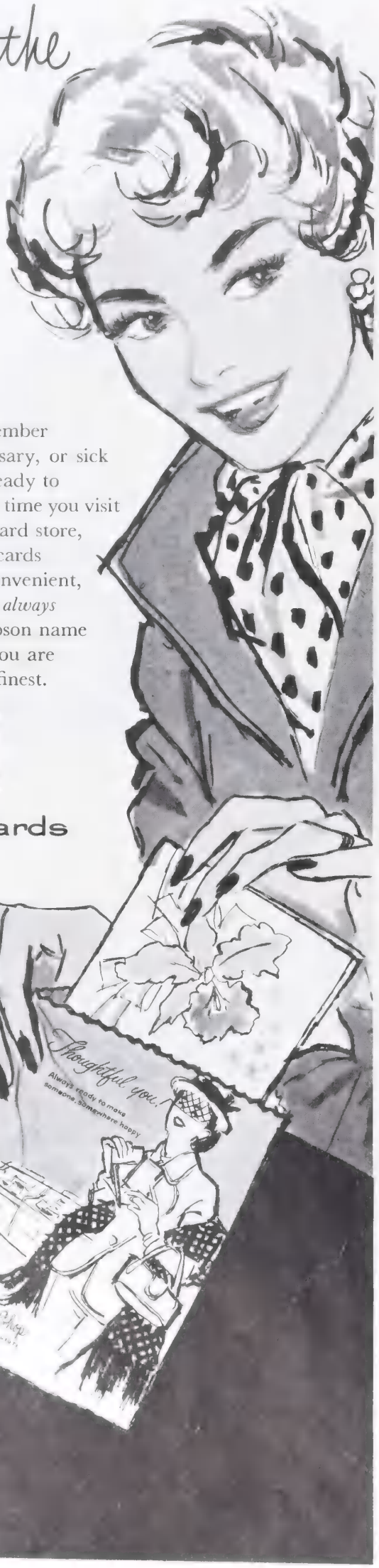
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By REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

Speaking of money,
And we all speak of it too much,
I remember years when my wife
Baked broad-topped loaves of bread
Salt-sweet and light as ocean air.
And we had hens, a red variety,
Dignified and grave of voice,
Continually aware of their responsibility
To golden toast and glistening bacon.
And there was wood to cut,
Hard maple flaking from the ax
That cuts with one bright tooth;
An ax that loved the task of splitting squash,
Finding yellow sunlight at its core.
Evenings were a fire dancing
Along seasoned logs, a chorus
Of soft flames performing with locked arms;
A bright ballet that died to dreaming
When the clock advised the yawn.
Once a dollar and eighteen cents lay
On a broad dresser top—
In polished copper and crisp paper—
For three full weeks before it went
To buy ginger, licorice and yeast.


FROZEN
FRESH
FROZEN
FRESH
FROZEN
FRESH

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Is there a plot against women?

Men invent fancy gadgets to bring new freedom to the home. The question is for whom?

BY PAUL JONES

THE other day we ran into a girl we know, who seemed to have smoke coming out of her ears.

"Why so steamed up?" we asked her. "And what's that you're carrying under your arm?"

"It's a toolbox," she said. "My husband gave it to me for my birthday. Here, let me show you."

"Never mind," we said. "When you've seen one toolbox, you've seen them all."

"You've never seen anything like this one. I won't unwrap it, but I can reveal that the hammer and the screw driver have gay plastic handles. I am not sure, but I think the pliers are set with rhinestones. There is also a little book telling me how to fix leaky faucets, put up kitchen shelves and make a full set of screens and storm windows for the house."

"A very practical gift," we noted approvingly. "We men are often engaged in our larger affairs, and it is a comfort to a husband to know that his wife can do small repairs and general maintenance. A toolbox is something for you to treasure."

"I do not treasure this toolbox at all," she said distinctly. "In fact, I am taking it back. I think it's all part of a big plot."

"A plot?"

"You heard me. You men are shoving off on us women a lot of things you used to have to do yourselves. This morning I was looking at the paper and I saw an advertisement for a wonderful new car-washing gadget. The illustration just showed a hand holding a long nozzle. I need hardly tell you that it was a feminine hand. Somebody is trying to con us wives into believing that washing the family car can be a thrill-packed adventure."

"Surely," we said, "you know the story of the Industrial Revolution. Why should you dream up this plot? For the last hundred and seventy-five years, men have been inventing things, with only one object in mind: to make women happy and carefree in the home."

"All that for poor little me," she said bitterly. "And now I wind up with the toolbox. The more I think about it, the more I realize that men have got rid of a lot more household chores than women have."

"COME, come," we said. "Think of automatic washers and dryers, not to mention vacuum cleaners, freezers and refrigerators."

"That's what I mean. Who used to empty the pan under the old-fashioned icebox?"

"The husband, of course, if he was any kind of a gentleman."

"You see? And who used to take care of the coal furnace? Not the wife. That heavy tramping up and down the cellar stairs, those smothered oaths heard through the floor when the fire went o were sweet music in a woman's ears. meant she had a man who was on the b

"I am tired," she went on, "of heari that we have practically nothing to compared with our grandmothers. H about you? All you have on your mi now is fiddling with a thermostat or te phoning the TV repairman.

"Actually, grandfather was an ev busier character than grandmother. put in a sixty-hour week at the plant, a at home, when he wasn't carrying scutt of coal up to the kitchen range, he w outside, splitting kindling wood. Sund mornings, after he was all dressed f church, he would go around and wi five or six clocks in the house. You g out of even that dignified duty by inver ing electric clocks.

"BESIDES all that, grandpa had t family rig to look after. He washed t carriage and greased the axles. He clean out the stable and oiled the harness a currycombed the horse, not to mentio sitting up nights with the beast when I had the heaves. You just put the car the garage, and that's it. Now you expe us to wash it with that marvelous ne gadget I was talkin about.

"I doubt if you ev know how to cure ham or a side of baco Grandfather did. H had a smokehouse the back yard that ke him out of a lot of mi chief. He was expecte to take care of th meat department, whi grandmother put up th fruits, vegetables an preserves. Sauerkrau was also his provinc He made it by th barrel, and, in his spare time, chopped u any extra cabbage and fixed a keg of pep per hash. In warm weather, he ha charge of the ice-cream departmen cracking the ice, mixing it with rock sal and turning the crank for an hour or so."

"Just a minute," we said uneasily. "Yo don't expect us to go back to thos primitive days, when everything today i so conveniently packaged?"

"Frankly, no," she said. "But I wis you'd quit pretending that modern me are as busy as ever, while modern wome have nothing to do. Either that, or ge busy and invent a bedmaking machine a self-operating table setter and an auto matic child bather.

"And kindly quit lecturing us on how bad all this leisure is for idle wives, and how we would be all the better for some of the invigorating exercise grandma got over a washtub. I have a good mind to go on a lecture tour myself, deploring the fact that all the evils of modern life stem from man's new leisure, the seven-hour day and practically nothing to do around the house. And now, excuse me, while I trade in this gay little toolbox for a shovel that George can use. It's time he dug up the garden."

END

A little girl who yearned to start in business as a baby-sitter had her twelve-year-old brother print the following card of rates:

Charges for Sitting:	
Sleeping babies	**25c**
Crying babies	**35c**
Wet babies	**40c**
Worse than wet babies	**50c**

THE DREAD COMEBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

factors, too, have given a false sense
y about VD. People who used to go
c for the long and costly treatments
o a private doctor for a shot of peni-
it will quickly cure them. Private phy-
re notoriously lax about reporting VD.
onnaire of 4326 Philadelphia doctors
that if they had reported venereal dis-
ey are supposed to, Philadelphia would
wn a 60 per cent increase in syphilis
per cent increase in gonorrhea.
rdinary as it may seem, many of the
themselves do not know any more
y have a case of syphilis or gonorrhea.
mple, a patient comes in with symp-
could be VD or one of several other
Some doctors simply give such a pa-
assive dose of penicillin without ever
tests to determine the true nature of
se. The penicillin eradicates the symp-
nd presumably cures the malady.
it was a venereal disease or some-
e, nobody will ever know.
all these private cases unreported, no
can be made to trace the chain of in-
n each one—who gave it to the pa-
whom did the patient give it to before
reatment?—so the VD rate appears to
ner.
estimated that more than half the peo-
get syphilis do not discover it in its
ages," says Dr. E. Gurney Clark, pro-
f the Columbia University Faculty of
e. Syphilis is a three-stage disease. In
wo stages it is highly infectious but not
g. In the late stage it maims, cripples,
drives to insanity or kills. Even if it is
ed and cured then, the awful results
ain.
covered gonorrhea is a special curse of
ood. In men, the disease is easily
d and no longer a problem. In women,
goes unrecognized with disastrous re-
ippling them for childbearing, some-
quiring complete removal of the in-
x organs.
f venereal disease were being reported
as ever, people might still be fooled
king the rate had dropped because of
curious fact. Today there are more old
and children in the population than
ore: Obviously, they are the age groups
't get VD. So the rate—or number of
es per thousand of population—would
naller, even though it had actually
d among young adults.

s, in fact, to have done just that. VD
most often in the 15-to-24 age group.
rate among teen-agers in New York
s higher in 1950 than in 1940, despite
ps in reporting. Cleveland's latest
showed 401 cases of reported VD
een-agers in a single year. In Ohio the
s-syphilis rate among white teen-age
most four times as high as the national
all age groups. California's figures
rly as bad. In Wilmington, North
., venereal-disease patients named,
thers, twenty-one high-school students
l contacts in a three-week period.
histories tell why this is. They are case
of promiscuity. When promiscuity
eak loose among teen-agers, social
ts have discovered that it rages beyond
sometimes almost beyond imagining.
e case of the West Virginia service-
ife ——
ame home from Korea recently on
leave, home to his sixteen-year-old
had contracted a venereal disease in
East. Whether he knew he still had
be hard to say. Len gave it to his
erie.
e end of his leave, Len departed for
station in another part of the country.
otful that Valerie ever knew she had
l case finders told her. They found
roundabout way:
y after her husband's departure,
had attended a party. As far as she
cerned, it lasted for thirty-six hours.
that time she had relations with 41
boys, practically the whole male senior class of the local high school. When they began breaking out with the disease, West Virginia health authorities were called and gradually pieced together the story. "We just kept bringing her Coke and sandwiches. That's all she asked for," the boys reported. Final diagnosis showed 23 of the 41 boys were infected.

Another case was reported from San Jose, California. The Health Department there discovered that a fourteen-year-old girl was suffering from syphilis. Case finders questioned her to find out who had given her the disease. They never found out. But it wasn't because the child wouldn't tell. She gave them a list of 45 men with whom she had been intimate. So many of them were infected, it was impossible to determine who had given her the disease and who had received it from her.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He runs the house with innocent eyes,
Independent, cool and wise,
Lives in his pricked-up golden ears,
And nothing of our world he hears.

He swims, for better or for worse,
A rhythmed, deep boy-universe
As graceful as a fish or otter
In the music of deep water.

In one ear and out the other
Go words of sisters or a brother,
Laws and cautions, prohibitions;
He blooms in unforeseen positions.

Standing on his sleek hard head
He talks, without a syllable said,
To multitudes of boys he rolls
Out of himself, all eight-year-olds.

Once or twice a day he rises
To where we breathe, to our surprises,
A cool small universe of love
That fits us utterly as a glove.

Four teen-age boys in Kansas City came to the attention of the Health Department there because they had developed syphilis, The Journal of the Kansas Medical Society reported. Each of the boys named the same seventeen-year-old girl as their sexual contact. Case finders located her and discovered they had a spreading source of syphilis. She supplied the names of 23 other teen-age boys—"The only ones I can remember by name." The ensuing investigation reached into two other states and involved a total of 64 sexual contacts, almost all of them minors.

"There will be more of these epidemics," said Dr. Loren W. Shaffer, president of the American Venereal Disease Association, "and if for lack of funds we must reduce our staffs, let our trained interviewers and contact tracers go, cut down on our diagnostic facilities, we shall not be in a very good position to bring these outbreaks under control before they do irreparable damage to a great many people."

It is so easy to cure venereal disease today. Before penicillin, the treatment of gonorrhea was tedious, uncomfortable and dreadfully uncertain, especially for women. The treatment of syphilis was a painful routine of one to three years' duration. Today even a single injection of penicillin, safe and comparatively painless, often can cure either disease, or both together. A series of penicillin shots will almost always cure either within ten days. The patient seldom misses a day of his ordinary routine.

This has led many Government officials, and some doctors, to adopt a "so-what" attitude. "What's the difference," they ask, "if the VD rate goes up? We can cure them so simply it isn't worth worrying about."

That overlooks the fact, however, that without the public-health efforts we exerted against VD a decade ago many people will never know they have it, and that they urgently need to do something about it.

Professor Evan W. Thomas, Consultant in Venereology to the New York State Health Department, says, "Penicillin is as useless as water against VD unless we can introduce it into the body of the person who has the disease. And we are unquestionably missing the greater proportion of early cases." If syphilis goes untreated for a year, it will do irreparable damage to the human body.

EVEN where treatment is prompt, penicillin cannot wipe out the psychological and emotional effects of VD. "No other bacteria have such a potential for undermining the family and destroying marital happiness as the organisms of syphilis and gonorrhea," says Dr. Emily H. Mudd, director of the Philadelphia Marriage Council. "The emotional scars of these diseases remain long after bodies may be restored to health, especially when young people are the victims."

Nobody argues that, with the miraculous treatment now possible, as much should be spent to control VD today as was spent in 1947. Nationally there is still a small decrease in reported cases. The question simply is whether throwing out almost 90 per cent of the controls that were functioning in 1947 will make it easier for a terror that has shown itself only too ready to recover lost ground.

A $10,000,000 Federal appropriation for VD control is the minimum recommended by the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers, the American Venereal Disease Association and the American Social Hygiene Association. These agencies look upon the $2,300,000 appropriation in the budget as "shortsighted economy."

Less than twenty years ago, nobody dared breathe the word *syphilis* or *gonorrhea* in public. So towering was the taboo that even some doctors avoided venereal patients. Under such a conspiracy of silence and ignorance the two diseases thrived until they were putting their mark on one out of every ten people, many of them innocent wives and children.

In the mid-thirties, Dr. Thomas B. Parran, then Surgeon General of the United States, set out to make America face up to this secret menace. He wrote an article that boldly discussed the subject in terms everyone could understand. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL published that article, despite a widespread belief that the reaction of women readers would bring disaster to the magazine. Women reacted, all right, but they reacted as Parran and the JOURNAL editors believed they would. Individually and through their clubs all over the country they lined up in support of the anti-VD crusade. Congress agreed to grant the Public Health Service the first appropriation to fight VD in 1938.

Doctor Parran had said, "Syphilis can never be controlled while more than one half of the cases are not recognized for more than a year after the onset." By unrelenting effort, in 1947 the VD fighters finally achieved Parran's goal of finding more than half the cases early. They've never since been able to regain that much control over VD.

Now social hygienists are looking to the women and their organizations to take up once again the fight against VD until it can be brought back under control.

Here's what you can do:

Urge your congressmen to restore needed funds that have been taken from VD control.

Find out from your own health department whether state and local appropriations for VD control are adequate. If not, ask your state legislators and municipal authorities to correct the lack.

Write to the American Social Hygiene Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York, for information on other ways of keeping VD down.

One of the most important ways, the Association has discovered, is to educate young people against the perils of promiscuity.

The kind of complacency that has lowered defenses against VD has also taught many youngsters to be contemptuous of syphilis and gonorrhea as trifling matters not worth concern. They need to know that with treatment delayed, VD can still cripple, that a year of unrecognized syphilis can ruin their bodies, and without treatment, it can still kill. END

s-s-s-t! It's

Tweed MIST

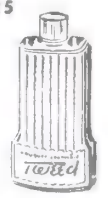
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BUILDING INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

jealous of the first. But if there are three wives, the first knows that she is the most important and the two others can console each other.

Marnop, Som and Praderm are the three Thailanders among the forty-two foreign students enrolled this year in the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. The university has a total enrollment of about 3700. Fayetteville has a population of around 20,000. While one expects to see some foreign students on any big-city campus, it is surprising to find so many here, deep in the heart of America. There are special reasons.

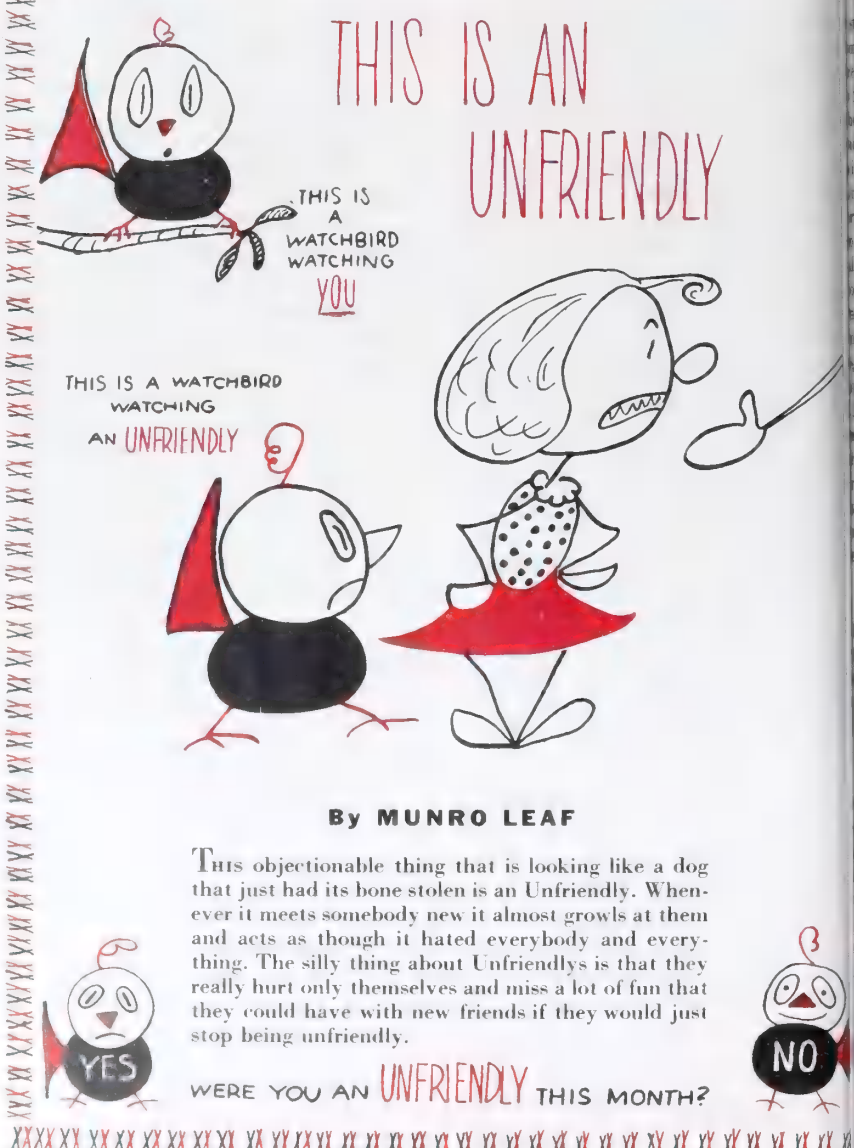
Fulbright Act funds—money owed our national treasury from the sale of war-surplus goods abroad—can be used to pay all expenses of United States citizens in many foreign countries, but it pays only for the transportation of foreign students to this country. They must have other help. This year eight foreign students at the University of Arkansas are receiving scholarships and other assistance from Arkansas communities. The total has been as high as eighteen. During the past four years, fifty students from twelve countries have been wholly or partly supported through the local foundation for the international students by Arkansas clubs, church groups and individuals. Other foreign students, many of them on government grants, come because they know they are especially welcome.

Fayetteville is Sen. J. William Fulbright's home town. He is generally credited with inspiring the formation of the foundation, even though he had nothing to do with it directly. The foundation was started in 1949 by Richard J. Hostetter, an associate professor of history, and other members of the faculty of the University of Arkansas. Doctor Hostetter first interested clubs and civic groups in supporting such a project by taking f students about the state on speaking er ments. Later, contributions were solicit letters, circulars and newspaper ads.

Anyone who gives to the foundatio comes a contributing member. Susta memberships are from $10 to $100 a memorial memberships are $100 or Five-dollar bills steadily accumulate fro sale to alumni of book ends made fro walnut banisters removed from "Old M the first building on the campus. St organizations also contribute. To have h so many, the foundation has spent amaz little. In four years, it has collected an bursed $14,500. Many gifts, including clothing, are not in cash. Fraternities, s ties and Fayetteville families donate room board. The university waives the higher of-state tuition for these "internationa dents," as the faculty prefers to call the

Many of the international students before club, school or church groups in ous communities in Arkansas with grea cess; all have the opportunity to visit h and farms. Donald T. King, Foreign St Adviser, has many letters from happy most of which say, in one way or ano "You sent us the best one!" They find it to understand that all of these select stu are the "best." After Ricardo Pasco before the De Queen Rotary Club, its dent, Ben Core, wrote: "I am sure that after when members of our Rotary Club of the Republic of Panama, they will thi Ricardo and feel closer to and more k toward that country." The wife of a ch farmer near Springdale, who had never s Japanese boy before, said after a visit one, "I would just have liked to kept h

Old wounds heal in the fresh sun of A sas. At the suggestion of a former Air



e area, a scholarship was given to
an boy whose home had been
n the same day that the pilot had
ded in a bombing raid on the boy's
n. Karl Sommer, a former German
er who fought against American
n troops as Hitler's shattered armies
across France, was astonished by
lliness he found everywhere. "Al-
his is not new to me now—I've
d it since my first day in America—
y doesn't wear off."
ole Weill, a French Jewess, found it
rget or forgive the year she spent in
concentration camp. She brought a
d Alsatian folk-dancing costume
to Fayetteville. "See this red petti-
e said. "Know what it's made of? A
lag!" A few months later, after she
me well acquainted with a German
dmitted, "I *love* Inge as a girl—but
e her as a German!"
was embarrassed when she was in-
to an American boy as "the French
ou should have seen the reaction!
conception of morality in France
me quite a bit. I found out very soon
ing of the word 'parking' on the
But how pleased I was when I got a
rom a boy for the first time—and
lso a part of the American dating

nternational students appear to be
ious in their thinking than many
n coeds. Ingeborg von Groll, of Berlin,
, one of the first recipients of a
ip, stated during the 1950 fund-
ampaign, "For twelve years I was
distrust democracy and individual
Coming to Arkansas has given me
opportunity to see democracy in
nd to breathe an air of freedom. The
e friendly, relaxed, happy and, most of
speak, to think, to ask questions. I am
y astounded at the measure of free-
dom Americans enjoy and I am puzzled by the way in which they take this freedom for granted."

Dr. John Tyler Caldwell, energetic young president of the University of Arkansas, receives letters from many boys and girls in foreign countries who have heard about the program and want to attend the university. Jeung Hi Pak, a girl in Korea, wrote to say she "awakened from dreaming every night about his institution." She had read an article in a Japanese magazine by Susumu Hara, a former foundation student, and she said, "I was touched to read the whole story about the townspeople's merciful mind. I would like to be a member of those who share the better understanding of the world."

Rosemarie Wodrig, from Bremen, Germany, who stayed at the Tri Delt house for a year, left a letter of advice to her successor. She said she was happy that another German girl was to have the same wonderful year she had had, but she warned: "There will be hours when you feel as if you are alone in the middle of perfect strangers and that nobody understands you and even wants to understand you. People will try to help you and will help you often without your even noticing it, but they don't know the kind of help you need—they don't know you or your background. They will suppose you are like them and treat you accordingly. But you are not like them, Renate, you are so different! You have gone through the war and even though you feel still very childish at home, when you compare yourself with your contemporaries here you will feel as old as Methuselah. You are in a rich country where people don't know ruins and misery. Try to live as they live, to think like they do! It may be hard for you but it is a good way to understand them and become one of them and isn't that what you came here for?"

A mature and introspective Frenchman, Bernard Foubert, is the scholarship student staying at the Sigma Nu house this year. He can talk for hours about French politics, but early in the year, lonely for Paris, he had found little in common with the fraternity brothers. An adviser suggested that he would learn to know and understand them before the year was out. "Oh, I will understand *them*," Bernard said, "but will they ever understand *me?*" Bernard is twenty-five, several years older than most of his classmates, and is resuming his studies after a stint in Morocco with the French army. A deep thinker, he finds adjustment to frivolity difficult.

Guenther Gottschalk, from Neheim, Germany, president of the International Students Club, and a brilliant graduate assistant in physics, doesn't think much of the "American dating system" either. When any of the international students speak before high-school groups in Arkansas, they are invariably asked, privately if not in public, to "say something in a foreign language" and "How do you date in your country?"

Signe Kolderup, charming and wholly modest chemistry major from Bergen, Norway, left youngsters in Van Buren, Arkansas, gasping with the information that in her country it was not uncommon for boys and girls in the late teens and early twenties to take unchaperoned weekend trips together. She explained that these might be skiing or hiking trips and that they slept outdoors or in trail shelters, but questions persisted. Finally she said, "Our parents trust us." Jose Martini, of the Republic of Panama, helped out by saying in his country a girl with an older sister was often preferred, because the older sister, rather than her mother, could serve as a chaperon—and one had to be present every time a boy even spoke to a girl.

Eighteen-year-old Brigitte Ogrinz, an alert, serene beauty with a candlelight complexion and great poise, is a scholarship student from Austria who also prefers to talk about things which seem to her more important than dating. She was disturbed, nevertheless, to hear from girls in a university dormitory that "only sorority girls can win the campus-queen contests." She is annoyed, too, by what she feels is lack of student freedom in the United States—"Why do you have to be in at a certain hour?" and "Why is a freshman such a low-life?" At the University of Salzburg, which she will attend when she returns to Austria, there are no such distinctions or restrictions.

"But," she said, "there is not university life either. Students come to study and then they hunt for a job. Employers don't hunt for you as they do in the United States."

Young Arkansans learn a great deal from their international guests. And every member of each community group that has contributed to the foundation feels, when he meets a young boy or girl of another culture, that he has reached beyond his horizon and had some slight share in building a better world. The group of international youths who meet in Mrs. O'Kelly's living room to improve their spoken English learn more than a language. In a small way, they bring into reality the dream that all men, for all their great differences and eternal variations, are brothers. Here the customs and traditions of many great nations blend. At one dinner meeting the International Students Club served Chinese sweet pork with "lice," as Susumu Hara called it, Czechoslovak salad, Swedish cookies and English tea. Afterward they sang Vive l'Amour, Are You From Dixie? and Roll Out the Barrel.

The international students will not forget their Arkansas friends, nor will they be forgotten. They know the human heart beats warmly under any shade of skin. At the Christmas party in Mrs. O'Kelly's home last year, Som Smerasuta, who was leaving the university at the end of the semester, surprised everyone by singing a solo. It was Auld Lang Syne—in Thai.

LOOK WHO'S COOKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

ore you add the last ½ teaspoon salt.
or seasoning as is seasoning. Some
er folk. So taste. Have it *your* way.
continued: Spread the sauce over
om of a shallow baking dish or 6
al scallop shells. Cover the sauce
ounds shrimp, cooked and cleaned.
esh shrimps aren't caught in your
ocean, lake, river or brook, there are
d very nice canned and frozen ones.
medium cream sauce, using 3 table-
lour, 3 tablespoons butter or mar-
½ cups milk (the sauce, finished,
e like heavy cream) and season with
oon Worcestershire sauce, 3 table-
rated Parmesan cheese, ¾ teaspoon
⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pour over the
and sprinkle with buttered bread or
rumbs. I prefer and use fine cracker
Bake 20 minutes in a moderate
50° F., until the sauce bubbles up
and the top browns. *Serve very hot—*
l the honor lies."

ener grows the greenery. This is what
d up to introduce that flexible, many-
ation called a green salad. Even if all
parts are as red as a fire engine, the
ls back on green. What salad *isn't*

GREEN SALAD

raw zucchini and cut off the end.
he zucchini on the coarse side of the
And toss with 1 cucumber, peeled and
½ cup sliced celery, ¼ green pepper
strips and 2 tomatoes, sectioned.
ugh mixed salad greens to serve 6.
th French dressing, made with either
r tarragon vinegar. Zucchini is used
n receipts in many ways. It's like
r, right raw or cooked, in the right

finals. This is a refreshing, frivolous
as some desserts have a way of being.
ade, very easy to eat, and easily they lie in the memory. This is one which will make you glad you came. It is

ICE CREAM IN MELON RINGS

Peel 1 large honeydew melon and cut into six 1″ rings, crosswise. Remove all the white outer portion which you can't eat, down to the part that you *can* eat—the part that is ripe. Remove the seeds and membrane. Fill the melon rings with scoops of vanilla ice cream and cover with sweetened red or black raspberries. For years, to my knowledge, you have been filling hollow melon rings, or commonly halves cut lengthwise, I hope, with berries or a fruit mélange. But this receipt will please you better, also the character reading the paper, his feet on the parlor sofa. Met him? Well, fruit and ice cream are his dish.

Man and superman. It takes courage, self-confidence and a flair for the art of cooking, for mere man to give over his role of breadwinner and take over the role of the chap who knows things to do after he's won the bread. What if friend wife did murmur something designed to spark the latent talent, who cares? The supper is to be had and he is to chef it. And the grill, the tools, charcoal and food being on hand, let delay be out. And let the chef, dressed to the part, serve first to his eager guests something new and, my guess, different. And he has it as cold as a politician's heart. The receipt? Read on.

RAW-VEGETABLE APPETIZER SOUP

Mix together, while your mixing arm holds out, 6 large ripe tomatoes, chopped (4½ cups), ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped sweet red pepper, 2 medium cucumbers, peeled, seeded and chopped, 1 clove garlic, mashed, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1½ tablespoons finely grated Bermuda onion, a dash of cayenne, ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco, ⅛ teaspoon *orégano*, 3 tablespoons French dressing, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper, and salt to taste. Tasting and adding salt, especially, makes or breaks the pattern here. Chill it like all get out. (Garnish with a sprig of water cress or serve with a bowl of crisp water cress.)

Getting ready. It has been my idea that when a man cooks he likes to go it alone. When he's presiding at the altar of gastronome you keep off and it will pay to do so.

GINGER BEEF ON FRENCH BREAD

Mix ½ cup soy sauce, ¼ cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 2 cloves garlic, crushed, and 1 tablespoon finely ground ginger root (or 2 teaspoons powdered ginger). Pour the sauce over 8 cubed steaks. (Get the best top round, very lean, no fat sticking round, about ½″ thick. Have your market man cut it into steaks and cube them. They will be somewhat thinner, but shouldn't be paper thin.) Marinate 1 to 2 hours. Drain meat, pat extra oozing with a towel, and pan-broil in a very hot, generously greased skillet 1 to 2 minutes on each side, depending on whether you like it rare or medium. Cut into halves lengthwise. Serve quick as scat on slices of heated buttered French bread. It would be well to have everything done and ready before the steaks are cooked.

Garden or can—take your pick. A word or two I'll dedicate to our man's supper. Skillet beans. We won't bother with the baked potatoes and broccoli. Just concentrate on skillet beans and so have done. You won't go wrong if you follow—as the subtle singing arrow. Here is what you need to know to do.

SKILLET BEANS

Sauté 1 pound sliced fresh or canned mushrooms, 1½ green pepper cut into thin strips, and 1 onion, sliced thin, in 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Season with 1 clove garlic, crushed, ¾ to 1 teaspoon chili powder, according to taste, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ of pepper. Add 2 cans red kidney beans and simmer the mixture until it is well heated through—in fact, to a red-hot state of hot, hotter, hottest.

Hot things hot. I have lived in hotels and pensions around this land of the free and the home of the brave, getting a washbasket full of various folkways, mores and strays, and almost never have I found cold food cold or hot dishes really hot. I was just thinking of watermelon. You could have that for dessert instead of pie. If pie is too hot and busy. The melon must be as cold as a jilted maiden's left hand after the ring is again in his pocket.

But if it's pie you crave, mamma has to take a bow in the finale of this man-cooked meal. Men don't like to make pies. This is my considered opinion. If true, why should they try? There are female pie artists with big reputations all about. Get pies from the source of the best. I give you the receipt as advertised.

APPLE-APRICOT PIE

Peel, core and slice thin enough tart green apples to make 2 quarts (about 3 pounds). Add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice, depending on whether the apples are tart or flat. It isn't easy to dredge up good apples until fall. But canned ones save the day if you can't get fresh apples. Mix ½ cup sugar, ½ cup dark brown sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix these together and sift through the apples and arrange the fruit in an unbaked 10″ pie shell. Put 12 apricot halves in among the top layer of apples. Fresh apricots if available: if not, use canned. Sprinkle the fresh apricots with fine sugar. Sprinkle 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon almond over pie. Flitter little topazes of butter or margarine on top of the pie. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20 minutes. Cover with a 9″ layer-cake pan and bake 40 minutes more, or until the apples are tender. Baste once or twice during baking time with the pie juices. Serve with sugar and plain heavy cream on the side. END

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE AN ACCOUNTANT?

by John L. Carey

Executive Director,
American Institute of Accountants
(*As told to* **DONALD ROBINSON**)



Firms rely so heavily on the knowledge and advice of their accountants that the Controller may have a standing invi tion to all Directors' meetings. Many top executives in America's leading firms began their careers as accounta

IF YOUR SON selects accounting as a profession, you can be sure of one very important thing. He will be welcomed into the field with open arms.

A great, unfilled demand for good accountants exists today. Many public accounting firms and industrial concerns go so far as to send scouts to college campuses all over the country in an effort to recruit promising accounting students for their staffs. They still can't find enough.

"We have an urgent need for capable young men," the head of one large firm told me recently.

It is the same story everywhere else.

And this demand for accounting talent is going to last for many years to come. I can say that with confidence.

Of all the professions, accounting is growing the fastest. In 1900 there were only 243 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. In 1940 there were 20,000. The total now is more than 50,000.

Between 1940 and 1950 the number of doctors in the United States increased 26.2 percent, the number of dentists 25.5 percent, the number of lawyers 11.1 percent. The increase in CPA's during the period was 88.9 percent.

There is good reason for this spectacular rise in accountancy. And for my prediction that it will continue.

The fact is that the more our American economy expands, the more accountants are required to make it work.

In choosing accounting as a career, your son will enter an old and honored calling. The ancient Babylonians kept accounting records in 3600 B.C.! As long ago as 1581 accounting was recognized as a specialized occupation. That year, the first College of Accounting was founded in Venice. To join this guild, a boy had to serve a six-year apprenticeship, pass an examination and present a certificate of good character signed by a magistrate.

Here in the United States, accountants were active well before the Revolution. Benjamin Franklin made use of them. In 1741 he wrote a James Parker, asking him to audit the books of Franklin & Hall, printers.

Today, accounting is the nerve center of almost all business. The modern business man relies on facts rather than hunches, and his financial facts are organized for him by accountants.

In this connection, let me make this clear. The accountant is no mere calculating machine. He has to know which are the vital figures in every business and be able to interpret what those figures mean to the success or failure of the business. His is a big responsibility.

There are now, in the main, two kinds of accountants. One is the public accountant who serves his clients for a fee on the same basis as does a lawyer or an architect. If he has met the educational and experience requirements and has passed the rigorous examination prescribed by law in every state, he is known as a Certified Public Accountant. This signifies that he has been officially accredited as a skilled accountant of independent mind whose findings can be considered authoritative.

The CPA has many jobs. He can help a client company install an accounting system which will enable it to keep adequate records of its transactions. Thereafter, he may audit these accounts periodically, giving his professional opinion as to whether they fairly reflect the company's profit or loss. And let me tell you that this requires seasoned judgment as well as technical ability. Suppose that an important expense is charged to the wrong account or to the wrong period of time. The investo rely on the company's financial statements c seriously misled.

Other major functions of the CPA include figuri the income taxes a company has to pay, analyzi cost of its operations and providing it with da forecasting future trends.

Does this all sound like dull stuff to you?

It isn't. I know of a case in which a young acco was making an audit of a lumber company. There s to be no way of verifying the amount of lumber re in the company's records. Most of this lumber wa floating down a river.

That didn't stop the accountant. He hired an ai and flew above the river, taking motion pictures logs. With the films, he was able to get an ac estimate of the board feet of lumber available fo

Because of the varied experience of CPA's, the also widely used as general business advisors. It is the most constructive phases of their work.

Only recently, I heard about a CPA who saved a ufacturer from a tragic mistake. This manufacture selling a large part of his output on the West Coast, decided to build a huge, new plant out there to s this market.

tely, he talked it over first with his CPA.

verything," the CPA said. "Let me look into on."

A prepared a detailed estimate of costs, bal- increased charges for shipping raw materials against the savings the manufacturer would he delivery of his finished products. His figures controvertibly that the manufacturer wouldn't y at all. Actually, the CPA showed, the manu- ood to lose over $1,000,000.

e saved my company's life," the manufacturer

ond big group in the accounting field consists ivate" accountants. They are accountants em- officials of individual business concerns, gov- agencies and other institutions. They may be ntrollers, chief accountants, internal auditors er titles.

vate accountant may do much the same sort of he independent CPA, but he does it for a single on. Basically, his responsibilities include laying al accounting policies for his company, super- bookkeepers who maintain the day-to-day eveloping the company budget, measuring the nce of various departments, probing costs, ax questions and, most significant, helping his to plan for the future.

he private accountant may not have the diver- of the CPA, he has the satisfaction of serving mpany team and participating in top level de- or most concerns, the controller is a key man.

en have our controller sit in at the meetings of l of Directors," the president of one of Ameri- st utilities informed me.

public and private accounting, the remunera- od and the opportunity for advancement ex-

g man who is hired by an established public g firm can look for a starting salary of $250 to onth. (The better his college record, the more it is that he'll approach the higher figure.) e years he may reasonably hope to be earning ghborhood of $6,000 a year.

taken into partnership—which is quite likely that he has the right material in him—or if he s own firm, he can expect an income of $10,000 0 a year. A few CPA's make more than $100,000



olic accountants travel extensively to reach the far- diversified organizations that require their services.



An accountant's work can be far from dull. Faced with verifying a lumber company's records, the auditor flew over the river where their logs were floating and got an accurate estimate of the lumber on hand.

In private accounting, incomes are also high. Starting wages tend to be even a little better than in public accounting, promotion is fairly rapid, and in large companies it is not uncommon for a professional accountant to work himself up to a salary of $50,000 a year, or more. And private accounting can be a stepping stone to high business office. The treasurers, financial vice presidents and often the presidents of many of America's most renowned corporations began as accountants.

Accountancy has its drawbacks, of course. I am the first to admit that. An accountant's schedule can be long and arduous. At times, he may have to put in ten, twelve or more hours a day, sometimes seven days a week.

Furthermore, many accountants have to travel a great deal. Initially, this may be attractive to a young man. Later, after he has a wife and family, he may not like it so much. Nor will his wife.

Nevertheless, every accountant I know feels that the rewards of the profession outweigh its disadvantages.

Now, let us see what kind of boys make the best accountants. And what kind of girls, since the number of women accountants has been increasing.

1. In my opinion, a boy (or a girl) who wants to be an accountant should have a keen, analytical mind. 2. Although he doesn't have to be a wizard at arithmetic, he should like figures and have a genuine respect for accuracy. 3. He should be persistent. An accountant may have to spend hours hunting down a single important fact. 4. He should be able to keep a confidence. After all, his clients will be entrusting him with their most precious secrets. 5. He should like people and be able to "sell" himself to them. 6. He should be willing and able to work hard.

To become a successful accountant, a college education is virtually a prerequisite today. Some accountants have risen from an office boy's job, but nowadays practically every public accounting firm and most private business concerns prefer men with college training. Your child should, therefore, take a college-preparatory course in high school. After that, he should enroll in one of the more than 250 colleges and universities which now teach accounting.

I naturally recommend that a young person should major in accounting, but I urge that he get a broad liberal arts education as well. In the business world, the man or woman who forges ahead is the one who can speak and write well and who has an appreciation of cultural matters, as well as financial questions. The business leader of 1954 is a well-read, well-rounded man.

For public accounting, most experts call it essential that a man also be a CPA. The examination to qualify as a CPA is the same in every state, and I must warn you that it is not easy. Many candidates fail on their first attempt, partly because they sit for it before they are properly prepared. However, they can obtain credit for the sections they pass and try the other parts again later.

If I seem enthusiastic about the accounting profession, it is the result of my own observation. I have been associated with accounting for 29 years and I have relished every minute of it. To my mind, that is what counts most. A man should enjoy his life's work.

♦ ♦ ♦

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

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This article on Accounting is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Teaching, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming *and* Architecture. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write.*

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THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY BLAKE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the phone to call his wife again, then thought better of it. She'd be in bed and asleep by now. Why disturb her? He retired without making a second call.

On Monday morning, he flew back to New York and went straight to his office. Finally, at about three in the afternoon, he took a moment to call Mary again. The maid answered.

"Mrs. Blake isn't home," she said. "She was out when I arrived."

"Just give her a message that I'll be there for dinner, Leila."

But when Jim arrived for dinner, Mary was still out. He waited until eight o'clock, then ate his meal alone.

"Are you sure Mrs. Blake didn't tell you where she'd be?" he asked the girl.

"When I came today she was gone. There wasn't no note nor nothing."

Jim Blake was not particularly concerned. His wife was a radio actress with a rather varied schedule. She was obviously out doing a show or rehearsing for a future one.

At ten-thirty, he got an idea. All radio actresses belong to telephone exchanges which take their messages and keep track of their professional schedules. He called Mary's service and was told that she had no show that evening. After this, he began to worry. It was very unlike her to stay out without phoning or leaving a note. At four-thirty A.M., he could stand it no longer. He called the police and reported his wife as missing.

The disappearance of Mary Blake, three years ago, still remains in the files of the Missing Persons Bureau marked "Unsolved."

It was a most unusual case, for several reasons. First and foremost was the fact that Mary was an actress. While she was in no sense a star, she was an experienced and well-known professional. She had appeared in half a dozen Broadway plays as well as on radio. Her radio work conflicted with television rehearsals, so she had not appeared in the new medium. But her picture was in the files of every New York paper, and had frequently been printed. Also, she was the type of girl who was always noticed. Even if she hadn't been an actress, she had the figure and the beauty to attract attention. Her crowning glory was her lovely, natural blond hair, which she wore pulled back from her high forehead. Her eyes were dark. When her husband had to describe them to the police, he said they were dark blue, but several of her female friends confused the issue by swearing that Mary had brown eyes. Actually, they were hazel, a mélange of dark blue flecked with brown, and changeable like a chameleon's skin, according to the color Mary was wearing and to the eye shadow she happened to put on.

Secondly, she was, as far as anyone knew, a levelheaded, intelligent girl, who had made quite a success of her life. Her dossier disclosed that she had been born in a small town in Ohio, and had attended a university nearby for one year. Just as she was to return for her second year, her parents had been wiped out in an automobile accident. Though stunned by this tragedy, she had pulled herself together with remarkable fortitude and mapped out her future. She had no living relatives and no particular beau. She was nearly nineteen at that time, but so far had not fallen in love. There was nothing to hold her in Ohio. Consequently, she had decided to come to New York and seek a career on the stage.

At first, like any beginner in the theatrical world, she had found the going rugged. Having only a few thousand dollars, she had quickly realized that she must supplement her small capital with earnings of some sort; and unable to find Broadway employment, she did all types of odd jobs. She had worked part time in Macy's, as a hostess in Schrafft's, and as a model. But gradually, due solely to her own efforts and talent, she had found a place in the theater.

When she met Jim Blake, at the age of twenty-three, she was an established actress in small parts and beginning to break into radio. He was a young advertising executive and handled an account connected with one of the radio shows on which Mary appeared.

They fell in love at first sight, and six months after their meeting were married.

The marriage, as far as the authorities could discover, was a success. It had lasted to the day of Mary's disappearance, with all outward appearances of happiness.

After the wedding, Mary talked of giving up her career to raise a family, but as no children made an appearance, she went on with her work. Now that she had a husband and no longer needed money, jobs fell into her lap without effort. Jim was proud of his wife's success, appeared to take a great interest in it and encouraged her.

"He was remarkably generous," one of Mary's girl friends told the police. "Insisted on supporting his wife in spite of the fact that she earned plenty and they could have shared expenses. But not Jim. Her money was her affair and he never questioned what she did with it."

Jim, the police discovered, could well afford this attitude. His career, too, had progressed since the wedding. At the time of his wife's disappearance, he was a junior executive of the advertising agency and earning $25,000 a year. They lived the life of a prosperous professional couple. They kept a car, an extravagance in New York, had a nice apartment on Central Park South, entertained a good deal, frequently dined in the better restaurants.

So the police quickly eliminated the idea that Mary Blake had voluntarily left home. Wives do not normally walk out on attractive, successful husbands, unless there is another man in the picture. And after careful probing into Mary's marriage and private life, the police dismissed this idea as a motive. No evidence of any lover was ever unearthed. Mary was a loyal, faithful and happy wife.

That left only amnesia and foul play. Most amnesia cases are soon found. They quickly turn up wandering around in a daze, or they seek help themselves from the police in order to find out who they are. It was finally decided, therefore, that Mary Blake had been murdered. And evidence turned up quickly to support this theory.

Four days after her disappearance—or at least four days after the fact became known and publicized— her handbag was brought into the police station by a young nursemaid.

Her story was simple and the police were unable to break it down. She worked for a family with an apartment on Sutton Place. On the Saturday of the weekend when Mary disappeared, the girl had wheeled the baby in her charge down to the embankment along the East River's edge. She had sat down on a bench in the sun. Under the bench she had found the purse. She swore that the bag had contained no money. It was a nice pocketbook, quite new and well made, and in it were an attractive compact and matching lipstick. She had decided to keep it, as the initial *M* was on both items and her own name was Margaret. She had felt very guilty about this. Also in the bag was Mary's driving license, giving her name as Mrs. James Blake and her address; a charge plate from Saks Fifth Avenue; and a trade-union card from the American Federation of Radio Artists, made out to the name of Mary Hanna, which was Mrs. Blake's maiden as well as professional name. So it would have been a simple matter for the girl to have returned the purse. But as she had not
she became afraid to hand it in to th
when she read that its owner had disap
Perhaps she would be accused of
Mary Hanna's money, or even of mu
her! At last, though, her conscience ha
her to telling her mistress, and the wor
quickly brought her to the police stati

Now the police had something to g
handbag, found thirty yards from th
was indication that Mary had come to
end. Had she been murdered and pu
the river? It seemed the most likely s
for her last day was carefully reconstruc
no evidence of mental depression or
tendencies was uncovered.

This day—Thursday— had started
any other. She had had breakfast w
husband. She had kissed him good-
special affection, as she knew he was
that afternoon for Washington and w
gone until Monday.

About ten-thirty that morning she h
a telephone call from a friend name
Stephens, who had suggested that the
for lunch. Miss Stephens had quickl
forward with her information.

"MARY was delighted," she told the
"Said she wasn't doing a thing. We ar
to meet at Louis and Armand's on
second Street."

Numerous witnesses were eager to te
the truth of that statement. Louis a
mand's is a restaurant frequented by
VIP's, and five big shots besides the
recognized Mary and Julia there that da

"What did you talk about at lunch
police asked Miss Stephens. "Think o
detail, even unimportant ones."

Julia had done her best to recall the
eon conversation. "We just talked sho
said. "About what shows we'd been w
on in radio, about who was getting wha
by romancing the director, the genera
level of our scripts—stuff like that. A
thirty, she said she'd really have to g
wanted to get to the bank before three
her on the corner of Fifth Avenue an
tieth Street. I had a radio rehearsal at

The police checked Mary's bank. H
ance was normal—about $3500—and s
no unusually large withdrawals. She w
viously not the victim of some unscru
blackmailer. They found that she had ca
check there for $100 at ten minutes of t
usual procedure for her on a Thursday
noon. Of that hundred, thirty were gi
the maid at five o'clock, and it was as
that unless she had spent some on he
home, she must have had seventy doll
her when she disappeared. A possible
for robbery and murder: people have
killed for smaller sums. Also a careful
of her jewelry showed her diamond
watch, her diamond engagement ring
gold clip to be missing. There was no
that she had worn those things whe
walked out of the house.

Mary arrived home, the maid testifi
half past three. She sat down at her des
did some writing. The letters were
mailed. She had apparently forgotten t
them when she went out that fatal nigh
enclosed a check to Lord and Taylor's
small bill, and the other two were to ra
rectors asking for appointments to see th
surely not the action of a girl contemp
either suicide or disappearance.

At four she had gone into her room t
At five she had spoken to the maid, to t
to go home. One remark in that conver
interested the police considerably. I
Mary's statement to the maid that she
dinner engagement. Whom was that ap
ment with? When had she made it?
could find that out," the chief detective
tigating the case told Mr. Blake, "we
have our murderer."

But no one ever disclosed this inform
As she had received no other phone call
day, it was agreed that she must have ru

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

BIOGRAPHY

BY CYNTHIA HARRIS

When she was young she rode
a colt.
Arrogant, insulted, he flung
her square
Against the turf and left her
there.
She watched him bolt
And got up limping and went
inside
To eat fried squirrel with the
rest of her kin.
Star, Star, I'll ride you again!
That was her pride.

When she was married they
laughed and said,
Dora can't cook! She can't
make a bed!

But she sent three daughters
off to college
With three shiny trunks. To
her knowledge
They never climbed fig trees,
They never rode horses,
But they winked at the boys
and passed their courses.
And one played piano
(All classical themes),
And one did fancywork
And dreamed long dreams,
And one danced all night to
the Wang Wang Blues
And walked in the moonlight
without her shoes.

Later there were japonicas,
(She never quite believed
How proud the Donkelaari blazed
Above bereft who grieved.)
Out in her yard
Higher than her head
Burst fantastic blossoms
Blood blood red,
White, pink, variegated,
Crisp-cool to feel.

People came to see them from
as far as Mobile.

When she was old she lay in
bed.
(Down the street the
milk wagon, clop, clop,
clop.)
She watched the petals of the
Alba Plena drop
White on her spread.
Miss Freddie stopped in to
bring port wine,
Pecans fell bouncing on the
hard autumn ground,
The piano was still. The
preacher came round
Thursdays at nine.

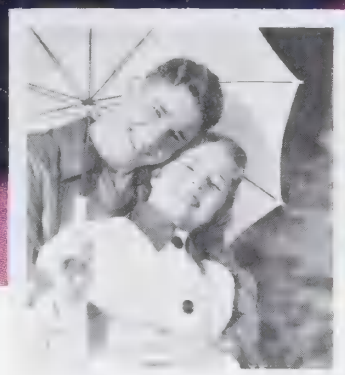
Pore Miss Dory. *She can't
make a bed!*
She wears one pigtail at the
back of her head.
But some winter nights when
the wind blows thin
She pulls the covers up to her
chin
And her eyes stare bright
In the dark hungry night . . .
Star, Star, I'll ride you again!



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and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

someone by accident on the way home from the bank and agreed to dine with him. A person she knew and trusted. Had this mysterious person lured Mary to the banks of the East River, robbed her, murdered her and disposed of the body in the river? The river was dragged, the tides were studied and all possible places where the body might be washed ashore were watched. This was wasted activity. No body that could possibly be that of Mary Blake was ever recovered and at last, five months after her disappearance, the police admitted defeat.

What really happened to Mary Blake, and why, is known at the moment to only one person. The reason it is being told will be left to the end of this tale. For if Mary Blake learned a lesson by what she did and went through, that lesson was not to repeat her mistakes. To live and err is human; to live and repeat one's errors is foolish; and whatever you may think of Mary Blake, she is not a fool.

For all was not idyllic in the Garden of Eden on Central Park South. The happy marriage was in itself a myth—not to Jim who, in his self-centered masculine way, did not realize it, but to Mary. Her unhappiness was deeply rooted, aroused by a strong feminine instinct that she could not control and that grew in her until it became an obsession: a psychotic state that turned her feelings of affection for Jim into a phobia against him. For he held in his hands the power to ruin her. He could make the great sacrifice of her life all go for nothing. And being Jim, he would not be afraid to use that power. He held it over her like a whip, a whip that would cut her to ribbons if she dared go against his wishes. Such a whipping she could not risk.

To begin at the beginning, we must go back to Mary's background once more. She was born and raised in a simple home. She grew up with one idea: that someday she would marry and have a family of her own. An only child, she was often lonely, with a great craving for love and affection that her parents did not satisfy. Her father worked hard all day and had little time for his daughter. Her mother was equally busy, tired and fretful with her domestic duties, and easily annoyed if her youngster demanded too much attention.

Mary was therefore driven within herself, and lavished her affection on a large family of dolls that became to her living babies, small brothers and sisters, for whom she alone was entirely responsible. As she grew older, the dolls gave way to dreams of her own future family and of the tall, dark, handsome man who was to father this mythical brood.

Perhaps that was why she was so swept away by Wayne Gilmore when she met him. He fitted her mental ideal perfectly; and furthermore, it was wartime, and Wayne was in uniform—the dashing attire of a second lieutenant. He was on his last leave and somehow it seemed almost noble to make him happy. An officer on his way to war is a romantic figure to any impressionable young girl, and Mary's upbringing and background had not prepared her for the onslaught of such a dashing figure.

FOR Wayne was quite different from any boy of her previous acquaintance. He was older—nearly twenty-eight—and from New Orleans. He had a charm about him, and a Southern line that quite bowled her over. He had come from officers' training school to stay his last leave with his buddy's family, as the time was too short to make a trip home. Peter Jenkins and his sister Alice had lived around the corner from Mary all her life. She had never given Pete a second thought. He was just Alice's older brother. But when he phoned and asked her to date his friend, and the friend turned out to be Wayne, her world turned upside down. What she had expected to be a dull double date turned into the most exciting night of her life.

They had gone dancing to the town's only ballroom, and when Wayne held her close and whispered crazy things into her ears, she felt as though she were dancing on clouds. He took her home and kissed her good night, and the thrill of that kiss kept her awake for hours afterward. On Saturday night the experience was repeated, and on Sunday night, too, though this time the night did not end in a mere kiss.

Later—when he was gone—she couldn't understand it! Why, she hardly knew him! They weren't even in love! The word had never been mentioned between them. He had told her he adored her, but almost any man, she was sure, would say something of the kind in the circumstances. How had she let it happen? He must think she was cheap and easy—a pushover. She had started out as an innocent girl on an ordinary date; she had returned to her own chaste little room a woman. A weak and silly and regretful woman. She cried herself to sleep. . . .

And then, two days later, the evening after Wayne had returned to camp, the motor accident happened and temporarily banished the episode from her mind.

Her parents went to a party in a neighboring town. Coming home, a drunken driver swerved into their car and they were killed instantly. This unnecessary tragedy left Mary not only completely stunned, but destitute.

Her father's affairs turned out to be in a most tangled state. He had been a small-town dentist and his earnings had been just enough to support his family and pay Mary's expenses at college. There was no insurance, as her father had a bad heart and had never been able to obtain any. Many people owed him money—money he had never been able to collect. Their modest home carried a heavy mortgage. She would realize at the most only a tiny amount of capital from it when—and if—she was able to sell it. All at once she was alone, and afraid—terribly, terribly afraid.

When two months had gone by, and she was just beginning to pull herself out of the daze of sorrow and grief, she realized with a new feeling of hopelessness and terror that something else was frightfully wrong.

It was a letter from Wayne that did it. It took her back again, back to that Sunday night and everything that had happened then. The mist that had been draped around her mind like a heavy shawl lifted suddenly. It couldn't be! Not on top of everything else! Frantically, she tried to count the days—counted backward—and then she knew. She'd been feeling very peculiar too. She'd put it down to shock and her nerves, but now it was obvious that wasn't the reason. She didn't have to go to a doctor. Everything pointed to the truth. But she did go, anyway, just to make sure. She chose one she didn't know—a man in a neighboring town. His beaming report—that she could expect her baby in late April or early May—made her feel weak and clammy all over.

She went home and paced her living-room floor until three in the morning. There was only one way out. She'd heard of illegal operations, but she didn't know how to go about getting one; and besides, she knew they must be terribly expensive. On top of that, all her ultrastrong maternal instincts rebelled at the idea. She wanted this baby—she'd always dreamed of having one all her own. Wayne must simply find some way to come back and marry her. She reread his letter a hundred times. It was a casual letter, very short, and contained only one sentence that gave her any hope. He said, "You made my last leave one I shall never forget."

Did that mean he loved her? That he would come back and face up to his responsibilities? At least she had to find out—had to give him the chance. The letter contained his APO address. She sat down and answered it. She wrote him a hysterical, emotional reply telling him everything that had happened, telling him she couldn't bring a child into the world without a name. It wasn't fair to the innocent infant to have to carry such a stigma through life. She even promised to divorce him afterward, if they found out they were unhappy together. She'd never ask anything of him—nothing except a name for her child. Even though she'd lost her parents, somehow she'd manage.

When she'd just about given up hope of hearing and was wondering if she had courage to kill herself, she had an unexpected visitor. He rang the doorbell casually one night like somebody delivering a parcel. The dim light of a street lamp showed her a tall, dark, middle-aged man, with a sad face that seemed strangely familiar.

"Are you Mary Hanna?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm Wayne Gilmore's father. May I come in?"

Her heart jumped as she admitted him. She followed him into her small living room, took his hat, and sat down in a chair opposite him. For a moment neither one spoke.

He finally broke the silence. "You're very beautiful," he said at last. "Wayne always had an eye for a pretty girl."

"How is Wayne?" she managed to ask.

"Wayne is dead," he said quietly.

He ignored her shocked expression and the fact that she could find nothing to say. He went on talking, telling her that the War Department had informed them nearly three weeks ago that Wayne had been killed in the North African invasion, only ten days after he got overseas. His personal effects had been sent home and among them, unopened, had been her letter. It had apparently arrived the day after he was killed.

"The news was a great shock to Wayne's mother," he said, "but somehow, after we read your letter, she seemed to feel a little better. Is it true you're going to have Wayne's child?"



"It's a cow. What did you think it was?"

"Yes," she said. She got out Wayne's and showed it to him. She told him the story—how she'd met him through Pet kins, and everything that had happen was almost a relief to tell someone.

Mr. Gilmore studied the letter car then folded it up and put it in his pock believe you," he said at last. "Wayne talked about the Jenkins boy—what friends they were. We knew he spent h leave here. You seem to be a nice girl, relieves my mind. A man on his way t isn't too particular sometimes. Miss H I'm prepared to make you a propositio

His suggestion was very simple. He take her back to New Orleans with hi would live with them as their daughter-i They would tell their friends and neig that Wayne had married secretly, just b he left for overseas. They would pay a medical expenses. When the child was she was to turn it over to them for legal tion, and go away. He would give her cash, enough to start a new life.

"But I want my baby," she said misera

"BE reasonable, Miss Hanna," Mr. more argued. "You're young. You'll m and have other children of your own. money will give you a chance to go to York, or anyplace that appeals to you. can make a career for yourself. No one ever know of this through us. The baby grow up with the name he's entitled to— a position in the world. What chance h illegitimate child? When we die, the baby inherit everything that is rightfully his hers. This child is all Mrs. Gilmore and I to live for now." He was almost pleading.

The sorrow in his face, his anxiety, m her tremendously. After all, she had very choice. Here was a way out. And for baby—the best thing. It would never k of the stigma attached to its birth. It w grow up proud—able to hold its head among honorable people. For its sake, had to give it up. "Very well," she said at "I'll do as you ask."

Her months in New Orleans went quickly. The Gilmores had a beautiful, fashioned home with a lovely garden w Mary spent most of her time, basking in the shine. Everyone's sympathy went out to young widow. From only one person Mary feel any antagonism.

Her name was Eugenia Moore and M quickly found out that she and Wayne been practically engaged. Mary's sudden pearance on the scene had been a great sh to Eugenia, who at once felt jilted and saken. It had been dreadful to hear the r of Wayne's death. But it had been wors find out that she had been forgotten and ceived. Mary had an instinctive feeling, w those flashing brown eyes stared at her, Eugenia hated her. Hated her simply cause she had stolen the man she loved was to bear his child. But Eugenia prided self on being a Southern lady. Never, b word or gesture, did she convey what she thinking. It was only by those eyes, and the expression on that camellia-white f that she gave herself away.

But the time passed. The baby, a boy, born on a balmy day early in May and weeks later, when he was safely on a boa Mary left New Orleans forever. The Gilm gave it out that she was going to New Yor seek a career on the stage and leaving the b in their charge. For Mary had had time consider during her months of confinem and the theater had struck her finally as logical place to find work.

For she was really not trained for anythi She had, however, played the lead in freshman play at college; she liked acting a everyone at school had thought she had tale One look in her mirror convinced her that had the appearance for the stage. She must something with herself, and though she w not terribly ambitious for the theater, N York sounded like a good idea. In the big c she could lose herself, forget her past a start over. There she would surely meet so nice, possible husband with a good futu

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



y Dial soap

otects your complexion

en under make-up

Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial Soap, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

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When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. So change to this mild, fragrant soap . . . and let Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up.



Also available in Canada

P. S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

With the husband would come other children, as Mr. Gilmore had first suggested. Children she could keep and love and call her own. It had torn her to pieces to give up young Wayne, as they had decided to call the baby, so she must make up for him as soon as possible.

Like many girls before her, she actually came to New York in search of a husband. The stage was merely a means to that end. She would give it up as soon as she married.

When she met Jim Blake, four years later, he seemed to be the answer to that ambition. He was handsome—a blond version of Wayne. He was college-educated, very ambitious, and appeared to fall in love with her on the spot.

Mary carefully told him her background. However, she deliberately did not mention anything about Wayne, the baby or the long months in New Orleans. One could hardly expect a prospective husband to overlook it. She was sure if Jim found out about it, he would never consider marrying her.

The day she married him was the happiest of her life. It was a happiness that did not last.

They went to Sea Island, Georgia, on their honeymoon.

They drove down in Jim's car and had spent an ideal three days when Mary was confronted with an unexpected situation that turned her knees to water. For a terrifying half hour she supposed that her marriage was over—over before it had hardly begun.

Jim and she were actually sitting in the bar. All at once a soft Southern voice was saying to her, "Why, Mary Gilmore, fancy running into you here."

She looked up into the brown eyes of Eugenia Moore.

Eugenia sat down with them. She presented a handsome young man as her husband. Mary was too upset to catch or ever remember his name. Automatically, she introduced Jim and prayed inwardly that Eugenia would keep her mouth shut.

But Eugenia babbled on. Why, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore had never said a word about Mary's marrying again. She saw them frequently. Little Wayne was four years old now—going on five—and as cute as a bug in a rug. She couldn't imagine how Mary could ever give up such a sweet child and go off to New York, but she supposed one had to think of one's own future. Obviously, Mary's had worked out very well.

She smiled at Jim. "Your wife stole my boy friend," she said gaily. "I didn't get over it for ages. Not till I met Ralph." She turned to Mary. "You've no idea," she said, "how I hated you."

"I have an idea," was all Mary could think of to say.

"Well," Eugenia said, patting her husband's hand, "it just shows you how everything turns out for the best."

At last the dreadful moments came to an end. Jim got up abruptly. "If you'll excuse us," he said, "Mary and I must dress for dinner." It was almost his first remark. Eugenia had done nearly all the talking.

He took Mary's arm, and propelled her out of the room. They walked across the driveway to what the hotel called the Apartment Annex, and up the stairs to their room. He shut the door and looked at her. "I suggest you tell me all about it," he said evenly.

Mary did. She told him everything. Even the part Eugenia didn't know, which was that she and Wayne had never really been married at all. There was no point in holding anything back now. Jim might as well know the whole awful story. "I'll give you a divorce," she concluded. "I don't expect you to forgive me. I should never have married you without telling you, but I knew if I told you I'd probably lose you and I was in love with you."

And then Jim surprised her. He took her in his arms and kissed her. "I happen to be in love with you, too," he said. "We'll forget all about it."

She could hardly believe her ears. It wasn't like Jim to be so broad-minded. He could be very narrow about some things. "I'll make it up to you," she sobbed. "I'll have other children. I'll give up my career. I just want to make you happy."

"NONSENSE," Jim said. "When the babies come—if they do—then you can give up your career. But until they do, you may as well go on with it. You made a mistake and you paid for it. We just won't talk about it ever again."

She thought Jim was marvelous—so kind and understanding. She felt so grateful to him, so in his debt, that she worked especially hard to please him. And he appeared to appreciate her efforts, to get a great kick out of her growing reputation, and freely admitted that being married to an attractive up-and-coming actress helped him in his business; made him important and envied by his colleagues.

However, no matter how much she refused to let her pay for anything sisted on supporting her and would use her money only for her own Appearances were important to the Madison Avenue. She must have a m sables and some good jewelry. Ridin back were the colors of James Blake's

But clothes and possessions meant to Mary, though for Jim's sake she p a real interest. After all, what did it Soon she would have something re portant to think about. Her family

More and more she longed for child. Little Wayne increasingly fi thoughts. What did he look like? Ho behave? Was he intelligent? Was he These unanswered questions tore her t She *must* have another baby, or sh never get Wayne out of her mind.

WHEN she had been married three y there was still no patter of little feet came frantic with frustration. G knows, she had become pregnant easily the first time. Why not now—when married and had everything to give

At last s sulted an Park Avenu cologist as reason for renness. Aft ful examina calmed her There was ab nothing wro her. No reas she couldn more childre

"Possibl suggested, "i husband's f few simpl would deter truth."

Mary wen and thoug over. Was so wrong with J last she got courage to r it and sugge take the te first he put with various He was too b rushed, it was bother, he simply didn't have the time. she continued to nag him, he argue God just hadn't seen fit to bless the children. That was that and be th She didn't know what she would be into. Nurses or sitters, bottles and c yowls all night long. Why, they migh have to give up their comfortable m apartment and move out to a subu idea he did not relish at all. Their wh would be turned upside down.

But finally one night the truth can They had been to a dinner at a friend couple had twins—eight months old. babies, so sweet and clean and ador their cribs, made Mary almost sick wit She talked about them all through dinn the more she talked, the more Jim dran

When they got home she brought subject of the tests again. Jim's answ to go over to their cellaret and pour another big drink.

"Put that out of your mind, Mary," finally. "I'm not going to take them."

"But why?" she pleaded. "Why you—just for me?"

"Because I already know the answ said. "You might as well know the Mary, and then maybe you'll shut up this baby business and give me some p can't have children. I've known it for ag the result of an illness when I was very y

To Mary, this revelation was a st blow—absolutely shattering. Tragic words. When she finally was able to sp was hardly a whisper. "And you marrie knowing that? How could you keep dreadful secret from me?"

Jim smiled a sardonic, almost nasty s her. "You kept a little secret from m

NEXT MONTH

How could she get a boy to like her if she had to dress like something that had fallen off the hanger? She didn't look like the movie stars, or the girls in love-story magazines. She didn't look like anyone but herself, and it was discouraging.

● Usually Morgan didn't mind too much—being poor. And she didn't have time for love. Taking care of pop and Julie and Ned filled her life—except in dreams that couldn't come true. She didn't know that love can find a girl whether she's

READY OR NOT

By MARY STOLZ

Complete in the August Journal, condensed from the novel recently published by Harper & Brothers.



Martha Logan of Swift

Betty Crocker of General Mills

Martha Logan brought the chicken....
Betty Crocker reached for the Bisquick

Bake your biscuits, oven-fry the chicken all in the same pan!

Fry chicken this new, easy way . . . in the oven . . . and leave room in the same pan to bake the biscuits right in the chicken juices! A delightful new kind of one-dish meal from your oven to your table.

1 *tender-grown* Swift's Premium chicken (Fresh or quick-frozen—cut up for frying)
1 cup Bisquick
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons paprika
¼ cup *each* shortening and butter

To prepare chicken, dip the pieces in a mixture of Bisquick, salt, pepper, and paprika to coat well. Melt shortening in a shallow baking dish (9x13x2") in a hot oven (425° F.). Remove baking dish from oven and place chicken skin side down in a single layer. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 45 minutes. Turn chicken. And now . . .

Make Rolled Biscuit dough (directions on Bisquick package). Roll dough ½" thick; cut biscuits. Place on bottom of pan, being sure both biscuits and chicken remain in a single layer. Bake another 15 minutes or until biscuits are lightly browned and chicken is tender. Serves 4.





a? An unimportant matter like an
e child you just neglected to men-
nk we're even, Mary."
he understood, at last, why he had
road-minded. He, too, had married
se pretenses. Many times during
agement, she had spoken of their
nily. He had never even hinted it
mpossible.
you told me that slightly sordid
went on, "I was actually rather re-
ary. I thought, 'This girl is just the
he. Any woman who would sell her
five thousand bucks won't mind if
has kids.'"
can you say that?" Mary gasped.
give him up for money. I gave him
e it was the best thing for him."
excuses don't interest me," he said,
another sip of his drink.
usation made her furious. "I'll di-
" she screamed. "I only got married
family. That's one of the purposes of
'
von't divorce me," he said calmly.
en't got any grounds."
ng herself down on the couch. "I
it on medical grounds alone," she
'll bet almost any court in the coun-
give it to me."
e and stood over her. "I'll tell you
happen if you try it—if you dare: I'll
tersuit. I'll say I found out my wife
legitimate child, by a man named
ilmore, of New Orleans, before she
e. I'm quite a big shot, Mary. You're
. We're well known in café society.
s will make quite a thing of it. The
l Press will pick up the story. We
nake the front pages in New Orleans,
if his family are as important socially
imed. That kid of yours will be the
e town."
opped crying. He was so despicably
g. So icy, calm and collected. She
lenly that he meant every word of it.
would suffer the most? The Gil-
no had only been kind to her, and
Wayne. After she had given him up
through hell because of it, it would
nothing. Her child would never live
never be able to forget it.
ew she was beaten. She was tied to
er. After a moment she raised herself
ow and stared at him. "Why do you
If a man loves a woman, he wants
happy. You know without children
erable for the rest of my days."
down beside her. "That's nonsense,"
You'll put it out of your mind, once
d to the idea. I want you, Mary, be-
're useful to me. We're a team. I'm
u're beautiful. We'll get to the top.
king a hundred thousand a year."
's all that matters to you, isn't it?"
e power that goes with it," he said.

LY she saw her husband through the
psychoanalyst. Deep inside him had
feeling of inadequacy. He couldn't
like other men. So he must make up
acquiring money and power. Some-
ust show his superiority.
we adopt a child?" she asked tenta-
isn't the same thing, but it would be
n not having any."
he said, and she was amazed at the
in his voice. "Children are a lot of
nd expense, and unless they're your
tainly wouldn't be worth the effort. I
do it. You never know how the kid
out."
as his excuse, but Mary knew it
e real reason. Because he could have
is own, he'd developed a protective
all children. He'd talked himself into
l he was the way he was. By now that
s so deep in him she knew she could
oot it.
ing to bed," she said finally. "Maybe
tter in the morning."
ou will," he said. He put his arms
r and kissed her. "I'll make it up to
give you everything else you want."
ere was nothing else she did want.
iss made her shiver, giving her a feel-
ugnance. She had ceased to love him
ent he blackmailed her into staying
with him. Somehow, someway, she must get her freedom.

That night in bed she lay thinking until almost dawn, and from somewhere, out of the blackness of her despair, came the solution. She would run away, disappear, completely, forever. She would change her name, lose her identity, start over with someone else. She had made a whole new life for herself once. She could do it again.

From that moment on, she began to formulate the plans for her vanishing act. She was then only twenty-six. There was no desperate need for haste and she was smart enough to know that if she was to do something so drastic, she must do it perfectly. There must be no slip-up, no failure, no trace. She must think out every detail.

She began by being the perfect wife to Jim. She was affectionate, considerate, thoughtful. Since she gave him his own way in everything, they began to get on perfectly.

She fired her old maid and got a new one—Leila. When she was gone, Leila would remember only harmony in the house. Not arguments. She arranged that Leila would come only the first four days of the week. Jim went to Washington on business at least seven or eight times a year, and always over a weekend. She would choose, when the moment was ripe, one of those times. With luck, she might not be missed for three days, which would give her a good start.

For nearly a month she spent every spare moment in the New York Public Library, reading up on every missing-person case she could get hold of. She waded through fiction, nonfiction articles and old newspapers. It was surprising to find out that most people who disappear (generally husbands) make the same mistakes. They choose a name similar to their own, partly for convenience's sake. It is easier to remember—and luggage, jewelry or clothes stamped with initials do not have to be discarded. Mary Blake would become Marjorie

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Baker, or Mildred Barstow, or Maud Benton. Or they choose some name close to themselves, like their mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Detectives are very wise to these habits.

Mary decided to become something fancy—something very apart and different from her married name of Mary Blake or her maiden name of Mary Hanna. She finally selected the name Winifred Dalton. She couldn't remember any connection with either name, or ever playing any part with a similar name. The detectives might think of that possibility. She gave herself a middle name too. Constance! A name she normally hated.

Then she began to make her financial arrangements. In order to get far enough away and be able to last long enough to become established in a new community, a considerable sum would be necessary. Few runaways, under the stress that makes them run away, go seriously into that subject. Mary gave it profound attention.

She decided that a nest egg of $4000 would be necessary. Until she had that much she would not make a move.

To acquire the money, in her case, would be simple, provided she did not rush things. She already had that much in her own checking account. But if she drew it out suddenly and then disappeared, it would be quite apparent that her disappearance was intentional. It would be much more peculiar if she left with what looked like no money at all, or at least with very little.

She opened a new bank account under the name of Winifred Dalton. She chose for this purpose a large, very busy savings bank. And she wore, when making a deposit, a close-fitting turban that did not reveal one strand of blond hair, and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses she normally wore only at movies. She always went to this bank at eleven in the morning and to one particular teller. During the many months that she made gradual deposits in this account, he got to know her face, and she found out when he went to lunch. On the day she would withdraw her money and disappear, she would choose that time.

By cutting down on lunches and matinees, by washing her own hair and doing her own nails, by buying inexpensive clothes instead of expensive ones, she managed to save forty to fifty dollars a week, without any noticeable dent in her Mary Blake bank account. She worked especially hard at her career (an effort that pleased Jim very much) and made more money than usual. A certain percentage of every radio check went into what Mary had begun to think of as her "going-away fund."

Quite soon after she started to make her plans, she dropped in at a theatrical wigmaker's and tried on a dark brown wig made in a very different style from her own hairdo. It was short with bangs on the Claudette Colbert type. The bangs covering her high forehead altered the shape of her face and changed her entire personality. Even she herself was astonished at the difference. The dark hair went naturally with her dark eyes, and all that she needed to make it seem perfectly genuine was a more brunet shade of make-up. Dark pancake, a Rachel powder and a dark-red lipstick.

She told the wigmaker she was thinking of playing a brunet role for a week in summer stock—a reason that made perfect sense to his mind. When he asked her name for his files, she gave a fictitious name—Miss Ursula James. There would be no record of Mary Blake, or Winifred Dalton, trying on any wig. She didn't bother to buy it. But she knew now what she intended to do.

She then went down to the Pennsylvania Station and rented a permanent locker. She paid for it for three years in advance, and it was not necessary to give any name in order to get it. She kept the key hidden under some sweaters in her bottom bureau drawer.

She bought a large, inexpensive suitcase and a matching overnight case to put in the rented locker. Both were monogrammed with the initials W.C.D. Gradually she packed these cases, buying her new things at Macy's, paying cash, and taking them direct to the locker.

The clothes she picked out for Winifred Dalton were utterly different from Mary Blake's glamorous wardrobe. As Mary Blake, she had always dressed to be noticed, for being conspicuous is part of an actress' stock in trade. But Winifred Dalton was dressed to fade into the crowd. A simple black gabardine business suit, a dark plain wool coat, a hat like a million others, low-heeled sensible shoes, a large handbag with plenty of zipper compartments to hold a big bank roll.

At last Mary felt "Winifred" had everything she needed. In the overnight case was even the dark make-up, and a bottle of dark hair dye and scissors. Mary had no intention of risking the memory of some beauty operator. She would do the job herself.

Winifred was now an embryo. She would emerge from the egg when her bank account was also ready to give birth. In the meantime, this Galatea she had created was gradually acquiring a background in Mary's mind.

She was to be an orphan from New Orleans. Mary certainly had an acquaintance with that city. Her voice would be Southern. To an actress, the trick of acquiring a new intonation is a simple matter. Mary had a remarkably good ear for accents. Winifred was going to San Francisco to be married to a man named Sam Hopkins, a traveling salesman she had met when she worked as a hostess in a restaurant in her home town. But the mythical Sam was going to let her down, marry another girl and go away to Chicago. Embarrassed at the idea of returning to the city where she had friends, Winifred would settle down to live in San Francisco.

IRISH PROVERBS

He is scant of news that speaks ill of his mother.

Never put your hand out further than you can draw it back again.

It's a lonesome washing that there's not a man's shirt in.

God never shuts one door but He opens another.

That was to be Winifred's past. Mary hoped that Winifred's future would take care of itself. That some nice new man would turn up to console her for her heartbreaking experience.

She chose the day she disappeared on the spur of the moment. She didn't actually make up her mind until she went in to rest that Thursday afternoon. It suddenly occurred to her that the opportunity had arrived. Thank goodness there was still time to phone the savings bank that she would be withdrawing her funds the following day.

The savings account had reached $4000 the previous week. She had another $70 in her purse after the maid was paid. Jim was away until Monday, and after Leila left she, too, would be gone until Monday. If anyone called over the weekend, Jim included, he or she would just think she was out. It was spring and good flying weather. She had the next day, Friday, to withdraw her money from the bank and buy her plane tickets.

Yes, she had better seize the moment. It might never come again so perfectly. The week before she had passed her thirtieth birthday. If she was to have her family, she couldn't delay many more years.

She lay on her bed trembling with excitement. When one plans a thing for so long, it is almost unbearable to have the fatal moment arrive.

But when she called Leila into her room at five, and told her to go home, she was quite calm. The statement to the maid that she had a dinner engagement—a remark which struck the police as such a vital clue—was merely a fabricated excuse to get rid of the girl sooner than usual, as she generally stayed in the apartment until after dinner.

When she had gone, Mary rose quickly, and dressed in one of her more startling outfits. She took her largest and newest handbag with the key to the station locker and Winifred Dalton's bankbook. She left the letters she had written previously in the afternoon del on the desk. That would be sure to be

When she left the house, her remar doorman that she wasn't going far an walk was intentional. Later, he would ber it.

She walked two blocks and took a to Penn Station. She removed the s from the locker and went into the room. She took the bags into the lavat behind closed doors quickly chan clothes. Outside at the dressing table on the dark make-up and the turban her hair. She was now Winifred D quiet-looking, subdued brunette. Mary glamorous things were packed away

She turned the key in at the locker d went to a telephone. She called the C dore Hotel and reserved a room in th of Wanda Dawson. There would be n of Winifred Dalton at any New Yor

She chose the Commodore for two She was not likely to meet anyone sh there, and it was across the street fr 42nd Street airlines terminal.

She left the station at the regular entrance, took a cab to the hotel, reg giving a Miami address, and went dir her room.

She called room service and had her sent upstairs. She left the door off th and when the waiter arrived went bathroom before telling him to come told him through the door to leave th she would serve herself. When he retu hour later for the dishes, she had left t price of the meal and tip on the table again in the bathroom.

"I'm getting ready for bed," she ca to him. "Just take it away." The waite saw her.

After he had gone, she got down to business. She cut her hair off in the styl wig she had tried on, washed it and dark brown. It was a pretty good job. streaked, but no more so than many parlors might have left it.

She dried it thoroughly with a tow dampened it slightly and set it with pins. She then repacked the suitcase, Mary Blake's things down in the bott

At two in the morning, she quietly hotel. She carried in a pocket only change purse containing her hotel key key to the suitcase in which she had loc $70 and the bankbook. But under Wi loose wool coat she carried Mary Blake handbag, with the contents the nursema discovered. She walked east on 42nd Str up First Avenue to the fifties. There she over to the river. At that hour of the ni place was deserted. She disposed of th under the bench. Then she walked bac hotel, went up to her room and retired

The next morning, she didn't leave th until nearly noon. She had her breakfa Automat among the early lunchers. noticed the plainly dressed brunette w horn-rimmed glasses. Then she went t fred's bank. A glance at the window teller she normally went to told her he to lunch. That window was closed. Sh to another, where there was a man she seen before. She withdrew Winifred D money and closed her account. She wa to Europe, she told the teller. She to money in $50 bills. It made quite a w there was room in Winifred's purse to all.

Her next stop was the airlines te where she bought a ticket on the four- plane for Chicago on TWA. She staye room until it was time to leave, check with the room clerk, carried her bags the street, and in ten minutes was in the sine on her way to the airport. Again s her name as Wanda Dawson. And as Dawson she registered that evening o'clock at the Palmer House in Chica

Through the hotel porter, she bo reservation for the following morning United Airlines plane as far as Salt Lak Utah. When she got to Salt Lake, she changed transportation. She took a San Francisco.

It was a distance of 766 miles. The rived in the city of the Golden Gate

six o'clock. She went direct to a on Market Street.

owing morning, Winifred scanned ancisco want ads. Many people de- nt a room to a quiet, self-respecting man. She marked eight possible s, took a taxi and made the rounds. d one near Buena Vista Park. The onged to a schoolteacher and his ous to make a bit of money on the ent was reasonable, the room clean nt. She would also get her break- moved in on that night before Jim, ew York, had informed the police ost wife. She searched the California efully during the next few days and one small paragraph about her dis- e. She had to buy the New York read the full story.

no point in going into details about first few months in San Francisco. be imagined. She led the normal life nger in a new city. She found a job of her first week there. It was in a on Post Street and she became as- stess. Her workday began at noon until ten-thirty in the evening.

d's new life did not really begin until een in San Francisco for over two Carter McKenzie came to dine at ant. He was alone. She showed him and quite by chance talked to him seconds. After that he came in After five weeks, he suggested idly that he would like to take her n her work was over.

inifred was looking for a husband, ed the invitation. Carter, she quickly was a widower, with one child, a of nine. He was in the shipping busi- while it was obvious to her that he er set the world on fire, he was a antial man who earned a reasonable

d him. He was attractive in a rugged, way, simple and unimaginative. He been out of the state of California o desire to explore distant fields. questioned him carefully on that

tate has got everything a person t," Carter stated definitely. "Why d when you've got mountains, a sea isticated city to boot?"

you like to go to Europe?" Winnie

no," he said. "Everything's a mess anyway. America's good enough for

very relieved. The danger of future ons was removed. For Winifred d no birth certificate and therefore obtain a passport. She could never United States.

been dating Carter for three months ad a terrible jolt. She came into the at lunchtime to take up her work. A ing at a table by the window caught on. She realized with a shock that old friend, Julia Stephens. She went the manager and told him she was uld have to go home. It wasn't a lie. solutely faint. Thank heaven, Julia o busy eating she hadn't looked up! had, she might not have recognized r dark hair. But Julia knew her aw- It was a terribly close shave. What a be doing in San Francisco? She paper and solved that question for e was featured in a play that was next night Well, she'd be getting n quickly, so the danger was over, the moment.

ame around to her house that eve- sually picked her up at the restau- u look fine," he said. "They told ere ill and I was worried."

right now," she said. "I had a bit of day. I saw someone I once knew— very fond of."

" he asked.

o for a ride," she suggested. "I'll tell car."

him, when they had parked the car r the ocean, about Sam Hopkins, he had been jilted. She pretended it he had seen in the restaurant. It was so easy for her to lie now that she hardly had to think about it.

"I can't see how any guy could have walked out on you," was Carter's comment. "He must have been blind." He leaned over and kissed her tenderly. "Winifred, will you marry me?"

At last! Everything she had planned for was accomplished. Here was a new man whom she liked, in love with her. Here was security, a home, a new life—and in the future the children she wanted so desperately. "Of course I will," she said. She put her head down on his shoulder and sobbed. It was such a relief to be in love again. To not be alone.

They planned to be married in four weeks. There was no sense in having a long engagement. Then one Sunday Carter picked her up and told her he had a surprise for her. "I've brought my kid home from boarding school for the weekend," he said. "I thought you ought to meet before the wedding."

He took her back to his home in Piedmont, overlooking the bay. *Her* home. Her heart went out immediately to the small nine-year-old boy. Why, Wayne—her Wayne—would be just that age. Carter, Jr., would make up for Wayne. They got along like a house afire.

It was after dinner that the bubble burst. They were sitting on the terrace. The child came up to her suddenly and put his arms around her. "I'm glad you're going to be my new mother," he said. "You're beautiful. I'll be the proudest kid in school."

And she knew all at once that she couldn't go through with it. She must have been sick, terribly, terribly, mentally sick. What could she have been thinking of? Why, she was about to commit bigamy and she had never given it a thought. Suppose, someday, it all came out—as the past had come out with Jim. She was doing the same thing over again, making the same terrible mistake. Marrying once more with hidden secrets—secrets that might rise up and hit her in the face. It wasn't fair to the boy or to his father. She looked in Carter's direction. He was smoking a pipe, at peace with the world. Could she risk the destruction that might come to him if she thought only of herself? Her close brush with Julia Stephens just a few weeks ago should have warned her. She couldn't escape from the past and from what she was. It would always catch up.

"Take me home," she said wearily to Carter. She couldn't tell him yet. She would have to think of a way to let him down lightly.

He bought her the morning tabloid on the way back. She got into bed and started to read it automatically. It kept her from thinking—from trying to solve an unsolvable problem. And then, suddenly, she saw it. A tiny item in a gossip column syndicated from New York—an item that gave her hope.

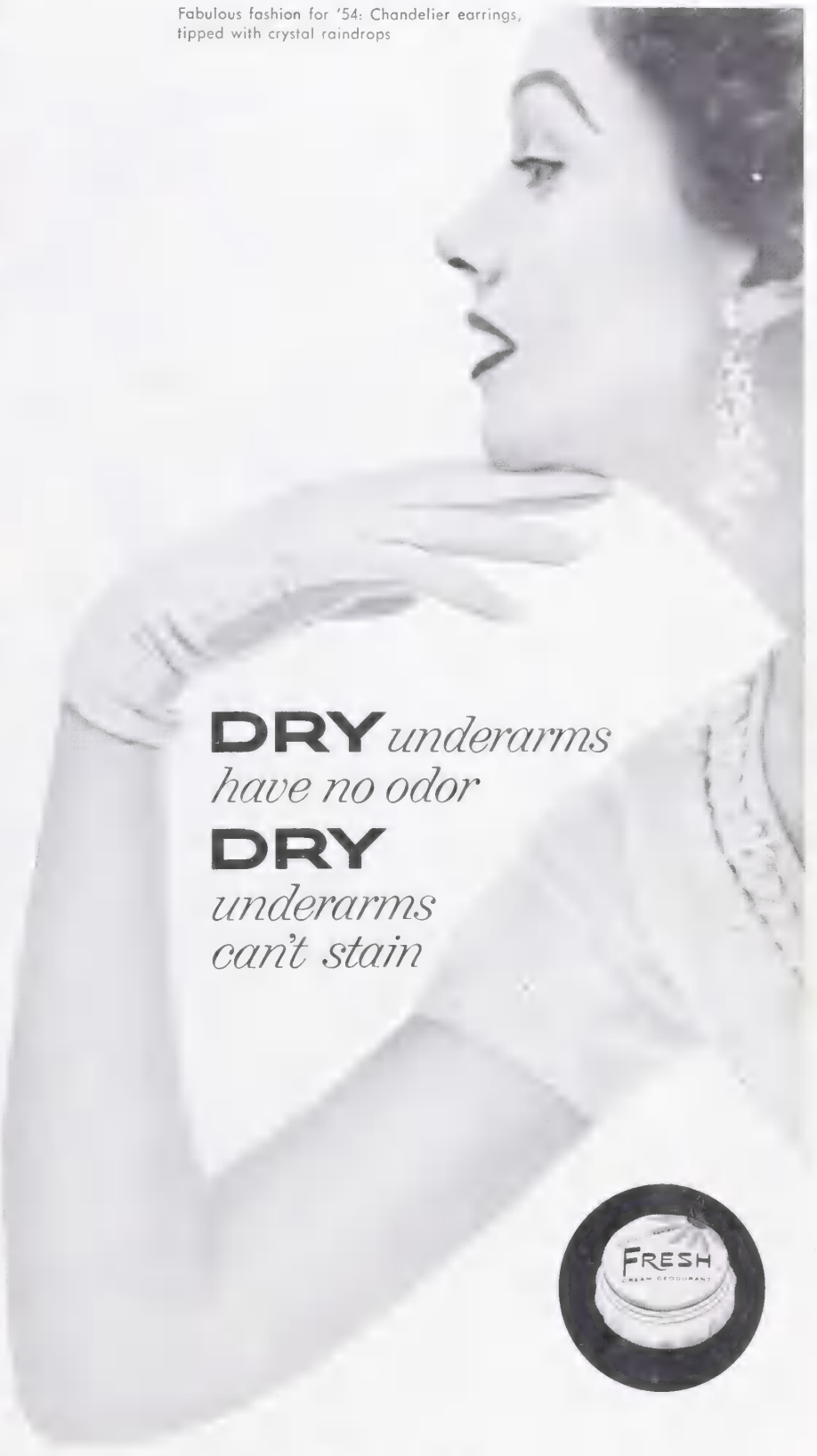
Perhaps there was a God after all. And because she had decided to do the right thing, He had pointed a way out. The item read, "James Blake, Executive Vice-President of the Connings Advertising Agency, and Audrey Fenworth, the daughter of Arnold B. Fenworth, of 625 Park Avenue, would be married tomorrow if it weren't for an unsurmountable obstacle. Three years ago Mr. Blake's wife, the actress Mary Hanna, unaccountably disappeared and has never been seen again. Until she is declared legally dead four years from now, there can be no wedding bells for the attractive couple. Miss Fenworth inherited a million dollars on her twenty-first birthday from her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. Edgar Randolph."

Jim in love—in love with an attractive girl with a million dollars! How like him! He would never give her up! Now, if she went back, Jim might be delighted. A quiet divorce could be arranged. Her disappearance could be explained as a simple case of amnesia. He would have his money and power, and she could have . . . Carter. *If* Carter could accept the past!

So that is why I have written my story. Tomorrow I will give it to Carter to read. I have written it all down—left nothing out, as I might be tempted to do if I were telling it to him. If he marries me, there will be no secrets between us. The disappearance of Mary Blake will be removed from the files marked "Unsolved."

END

Fabulous fashion for '54: Chandelier earrings, tipped with crystal raindrops



DRY *underarms have no odor*
DRY *underarms can't stain*

only **FRESH** *has this "Moisture-Shield" formula to keep underarms* **DRY!**

For sure protection, and for *long-lasting* protection, you can trust gentle, new Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh has a special "Moisture-Shield" formula. Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. It's this astringent action that keeps your underarms dry.

- Trust your loveliest clothes to Fresh.
- It's fluffier! Never sticky or gritty.
- Fresh is guaranteed not to lose its effectiveness for you—or your money back.
- Be lovely to love always—use gentle, effective Fresh Cream Deodorant every day.

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enjoy a

7-Up "Float"



7-Up and Pistachio Ice Cream!
A wonderful flavor surprise!

7-Up and Chocolate Ripple Ice Cream!
Wait 'til you chocolate lovers taste this!



7-Up and Strawberry Ice Cream! *The pink of perfection! Wouldn't you like one right now?*

Forecast: bright and smiley faces
When you serve this double treat.
Take Seven-Up...your favorite ice cream...
And there's a team that's hard to beat!



Nothing *so good* was ever *so quick* 7-Up "Float." Put two scoops of ic (or sherbet) in a tall glass. Tilt the g pour chilled 7-Up gently down th

"Fresh up" with 7-Up!

Seven-Up is the All-Family Drink . . . so pure, so good, so wholesome that folks of *all* ages may enjoy it. *You like it . . . it likes you!* Get a family supply of 24 bottles. Buy 7-Up by the case. Or get the handy 7-Up Family Pack. Easy-lift center handle, easy to store. *Buy 7-Up wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.*

TIME OF OUR LIVES

ANSEL ADAMS



"Every minute in Yosemite was worth every minute of waiting." Yosemite, land of beauty, meant dreams come true for the Williamses.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

"For a vacation with kids, camping is it. We want all the family on all our future vacations."

DICKIE, five, and his sister Leslie, seven, had never been on a vacation before. Their mother and dad had gone away once in nine years of marriage, and then hurried back to their Venice, California, home after three days because of being lonesome for their year-old daughter. Little did Dick and Geegee Williams realize then that their next vacation would be a full six years away—six years filled with important job and financial decisions, an attack of polio, the only big fights of their marriage, and plenty of growing up. Or that their first

BY JAN WEYL ■ PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGERY LEWIS



Campers choose from available sites, have room for tent, table, camp chairs, outdoor fireplace.



"I'm pe-petrified!" Geegee whispered as bear ate bacon, jam, cookies in middle of night. Campers learn: hang food high in tree, bang pan loudly if bear starts up tree.



"Ideal vacation for mother: wash the dishes, fold the pajamas into the sleeping bags—and close the tent flap. Even when you're working, it's more like playing house."

"How else could you get so much vacation for so little money?"

family vacation, when it did come, would be so wholeheartedly satisfying. Dick and Geegee put it this way: "Maybe something you've waited for a long time is *always* better. One thing is sure. We never could have enjoyed the vacation as much as we did without all that went before, even the problems. All those adjustments we had to make are really paying off now."

One of the problems had been how they could afford to take a vacation, and to take the children with them. Dick is a fireman. He earns $4740 a year, out of which he's paying for a house he built himself, a baby-blue convertible his wife "had to have," and trying to save ahead so his children can go to college. Vacations, in his budget, just don't exist, unless they're inexpensive.

So he and Geegee started on the day-long drive to Yosemite, for a two-week stay, keeping their fingers crossed. Leslie spent the day's trip singing popular songs—and asking CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Leslie's job: bringing water from park faucets or mountain streams for dishes, laundry—and minnows.





Campers gather own wood, may buy food, clothing, even laundry service, rent equipment from utensils to cribs, but "It's cheapest to bring your own!"



Campers may rent tent, stove, icebox, other equipment at low rates all over California.



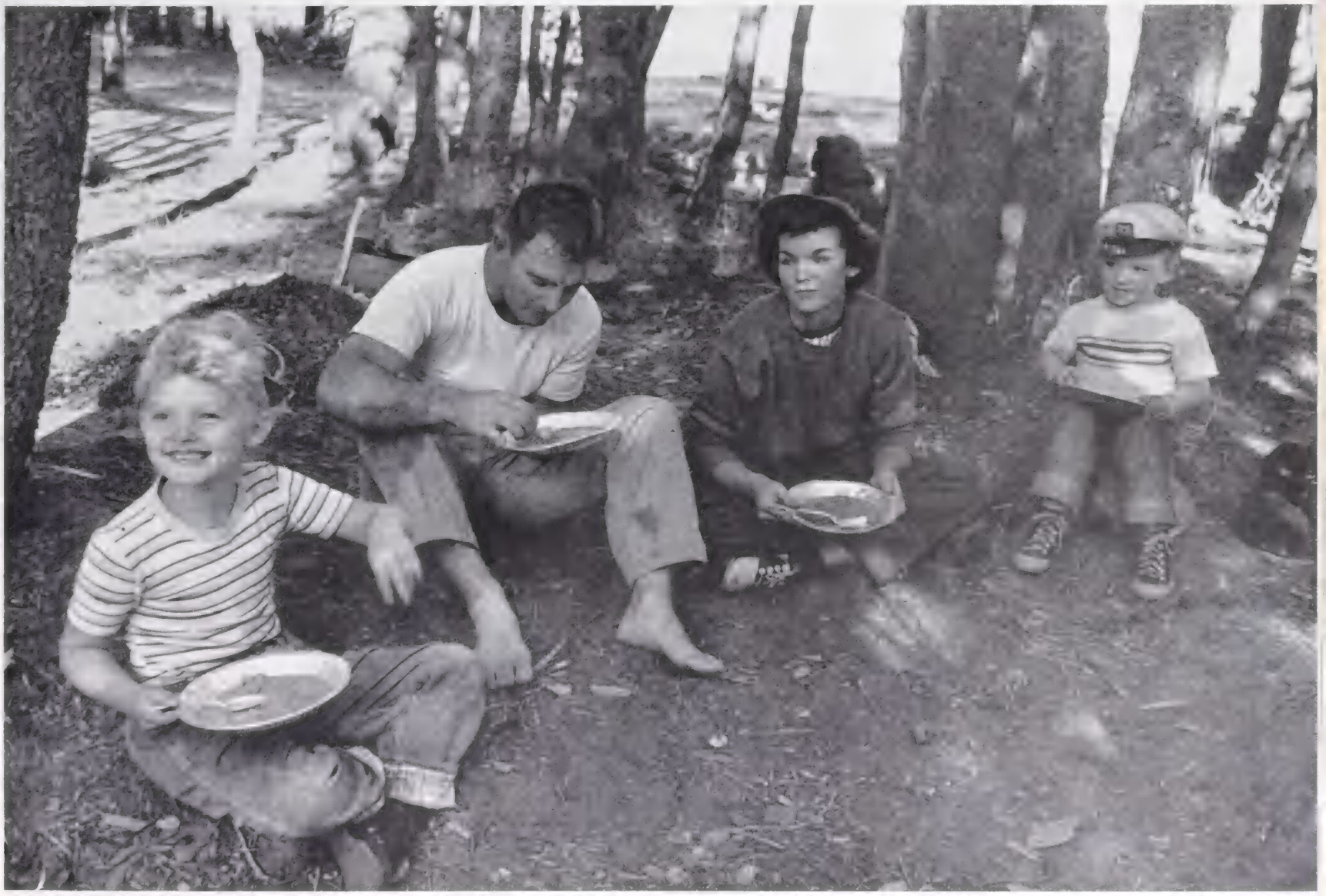
"We just want Dickie to be a real boy. Leslie's different. She's a girl and she has to be perfect. Maybe we ask too much."



Gas stove was good for breakfasts, heating water, but not as fast or as much fun as real campfire cooking. Park provides open fireplaces, rigid rules for campers' safety.



Dickie changes clothes on beach in "perfect four-year-old modesty." Gravel-voiced, all boy, he loved swimming, climbing on rocks best.



Steaks and chops grilled over open flames, potatoes baked in hot coals: "Absolutely delicious. We all cleaned our plates—and asked for more."

"Everything that you do, your kids can do too."



Williamses camped out one night at 8200′, temperature went down to 26°. Geegee retreated to car, leaving Dickie in warm sleeping bag with his dad (below). Leslie slept fine: "Our best camper."

Young
NOW AMERICA LIVES



"There's a special feeling of being by yourselves in the High Sierras—and views you only see in pictures. You can't believe it's real."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

her mom and dad "what is this" and "what is that" questions. Dickie had his hand out the window, then his head, finally even a foot—until his dad caught a glimpse of him in the rear-view mirror.

And exactly nine hours and eight sandwiches after they left home, the Williamses' car pulled into the heart of Yosemite Valley. Dick and Geegee admit they were concentrating so hard on finding a good spot to make their camp that they completely missed the famous scenery all about them—"Startlingly magnificent when we went back to look a *second* time."

For Yosemite Valley, thought by many to be the most beautiful of our national parks, is a narrow seven-mile canyon of green meadows and towering evergreens carved out of sheer granite in the last two million years by glaciers and the Merced River—a tiny portion of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



Needed for sleeping outdoors: flannel pajamas and sweat shirts, hats, socks, plenty of extra blankets for even best sleeping bags, but "you get up feeling like a million."

CHARISSE co-starring in "BRIGADOON" An MGM production IN CINEMASCOPE IN COLOR



ne most Delicate complexions in Hollywood, like Cyd Charisse's, are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap

If there's one thing more attractive than a beautiful girl, it's a beautiful girl who dances like a dream. Cyd Charisse is such a girl.

Cyd first went up on her toes when she was 8. At 14, Cyd was touring with the Ballet Russe. Now she's in movies. From the string of adjectives critics use to describe her dancing, we select . . . sleek, seductive, exciting.

When it comes to Cyd's complexion—then *delicate* is the word. Feather-soft, and kept that way with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Like 9 out of 10 stars, Cyd thinks of Lux as *her* soap.

Lever Brothers guarantee that everything you've just read about Lux here is true. What's more, we guarantee you'll feel just as Cyd does about Lux or we'll refund what you paid for it.

(Lux brings you screen stars every week on Lux Radio Theatre and Lux Video Theatre.)



NEW!

Doctor's deodorant discovery safely*

STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal for sanitary napkins, too.* Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

® PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS "MRS. A"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

July 4, 1940, to announce our marriage. The wedding had taken place at a quarter past midnight—a concession to Gertrude's wish to start her life as Mrs. A coincident with her birthday, which was the Fourth. I put through the call to Groton, Massachusetts, at an hour when I knew mother would have finished her breakfast and before any of the Boston papers would have the news and their reporters might descend on her for comments.

My sister Barbara answered the telephone. While I heard her calling, "Mother, Richard wants to speak to you," I thought I could hear, far off, the Groton town band striking up for the Independence Day parade. I pictured Main Street with its arching elms and opposing lines of sedate white-painted houses. It was a boast of my mother's that no new house had been built on the street for more than one hundred years. When she left Boston after my father's death to live in Groton, she made no attempt to conceal her pleasure in exchanging Beacon Hill, "which is not what it used to be," for a village which so far had succeeded in ignoring the advent of the twentieth century.

As I amused myself with these fancies I heard approaching footsteps, then a little preliminary cough as mother prepared herself for the ordeal of a long-distance call. Under the tutelage of my father, no Aldrich ever made a long-distance call or sent a telegram except in matters of life or death.

Her voice, slightly flattened by reason of her increasing deafness, inquired anxiously, "Yes, Richard. What is it?"

Taking care to speak distinctly, I said I wanted her to know that I had been married that morning (no need to mention the hour, which would have shocked her) to Gertrude Lawrence.

There was no reply.

I raised my voice. "Do you hear me, mother?" I repeated. "I have just been married to Gertrude Lawrence."

"Certainly I hear you, Richard," mother's voice came sharply. "But, *who* is Gertrude Lawrence?"

Not only who, but what, Gertrude Lawrence was mother eventually was to learn, and I believe to appreciate more fully than anyone but myself.

THERE were two things which Gertrude could never forgive: my glass of cold milk at breakfast and the fact that I had not seen her in all the early roles she had played in America.

It was never any use trying to make her understand that when she first starred in Charlot's Revue, I was still an undergraduate at Harvard. When she played in Oh, Kay! I was intent on becoming a banker to the satisfaction of my family, my fiancée and her parents. All these kept telling me it was time I put away my undergraduate interest in the theater, which they spoke of as a dangerous virus I had picked up in Professor Baker's English 47, and settled down to pursuits more in keeping with Aldrich and Joy traditions. Only in this way could I hope to regain the caste I had lost with my relations by coming to New York to earn my living.

No Aldrich of our branch of the prolific family had ever turned his back on New England. The Joys, however—although mother was reluctant to admit it—had done their share of wandering. Two of her paternal uncles had been disinherited in the 1830's for refusing to starve on stony Massachusetts acres and heading west instead: one to become a railroad tycoon, the other a founding father of Detroit.

This aversion to seeing any member of the family sink roots into alien soil had been increased when mother's adored only, and younger, brother, James Joy, having gone to Yale after the ways of Joys for many generations (the Aldriches traditionally went to Harvard), bolted to Plainfield, New Jersey, where he became active in the publication of Methodist literature and ultimately editor of The Christian Advocate. In mother's eyes, Uncle Jim's career constituted a double defection—of Massachusetts and of Congregationalism.

My residence in New York was therefore not looked upon kindly by my family. This residence did not, however, qualify me as an experienced theatrical first-nighter. Even after I had been in New York for several years and had married a New York girl, Helen Beals, my knowledge of Broadway in the heyday of the twenties was that of an interested layman. My choice of shows was, in part, limited by what was available at the cut-rate ticket agency in the basement of Gray's drugstore. The hits in which Gertrude starred were never listed there.

Thus Gertrude Lawrence remained a name in lights on a theater marquee until after my marriage to Helen Beals, when we went with the Earl and Countess of Lincoln to see Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in Private Lives. I remember I liked the play very much.

Later that evening, my sister Barbara dropped in during her ten-thirty walk with her dog. As we discussed Private Lives, Barbara observed, "I wonder what Gertrude Lawrence is like. Really, I mean. Off the stage."

"Human," I said, "like the rest of us. And probably dull when she hasn't clever lines to speak."

My sister exclaimed indignantly, "I can't believe it!"

"She's a celebrity," I protested. count as much in London as they do

"There's one thing I'll say for yo bara observed. "You may have a wea the theater, but not for actresses."

"No," I said. "I'm safe on that sco

The weakness, for which my mothe Professor Baker ("President Lowe really approved of him, and I do der"), did not improve as the depres a gloom over banking. Compared stagnation downtown, Broadway more and more enticing.

Like a timid but persevering bath gan to dabble in the waters I ha wished to swim in. I began in 1930 duce plays with Kenneth Macgo Joseph Jerner Reed.

ONE of many pleasant things c with being a producer is the necessity abroad to look for plays which migh ably be brought to New York. I was don on this errand in May, 1933. On I dropped around to Wyndham's T see Nigel Bruce backstage after the ance. The play was Roland Pertwe Inconstancy. Gertrude Lawrence was in it with Nigel and Leslie Banks.

very EASY TO MAKE

The last dress for summer, the first dress for fall

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



A chemise dress in faded blue denim with a yoke of the same fabric embroidered with red cherries and piped in red cord sash. Vogue "Very Easy to Make" Design 8352, 12 to 18.

© VOGUE



Pale pink linen, slim as a reed. The dolman sleeve has button detail, the neckline a shaped band. Belt buttons on sides. Vogue "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 8378, 12 to 20.

A year-round dress of beige wool jersey which zips up the back. Soft pleats over hips, white trim at neck and sleeves. Vogue "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 8383, 12 to 20.

DERUJINSKI



OTHER VIEWS AND PRICES ON PAGE 101. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5 cents additional for each pattern ordered.

n's on Shaftesbury Avenue is sepa-
its neighbor, The New Theatre, by
aved alley with the noble name of
's Court. Sir Gerald du Maurier
g at the New Theatre. I admired
and expressed a wish to meet him.
me across the court to Sir Gerald's
om.
l and I left the New Theatre the
of the Wyndham directly opposite
l a woman stepped out. She had on
ess. Light shimmered on her fair
warm white shoulders and on the
ner arms. She stood poised on the
st the background of grimy brick
ead tilted as she spoke to a tall man
nd her. Then she turned, caught
and smiled radiantly.
Nigel, darling," exclaimed the voice
red as Amanda's.
ntroduced me. She bowed, said
quick and gay, flashed us another
was swept away by her escort, a
whose title, whispered in my ear by
me back to my boyhood reading of
h. She was gone. I heard the quick
of her heels on the stones of the
m out of the warm darkness came
y laugh.
years later, when London was un-
by the venomous V-2 bombs, I was
nt commander, quartered as a pay-
in the home of the Marchioness of
ry in South Audley Street, Mayfair.
dst of a party given by my titled
a gentleman wandered through my
which had to double as a corridor.
tly, almost possessively, he asked
were so many pictures of Gertrude
around the room.
them there," I said quietly. "She's

u're the American who married Ger-
e said. Then an expression of wistful
rie replaced the belligerence. "I was
marry her once," he said. Though
the years and made grave by his
responsibilities, he became at this
recognizable to me as the young earl
atiently had swept Gertrude away
in St. Martin's Court and who—ac-
o Nigel and prevalent London gos-
laid his coronet at her feet.
ur meeting in London I did not miss
in any of her plays in New York, al-
never met her again either backstage
of the parties. The season she starred
Crother's Susan and God was the
marriage ended in divorce. Helen
man who made her happier than I
able to do and I devoted all my at-
producing in New York, directing
mer Festival at Central City, Col-
d managing the Cape Playhouse at
Massachusetts.

my summers at Dennis I was joined
nother, who condescended to leave
or a few weeks on the Cape provided
d not be required to enter into or
ntenance to what went on at the
e. A devoted supporter of symphony,
a line at the theater, as she drew it to
rom her world drinking, card play-
dal and divorce.
ding of my marriage by court decree
ly distressed her. Less, however, for
orce might mean of hurt to me than
it revealed of the breakdown of fam-
on and standards. I was the third of
children to go through the divorce
e repeated several times, almost fear-
don't know what your father would

ght I knew. Or close enough. As a
y I heard him rival the gloomy elo-
f Jeremiah on the subject of my older
's elopement with an artist-musician,
equent career in Europe as a painter
eturn to Boston with two children, a
exhibition-worthy canvases and the
rce among my father's descendants.
long before Barbara, four years
than Joy and ten years my senior,
road to Reno.
ing from Nevada to Groton, Bar-
been met at the front door by my
A small but regally imposing woman,
she effectively blocked the way. "You may come in, Barbara, because this is your home," she said. "But I cannot permit you to bring that suitcase into my house. When you borrowed it from me you did not say you intended taking it to *Reno*. Unpack it on the back porch and then put it in the shed. I could never bring myself to use it again."

It was tacitly agreed that my divorce, like my connection with the theater, was not a topic for conversation even within the family circle. My mother succeeded for a number of years in keeping Groton in ignorance of the fact that I had ceased to be a banker—and therefore, by Groton standards, respectable—and had become a producer, and beyond the pale.

When I taxed her with distortion of the truth she defended herself indignantly: "No one ever asked me point-blank if you were in the theater; therefore I told no lies. I never mentioned your occupation unless I was compelled to do so. Then I invariably spoke of your 'business.' If people chose to think this was something to do with banks, there was no need for me to inform them otherwise."

It was our policy at the Playhouse to bring there the greatest stars available for one week's engagement, on the theory that the summer people would willingly pay Broadway prices for the best that Broadway had to offer.

I was making plans for the 1939 season, congratulating myself on having secured Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore, Ina Claire, Walter Hampden and Edward Everett Horton among others, when playwright Samson Raphaelson called upon me at my office in New York.

Rafe asked how we were fixed for a supporting resident company that summer. His wife, Dorshka, wanted to try a season of summer stock. She was a friend of Murial Williams, whose husband, Francis Hart, was our press agent and my oldest friend.



Every day is just like every other day of the month for women who have discovered Meds®—the safer, softer tampon. *In Junior, Regular, Super absorbencies.*

Before committing myself on Dorshka, I asked Rafe how his new play was coming along. John Golden had acquired it as a vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence. Rafe said that Skylark was then in rehearsal on the road: but, he conceded, it needed more work to be ready for Broadway in the fall. Although I was ready to engage Dorshka anyway, my New England instinct toward a good trade prompted me to put forth the suggestion that Rafe persuade Miss Lawrence to star in Skylark at the Cape Playhouse the third week in August.

At the time—April—it seemed a perfect arrangement by which everyone benefited. The deal was made. I saw our season, which already bade fair to be very good, mounting to a brilliant and successful climax. This mood of exaltation lasted until July. Then deflation set in under a barrage of commands and demands issued by John Golden's office as "from Miss Lawrence."

What the Golden office requested for Miss Lawrence's two weeks' stay at the Cape was a cottage by the lake, sufficiently near the Playhouse for convenience but distant enough for complete privacy. Besides generous accommodations for herself and for guests she might wish to invite, the star would need rooms for a personal maid and a secretary, garage space for her town car, and healthful and safe playgrounds for Mac, her West Highland terrier. I was instructed to place an order with a florist to keep the vases in Miss Lawrence's cottage filled with fresh flowers, preferably lilies, her favorites. And whoever I deputized as commissary officer should be at pains to see that Miss Lawrence's refrigerator was well stocked with a list of delicacies that ranged from asparagus, avocados and caviar through melons, *pâté de foie gras*, quail, rainbow trout, sweetbreads, Veuve Cliquot and vichyssoise.

Nothing in my previous experience with stars had prepared me for anything like this. Jane Cowl had exhibited no such delusions of grandeur. The previous season Miss Ethel Barrymore had arrived by bus—and in the middle of the night before we expected her and were prepared to give the First Lady of the American Theater a gala welcome. If a couple of stay-ups had not noticed her strolling unconcernedly about the grounds, Miss Barrymore might have had to pitch her own tent on the grass for that night. Something, she said offhandedly, she would not have minded at all.

What, I thought darkly, did Gertrude Lawrence think a summer theater was? And who did she think she was? I could tell her in less than ten words: a spoiled, pampered actress with a prima-donna complex. Much of my rage was directed against myself for allowing my memory of a slim white-clad figure bringing a moment of magic to a sordid stage alley to outweigh the tales I had heard of Miss Lawrence's taste for the settings and properties of a royal existence.

I recounted these demands indignantly to Radie Harris, a newspaper columnist and friend of Gertrude.

"Oh, that's not Gee's doing," Radie informed me. "She adores caviar, it's true. But most of that chi-chi is Golden's idea of building up her star value. Since Susan and God, John thinks nothing's too good for his Golden Girl."

I said that if Miss Lawrence expected a lot of kowtowing she was in for a considerable jolt. The Cape was not Mayfair.

"You're the one due for a jolt if you think she's like that," said Radie. "Wait till you see her at the station."

"What station? I'm not going to meet her."

"You must meet her at the train," Radie counseled. "She'll expect it."

"And she'll expect a strip of red carpet from Yarmouth to her cottage, I suppose. No, sir, that's not in the contract. And if Lawrence stages any tantrums—as I hear she can if she doesn't get everything she wants *when* she wants it—she can take the next train back. Contract or no contract!"

Radie cooled me off. "Look, you started the summer-theater star system. You want stars, you'll have to treat them as stars."

"On the stage; not off."

I doubted I would recognize Miss Lawrence without footlights between us, but finally I allowed myself to be persuaded to head the welcoming committee, which included Fran Hart, Radie Harris and the Raphaelsons.

It rained the night she came. Slanting curtains of rain and salt-tasting mist were blown across the bogs. The foghorn at Truro Lighthouse kept up its periodic wail. It was one of the nights when you have to like the Cape very much not to add your despairing howl to the foghorn's and depart at top speed.

The train drew to a stop and people began tumbling out of it, hurrying for shelter from the storm. I watched a trim young colored woman carrying a jewel case in one hand and what was patently a make-up case in the other descend, followed by another woman holding a supercilious white terrier. Piece after piece of handsome luggage grew into a sizable hillock on the platform. We advanced to the car steps regardless of the pelting rain. Then, with a timing I mentally applauded, a slim, golden-haired figure appeared at the top of the car steps.

She stood poised, a little above me, darkness surrounding her, the lamplight on her eager face. She caught sight of the Raphaelsons. "Darlings!" she cried, and tripped down the steps to their embraces. At Radie's call I emerged from behind the baggage to be presented for the second time to Miss Lawrence.

On the drive to the cottage she sat beside me, composed and deliciously fragrant. We two were alone, following the car's headlights through the dripping countryside. "That first dark rainy night," was how she spoke of it afterward. It had rained in London, too, the first time I saw her. And it rained the night we were married. "I love rain," Gertrude said then. "It's a lucky omen. Rain brought us together. Remember?"

That night, fumbling for conversation as she was so quiet, I apologized for the weather. "But the glass is rising," I added. "It will clear by morning."

"Glorious! I shall lie for hours on the beach in the sun, alone. I'll pack a lunch. I adore picnics, don't you?"

"No," I said flatly. "I don't."

It occurred to me afterward that if she had been graciously opening a gate through which I might slip to join her on her beach in the sun alone, I had slammed it rudely in her face.

This thought drove home the increasingly disturbing realization that I lacked by nature and training a happy facility in human relations which more and more seemed to me not only valuable but indispensable in the art of living. It was easy to blame this lack on my Puritan heritage and on a strict Puritan upbringing. Though it had never occurred to me to doubt that affection existed between my parents, and between them and their children, I never witnessed any exhibition of this. I was inoculated early with the idea that demonstrative language, gift giving—except books and a five-dollar gold piece at Christmas and on birthdays—or kisses, save at solemn moments, and then always on the forehead or cheek, were distinctly bad taste. They were the sort of thing the foreigners employed in father's factory at Watertown might indulge in. We, of the Simon-pure Massachusetts strain, were expected to have more restraint in the matter of physical manifestations of affection. I have no recollection of mother and me exchanging kisses until the very last years of her life—after we had both succumbed to Gertrude's warming influence. Father's few and laconic communications to me were invariably signed bluntly, "Yours truly, Father."

But that night, chafing under the bonds of my own repressions, I deplored my New England heritage. The greater my urge to be charming and gallant, the heavier my silence lay as a pall on conversation.

Gertrude let my rudeness lie
Presently I heard her humming a
herself. A happy tune, I was ple
serve. She broke it off to ask, "I
if I let down the window?"

This was a harbinger of the fu
next decade, Gertrude was always
ing windows, both literally and fig

"You weren't very friendly,"
me some four months later.

"I was terrified."

"All six feet four of you? W
you watched me when you though
know it? All through that first we
were rehearsing, at odd times I w
glimpse of you somewhere—in th
or in the commissary. You never
near my cottage. And you would l
me with that Massachusetts look
picious. And yet rather wistful
rabbit peering through a hedge."

"You fascinated me."

"You didn't show it. You ma
that you didn't like me. Finally I a
'What's the matter with Richard
has never once asked me to have
him, or dropped around for a dr
said it was because you were born o
Rock. 'Born there?' I said. 'He
Rock.' "

At the time this conversation
in New York, my friendship witl
though begun so inauspiciously tha
gust night, had progressed to the p
found myself waiting impatiently
ing before leaving for the office i
that she might telephone me, a
formed a habit of doing several tin
She usually woke early no matter h
had gone to bed. And she always
alert and full of ideas. She could
stand why so many people object
roused for a chat before they had
their first cup of coffee. I told her
believed it was my habit of early
made her become interested in me
friend, later as a husband.

"It was one of your assets," sh
and smiled widely.

Her early call might be because
to discuss with me the news fro
which she had just heard from H
radio. It was the first winter of th
winter of what the commentators
ning to call the "phony war." Inte
Gertrude was acutely concerned
turn of events: "Richard, is Fra
trusted? As England's ally, I mean

Always pressing upon her was a
of responsibility and anxiety for he
Pamela, then leaving her teens,
whisked home from her Swiss boarc
immediately after the declaration c
was finding the adjustment to life in
difficult. Gertrude was insistent tha
on with her studies.

She talked to me frequently ab
who showed the usual teen-ager's
to find herself with any definiteness
something which Gertrude could
stand. She had known exactly what
and was in no doubt of her abilit
since she was six.

Her childhood had been utterly
from Pam's. Hers had been a r
tumble affair. She had emerged fro
the steady philosophy expressed by
ney carnival operator which she ofte
"What you lose in the swings, yo
the roundabouts." The only advan
accorded her was free lessons at M
Conti's dramatics school. In contrast
been sent to Brearley in New York
dean in England and to exclusive
schools on the Continent. In all the
tions the fact that she was Gertr
rence's daughter gave her immediat

"Pam was born on the night of
worst air raid in the First World W
trude told me early in our friendsh
in the chorus of Tabs. My husba
needed the money desperately so
much longer than I should have. Th
I was about to quit, my big chance
Lillie fell off a horse and broke her c
I was her understudy and got her p



A plastic circlet slips through a casing at the waist, with ample overlap in the back. The halter also clips on and is made by folding a square yard in half. The fabric, 1″ black-and-white check with giant sequins forming design on white squares.

The same clip-on skirt in beige cotton with bands of peasant embroidery and colored rickrack. The blouse, also trimmed with rickrack, is Vogue Design No. 7934, 12 to 20.

The clips are wonderful for easy-to-make aprons from cotton scarves or bandannas. Skirt clip, 69 cents; apron clip, 59 cents; halter or bib clip, 39 cents. Many dime stores carry these plastic circlets; if yours does not, we'll tell you where to buy.

ed myself into Bea's costume and
t the baby wouldn't come until I
l that I was *good*.
nade it to the nursing home one
a performance. Later, as I lay there
the drone of the Zeppelins and the
e bombs, I said that I'd work to
ughter everything I had never had.
d her to be happy. I still do."

es I wondered exactly how it came
I had become this sort of family
ould only surmise it was because
hat Gertrude wanted most at that
y in our friendship, in one of her
nts of self-revelation, she wrote to
course of that winter, "You have
ny life a joy that was strangely lack-
t a callous, unloving woman. I have
ny of life's weaker people leaning on
metimes I can't quite see the justice

en have been in love with her. They
ht romance and gaiety into her life,
her own abundant fount of these
drawn in even larger amounts. But
em, as far as I could learn, had ever
he one thing she had lacked all her
stability. Call it security. Gertrude
ment called it friendship. I had my
for it: love. But the time had not
n she wanted to call it that.

back to those weeks at the Cape, I
dispute her accusation of stand-
at least for the first ten days of her
ennis. Actually, the standoffishness
ounded of longing, acute shyness,
rance of how to establish contact
ature of Gertrude's will-o'-the-wisp
and the normal masculine fear of
fool of oneself. It might have tri-
as it threatened to do, and thereby
he course of several lives, if Gertrude
ken the matter into her own hands.
rning her secretary appeared at my
a note, penciled on two envelopes:

A.: Tonight I have two young friends
er to play piano for us after the show.
have two pianos in the private room at
ant after the play tonight? And would
and be my "beau" for the party?
Love, GEE.

o piano players were talented ama-
Howard twins, who had played for
and Bea Lillie at private parties in
t was a gay, youthful sort of party
rude in sky-blue pajamas singing all
the guests asked for. She was a far
he imperious leading lady I had been
ect. Before it was over I had asked
e supper with me at the commissary
ing night.
her back to the cottage after that
sked if she had been to Scargo Lake.
ime afterward she told me, "The
nded Scandinavian. I thought you
ing on a travelogue. When you said
d like to show it to me by moonlight
'How ducky! By the time he gets
it, I'll be too old to see!' Then, to
ment, you drove off with me."

he expedition to the lake which ad-
Playhouse grounds, we explored the
noonlight almost every night of Ger-
y. She was quickly responsive to nat-
y. To the eerie emptiness of the cran-
gs; the wind-wrought dunes, their
glittering under the moon; and the
rim little villages. These things ap-
ongly to something in her which may
an inheritance from her Danish fore-
told me about how she had gone to
to try to find her father's people.
ame was Arthur Klasen. That's my
, really. Gertrude Alexandra Dag-
ence Klasen—if you care to remem-

if she had found her relations.
. They turned out to be solid work-
e who still couldn't understand how
produced a vagabond singer like my

s proud of her Danish blood. "I'm
Klasens—a worker." She spread her
in the moonlight, and I was as sur-

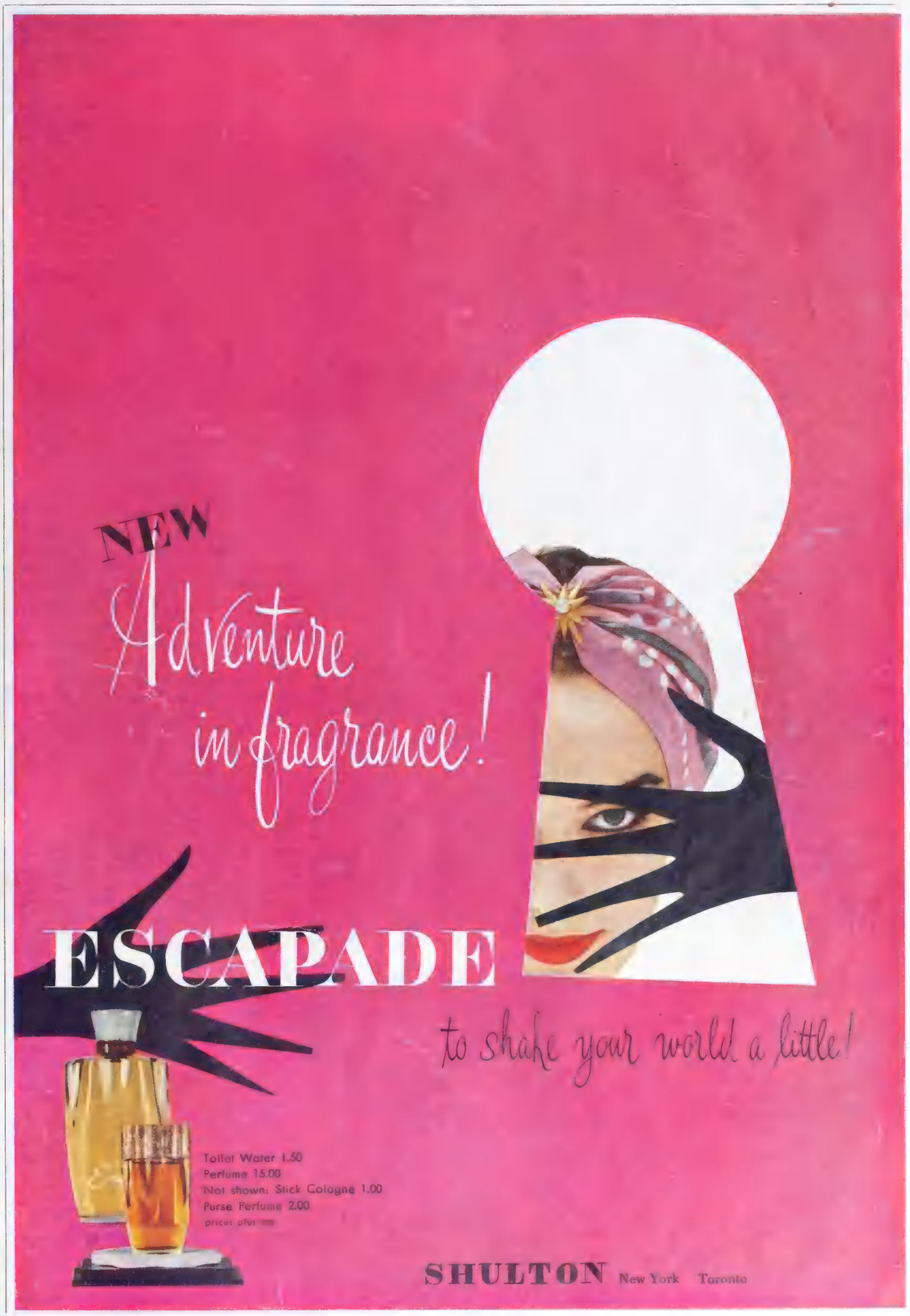
prised as others have been. Gertrude's hands were not the slim, tapering sort one might have assumed she possessed. They were strong, long and capable. "They're working hands," she said proudly. "There's very little I can't do with them. Or that I haven't done. If something were to stop my acting tomorrow it would be horrible, I'd much rather die—but I wouldn't starve. Not as long as I had the use of my hands."

On the last Sunday of her stay she gave a lunch at Latham's Inn at Brewster. When I arrived I found Gertrude much exercised because she had just heard that my mother and sister were guests there. Why hadn't I told her? Why hadn't she met them? Was it too late to ask them to join the luncheon party?

I told her Barbara was there to recover from an operation. She and my mother had been to see a matinee of Skylark—a momentous occasion for mother, whose experience of the theater at that time was limited to a performance of The Old Homestead to which father had taken her on the report that the drama held a great moral lesson. But Barbara still tired easily. She kept to her room. My mother, though in good health and very active, felt she should stay with her daughter.

Gertrude said that she understood perfectly. But it seemed too bad for the rest of us to be having fun while my mother and sister were out of it. She'd like to do something for them. How would it be if she sent them a bottle of champagne?

I didn't like to say that champagne at Sunday lunch was something my mother would not have understood. I doubt if she had ever seen a bottle. I am sure she had never tasted it. The Joys were rigidly "dry." Mother had never forgiven Mr. Shattuck, the leading grocer in Groton, whose people had been grocers on the same site and had had the family trade for three or four generations, because after repeal he had opened a package store. Regretfully she took away her trade and gave it to a par-



The difference between this...



and this...



is often this...



venu whose tenure in Groton was not more than seventy years.

"No champagne," I said firmly. "Mother doesn't like it."

"What does she like?"

"Ice cream." This, I figured, was entirely safe.

"I'll see that some goes up to her," Gertrude said and disappeared kitchenward.

Once behind the swinging doors, she called for "Lots of ice cream, please. And a large spoon. And maraschino cherries. And somebody please chop some nuts."

Gertrude happily stirred the cherries and nuts into the vanilla ice cream, added a liberal amount of whipped cream and then poured on brandy with a generous hand. The *coupé* was divided into two portions, heaped on fancy plates, given a top dressing of cherries, nuts and cream and then taken upstairs, "with Miss Lawrence's compliments."

Mrs. Latham carried up the tray herself. Its elegance seemed to demand this degree of respect. My mother opened the door. The message from Miss Lawrence was overlooked in her excited admiration of the confection. She simply took it for granted that the inn had provided her and Barbara with this pleasant Sunday treat and she thanked Mrs. Latham graciously.

My sister had heard the message and her nose had told her that the flavor which mother declared delicious and unusual was nothing less than the best cognac. While mother praised the thoughtfulness and culinary skill of the inn's new management, and planned a letter to Aunt Alice on the subject, they finished their *coupé*. Only then did Barbara enlighten mother first as to the source of the gift—the actress who was starring at her son's theater that week—and then as to that delicious, refreshing flavor. "It's brandy, the finest brandy."

"I don't know which made her maddest," Barbara told me later. "Having accepted a gift from an actress, or having been duped into tasting liquor, or having enjoyed both sins as much as she did. Of course she was furious at me for letting her eat the ice cream when I knew what was in it. But most of all, she blames you for bringing that actress to the Cape and to the inn where she is staying. I told her actresses were part of your business now. 'He doesn't have to sit at meals with them,' she snapped. 'Your father didn't eat in restaurants with the workers in his factory.'"

"I hope you told her," I said, "that this is something else for which she can blame Mr. Roosevelt."

"I didn't have to," Barbara said. "She said it before I could."

DURING that winter in New York I got into the habit of dropping in at Gertrude's apartment about five-thirty in the afternoon. I would have a drink while she ate her simple but substantial dinner—chops or steak, green vegetables, potatoes, a salad, fruit. "You can't do good work on an empty stomach," she would say. "I've had to do it, and I know."

At six, her chauffeur would be at the door with the Rolls to drive her to the theater. Sometimes I would drive down with her and take her to the stage door. No one was ever permitted in her dressing room before or during the play. "The theater is a place for work," she would say. "After the show is the time to have fun." And yet, as Moss Hart wrote about her, no one he ever knew had her ability to make the hard grind of rehearsing and putting a show together fun.

She had, too, an equal capacity for getting her own way and whatever she wanted both in the theater and at home. She never made a scene to achieve this or went into a tantrum or became imperious and overbearing. She never had to. All those who served her, though they were well paid for their services, performed these with a devotion and loyalty that no amount of money could buy. They were quite shamelessly her court. Keeping Gertrude happy was their primary concern.

There was Dorothy, the English girl who had been her maid for many years and through innumerable ups and downs on both the Atlantic.

Corinne Turner, a nurse who o ally went on tour with Gertrude after her health, was another in t coterie. Turner would commandeer with a kitchenette where she would simple, wholesome meals. After sever of this healthful regime Gertrude wo training to indulge in her favorite a with sauce hollandaise, beef tartare o thermidor. But she never let Turn about these debauches because she k feelings would be hurt.

IN the theater there was Carrie, her many years, whom Gertrude consider out peer until Hazel was engaged as assistant during the long run of Lad Dark, with its many changes of costum faithful Carrie retired, Hazel took stay for the rest of Gertrude's life.

All these conspired to give Gertru she wanted—the feeling of being look with love.

Heading the conspiracy in the the Jack Potter, Gertrude's manager when went on tour. Jack had been introd Gertrude, in London, by the Prince o Loving the theater, and serving it gl understood Gertrude completely. Thi standing extended to the many tim Hazel would waylay him backstage information: "Miss Lawrence is lones her husband tonight. You take her ou per and make her laugh." Keeping G happy on tour was not the smallest c jobs as company n

Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and cannot be persuaded to say it.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Whenever she there was an est ritual connected w departure in whic one of the court own part. They as at her house and her to the statio had a particular luggage assigned to a responsibility. Hazel was custodia make-up box. Dorothy had the overn and picnic basket. Turner's attentio devoted to Mackie and his luggage. T odd other pieces, including a case fill the blue silk sheets and special fine with which Dorothy would make up h in the stateroom aboard the train, w chauffeur's affair.

With Jack Potter as chief dragom caravan would get away to an early sta trude insisted on this. She always affirm no one who knew anything about t would get to the station less than forty before the train's scheduled departure. always there herself as early as this, a her entourage about her would sit p reading a book or working a puzzle u train was called.

The ties of friendship which united G and the Holtzmann family in New Yor when Noel Coward brought her to Holtzmann, who was his lawyer. Fan her brother David undertook to untan trude's badly scrambled affairs on bo of the Atlantic. Since Gertrude's legal, sional and personal affairs were inex intertwined, her relationship with the manns grew inevitably close. To keep G out of trouble it was necessary to exerc trol of her expenditures.

A budget was set up; all bills were c and paid through their office. Gertrude readily to this arrangement which remo worry from her. Only when she succun one of her recurrent bouts of extravaga became what Noel characterized as "i generous" did the restrictions on her e tures gall her. Then, with the same aban a dipsomaniac going on a drinking sp would deliberately charge at all the sho ing clothes, jewels, furniture for hers others. At such times she would caution or Turner or whoever else might know wild extravagance, "Don't tell Miss Fa Mr. David." Sometimes she was not ab ing to reinforce this plea and draw the the conspiracy against her legal advise gift from her wardrobe or jewel box.

eemed to occur to her that the pur-
ld be checked by the credit man-
the Holtzmann office. When this
anny would be stern. She gave no
e would remind Gertrude of her
aful experiences in bankruptcy.
tter of fact, as the years went by,
trude remained warmly generous,
lly acquired a better idea of the
oney and showed more discretion
it. At Christmas she would say to
give each other something for the
e year when I asked her to go with
er's to choose something she would
eply was, "Do you know what I
for Christmas, darling? An electric
hine."
chine was sent to our house at
ery summer when Gertrude went to
r her holiday she took pride in run-
w curtains for Star Cottage and for
ouse, as well as some cotton frocks
including one to be worn at the
always gave on my birthday in

married Gertrude I found that be-
y and David a solid platoon of
zmanns was arrayed; all were de-
ertrude. She was like an adopted
at big family. After our marriage
nt me to Fanny's parents, Henry
sa Holtzmann, for their parental
clover-shaped glass curio cabinet
g room, its shelves crowded with an
of objects, caught Gertrude's

the family museum; we started it
ere married," Mrs. Holtzmann ex-
pening the cabinet, she picked up a
"Crumbs from our wedding cake,"
red softly—"a long, long time ago."
a yellowed bit of lace from her
eil, the first tooth of each of their
nd grandchildren, baby shoes, and
other mementos of a long, happy

tzmann turned to Gertrude. "The
ugh at mamma for treasuring these.
entiment went out with the horse
. But what would life be without
"

e caught my arm. "Oh, Richard,
erful! We must start a museum of
'll look around for a cabinet." But
ad a chance, for next day the curio
as delivered to us as a wedding
ith a note from Mrs. Holtzmann:
send you happy things to remem-

mily museum" was installed in a
s corner of the living room, and
mmediately placed in it the bride
from our wedding cake. It is still

One member of Gertrude's household viewed our increasing intimacy with unconcealed distrust. This was Mackie. Gertrude often said thoughtfully that dogs were notable judges of character. A dog could always tell about a person. Remarks like these increased my sensitiveness to Mackie's obvious low opinion of me. The sturdy white rough-coated terrier, like every pet Gertrude ever had, was absorbedly and possessively in love with her. He was fond of Dorothy and he tolerated Pam. The other members of Gertrude's inner circle he patronized or ignored. Me, he unqualifiedly despised.

"I don't believe you like dogs," Gertrude accused me one day when I accompanied her and Mackie on a brisk walk through the more remote regions of Central Park. Mackie's physician had prescribed more exercise in the fresh air and Gertrude had accepted the prescription as equally good for her. And for me.

I replied hastily that I did like dogs, though my experience of them was not extensive. "I don't believe Mackie likes me," I countered.

"Well, you aren't very gracious," she said. "You haven't thrown a single stick for him all afternoon. Don't you think Mackie has feelings too?"

"I really know more about cats," I said quickly. I produced several anecdotes connected with Archimedes, the huge tiger cat of alley antecedents which was the only pet tolerated by my parents during my boyhood. Needless to say, father gave him his name.

Two days later a pet shop delivered to me a pair of Siamese cats. The card attached to their velvet-lined basket read: "To Richard—from Gertrude." On the reverse was written the names she had given them—David and Wally. They were beautiful, exotic, disdainful creatures; aloof and enigmatic, they assumed possession of my hearthrug and of the apartment.

Barbara, who has always been enthusiastically attached to animals of any sort, and her husband, Harrison Hobart, looked at David and Wally with lifted eyebrows. My sister gave her unsought opinion: "You must be in love with Gertrude Lawrence. It would do you good, Richie, to be in love with someone like her," Barbara went on. "In fact, the improvement has begun. There's not quite so much of the dried salt cod about you."

I retorted that merely because she wrote stories was no proof of her ability to psychoanalyze me.

"It would interest me to know if Gertrude Lawrence is in love with you," she persisted. "I wonder what she sees in you. You're not clever or amusing or outstanding in any way. She's at the top of her profession, an outstanding success and making a lot of money. What have you—or any man, for that matter—to offer her, except ——"

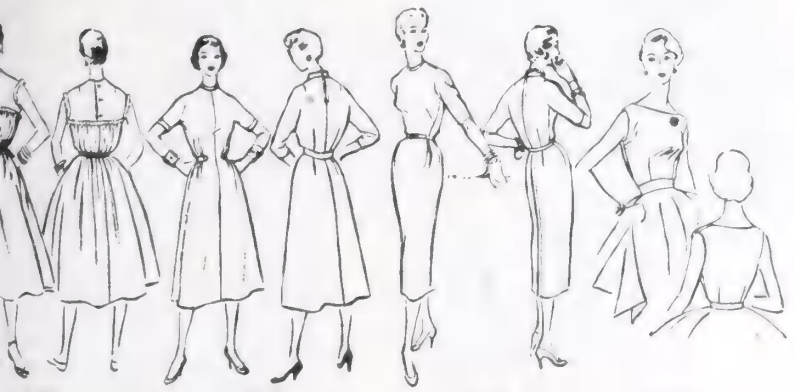
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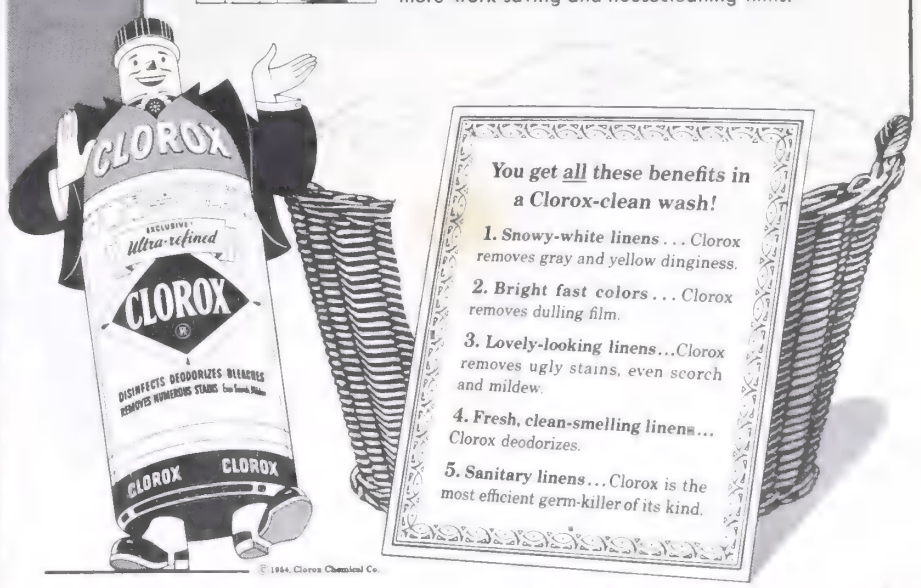
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I asked her what was the exception.

"You're a nice person, Richie," my sister mused. "You're what our generation, unfortunately, feels embarrassed to call . . . 'good.'"

"That's very sweet but equally ridiculous," I replied. "I'm certainly no better than the next man, no matter what my *sister* says."

Barbara continued, "It's true. I've always known it, but it's only in late years I've realized that integrity of character—goodness—is better to live with than cleverness or shrewdness or a genius for making money. There aren't too many nice people in the world either. When you find one, you feel like holding him close. Maybe that's what Gertrude Lawrence sees in you," she said. "I hope so."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because if she does, and if that is what she wants, you will make each other terribly happy. I'd like you to be happy."

When my sister and her husband left she did something extraordinary. She put her arms around me and kissed me.

"Good luck, Richie," she whispered.

MID-MARCH that year brought a turn of unexpected balmy spring weather. Suddenly New York looked frowsy and down at heels. I was unfeignedly glad of some family business which necessitated my going to Groton to talk over matters with my mother. I had a longing for the little white villages wreathed in the smoke of burning winter-rubbish heaps, for the red barns where men would be getting plows ready, for the ruddy gold of willows in the river meadows.

I wanted spring, as spring is only in New England.

When I told Gertrude I was going and would be away for several days, she was frankly and rather pathetically envious. She would give anything, she said, to get out into the real country for even a single day.

"When you get back we'll go off for a long day in the car," she planned. "Someday when I haven't a matinee or an appointment I can't break. We'll take the picnic basket, and we'll find some lovely place where we can walk in the real woods the way you used to do at Northfield."

"Northfield?" I said, surprised.

"I don't believe you realize how often you talk about it," she said. "Your house, Sunny Shadow, and the chalet with the text carved on it like the old, old house in Chester, and the hill you used to climb so you could see all the colored mountains."

"The Green Mountains and the White Mountains aren't all the ranges you see from Northfield," I informed her. "South are the Berkshires. And on very clear days, off in the northwest there's a line of blue people say is the Adirondacks."

"You see," she pointed out. "You remember every little thing. The part about Northfield is the part of your little boyhood that you like best."

There was a great deal of truth in what Gertrude said, though I had not suspected her of discovering it. I realized that she knew me better, had fathomed deeper the reserves of my nature than I thought possible of one as volatile, as buoyant as she. It struck me that our conversation was habitually either very gay, inconsequential, innocently childlike, or concerned factually with the war, the state of the world or the larger aspects of the theater. It was seldom concerned with personalities, and never with gossip. Gertrude disliked both as sincerely as I did. She never encouraged those around her to indulge in them. Her theater maid was expected to report to her any illness or trouble that befell a member of the company or one of the stage crew, in which event she immediately took generous and practical action. But no scandal was whispered in her dressing room.

She had spoken to me occasionally of her own childhood. Always lightly and with a total want of self-pity which was characteristic and which, unconsciously, added greatly to her gallantry. In a few striking phrases she made me see Kennington Oval, in Clapham, with its dreary, shabby-genteel houses, the wandering organ grinder and little Gertie Lawrence leading all the other children of the neighborhood in a dance after him; Dad, her stepfather, with his ginger-colored mustache, his bowler cocked jauntily, and his deprecating manner when there was no money to pay the rent. I felt that I knew her mother, who had been named Alice after a royal princess. Mother had come down in the world from her status as the daughter of a master builder with a brother employed in some way about the royal stables. Very much the lady was mother when they were in funds. And when they were not, clinging to her wilting feather boa as a symbol of gentility.

Gertrude's own father, "too fond of his glass," had separated from her mother and faded out of her life when she was very young. For years she saw nothing of him, until at the age of thirteen she ran away from home. Then Arthur, summoned one night to the stage door of the music hall where he was appearing as star of a minstrel show, was startled to hear the firm announcement: "I'm Gertie, and I've come to stay."

What she meant, of course, was that she had come to him to help her find a place in the theater. For several years she toured and lived with him and Rose, the warmhearted show girl who loved him, slaved for him, shielded him when he was drinking and supported him when the managers fired him. At Rose's urging, she struck out on her own. When she was lucky she found a job in the chorus of some musical show touring the provinces; when she wasn't, she lived on short rations in the Theatrical Girls' Boardinghouse. So it had gone until she found her first chance in one of André Charlot's revues.

How different all this was from the ordered stability which surrounded me from my birth!

My parents were both middle-aged when I was born. My father was fifty-two; my mother, ten years younger. The staid pattern of their lives had been established for many years. It is recorded vividly in mother's photograph albums.

We are all there: mother in a well-boned basque and a stiff sailor hat, with a croquet mallet, on the lawn of Grandmother Joy's house in Groton; father in a frock coat, a Bible under his arm, about to depart for his Sunday-afternoon Bible-study class. My sister Joy, who was fifteen when I was born, is there riding a bicycle, in a stiffly starched Gibson-girl shirtwaist. And Barbara, with other members of the Wellesley hockey team. It is somewhat embarrassing to recognize myself in the scrawny small boy in ludicrously floppy, striped bathing drawers and shirt looking apprehensively at the sea.

Our homes are there too—Great-grandfather Joy's house on Groton's Main Street and his ultimate resting place in Groton's cemetery, surrounded by forebears and descendants, and protected from lesser breeds by a handsome white-painted wrought-iron fence of which mother was exceedingly proud. No other family in the cemetery had such an ornament. She always spoke condescendingly of my father's family who were buried in Upton—"A manufacturing town with no historical associations. And in an unfenced, open plot."

The first home I remember was a bow-windowed mansard-roofed house on Gardner Street in Boston. My father had three older brothers, all married and living in Back Bay and Brookline, with Uncle Samuel Nelson Aldrich, as head of the family, exercising patriarchal authority from his large Beacon Street house.

Every Sunday afternoon, except in summer when the various Aldriches scattered to their country homes, Uncle Sam's brothers, their wives and progeny paid a ceremonial call on the head of the tribe. While our elders conversed, we children sat quietly as we could on the somewhat scratchy horsehair-covered furniture, and looked at one another disparagingly. As the youngest of the younger generation, younger even than many of Uncle Sam's grandchildren, I came in for the largest amount of disparagement.

After Uncle Sam died the chieftainship passed to my father. The relations began coming to our house on Sunday afternoons. This was a little easier on me because I could make a pretext of getting a drink of water and duck from the pantry up the back stairs to my own room and to the book I would have previously concealed beneath my pillow.

The topics considered suitable for Sunday conversation were rigorously limited. Nothing worldly, except investments—in bonds, naturally; not in common stocks—was mentionable. As no Sunday papers were permitted in our home, there was no up-to-the-minute discussion of current events, except the sermons at various churches attended by the family.

We were all Congregationalists and, as such, militantly opposed to Unitarians. My father was exceedingly bitter in his antagonism. I believe when his sister-in-law, my Aunt Alice, became engaged to Richard Arms, later a master at the famous Deerfield Academy, but a Unitarian, father was so shocked that at first he asserted he would not attend the wedding. Family influence was brought to bear on Doctor Arms, but he stanchly replied that much as he loved Aunt Alice, he could not bring himself to avow what he did not truly believe. If it became a matter of forsaking her or his religious tenets, Aunt Alice would come off second.

This unflinching loyalty to a matter of conscience could not fail to impress all Aunt Alice's relations. Even my father conceded that this proved Richard Arms to be a man of sound principle, albeit misguided.

Actually, father's aversion to Unitarianism could be broken down into one part defense of what he considered the orthodox pe
two parts in dignation at the inroad
faith had made in the Congregatio
Entire congregations, exercising th
religious autonomy, had embraced
tarian doctrine. What was still m
givable in father's eyes, they had
them the titled deeds of their mee
and other church property. As a bu
he considered this a piratical pra
sight of Groton's beautiful histo
originally a Congregational mee
now turned to Unitarian use, while
ished Congregationalists worshi
smaller, plainer building less well pl
village, never failed to infuriate hi

In spite of his prejudice, my fathe
was sincere and deep. As fervently
lieved in the Commonwealth of Ma
and the sanctity of private enterpr
lieved in the efficacy of prayer and th
of Divine Grace. Through his adm
Dwight L. Moody, he was until h
strong supporter of the missions
by the evangelist in the slums of
cities.

For many years he and my moth
attend the Bible conferences which
every summer at East Northfield,
setts. So fond did my parents becon
gatherings, and of Northfield itself
rented the Swiss chalet which be
father's Boston friend, the Rev. Her
as a summer home. My earliest me
Northfield are of this steep-roofed
house with the text carved on th
gable: "God's Providence is M
itance." I was still a schoolboy wh
bought land on Rustic Ridge and bu
house which he named, not inapp
"Sunny Shadow." This became
through summer vacations which in
length as father withdrew more
from direct participation in his bu
of us loved it; I, particularly.

To me, and to Fran Hart, who
each summer, the great charm of
was the untrammeled freedom we
We were free to roam at will in the
explore old Indian trails. I used
book—preferably one of Henty's
tales that I had already read many
to Garnet Rock and lie there flat on
ach, living once more the hero's
pausing, at the turn of a page, to l
from my height onto the roofs and
the village, and across to the Ver
New Hampshire hills.

PERMEATING this simple outdoor ex
which a boy had time to think
thoughts and dream his own dream
interruption, was the life of Northf
All summer long the successive co
filled the village with Bible worker
dents, and the missionaries on furlo
posts in distant lands. Many wer
panied by their wives and children
spoke as familiarly of Bangkok and
Soochow and Dakar, as I of Bost
mon. Some of the missionaries wer
Christians" and would appear at th
ences in the dress of their countryme
lime green, peach and primrose ye
long straight Chinese robes of viole
cock-blue silk, moved through the
clerical black, pepper-and-salt and w
when the faithful gathered for pra
ings, sermons or for the sedate afte
ceptions.

My parents had a special fondne
foreign missionaries. When father
Sunny Shadow he made the architec
a large dining room and front por
were to enable him to bring as many
missionaries and conferees home t
dinner whenever he felt moved to
pitality.

As an industrialist, father not ur
was interested in the production cos
verts. One reason he liked having the
aries at our house was that this gav
opportunity to take soundings of th
from a practical cost-accounting
would get out his pocket notebool
down their replies to such pertinent
as: "How much did it cost to ope
school and preaching station last ye



"She said, 'Be a dear and ask him to wait.'"

w converts did you make? What
n of these do you figure will stick,
many will be backsliders? How do
res compare with last year's report?"
l total up the figures and study them

it was always a moot matter with
her it was a sound investment prac-
ntribute to the missions in Moslem
where converts were few, and conse-
xpensive to produce, or to turn this
ion over to the work in China where
s were gained in large numbers and
ess a head.
Rodgers and Hammerstein were at
The King and I, which Gertrude had
hem to be made into a musical for her,
my mother, then nearing ninety, a
Margaret Landon's book, Anna and
of Siam, from which the play was be-
. My mother replied that, greatly as
ed Mrs. Landon's book, to her mind
ow the standard of Anna Leonowens'
y, The English Governess at the Sia-
rt, a first edition of which had been on
s for more than sixty years. She added
vas sending this to Gertrude with her
l if Gertrude and I would come up to
she would be happy to tell us some
Siam and of Mrs. Anna which she
told by missionaries from Bangkok,
known the latter. That copy of The
Governess was one of Gertrude's most
l possessions.
nter of Northfield was the auditorium
eetings were held daily. Children
encouraged to attend the sermons.
daily outdoor sunset services on
op belonged to us.
ervices on Round Top were pre-
ntly musical. None of my musical
s equals that of hearing and joining
y's great hymn:

e were ninety and nine that safely lay
e shelter of the fold,
ne was out on the hills away,
ff from the gates of gold ——"

ne other hymn, sung under momen-
cumstances, has ever moved me so
This was at a special V-E Day service,
minster Abbey, when the voices of
s of American sailors and soldiers
e abbey choir in The Battle Hymn of
ublic.
rough acquaintance with the hymns
enerations of Northfield conferees
ng gives one access to the source
so many song hits of our time have
wn.

UDE had a way of singing softly and
usly as she went about the house;
ppy bumbling bee. One day when my
vas visiting us, the song was When the
es Pitter Patter. Mother listened a
frowning at what she thought were
e's unwarranted liberties with the
Then she went to the piano and
erome Kern's hit as Ira D. Sankey
y wrote it.
re," she demanded of Gertrude, "did
n that Northfield hymn?"
hfield?" Gertrude said. Her eyes,
g meaningfully, sought and held mine.
other explained at some length about
ld, adding a trifle wistfully, "I wish
t all go there again. Richard and you
am sure some of Richard's happiest
s are of Northfield."
ow they are," my wife said with un-
conviction. "If it hadn't been for
ld, I don't know if Richard and I
ver have married." She dropped her
be audible only to me. The laughter in
spread to her lips. "We know, don't
hard, that without Northfield, and
means to us, there have been times
r marriage would have gone on the

Gertrude played Amanda in Noel
's Private Lives, it was Alec Woll-
himsical notion to call her by the
f her successive roles. But from then
ess triumphed over whimsey, and to
Aleck" she was forever "Amanda."

In the minds of many others, too, she became permanently associated with that impulsive, infuriating, hot-tempered but enchanting heroine.

In Private Lives, Amanda and her husband adopt the word "sollocks" as a private signal. No matter how furious a quarrel is raging, both are honor-bound to respect a truce of two silent minutes when this code word is spoken by either. Gertrude and I might well have borrowed "sollocks" from Noel's play, if an experience we shared before our marriage had not provided us a magic formula of our own—a word which, when spoken pointedly by one of us, would remind us that our love was strong enough to quench an occasional domestic flash fire.

Our word was "Northfield."

When we married, a good many people expressed the gratuitous opinion that the marriage wouldn't last. According to them everything was against it. Our backgrounds, inheritances, upbringing—above all, our temperaments—were opposed and discordant. Neither of us had a reputation for patience. The optimists gave our marriage two years; the pessimists counted its chances for survival in months.

That it would last for life, becoming more precious and richly rewarding year by year, is something that no one at the time—not even Gertrude and I—could have accurately foretold; success in marriage not being something you can contract for in advance, even with the noblest intentions in the world. It is an achievement accomplished not all at once, in a month, or a year; but little by little, day by day. It represents a triumph of countless small engagements. It was Samuel Johnson, I believe, who said that "a man needs to keep his friendships in constant repair." The same might be said, with more telling truth, about a marriage.

Gertrude and I had our differences, of course; and our quarrels. Occasionally these



Let them have another, Mother, they're pure NABISCO cookies!





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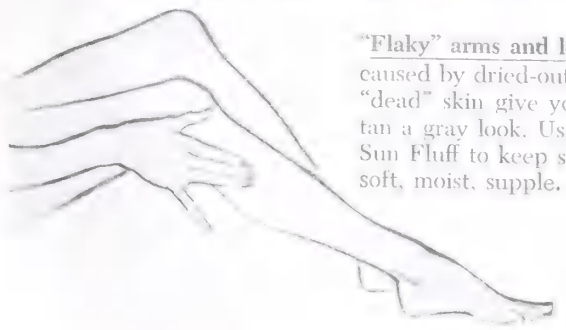
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were heated, even violent. In the early years of our marriage Gertrude occasionally went into a hysterical outburst which invariably ended in a burst of tears. While her rage was at its height she might hurl at me whatever came first to her hand. My temper, though slower than hers, is like my father's; like him, I am apt to shout. Another disturbing difference between Gertrude's temper and mine was that whereas I have a tendency to sullenness and to brood over what irks me, Gertrude was incapable of harboring a grudge. She got all the anger out of her system in one fine pyrotechnic burst which would leave her exhausted. But after a rest, she would be relaxed, calm, tolerant and angelically forgiving.

As this is a true account of our life together, I may not pass over or deny these individual characteristics or what they did to shape our marriage, however much I might wish to do so. For they were a vital part of our husband-and-wife relationship; tests which we had to meet together, and for which we had to find our own solutions. It seems to me an achievement worth putting into words that we did heal all our major differences and became able to laugh at the minor ones to the point where—as happened to me six months after Gertrude's death—I stared incredulously at the old family friend who called to my mind one quarrel which very nearly wrecked our marital venture.

Our ears and our eyes are besieged by stories of marriages which fail. My story with Gertrude is essentially one of a marriage which was made to work. It was successful and enduring, not by chance or sheer good luck but because the two principals sincerely believed in the value of marriage as an institution; yes, as a sacrament. Both of us realized from the start that nothing of real and permanent worth is ever attained without the expenditure of effort and constant care. Each of us was prepared to give our marriage as much—if not more—attention as we gave to our individual careers. Without mounting a rostrum, I would say that unless a man and a woman feel as we did, they had better not marry.

Several times commentators, lacking real news, manufactured it out of thin air by broadcasting the announcement that Gertrude and I were on the verge of separation. Of course there *was* separation! There was separation when I joined the Navy, separation when Gertrude toured the country in hit shows, and separation when she entertained British troops in Normandy and American troops in the South Pacific. Someday the columnists may learn the real facts of life: two adults may enjoy an enduring love—even when they are not holding hands under the table at the Stork Club.

AT FIRST these reports annoyed us; later we laughed at them. Through it all we kept inviolate our own top-secret code word—"Northfield." As Gertrude told my mother, "Northfield" kept our marriage on course, no matter the wind or the weather.

Our discovery of Northfield dated from that March, when the first springlike days made me glad of the excuse to drive up to Groton.

Saturday afternoon found me in Boston discussing scripts and stars with Fran Hart, the publicity director of the Cape Playhouse and still my most dependable friend. Unexpectedly, Fran asked what the family had done with Sunny Shadow.

I said we had sold it.

"Too bad," was his comment. "It would be great to see it again. You know, I've tried to explain Northfield to Murial. But one has to see the place to understand it. I really ought to take her there someday."

"Like tomorrow?" I suggested. Though I spoke laconically, his words had aroused within me memories which were both strong and deep.

Fran agreed readily. Forthwith, we arranged to drive over on the next day, stay overnight at the Northfield Hotel and return to Boston on Monday. When Fran left, I saw that it was five-thirty—a good time to call Gertrude. She would be in her dressing room, resting between the matinee and evening shows. I told her of my plans for Sun[day] the Harts.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed, [h]singing through two hundred miles "Oh, how I envy you—getting out real country. That's what I ought to [do] for a day. Of course it would be alm[ost] days if I stayed till Monday evening know, I could take the midnight Couldn't I?"

"Sleeper? To where?"

"Darling, to Boston! And then we [can] leave in the morning. That is"—[he] dropped, becoming suddenly wistful—want me."

THERE was only one answer to that tried not to give it grudgingly. I could nothing more delightful than to have trude's unexpected company in San Fr[an]New York, London, Paris or Rango Northfield and Gertrude, as I knew h[er] presented a shattering discordance.

"Ten o'clock tomorrow at the Ritz ton, Richard," she said. "I'll be ready ready to go."

For a full minute after she hung [up] with the receiver in my hand, and a p[ic]tion of disaster in my mind.

By morning I had reconciled myself possibility of having a successful and sa[fe] trip, when Fran called to tell me that had developed flu overnight. He would to stay in town to take care of her. "[Or] later in the spring," he proposed.

"Later may be fine for you," I sa[id] what am I going to do about Gertrude rence? She's at the Ritz right now, all up with the visions of spring in the wo[ods]

As usual, Fran stood stanchly by agreed to go with me to the Ritz to plain the change of plans to Gertrude. final words were disturbing. He remin[ded] that the Northfield Hotel always cl[osed] register on Sunday. I had forgotte[n] Northfield still observed a Puritan S[un]This very lapse of memory only revi[ved] uneasiness about the trip. There were things that I had grown away from, an[d] not easy to return.

Fran met me at the Ritz promptly He brought with him the suggestion th[at] failed to dissuade Gertrude from g[oing] Northfield, I should contrive to delay parture from Boston and dawdle al[ong] route. "That way you will arrive in No after sunset. The Sabbath will be ov[er] won't be so bad!"

"With Gertrude on my arm just in spend the night at the hotel? You've fo too much, Fran. You and Murial wou made it all right. But Richard Aldr Gertrude Lawrence traveling alone what the columnists would make of it one reported seeing us. And someone It would be my luck."

Fran ruefully agreed that this was tingency to be avoided at any cost. "W ter go up and see what we can do to p her to abandon the whole idea," he sa

The moment Gertrude opened the her sitting room, I knew that I could appoint her. Though she had arrive that morning after a night on a train, h looked as if it were her permanent With bowls of flowers, a scattering o and magazines, and a few framed photo without which she never went anywh had imparted her radiant charm to the sonal hotel suite. She herself was dres sea-green gown whose train swept the caught a glimpse of gold slippers a tinkle of bells on her toes.

Her first words came as a jolt: " thrilled about going to Northfield. Mackie!"

I hadn't counted on Mackie. The No Hotel did not welcome pets. Sudden seemed to offer the way out that I h about despaired of finding. I inte Fran's account of Murial's illness to an that Mackie's presence put the trip ou question for everyone. "I'm sorry, Ger ought to have told you that the hote rule against dogs."

For a moment I thought it was g work. Then Gertrude shook her head. old Mackie, he's going to lose his c

ll leave him with you, Fran. But
heart on seeing Northfield. Rich-
d about it so much and I want to
e ground and walk in the woods.
will be wild violets."
ran an agonized glance. Loyally
y rescue.
e to have Mac," he told Ger-
l be good company for Murial
n bed."
an't stay with Murial," Gertrude
Not if she has flu. Dogs are ter-
ible to infections. Mackie particu-

second my hopes rose again, only
she said decisively:
I have to go along with Richard
u can explain to the hotel people.
asn't your father one of the found-
thfield? And didn't you always
summers there? Surely, they will
ception for an Aldrich."

rs later, Gertrude, Mackie and
ieces of assorted luggage were
y car. Fran waved us off. His grin
the moorings of a lifelong friend-

ny earlier misgivings, I was happy
with Gertrude. A speeding car has
eming like a private world. With
seemed like the best of all possible
lds. However, we were not spin-
h some remote and timeless galaxy
Route No. 2 in the Commonwealth
usetts. Each mile brought me closer
which, I realized with increasing
resented to me something different
other place I had ever known.
id that something inside of me
antly shrivel if Gertrude should
lingly characterize Northfield as

March dusk was settling in the
t Valley when we drove along
t under the bare arching elms and
e hotel, a long rambling structure
scarcely changed since the days I
d freely around it, cadging cookies
en.
e jumped out and stretched herself.
we take the chill out of our bones?"

I said, "The hotel is dry."
meant is tea," she said cheerfully.
think of anything better than a big
ot of tea in front of a huge log

by was quiet except for a happy
the radiators. We walked across to
on desk, where Ralph Forsaith, the
, looked up at me. Though it was a
y years since my last visit, Ralph,
een a fixture there for fifty years.
gnizance to the passage of time.
g, Richard," he said. "Looks like
orm coming up."
me.
the register and said that the lady—
Gertrude at my side, smiling and
air with a most unevangelical per-
uld like the pleasantest room he had
I would like a room in the annex.
owned. "You won't be comfortable
nex in this weather. And there's
oom here. It isn't as if the confer-
on."
e view from the annex," I answered

sed a dangerous twinkle in Ger-
and I felt myself reddening. Before
eak, the door of the large parlor
d a tide of clerical black flowed into
It was led by a portly, balding man
new—my father's old friend and
grim to the Holy Land. Doctor
The sight of him brought back viv-
or which had stimulated many a
during my early years.
nday he had visited us in Brookline
, bringing Billy Sunday with him.
gelist, in his florid and persuasive
laced a hand of benediction upon
while saying to my father, "Mr.
trust that you are going to give this
lad to the Lord."
call is given," father replied sol-
e will be dedicated."

Instantly I saw myself a small, naked and shivering Isaac, bound to a pile of blazing fagots. My father, in Abraham's flowing garments, took a long knife out of his Boston bag and brandished it, while Doctor Webster, Jehovahlike, supervised the sacrifice from a nearby cloud bank. From that moment on I had felt uneasy whenever I was in Doctor Webster's presence.

It was at least twenty years since he had seen me, but he bore down on me with both hands outstretched cordially. "Richard, my boy! How good to see you! And here in Northfield!" His richly sonorous voice embraced me and Gertrude, on whom his eyes rested with interest.

"This is Miss Lawrence," I said briskly. And to Gertrude, "Doctor Webster was a friend of my father's."

Doctor Webster moved to take her hand. Suddenly his expression turned to one of alarm. He stepped back swiftly.

SONNET TO AN ADOPTED CHILD

By JEAN SAUNDERS

When I have to tell you,
brown-eyed child,
How you were born of passion
not designed
To give you life—and never
really mine
Except by legal process duly
filed—
Then will it matter more that
there were years
Of cradled warmth and all the
mother ways
To keep you clean and safe, and
shape your days
With cooky-flavored comfort for
your tears?
Will knowing that I could not
love you more
If you were mine help you to see
That heart to heart you *do*
belong to me
As dear as any child I ever bore?
When your brown eyes first
notice mine are blue,
Will a lifetime's love be heritage
for you?

"Mackie!" Gertrude cried sharply. She bent and picked up her pet. "Behave, angel." Then she turned, beaming reassurance on Doctor Webster. "Don't mind Mackie. He never bites anyone. At least, only those with evil in their souls."

Gordon Moody, the hotel manager, who had come out of his office to inspect the new arrivals, announced, "We don't allow dogs in the hotel. You should know that, Richard."

Gertrude lifted wide beseeching eyes, but they were wasted on Gordon. He turned and went into his office with the finality of a turtle withdrawing into its shell. Gertrude looked at me, indicating that this was my cue.

Before I could enter a plea for Mackie, Ralph beckoned to the bellboy carrying our bags. "All right, Bob. Take care of this animal."

Gertrude spoke in a voice vibrant with feeling. "Oh, please don't take Mackie away, Mr. Forsaith. His feelings get hurt so easily. If he stays over in Richard's room he can't bother anyone. You said no one was in the annex in this weather."

Ralph wavered noticeably. Gertrude smiled, and he was lost. "Well, I guess that'll be all right," he muttered, though with a dubious glance toward the manager's office. "So long as he stays there, Miss—er, Miss . . ."

"Gertrude Lawrence," Gertrude supplied. The name, however, meant nothing to Ralph. Gertrude turned happily to me. "Darling, Mackie can sleep with you. It will be a wonderful chance for you and him to become really good friends. And that way he won't be lonely."

As I have said, I am not a man to quarrel with the inevitable. The inevitable had arrived.

"And now do order tea, darling," she urged. "I'm famished."

Doctor Webster and his colleagues had entered the dining room on the left of the lobby. The low murmur of a short grace was followed by the scrape of chairs and the cheery rattle of dishes. I looked at the clock. It was almost six.

"No tea," I told Gertrude briskly. "There isn't time. The dining room closes for supper at the stroke of seven."

"Supper?" She stared at me incredulously. "Supper, *now?* But it's teatime."

"It's never teatime in Northfield, Massachusetts," I informed her.

To my surprise and relief she accepted this meekly. "Very well, darling. In that case I'll dash up and change and meet you here in twenty minutes."

Before I could add that in Northfield, Massachusetts, no one changed for Sunday-night supper, she had thrust the unwilling Mackie into my arms, and entered the waiting elevator. The doors shut irrevocably behind her.

Bob, relieved of the problem of the terrier, set about making a lazy-man's load of the six pieces of luggage and tottered away with them. Ralph's eye went from the bags to me. "Staying with us quite a while, Richard, are you," he stated. I muttered noncommittally. The thought occurred to me that it might seem quite a while by morning.

As I introduced Mackie to our room in the annex, left my one small suitcase and came back to the lobby to check on the fire which I had ordered, my uneasiness mounted. Gertrude was changing, to what? In New York, I had been proud to see her in the lovely—and often dazzling—creations which were appropriate to supper at the Colony or the Pavillon. Suppose she dressed like that for supper with the elders? I remembered the sea-green tea gown in which she welcomed Fran and me that very morning and which must be in one of those bags. In it she had appeared spring incarnate. But now the vernal feeling had changed to a Lenten chilliness. I shivered, and sent up a fervent prayer that she would not come down in her gold, belled slippers.

I should have known her better. When she met me—prompt to the minute, as she invariably was—she was wearing a starkly plain high-necked, black, Hattie Carnegie frock whose sleeves covered her arms to the wrists. Her only decoration was a simple string of pearls.

I breathed more freely. I was to learn that Gertrude's instinctive fine taste and her respect for the sensitiveness of others always kept her in harmony with her environment. As it turned out, such uneasiness as I was to experience that evening was to be caused by her desire and her ability to get into her environment only too well.

We sat down in the dignified, well-appointed, if austere, dining room, to an excellent but plain Sunday-night supper of cold cuts, fried potatoes country style, coleslaw and custard pudding. We were the only guests. The reverend gentlemen had been shepherded by Doctor Webster into one of the small parlors whence came voices that indicated a service of prayer was going on.

GERTRUDE glanced meaningfully in that direction and observed, "I thought you said the conferences were held in the summer."

I explained that we seemed to have run into a meeting to plan the summer season. "Twice a day, this coming summer, there will be conferences and prayer meetings, with reports, hymn singing and sermons. It all takes planning, scheduling, budgeting."

"Like your summer theater."

"Exactly, even down to the special attractions and stars. One of the great ironies of my life is that father brought us to Northfield so that we would live a religious life in the summer, far removed from such sinful pastimes as the theater; yet it was here at the prayer meet-



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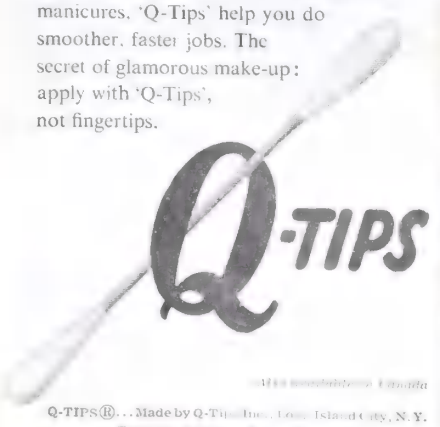
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ings that I first developed the love and instinct for the dramatic. It was more exciting than going to the movies every day."

"I never had any religious training," Gertrude said. "Except what I got from granny. She was my mother's mother and I loved her more than anyone else in the world. Strict Church of England, she was. She used to take me along with her at evensong. But, poor dear, she was so deaf she couldn't hear the sermon. We'd come home and she'd have me repeat it, word for word. I'd do it, too—with all the proper clerical intonations and gestures. She loved it, and so did I."

I said I could well believe it.

"I've often wondered, Richard," she went on more thoughtfully, "what it is that I have always seemed to miss in my life. Sometimes I think it's a longing to believe in something. Or someone. I'm not an atheist, of course; but though I believe in God, I'm so terribly independent I'm afraid I don't leave him much to do for me."

I regarded her wonderingly. Gertrude had never spoken to me before about religion. Was this a true and intimate revelation of how deeply she felt and thought about it? If so, I was flattered. But a nagging doubt persisted. Was her speech merely fashioned to match her dress and environment? At that moment, I admit, I did not have the breadth of understanding to judge.

When we finished supper, we went to the parlor where a fire had been lighted. The blaze gave forth a heart-warming, cheerful glow. I had hoped for an evening of relaxed privacy, but no sooner were Gertrude and I installed than Doctor Webster's head appeared at the door.

"Ah, a fire!" His bulky, black-broadclothed body followed the head into the room. "And you are here, Richard," he said. "And Miss Dorrance."

"Lawrence."

"Ah, yes. Lawrence."

"Won't you join us?" Gertrude said. "Richard and I are having such an interesting talk. About religion."

The doctor came in and settled himself. As an eminent religious leader, he considered himself an ex officio participant in any conversation on this topic. He began to talk about religion and the world crisis. Soon the other guests drifted in to sit by our fire and listen respectfully.

Doctor Webster had just delivered a bitter denouncement of war—even in a righteous cause—on the grounds that war destroyed men's faith in God when Gertrude's clear voice cut in decisively:

"I cannot agree with you, doctor. As I said in a sermon I gave recently, 'The people are turning to God as their Saviour, as men have always turned to God when beset by trouble, war or violence.'"

The words, and her delivery of them, instantly focused everyone's attention on her. I felt a premonitory pricking under my collar. My throat went dry. The good people in the room seemed to be impressed. They nodded to one another. Doctor Webster cleared his throat, but Gertrude canceled his flights of oratory.

"THE world," she announced, "is full of bitterly unhappy people. They run around trying to fill up the awful emptiness with parties and sports and love affairs." I winced. "They don't know, poor things, that what they want is God."

"True, true," Doctor Webster concurred. "Sister, let us pray to our heavenly Father that we may be permitted to find Him."

Gertrude turned to look him squarely in the eye. She lifted her hand in a gesture which was disturbingly reminiscent.

"I don't think God is out *there* to pray to," she said thrillingly. "I think He's here. In us. And I don't believe He helps us till we dig, and *dig*, and *DIG* to get the rottenness out of ourselves."

Again she made a gesture and then I remembered. Too vividly for comfort. Her voice—Gertrude's—was that of Susan, the heroine of Rachel Crothers' play, Susan and God. The lines were from the play's memorable last scene. The entire performance, down to the last nuance, was one which she had played to packed houses all across the country a thousand times.

I did not know then, nor do I know now, whether Gertrude was consciously putting on an act, or whether she was instinctively swept up in a familiar characterization. Undoubtedly these oft-repeated lines had found a permanent lodging in her subconscious, just as surely as the prayers and hymns which I had said hundreds of times as a boy had found their way into mine. But whatever the cause, nothing was more certain than that she would soon get into deeper and more dangerous theological waters. If the ministers should discover the truth they would certainly believe they and their most cherished beliefs were being ridiculed by an actress. Their humiliation would inevitably be mine.

Clearly, the moment for drastic, decisive action had arrived. I stood up quickly and announced with a loud brusqueness which caused Doctor Webster to blink, "If you will all excuse me, I'll say good night. I'm going to my room. In the annex." The last words were almost a shout.

Bewilderment clouded Gertrude's face. "So soon, Richard? But why, darling?"

"Perhaps you had better go up to your room, too, Miss Lawrence," I prompted. "We must make an early start tomorrow."

COMPACT

Women of the Stone Age probably used juices to stain their faces and enhance their charms. Many refinements were made during later ages, but as recently as the Gay Nineties practically all aids to beauty were applied at home.

Made bold by hard-won freedom in political and economic spheres, fashionable ladies began to carry powder, rouge and small mirrors in their handbags. Several manufacturers seem to have had an inspiration almost simultaneously, and began mass production of little boxes with a mirror in the lid, compartments for rouge and powder. These newfangled contraptions were boldly advertised as "compact beauty cases for milady."

Almost at once the descriptive adjective came to be used as a slang term for the case, and the *compact* became standard equipment.

WEBB B. GARRISON

She showed no sign of complying. I took her by the elbow and propelled her, with no dignity, toward the door. As we crossed the lobby to the elevator the manager called out, "Snow's falling. Looks as if it's getting colder."

"It definitely is," Gertrude snapped. Her eyes were the blue of Arctic ice. "Good night, Richard. And give my love to Mackie."

As soon as I got into bed, Mackie began his efforts to get out, accompanied with a pitiful whining squeal. To muffle the noise I pulled the covers over my head, only to have my feet exposed to the shivery night air. I realized that there were not enough blankets for this night which was becoming frostier by the moment.

Mackie's squeals had now prolonged themselves into a doleful howl. I was thankful that he and I had the annex to ourselves. Still my outlook for a peaceful night was dim. Then I remembered a photograph which Gertrude had shown me, of Mackie snuggled in her arms in bed, taken in her luxurious London flat. I whistled and patted the bed beside me invitingly. Mackie stopped howling and regarded me dubiously, but made no move to accept the invitation. I thrust an arm out of the bedclothes, seized his collar and lifted him in beside me.

"*Faute de mieux*, old man," I muttered. "Suppose we try keeping each other warm."

At dawn, I arose with a cold coming on. Aside from the longing to be warm again, and the fear that this was a lovely impossibility, my thoughts were dominated by a whelming desire—to make sure tha and the ministers did not meet. So the kitchen, where I persuaded the co breakfast up to Miss Lawrence's roo ury which, in Northfield, usually only for guests who are very ill.

As I passed through the dinin noticed Doctor Webster and h deeply involved in a hearty Northfi fast. I tried to slip by unobtrus Doctor Webster looked up.

"Good morning, Richard," he "We've just been talking about M rence. She has a most convincing would imagine that when she is in she holds her audience."

"Yes," I agreed. "She does hold a very well."

"Ah, you've heard her, Richard?"

"Many times." (What else could

"Good! Good!"

I tried to get away, but Docto held my arm.

"She's British, Richard?"

I nodded.

"ALL the better. It's a long time s had a British evangelist here. Rem throngs who came to listen to Camp gan! Now, do you think we can get summer conference?"

The walls were closing in on me can't speak for her, Doctor Webs don't you write her?" I said in de "That would be best."

Doctor Webster pulled out a men pad and carefully spelled out the na the address is?" he queried.

I was about to supply this when, t ror, Mackie suddenly and illegally coming out of one of the parlors. I sight of Doctor Webster. Growl acingly, he made for that gentlemar cuffs. I collared him as he passed. more ado, I rushed him out the fr into the whirling snowstorm. There, was safe from Doctor Webster's For the first time I harbored a friend for Gertrude's "angel."

"And now," I said reprovingly as drove away from the hotel an hour c "you have led that good man to be you're some sort of Aimee Semple son."

Gertrude lifted her head haughtil plied indignantly, "I said nothing th true."

"Really?" I said with heavy "What about that alleged sermon?"

"What alleged sermon? For your tion, I preached that sermon at Dr Reisner's Broadway Tabernacle in N And to a full house, I might add."

"When was that?" I asked skeptic

"Not long ago. Just before Susan closed."

I said nastily that I supposed it w licity stunt.

The suggestion infuriated Gertru because you spent your summers h needn't think you've cornered the m religion."

"Even if it was true," I said gr "you had no right to make Doctor and his committee think you were so and holy."

"Did you wish me to appear *unho* demanded with increased hauteur.

"There was no need for you to la into what is their province."

"I was just trying to talk about a s interest to *them*. I wanted to be w friendly. Some people like to be w friendly. Or didn't you know?"

Her remark snapped like a whip a face, which was already tingling f frosty weather.

As I searched for a fitting reply, we the foot of a steep hill. I stopped the pointed up the icy grade. "There's house up on the mountainside," I "The car can't make it in this snow. drive on now and see the Swiss chal the lake."

Gertrude, sizing me up from head said quietly, but with a determinatio

, "The car may not be able to make will." She swung wide the door and it into the snow. "Come along,

f arguing with her—which, instinc- knew would lead to more serious —or seizing her bodily and driving er—which, I was equally sure, would inordinately and give her a feeling h—I had no choice but to follow. I Mackie.

Gertrude objected instantly. "It's too im. Let him stay in the car. Are you Richard?" She plunged ahead he unbroken snow.

ys, she was dressed for the occasion. t have been going skiing or bob- t St. Moritz. I was equipped to cross Avenue with the traffic lights in my ue, my feet were somewhat protected rs, but under my Homburg my ears he mercy of each gust that whistled he pines. As for my coat, my tailor r recommended it to me for moun- bing.

de did not deign to look back to see as faring. It was just as well. As I stumbled, slipped and fell my way ll, I was far from presenting the kind ance a man wishes to make before any even one with whom he is quarreling. which had been hovering since I ow gripped me. I sneezed violently. led out my handkerchief, some half- lines of poetry fluttered through my

. . a banner with the strange device, Ex-

Mrs. Richard Dana, a daughter of ow's, had given my mother the book ich I had memorized the poem. All s were at hand and the last stanza a prophecy of my imminent fate:

raveler, by the faithful hound,
f-buried in the snow was found . . .

y we reached Rustic Ridge, where Shadow stood blanketed by snow. But e had not completed her impish per-

this is the place you carved your on a tree when you were eight?" she coolly.

itted it was.

show it to me!"

that I was not at all sure I could find After so many years, and in the snow. ourse you can," she challenged.

ng around a wooded mountaintop in a snowstorm, trying to locate some ini- ved on a tree three decades earlier, is easiest thing in the world. Nor is it my idea of fun. Willingly would I have pushed the persevering Miss Lawrence face downward into a snowdrift. Except that she would have enjoyed this far too much. It was plain she was all out to defeat me, but this I stubbornly refused to allow her to do. Not if we two spent the rest of the winter on Rustic Ridge squinting up at bare trunks trying to find the letters R.S.A. carved on one of them. Shivering, sneezing, miserably aware of the snow water in my shoes and the oncreeping chill which might well be the advance of pneumonia, I went from tree to tree under Gertrude's mocking gaze.

"There it is," I pointed.

"Where?"

I waggled a finger at a scar some twelve feet or so above the ground.

"My!" she observed. "For eight, weren't you the tall little man?"

Now it was my turn for hauteur. I said acidly, "If you knew anything about Nature, you would know that as a tree grows higher it carries its scars along with it."

We trudged down the hill in grim, angry silence, broken only by a series of convulsive sneezes which Gertrude ignored.

When we had rejoined Mackie in his snug warmth I said stiffly, "We've seen Sunny Shadow. Now where would you like to go? To the Swiss chalet? The auditorium? The seminary?"

"Really, Richard, we mustn't overdo this sentimental journey, must we?"

If I had known her better I would have been warned by the haughtiness of her tone and the way she clipped her words that she was now very angry. At such moments her back would stiffen, her head would come up inches, giving her a deceptive appearance of height. But, blind to storm signals, I persisted along my own way.

"I don't know about you," I said sarcastically, "but that's what I came to Northfield for—to view the landmarks."

"Very well, then," Gertrude snapped. "There's one more landmark I would like to see. At once."

"And that is ——"

"The railroad station. Fully equipped with a fast train to New York."

I put her on a through train at Greenfield. Such good-bys as we said were grimly mechanical. Without waiting for the train to pull out, I headed back to Groton and the warmth of my mother's house which was comfortably undisturbed by the theatrical temperament. I felt that I had had as much of that as I could stand for a very long time. Perhaps forever.

(To be Continued)

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

understand that, Doctor. I think that induced me to seek expert advice. I'm g to be married next autumn. The way w, I know it would never do to inflict n any man. He'd see me at the end of month as a nervous, complaining neu- don't want to start my married life y—indeed I don't!"

won't need to. I am glad you have nsible enough to seek relief. This is a y serious problem. A great economic urs every month, particularly in these en so many women are employed out- ir homes. Women struggling under handicap as yours find it impossible to rate properly on their duties. The re- st be the loss of a tremendous number hours."

interesting to hear you say that," the said. "Why is it that doctors are just around to recognizing monthly dis- as important?"

not so much that they are just recog- t. It is rather that they are coming bet- nderstand the problem. What can be help you? I'll outline the treatment First, during the premenstrual phase cycle you will receive medication which ke your kidneys function more actively, r to preclude the waterlogging of tis- We shall also see that most of the salt you would ordinarily take is removed from your diet. Then we shall endeavor to restore a proper balance to the ovarian hormones by giving you supplementary ones. The diet will be carefully regulated, in general being one of high-protein, low-sugar-and-salt components. I am confident that you can be greatly helped. Not the smallest factor should be the knowledge that help is at hand, that you may confidently look forward to being happy, healthy and hearty again, probably adding a few pounds of weight that will be permanent, marrying that young man of yours to live happily forever after."

"It sounds like a fairy story. That's how they all end."

"It's a good way. Now, young lady, I am going to have you made ready for an examination."

"An examination! I thought it was simply going to be diet and medicine."

"That is probably true. At the same time we must make certain there is no anatomical condition which might be a contributory factor. Your problem appears to be premenstrual tension entirely, but it is necessary to exhaust all the methods of diagnosis at our disposal before forming a hard-and-fast opinion."

"Whatever you say, Doctor."

Another article in this series by Doctor Safford will appear next month.

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1 Favorite Cranberry Relish

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Mix together:

1 pound can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole)
½ cup drained, crushed pineapple (8 oz. can)
2 tablespoons finely chopped orange rind
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts
2 tablespoons sweet pickle relish

Place in refrigerator an hour or more for flavors to blend. Makes 1 pint.

2 Spicy Cranberry Relish

(With a special tang that's extra good with barbecued chicken).

Mix together:

1 pound can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole)
½ cup drained, crushed pineapple
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon mace or nutmeg
¼ teaspoon powdered mustard

Place in refrigerator an hour or more for flavors to blend. Makes 1 pint.

3 Cranberry-Orange Relish

(Be sure to make enough. Everyone loves this one.)

Put through food chopper **1 orange (rind and pulp)**. Blend with **1 pound can Ocean Spray Jellied or Whole Cranberry Sauce.**

Place in refrigerator an hour or more for flavors to blend. Makes 1 pint.

Time Saver: While you're at it, make several batches of Cranberry Relish. Freeze for later use.

Good Idea! To turn any of these relishes into a salad, fold into partially jelled raspberry gelatin made with 1 package raspberry gelatin and 1½ cups hot water.



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OLD SOUTHERN SUMMER KITCHEN

By DOROTHY LEHMAN SUMERAU

HOW strong is your sense of smell? Mine was able to carry me back yesterday, by virtue of a delicious odor emanating from a small, modern, blue-and-white laboratory of a kitchen, to the old "summer kitchen" of my childhood.

A whiff of buttery spices and it was as though a magic wand had been waved over me. I could see and hear old Aunt Sara, the dusky magician of my youth. Ample of bosom, tall and straight, she wore on her head a blue-and-white bandanna knotted above her forehead. A blue-and-white-checked apron, the hem just missing the floor, was tied around her huge waist and protected her neat calico wrapper.

Again I could hear Aunt Sara sing with the booming emphasis that always fascinated me. Her best performance was a spiritual I have never heard since, the meaning as mysterious to me today as then:

"One for Paul, one for Silas,
One to make my heart rejoice!
Don't yo' hear my lambs acryin'?
O, good shepherd, feed my sheep!"

My brothers and sisters and I were Aunt Sara's admiring audience. Perhaps she'd be making apple dumplings for supper. She mixed and patted the lump of dough, then, putting it on the breadboard, she took the rolling pin to it with rhythmic movements in perfect time to her song: "*One for Paul*" (roll), "*one for Silas, One*" (whack) "*to make my heart rejoice*" (plop). No gods of ancient fable ever dined on ambrosia half so delicious as Aunt Sara's apple dumpling. This is her recipe faithfully preserved by mother:

AUNT SARA'S BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

Peel, core and slice 3 tart apples. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup shortening. Add ⅔ cup milk. Stir together with a fork to make a soft dough. Roll out thin on floured board. Cut dough into six 5″ squares. Make up a mixture of ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Fill each square with the finely sliced tart apples. Sprinkle the sugar mixture over the apples, and then dot each square with a lump of butter the size of a small pecan (about ½ teaspoon). edges of dough with a litt Bring the points to the cent together. Put the dumpling 10″ baking dish. Heat a m cup water, ½ cup sugar, 2 butter and a few grains o over the dumplings (savin ¼ cup for basting during Bake in moderately hot ov about 45 minutes till nice basting occasionally with Serves 6. Serve hot with

Hot Lemon-Nutmeg Sauce sugar and 2 tablespoons corn gradually 2 cups boiling wa constantly. Boil 5 minutes, s Remove from heat, and a spoons butter, 3 tablespoons ½ teaspoon nutmeg and a pi

A crisp, golden-brown app swimming in this nectar, an cold milk, is and often was and perfect supper.

The old summer kitchen step down, at the end of a v passage connected with the house. Moving out into it f cooking usually came the day closed, and Aunt Sara let eve us capable of carrying someth the wonderful process.

The kitchen's two window the door gave out upon an app whose rich yellow and red frui contrast with the purple gems damson trees flanking the orc The floor of the kitchen wa hand-hewn pine boards sc creamy whiteness.

From strong hooks in the cei cured sides of meat and several hanging. Against the wall ac the great wood range stood a table, gleaming, clean. On rack were knives of various sizes, sh ing, ready for use. Corner sh the coffee mill, the clattery waffle iron and the corn-pone a far corner of the room sto spinning wheel, purely for orna sure, for I never saw it used.

The great cooking range was replete with warming oven fo and ham as they were fried. Th four lids of varying sizes. On th



the heating part of the range
ngular hot-water container of
s, its cover level with the range
en was black and cavernous.
k along one side of the wall
sted the pots and pans—big
ones, some heavy and black,
ng with a rosy coppery luster.
room bunches of herbs were
rom nails in the walls. There
, sage, sweet basil, dill—and
odors, as the leaves dried,
l gave off a delightful aroma.
a was, in a manner of speak-
arch among her people. All
easygoing summer they came
s she rested, rocking in her
e doorway of the kitchen.
m was old Uncle Isaac, who
how Clem, his son, went
town with his hand bell and
wagon full of vegetables,
the rhythm of the bell:

es are comin',
ather roun',
sweet and juicy,
ll de town.
Yellow sweetnin' 'taters!"

, so boasted Uncle Isaac,
t was different. We felt happy
saac let us share his pride.
hed with never-decreasing
Lizzie, who walked with a
lanced on her head with ap-
the large woven basket hold-
fresh and bright in their sea-
ils, wild azaleas, gardenias,
ragged robins, and zinnias
ls, as she called them.
chen, too, came the fish ped-
e basket on each arm and one
—his strident cry of "Fraish
ater trout; heah they is, I got
ding him from afar.
could equal Aunt Sara's

BAKED SHAD

fishman clean a 3-pound
repare it for stuffing, remov-
kbone. Season fish with salt
. Stuff with following mix-
3 cups dry bread in 2 cups
queeze out dry. Add ¼ cup
ed onion sautéed in 1 table-
n drippings; 3 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon sage and 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Heat well, remove from heat and add 1 well-beaten egg. When fish is plump with filling, tie around with string and place in baking pan holding a cup of water to which ½ teaspoon salt has been added. Bake 50 minutes or 20 minutes per pound in a moderate oven, 350° F. Baste occasionally with the pan juices.

Serve with sauce made from 2 hard-cooked egg yolks mashed to a smooth paste and blended with 2 tablespoons salad oil and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Season with ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon salt.

Damson-picking day was a time we children awaited eagerly. One morning very early, when the small purple plums had reached the exact state of perfection, according to Aunt Sara's reckoning, eleven-year-old Willie, one of Aunt Sara's numerous kinfolk, would appear at the kitchen door. Aunt Sara would look him up and down and say, "Is yo' hands clean?" Whereupon Willie would produce his two dusky-rose palms, roll his shining blackberry eyes innocently in our direction and wait.

"Hm! Heah is yo' bucket. Now mind whar you puts yo' weight in dem trees. Dey aint oaks, remembah."

When the damsons were picked (don't they grow any more?) and Aunt Sara was working her mysterious rites with them in the preserving kettle—a black iron bucket-like vessel lined with white porcelain—Willie was allowed to stay and swing us.

The swing, with a board for a seat, was made of two stout long ropes carefully secured to a limb of the great black-heart-cherry tree standing within sight of the kitchen. Willie would punctuate his pushes with rhythmic singing, the somber significance of his words blissfully lost on him and us. With well-marked emphasis he would chant doefully:

"Old Mars' Ruff, didn't have money enough,
He got hisself lost in the Bar-bar-ee—
An' when he die, he close his eye,
An' dat was de end of old Mars' Ruff."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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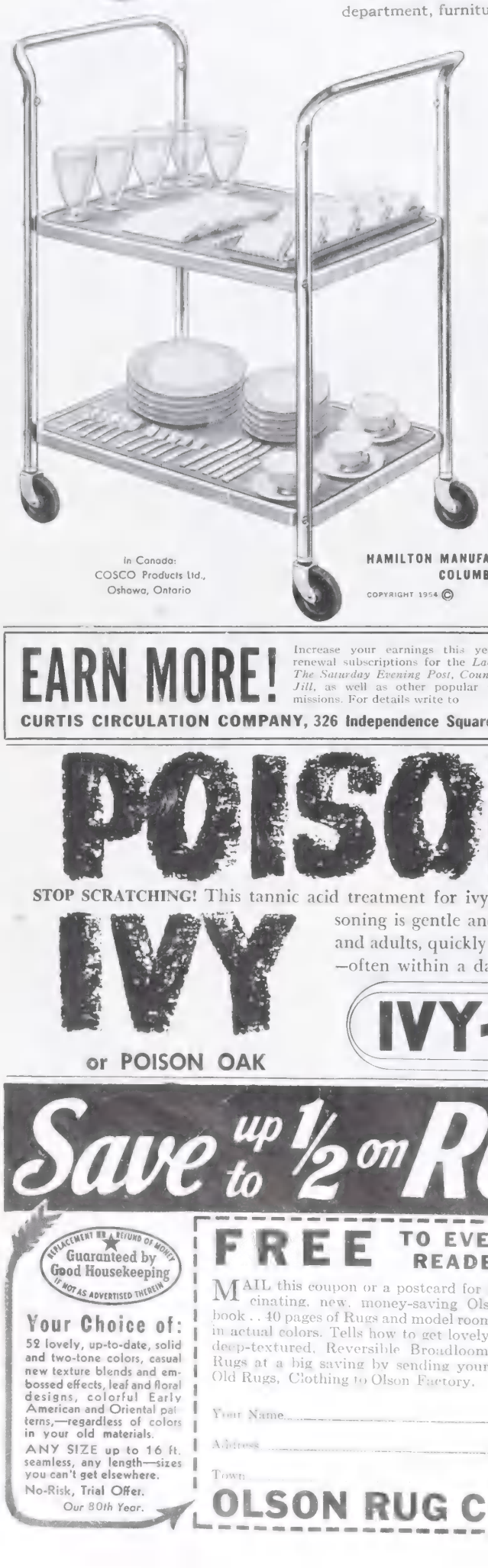
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

Then he'd switch to:

"Oh, de man was atryin' for to hide his face,
De rock cried out 'No hidin' place,
No hidin' place down heah.'
Oh, dey's no hidin' place down heah,
Oh dey's no hidin' place down heah,
O sinner man turn yo' boat aside,
You can't go to heaben agin de tide,
No hidin' place down heah."

Some time later Aunt Sara would call from the kitchen doorway, "De skimmin's is ready, yo'all." She meant that the damson preserves were boiling and she was skimming off the delicious, thick, tart-sweet substance that rose to the top of the kettle.

The swinging came to an immediate halt and we children with Willie stood at the kitchen door, mouths watering. Aunt Sara would hand out a saucer of the cooling sirup for each of us, including Willie. There was a spoon for each. And bread.

Sometimes, if we had been obedient, staying "out from under Aunt Sara's feet," she would give us hot rice bread, or sativa, as she called it. As far as I know it was one of Aunt Sara's own concoctions, but so delicious mother sometimes asked that it be served when guests were expected for breakfast or lunch.

AUNT SARA'S RICE BREAD OR SATIVA

Cook 1 cup rice in boiling salted water until very tender. Drain. When cold, stir to a smooth paste with a fork or wooden spoon. Moisten 3 tablespoons flour with ¼ cup cold water and add to rice, stirring it in well. Beat 2 eggs until light and mix into the rice. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt. Pour into a greased 8″-square shallow baking pan and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 1¼ hours till brown. Cut into squares, hot and spread with butter. Serve

Another treat was Aunt Sara's spo which mother liked for lunch with ch salad.

AUNT SARA'S SPOON BRI

Stir 1 cup corn meal into 1½ cu water. Add ¾ teaspoon salt. Mix v Add 1 tablespoon melted shortenin well beaten, 1 cup milk and 1 t baking powder. Blend thoroughly; a 1½-quart baking dish (7″ in dia 3″ deep). Bake in a moderately 375° F., 35–45 minutes. Serves 6.

To father, Aunt Sara's hominy t the most satisfying of all her breads

AUNT SARA'S HOMINY BR

Slowly stir ½ cup hominy grits into boiling water. Add ½ teaspoon sa and cook slowly 20–25 minutes, sti quently. While the grits are hot, ad spoons butter and stir in 4 well-bea Add gradually 1 pint milk. Last, a corn meal and 2 teaspoons salt. Stir batter should be of the consistency custard. Pour into a 2-quart grease dish and bake 50 minutes in a (400° F.) It will emerge crisp and top, soft and delicious inside. "Won the word for this with a fish supper.

To be sure, Aunt Sara's recipes c turned out successfully in the modern kitchen. But only a whiff of spices a blended together, and I am filled talgia and longing.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time flight,
Make me a child again ——"

RED CARPET FOR MAMIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Eisenhowers picnicked on bologna and liverwurst in the solemn library.

Eisenhower was, of course, still General of the Army. He had explained to the trustees that, if he were needed, his first duty was to the service—"I shall be in the Army as long as I am aboveground!" For this reason the Government allowed him two military aides, Lieut. Col. Craige Cannon and Maj. Robert Schulz, as well as Sergeants Moany and Dry. They were none too many, for during Eisenhower's term as President of Columbia he did almost as much work for the Army as for the university.

In fact, Ike never did get a chance to settle down to his job at Columbia. First there was the pressure of politics, which had begun back at Fort Myer. This consisted of intimations from both Republicans and Democrats that Ike could have the presidential nomination in 1948 by saying one word—yes.

Mamie, who had long since recovered from any notion that she wanted to be First Lady, viewed these overtures with apprehension. She knew that Ike did not want to be President, and would accept only if he was convinced that it was his duty thus to serve America. Mamie was scared that some of the silver-tongued politicians would be convincing.

Eisenhower's statement that he "could not accept nomination for any political office" finally took him out of politics—for good and all, Mamie hoped. He played no part in the campaign, though he did accept an invitation to lunch with Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican candidate, and give him the benefit of his advice about the military situation of the United States. This was strictly nonpolitical.

That fall Ike and Mamie registered for the first time, and voted for Tom Dewey.

Though Eisenhower had been acting as President of Columbia since June, he was not officially installed until October 12, 1948. The Eisenhowers held a huge reception the night before in the rotunda of Low Memorial Library. Standing beside Ike in the receiving line, Mamie shook hands with over a t people. It was her first experience of l ceiving, and before it was through he felt so numb that she wondered if the drop off.

There were more than 10,000 peop on folding chairs in the great court of bia the following day. From her sea John in the front row, Mamie watc stately academic procession wind, two up the aisle to their seats on the platfo gaily colored hoods on their black go claimed their degrees and the great sities they represented.

Craning her neck, Mamie saw Ike alone at the tail of the procession, look solemn in his black scholastic robe. H when he at last mounted the platfo took his place in a carved, thronelik the inextinguishable Eisenhower gri out, and Mamie noted that Ike's board had somehow achieved the ra of an overseas cap.

Then came the speeches, the pres of the golden key of office, and Eisen moving address. When it was over, I ceded by the medieval mace bearer slowly down the steps, followed by t procession. As the new President of C reached the foot of the long flight c 10,000 people rose in unrehearsed h

Half crying, Mamie stood in the fro watching Ike come slowly nearer. S he did the most incredible thing a could do. He slipped out of line, leav procession in confusion. Mamie felt l around her, his lips on her cheek. He wh "Don't you ever stand up because Mamie!" Then he skipped back into li throwing the dignity of his position him like a cloak, paced slowly on.

It must be recorded that Columbia least successful of Eisenhower's assign and that Mamie did not have her cus easy time winning friends there. Then many reasons for Ike's difficulties— that he did not have time. Crises in the kept jerking him back to Washington;

speeches, to which he felt he
n order to make his views on
as as widely known as possible,
over the country.
r's cherished plan for the unifi-
armed services in one Department
had been made into law but not
terservice jealousy had sabotaged
rly the rivalry between the Navy
Force. This had been patched up,
tled. Late in 1949, the Chief
perations, Adm. Louis Denfeld,
re the quarrel wide open by his
ony before a Congressional com-
e was only one man in America
confidence of the angry admirals,
igent airmen and the anxious
sident Truman telephoned Eisen-
sked him to act as mediator. True
nise, Ike started for Washington
absence from Columbia the next

ent the next two months in a
bedroom at the Hotel Statler in
, trying to hold her husband to-
le he tried to keep the military
nt of the United States from com-
Never had Mamie seen Ike so up-
ower saw the safety of America
by a foolish quarrel between the
ho were sworn to defend her.
nd, reason prevailed. The armed
re brought to an agreement. It was
st victory Ike ever won—Von
was never so bad. Mamie had a
n her hands.
Snyder diagnosed his illness as
itis brought on by overwork and
haustion. He ordered Ike to take
ths' absolute rest, and to give up
This part of the cure was almost
the disease to the chain-smoking
fact, a year or so later when some-
him if he was ever going to take
g again, he said, "I don't know
, but I'll darn well never *give* it up

nhowers went to a cottage at the
National Golf Club in Georgia.
mie helped to cure her husband's
nsion by presenting him with a set
s and a blank canvas. Like Winston
Ike found complete and wonderful
distraction in painting—he could lose himself for hours. Mamie encouraged him by praising his work extravagantly. In truth, it was remarkably good, with something in it of the primitive starkness of the itinerant portrait painters of eighteenth-century America.

By May, 1950, the Eisenhowers were back at Columbia. Ike, completely restored, plunged into his work with tremendous vigor. In June, the Korean war began. Again Washington called for help, and Ike began commuting between jobs.

Despite all this, it was a fairly peaceful summer, enlivened by a trip to Denver, and a return visit from the Douds. Mamie was terribly worried about Pooh-Bah, who was failing visibly.

Both Mamie and Ike had always wanted to own a home. Now they bought a good-sized farm at Gettysburg—remembering how happy they had been there. The old brick house had been right between the armies on those terrible July days of 1863, but had come through unscathed. Mamie had a wonderful time planning how to fix it up. She looked forward to the day when Ike would retire, and they could live there in peace.

In the autumn, they again had the illusion of being settled at Columbia. However, Mamie kept her fingers crossed. A lot of politicians came calling—Senator Lodge, and bluff Senator Duff of Pennsylvania, Roy Roberts of the Kansas City Star, Governor Dewey and many more. That meant the presidential pressure was being turned on again.

As it turned out, Eisenhower did not have to make up his mind just then about the presidency or anything else. It was made up for him by world events that abruptly changed the course of his life, and started Mamie moving again.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which came into effect in 1949, was designed to defend Western Europe from the threat of communist imperialism. A Supreme Commander must be appointed for the joint forces of the twelve member nations. Again it seemed that Eisenhower was the indispensable man; the only one everybody trusted. In December, 1950, President Truman offered him the job. This time Mamie was not consulted—it was a clear call of duty. Ike accepted, though reluctantly.

As soon as word came from Washington, Mamie began to pack. There was an immense amount to be done. The Eisenhowers' personal possessions must be separated from the Columbia furnishings and sent to storage—or so Mamie felt.

General Eisenhower assumed command of the NATO forces in January, 1951. Being somewhat superstitious about names, he called it SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe), which echoed the sound of his lucky wartime headquarters, SHAEF. After setting up an organization, he flew home to fetch Mamie.

Early in February the Eisenhowers left for France by ship—Mamie still would not fly. With them went their faithful official family, General and Mrs. Snyder, Rose, and Sergeants Dry and Moany. Bob Schulz, now a lieutenant colonel, had gone on ahead.

The Eisenhowers went straight to Versailles. Ike had picked out a pleasant modern apartment at the Hôtel Trianon, where he had lived during the final phase of his great campaign. Mamie liked his choice, though the French were prudently economical with the heat. When Mamie plugged in an American electric heater it blew out every fuse in the place. The leftist French press, which was gunning for Eisenhower, made a great to-do about the incident; Mamie had burned her fingers, so to speak, on a heater that wouldn't work.

Though Mamie liked the apartment, she was not allowed to keep it, since it was not large enough for the entertaining the Supreme Commander must do. So she went house hunting, and again fell afoul of the French newspapers.

For their official residence, the French government offered the Eisenhowers a huge villa formerly owned by society-minded Lady Mendl, whose avocation was interior decorating. When Mamie saw the house it looked like a Rouben Mamoulianish dream of high life in the International Set. You might, perhaps, reside in its ornate grandeurs, but you could not possibly *live* there. She turned it down.

Whereupon the whole French press jumped on her. Who did this American general's wife think she was, refusing the generous offer of the French government? Who was she to set herself up as an arbiter of good taste and criticize the artistic judgment of a people famous for their flair? Her refusal, it seemed, was a personal insult to the entire French nation. (Lady Mendl had been an American.)

What Mamie was looking for was someplace where she could make a home for Ike. The last thing she had intended was to insult anybody. The thought that she had tarnished Ike's popularity and made his task more difficult made her so unhappy that she cried all over the front page of *Le Matin*.

Then she got good and mad. All her married life she had lived in other people's houses, but at least she had been allowed to do what she could with them.

AT this point the harassed French officials suggested that she look at the Villa St. Pierre at Marnes la Coquette, ten miles west of Paris and only a few minutes' drive from the miniature Pentagon the French government was building in the national forest of Marly to house SHAPE. To their profuse relief, Mamie said it was perfect.

The Villa St. Pierre was a charming country house set on a small knoll with lawns sloping down to a little artificial lake. It had simple, classic Regency lines, and though it seemed small, the interior was quite spacious, with long French windows overlooking turf that stayed green all winter. Mamie knew that she and Ike could be happy there, but first she had to furnish it livably. There was a little difficulty about that.

The French government was as courteously anxious to please as Columbia's trustees had been. It put the precious antiques from a national museum at Mamie's disposal. It also sent a staff of eight famous Parisian decorators down to help her.

Mamie proposed to use the lovely old pieces from the museum to furnish her new home in the classic style consonant with its architecture. The decorators saw in it a wonderful display case for their wares, and an

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opportunity to show what they could do in the line of modern decoration. The resulting clash was sharpened by the fact that all eight knew only a few English words among them, and Mamie's French was rudimentary.

In the end, the battle of Marnes la Coquette was just about a draw. Mamie succeeded in keeping the main effect simple and traditional, but she lost several skirmishes. When she was not looking the decorators installed modernistic, office-type lighting fixtures in the dining room. All the pictures belonged to the modern school of art, which she hated. Overcompensating, perhaps, in her pleasant yellow-and-green bedroom, Mamie hung a landscape her husband had copied in oils from an English calendar.

Despite the trials and errors, Mamie loved the Villa St. Pierre. Reminiscing about it, she spoke nostalgically of the view from her bedroom window. "It was so serene. The lawns and fields had so many shades of green; there were stately old trees. I could see the lovely little pond with its Japanese bridge. I loved that bridge. Something was always going on—a cat would walk over it, birds perched on the railings, a fish would jump in the pond."

She had a putting green made for Ike, and the pond stocked with trout. When unexpected guests came for dinner, she would send Moany out to catch some fish, and would direct his efforts from her window: "Better catch a couple more. We don't want to seem skimpy."

The great worlds of diplomacy, war and politics poured through the Villa St. Pierre. Mamie gave many stately parties for them with the exquisite food and vintage wines they all loved. But even in Europe she managed to alleviate protocol with a sense of humor.

When the Eisenhowers dined alone or with fellow Americans, Ike got the kind of food he liked—roast beef, onions and home-baked beans. In summer there was corn on the cob, which Mamie succeeded in growing in the unsuitable climate of France by planting it against a wall with a southern exposure.

Mamie needed the happiness and serenity of this pleasant house; for she came to it after a blow that she had dreaded throughout the past few years. While she was still at the Hôtel Trianon, Mrs. Doud came over to visit her. Shortly after her arrival came the news that their beloved Pooh-Bah had died of a heart attack in Denver.

Mrs. Doud determined to fly home immediately, and Mamie's sorrow for her father and anxiety for Mamma Doud overcame her fear of flying. The Supreme Commander's Air Force Constellation was put at their disposal. In it Mamie and her mother flew directly to Denver. A stormy Atlantic crossing was hardly a soothing voyage for a beginner, but Mamie felt that it was the right thing to do—and so she did it. Her one concession to nervousness was to say to the general's pilot, Lt. Col. William G. Draper, "Please fly nice and low."

From that time on Mamie has flown nearly everywhere with Ike. In the summer of 1951, she went with him on official visits to many of the NATO countries, including Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England and Holland. On a trip to Luxembourg they stayed with Perle Mesta. In Holland Mamie found a fellow canasta enthusiast in Queen Juliana.

In the course of these travels Mamie became quite casually accustomed to staying with kings and queens and amusing prime ministers with dinner-table chitchat. She also got used to flying, and, in fact, became so fond of General Eisenhower's luxurious Constellation, that she suggested naming it The Columbine, after the state flower of Colorado.

THOUGH Mamie had been sure that Ike's appointment to SHAPE had laid that business of the presidency permanently to rest, she soon learned that it was only in abeyance. By July, 1951, the politicians began dropping in at



Marnes la Coquette for significant lit
with Ike.

Mamie, who was beginning to lea
politics, knew that all these men wer
Ike to run for the Republican nomina
was, they said, the only man strong en
give the Republican Party progressiv
ship and assure victory in the next
This time there would be no silve
present of the nomination. Ike would
fight for it against the tremendous
power of Sen. Robert A. Taft, of O
one denied Taft's integrity and abil
many Republicans believed he did n
sufficient popularity to defeat the Dem

Throughout the rainy autumn o
Mamie watched Ike worry about what
right thing to do. On the one hand, h
SHAPE, though well begun, was o
completed. On the other, the electio
Administration hostile to American pa
tion in European affairs might wr
whole edifice of international co-opera
times Mamie yearned over her troub
band with an almost maternal desire t
him. But, true to her principles, she
make no move to sway his decision.

IN the end, Ike chose the harder cou
January 7, 1952, he announced, in effe
he was a candi
the Republica
nation for Pres
the United Stat

Mamie's de
tion to stay in th
ground worke
enough until Ik
home to fight
Republican n
tion and the pres
Then she found
help him she
on the front
much as possib
more publici
got — good pub
the better for h

Mamie's baptism of fire came on
1952, when Ike went back to Abilene
the preconvention campaign with the
litical speech he had ever made—he
fused to say a word until his formal
ment from the Army in Washington
before. For Mamie that first day w
worst—and in some ways the best.

The train pulled up alongside a p
specially built at the spot where the
hower back lot abutted on the tracks
Union Pacific. Holding tight to Ike'
Mamie stepped out of the air-conditio
into the sticky heat of a thunderstormy
day, and a roar of sound that you f
could lean on. There were quick greet
old friends on the platform, and hasty
ductions to smiling weather-beaten me
looked like farmers because they mostl

The first ceremony was laying the
stone of the museum to be built by the
hower Foundation adjoining the house
Ike grew up. As Mamie walked besi
along a boardwalk between smiling, f
faces, she suddenly realized that some
cheers were for her. Her nervousness
peared in a glow of friendliness.

When they mounted the dais, there w
other wild ovation. This was not the oc
of the real speech, which would com
Ike talked very simply about his boyho
the fine things his father and moth
stood for. Mamie could tell that he w
mendously moved. He kept looking
familiar yard with verbena and swee
blooming, and red roses climbing up th
porch. Then Ike knelt down to put the
under the cornerstone with a silver
When he stood up Mamie saw that h
were full of tears. So, of course, she cri

After that they went through the small
streets, jammed with folk from all ov
state, to the Sunflower Hotel, where the
of two tiny rooms was soon packed
people come to greet Ike. That was
Mamie learned that the phrase "smok
room" was no mere figure of speech.

The opening-gun speech was set fo
o'clock at the baseball park. It came cl

sfire. As they drove out, thunder-
red above them, and the western
m-purple shot with lightning gold.
minutes before the zero hour the
e in the full fury of lashing rain,
the ear-splitting crack of lightning
se.
s no shelter, and no chance of post-
Forty million people or more in
s and territories of the Union were
heir radios and television sets wait-
Ike. He could not disappoint them.
wed hat Ike stepped onto the plat-
d with sodden bunting, and began
out down the elements.
her hat and dress a watery wreck,
nched teeth, so intent on Ike's per-
that she hardly noticed her own
was amazing how many people
ear him: women in mud-splattered
ery; men with their trousers rolled
nees. Ike had rolled his trousers up
ice was clear and firm between the
static. When a thunderbolt drowned
e went back and said it again. Part
e his rain-blurred spectacles failed
he talked from memory, or spon-
said what came to mind.
ch was magnificent on the field, but
od over the air waves. The wonder
as made at all.

ilene they went to Denver, where
ng was at least half for Mamie. As
by the corner of Colfax Street on
to the Douds', she saw a sheet, held
en broomsticks, on which was

FAYETTE STREET GANG
says
WELCOME MAMIE!

wer headquarters were set up in the
d Brown Palace Hotel, which looked
ge chocolate flatiron. It was built
central well ten stories high from the
the roof, with balconies running
t every floor. The headquarters was
arren of rooms on the mezzanine.
senhowers also had the large Presi-
ite on the top floor, though they
pt at home on Lafayette Street—
had time to sleep at all.
mie's amazement, all the politicians
ates, newspaper people and influen-
urs seemed to want to meet her as
e. Mostly she received them in the
r-filled drawing room of the suite.
pened to be at home when a fresh
arrived, Arthur Vandenberg would
ry call, and Mamie would dress and
to the Brown like a fireman going
ass pole.
er times people would come to
Street, and Mamie would sit on the
et and talk to them—she liked that
She did not talk about politics at all.
ing she knew enough, she stuck to
ory of letting Ike run the office. So
hatted about things in general or
r visitors pictures of her grandchil-
re were three of them now: David,
nn and the new baby, Susan, whom
"Susy Q."
nes Ike went off on speechmaking
time for the Republican Convention
g close and the fight for the nomina-
d hot. Senator Taft had many more
pledged to him than Ike could count
ted sure of winning. A lot of people
enhower camp were pretty despond-
ie did not worry. Her solution for all
the world was to elect Ike President,
lt sure that the people would do it.
he time came to leave for the Con-
Chicago, Mamie had developed a
ralgic headache—it felt like a tooth-
r temple. Ordinarily she would have
er bed, but she had no time for such
General Snyder filled her full of
d other painkillers to keep her going.
enhower Special made a triumphal
Every place it stopped crowds were
nd Mamie always managed to get
ve and smile as happily as though
were not ready to crack. In Chicago
to the Blackstone Hotel. Then the
eally came on.

As the delegates poured into the city, it seemed as if every one of them wanted to meet Eisenhower whether he intended to vote for him or not. After they saw Ike, they wanted to meet Mamie too. They came through the suite in droves all day and most of the night. Somehow Mamie seemed to be able to make them feel like old friends in five minutes. Whenever anybody started to talk about the business at hand, she always said, "I don't understand politics." But after watching delegation after delegation go solemn and tight-lipped into Mamie's room and come out laughing in evident delight, a newspaperman told her, "You're the best politician of the lot."

Came the morning of the first vote on the candidates. Eisenhower headquarters were a wild confusion of men either shouting loudly or whispering in corners. Mamie was flat on her back with the worst headache yet. It was eased a bit by General Snyder's ministrations, but she had a feeling of floating in unreality.

When the Convention was called to order things quieted down in Eisenhower's suite. The general, Mrs. Doud and a few close friends sat in the parlor watching it on television. Mamie lay in bed with the radio on, while Snyder kept track of the votes on a tally sheet. "Alabama, fourteen votes," came the chairman's resonant voice; and the echo from the floor, "Alabama votes for Taft ——"

As the states voted in alphabetical order, Taft piled up a big early lead. Then Governor Dewey brought in a thundering 92 votes out of New York's total of 96, and Ike forged ahead. Mamie lost track of the counting, but Snyder kept telling her the totals. Lesser candidates like Gov. Earl Warren, of California, and Harold Stassen, of Minnesota, were picking up a few votes. It became evident that Ike would not get the 604 votes needed for a clear majority on the first ballot. As the final vote, that of the Virgin Islands, was counted, Snyder said, "Ike's got five hundred and ninety-five votes, nine short of a majority."

"Does that mean we're beaten?" Mamie asked.

"No. Taft has only five hundred. It's good. Wait a minute ——"

Out of the confused jumble of sound from the convention floor a voice was calling. The chairman's bellow cut through the babel: "Does Minnesota wish to change its vote?" (Minnesota had cast 19 votes for Stassen.)

"Yes," came the far-off voice. "Minnesota votes for Eisenhower."

"That does it!" said General Snyder.

Then it seemed lots of states wanted to change their votes; the stampede to Eisenhower was on.

Ike came quickly into the room and sat down on Mamie's bed. With a protective instinct she said vaguely, "Honey, everything's going to be all right!"

Ike's grin flashed for a second. "I know," he said. Then he took her hand and sat there thinking hard. Suddenly he stood up decisively and said, "I'm going right across the street to see Senator Taft."

That was so like him, Mamie thought, to go straight to the defeated candidate instead of waiting, as protocol demanded, for Taft to come to him. He would begin healing the wounds right away, so that the Republicans could fight the election as a united party. But Mamie also knew that it was not just a political move—Ike was not that subtle. It was his instinctive generosity toward a valiant though vanquished opponent.

THAT night Mamie went with Ike to the Convention for his acceptance speech. Guarded by Secret Service men, who took over when Eisenhower was nominated, they drove through the cheering crowds to the convention hall. The place was riotous. Secret Service men, friends and strangers formed a flying wedge around them and fought through the tight-packed tumultuous throng. It took nearly ten minutes to reach the comparative security of the platform.

And what of Mamie's terror of crowds? How did she survive? "Survive, heck! I loved it!" Her headache had vanished and she stood radiant in the dazzling television lights, laughing and waving, while such cheers as she had never heard before beat against them until sound seemed to defeat itself and the uproar became an elemental condition of life. When it stopped, at last, the silence was almost earsplitting.

Of course Mamie cried a little as Ike solemnly and humbly accepted the nomination. Then she was laughing again, calling out to friends, as the flying wedge formed up to carry them out to the car. It had been an incredible day.

THEY all flew back to Denver for ten days' rest. Ike went fishing in the mountains, and Mamie went to bed and pretty much stayed there. Meanwhile the Democrats had their day in Chicago and nominated Adlai Stevenson. According to Ike, they had picked their best man. It was going to be a hard fight.

As soon as Ike got back from his fishing trip, they all plunged into the work of organizing the campaign. Mamie stayed with Ike at the hotel now—there was no time to go to the Douds' except on Sundays. They both got up at six every morning, and were hard at work before eight. The amount of mail Mamie got amazed her—about three hundred letters a day. She answered them all.

Almost all the letters were friendly, but quite a few of them from women urged Mamie to do away with her bangs. When anybody mentioned the bangs to her in person, she had a way of sweeping them back, showing that her hairline was almost an inch higher than the average. "You've got to cover it somehow," she would say, "and, besides, Ike likes my bangs." That settled that.

A neighbor was explaining to her small daughter the details of the illness of our dog, and several times mentioned the dog doctor. The child listened wanderingly, and when the mother had finished, asked, "What *sort* of dog was the dog doctor?"

People who thought that Ike would jitter and Mamie wilt under the pressure of politics could not have been more mistaken. They both thrived on it. General Snyder summed it up by saying, "Ike's bitten the bullet. He's in it heart and soul, and actually enjoying it."

Snyder's diagnosis was also true of Mamie. She even learned to handle things by herself. For example, when Ike was off speechmaking, the vice-presidential nominee, Sen. Richard M. Nixon, came to Denver. It was up to Mamie to entertain him. Her first move was to telephone Colorado's genial, cowboy-booted governor, Dan Thornton: "I'm giving a party for the Nixons, please help me out by playing host."

"Of course," said Governor Dan.

"Do you think he'll like a party in our back yard?"

"He's sure to."

It was a fine party, with barbecued steak, corn roasted in the embers, and watermelon. Thornton had been one of Eisenhower's strongest supporters; he became Mamie's ardent fan. "I was working sixteen hours a day and really beaten down," he said. "Then I'd see Mamie and come away refreshed. It was a new day."

Another time when Mamie went it alone was much later, at a meeting of Republican Women in St. Louis. Somehow arrangements had gone awry; there was no one to introduce her, no one even in charge. As two hundred leaderless women pushed around her, Mamie took command. In a clear, authoritative voice that surprised herself, she shouted, "Form in line! If you form in line, I'll be glad to shake hands with all of you." The restoration of order that followed seemed miraculous to her.

Such action would have been unthinkable for Mamie a year, or even two months, before.

There was one bad day in Denver that had nothing to do with politics. That was when John flew in on his way to Korea. Late in the evening Mamie went out to the air base where they had set aside a room in which she could be with her son for a few precious minutes. She had been a good soldier's wife, but her fortitude was not quite equal to saying good-by to John. She broke down like a million other mothers. When she came out her face was swollen and tear-streaked in the merciless glare of the photographers' flash bulbs which pursued her even there.

But she was more determined than ever that Ike must be President. With supreme confidence she told herself, "He'll either win that darn war or stop it somehow."

Early in September Eisenhower headquarters were moved to the Commodore Hotel in New York, while Ike and Mamie went to live at 60 Morningside Drive. It was both familiar and



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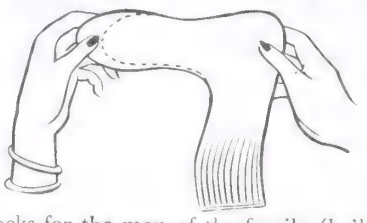
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strange to be in the big house again, at home but not really home. At any rate, she did not have time to settle in before she was off on the campaign train.

The first trip of the Eisenhower Special was scheduled to run through twelve Western and Southern states, while Ike made eight major speeches and seventy-seven whistle-stop talks—actually there were many more. Mamie frankly dreaded the trip, but like everything else that had worried her about this strange adventure, it turned out to be quite wonderful. Speaking in retrospect, she says, "The campaign train was wearing, but so rewarding that I would not give up the memory of it for anything. The wonderful faces we saw all over the country, so happy and contented. It was inspiring because, you see, we had been away so long from people who looked happy."

Even a peripatetic train has a routine; and Mamie soon got into the swing of it. Up early in the morning; breakfast with wives of the local politicos while the men talked politics; then a stop at some city, and the motorcade through the roaring streets, with Mamie sitting on a couple of cushions in the back of a convertible, waving and yelling "Hi!" to shouts of "Hi, Mamie." Then the speech; a short reception, the rush back to the train; a whistle stop with Ike talking seriously from the rear platform, and finally saying, "Now I want you to meet Mamie," and beckoning her to come out. Mamie would kid with the crowd and lean over to sign autographs. Then the train would pull out, and they'd do it all over again half an hour later. The pattern varied from state to state and day to day, but in the main that is how it went.

One stop that was not even a whistle became famous throughout the nation. Just at dawn the train pulled up beside a shedlike station in the sparse pine woods of North Carolina. Two or three hundred people who had risen in the dead of night in the hope of a glimpse of them crowded around the car.

Ike, in his dressing gown, came into Mamie's stateroom: "Come on, honey! Let's say hello to them!"

"Like this?" asked Mamie.

"Sure! You're pretty as a picture."

So in her robe, with her hair in curlers, Mamie went to the car door and stood with Ike laughing with the friendly people. A reporter who was in the crowd told her that he heard one woman say, "*She's* going to get him elected." It made Mamie very proud.

Incidentally, the picture that was taken then appeared in virtually every newspaper, and undoubtedly brought in a lot of votes. By that picture also hangs a tale. There were three press-association photographers on the train, representing AP, UP and INS. Only one of them had taken the trouble to get up for that dawn stop, and he got the picture of a lifetime. A little later, while Mamie was having breakfast, Jim Hagerty came in and explained the situation. "The other two boys are in bad trouble," he said. "They're apt to get fired."

"We can fix that," Mamie said. "I'll put my hair up in curlers again, and we'll restage it."

IN October the Eisenhowers took the train again up through New England. The Yankees seemed just as hotly enthusiastic as the Western people and the Southerners. But the politicians told Mamie that it was far from a sure thing. The public-opinion polls gave Eisenhower a slight lead, but the polls had been known to err in favor of the Republicans. Ike was radiantly confident. Mamie proudly watched him getting better at his new job every day.

The final days were a sort of blur. The huge rally in Madison Square Garden, and Election Eve in Boston's Garden with a rally followed by the television-radio broadcast when the Eisenhowers and Nixons appeared together informally. Ike said the last word just at midnight in an impromptu speech.

As they went down to the waiting car Mamie said, "That was a beautiful speech, Ike."

Ike smiled his pleasure. "Was it, truly?" he asked. And then, vaguely, "What did I say?"

Election Day was surprisingly peaceful. The train got to New York just as daylight began to filter through the city haze. Mamie and Ike, who had three hours of sleep, drove straight to the polling pl voted at 7:38 A.M.—the straight R ticket. Then they went to 60 Morning long lazy day. Mamie mostly slept painted a little. They had the peacef that everything had been done could do.

About six that evening they went sun porch on the roof, where the tele stood. Mamma Doud was there, a Barbara and the children. A few friends came in, among them the Sn the Nevinses. Art Nevins was rather because his brother Allen had dec Stevenson. Ike laughed it off: "A ma vote the way he feels is right."

BY eight o'clock the returns were p Mamie could hardly believe th sounded so good. The wise ones grains of salt: "Too early to tell a But the news got better. The soldier going to Ike two to one. By 8:30 Co had gone for Eisenhower. He wa almost everywhere. Even the solid S cracking—Eisenhower led in Virgin to 34,000; he was leading in Florida

As the farm states of the Midwes the trend was confirmed. Mamie sa eyes shining. Though she had alwa that Ike was wonderful, it was thrill the whole country putting their con him.

By 10 P.M., when they started fo Headquarters, they knew that Ike In the roaring rooms at the Hotel Co the next two hours went by in bedl Adlai Stevenson made a graceful sp ceding Eisenhower's victory. At 2 A. walked with her husband into the pa room of the Commodore, and the bl television lights, for Ike's quietly hu tory speech. "Let us unite for the be of America for our children and o children. . . . We cannot now do a ahead of us except as a united peo

As they rode homeward throug Park, with the motorcycle escort around them, Ike and Mamie were silent and solemn as if they had were both thinking of their respe ahead in their own way. Eisenhowe inspired and oppressed by the awful bility of the American people's con him, and the question of how he c them best. Mamie, sharply perso point of view, thought only of how best help Ike.

To most Americans the preside symbolized by a flag, or an eagle clawful of lightning, or any other of pings. Just as the dome of the Cap trade-mark of democracy, the Wh stands for the Chief Executive. Its b dignity fit the prestige of the office, b at all forbidding. Indeed, its column suggests the hospitality that sinc times has been a cherished national its very name implies the simplicity expected of its occupant despite the wields.

Mamie Eisenhower shared the nat ing of respect and affection for House. She knew that while she live would become part of its tradition. son with her fondness for informa both shattering and humorous to herself as a symbol. She did not least like a bald eagle or even the England; but since it seemed that h would be slightly akin to both, she to act the part in the finest tradit White House. At the same time she ferociously determined to make it herself and Ike.

The first step was a personally tour of the house by Mrs. Truma wasted very little time on the state the ground floor. She knew them w and, besides, there was nothing sh about them, since they were under tion of the Fine Arts Commission. she did cast a sharp eye over the electrified kitchen with a view to venience and economy; for she w aware that several Presidents had

l running this place and she did not let Ike do that.

the second floor that interested ost. Here she could exercise her omemaking, although with tourists rough the lower floors every week- 0 A.M. to noon she would feel a little on nest-building in the New York rary.

r less than half an hour, Mamie had thing planned out as she mentally rniture around. There were not ugh closets, so she decided to make nan's small southwest-corner bed- a dressing room, taking the larger m next door to sleep in. The outsize l, which she had had made to order rs One, would fit against the west one of Ike's landscapes over it. In rner there was room for the won- desk with a complete bed that ut of it, which she had inherited ndma Carlson.

l have a large connecting room for ng room; and their sitting room the closed-off end of the broad cor- ran the full length of the house.

decided to have her bedroom painted she liked best, light green—there ainters on the payroll who could do great expense. Since her bed was te shade of pink, the rest of the had to be in accord. As she went he other rooms, Mamie kept her eye nk pieces she could borrow for her The draperies in Margaret Truman's the north side matched exactly; she e them and save the Government se of getting new draperies. She oom directly across the hall for Mrs. o would be here a good deal, she

Decorating the President's Oval Study would be up to Ike, with a few tactful suggestions, of course. Mamie, a confirmed porch sitter, liked the balcony outside it that President Truman had built, despite the row about it. Later she and Ike were often grateful to escape from the air-conditioned sterility of their rooms, and sit there enjoying the grass-sweet evening breeze from the river.

Farther along the hall was the Lincoln Room, where the Emancipation Proclamation had been signed. Though his extra-long, carved bed was there now, Mamie knew that President Lincoln had used it as his office, and had slept in the room she was planning for her own. With a dutiful historical gasp she passed on—the Lincoln Room was a case of "best not to touch."

In the Rose Suite, traditional quarters of visiting royalty, the huge four-poster bed was very high off the floor. Mamie made a mental note to have some sort of steps built for it—if the petite Queen of England ever came visiting she would never make the grade.

On the third floor, Mamie was mainly interested in accommodations for her grandchildren. There was a suite of rooms where they could put in a kitchenette to prepare the children's food. The playroom was pretty small, but she guessed it would do. . . .

As Mamie came out on the portico with Mrs. Truman the photographers rushed up. A reporter looked at the beautiful fur coat Ike had given her when he sold Crusade. "What's that coat made of?" he asked.

Mamie knew the reference was to Nixon's campaign phrase about "a good Republican cloth coat." She grinned and said airily, "Mink, of course."

Talking her new quarters over with Mike, who now lived on Klingle Street out Connecticut Avenue way, Mamie was enthusiastic. The spacious rooms, with their graceful classic furniture and sunshine pouring through the windows, gave one a sense of serenity which was as agreeable as it was unexpected. Despite the responsibilities that weighed upon its occupants, she felt that the White House was a happy place.

According to inflexible tradition, the Trumans must move out of the White House and the Eisenhowers move in between speeches on Inauguration Day. In all her many moves Mamie had never faced one that was quite like this. To take everything out of 60 Morningside and move into a place two hundred miles away in about twenty-four hours was a problem in logistics that might have baffled even Ike. It took extremely careful planning and split-second timing. She spent the next six weeks—mostly sitting up in bed with a heavy cold—organizing the arrangements. They worked as well as the plans for D day.

When she was not working on her moving day, Mamie was assembling a First Lady's wardrobe. She bought some very expensive dresses, among them a gray dressmaker suit from Hattie Carnegie to wear at the inauguration ceremonies. She made that eminent *couturière* redesign the skirt so it was very full. Her sparkling pink bouffant-skirted ball gown was from Nettie Rosenstein via Neiman-Marcus; there were daytime and evening dresses by Mollie Parnis; and a couple of dozen Sally Victor hats, all small and close-fitting.

In addition, there were many inexpensive dresses which Mamie had picked up in her travels. She loves a bargain and does not care where a dress comes from as long as it suits her. Once from a roaring motorcade in the campaign, she saw a dress in a shopwindow for $39.95 that she knew was just what she needed. She made a careful mental note of the store; wrote back and ordered it. Like all Army wives, Mamie had been a mail-order addict. Now that she could no longer go shopping without a great hullabaloo, she reverted to her former habit.

The Eisenhowers spent the night before the inaugural in the suite at the Statler which they had occupied for a few hours the day Ike came home from the war. Mamie woke up early and looked anxiously out the window. It was Eisenhower weather, all right, with rosy sunlight tinting the buildings and air as soft as April. She ordered a pot of coffee and some toast. Then she dressed for the special service at the National Presbyterian Church, putting on the gray suit and a small white hat that was a present from a Virginia lady she had never met. There were thirty-four members of the Eisenhower and Doud families at the church: Mrs. Doud, John and Barbara, of course; all of Ike's brothers and their wives; Mike and her husband; the Joel Carlsons; cousins from all over the country.

Back at the Statler, Mamie changed her hat to a gray, close-fitting Sally Victor and freshened her make-up. It was nearly time to pick up the Trumans when Ike, in shirt sleeves, came barging through the connecting door: "Say, Mamie, do you think it would be all right if I say a prayer?"

"A prayer?" Mamie asked.

"At the ceremony. Before my speech."

Mamie smiled fondly at his earnestness. "It's always a good thing to say a prayer," she answered softly.

It was then that Ike called a secretary and, standing beside Mamie's dressing table, dictated the moving prayer that was his first official utterance as President of the United States.

WASHINGTON was like a country fair that day. Everyone wore a smile and even the delays caused by the jostling crowds could not make them cross. Mamie rode down Pennsylvania Avenue between the massed tiers of cheering people with Mrs. Truman and Margaret. When she came out on the platform built on the Capitol steps, the great square in front of her was filled with gaily dressed people as far as she could see.

The simple, beautiful ceremony in which the enormous power of the presidency was transferred from one man to another took so brief a time that Mamie hardly realized when it was over and her husband was President.

WHAT WOULD YOU?

BY MARION LINEAWEAVER

"What would you?" I've been thinking bout this ever since Mr. and Mrs. Gould old me about a test which appeared in the HJ and contained approximately the same uestions.

There's no way of scoring, but the thing so revealing of character that scoring isn't ecessary. Sometimes it's quite disillusion- g, especially when asked to a man you hink is attractive and dashing, and it turns u he'd rather be a robin, a well-loved dog, nd would rather see the view from his own ont porch and eat roast beef, peas and ice ream.—M.L.

"What would you taste?
pices, or guavas, or almond paste?"

Apples, pulled from a branch bent low
By the drenching light
Of a harvest moon,
Cool to handle as globes of snow,
Warm to bite as the core of noon."

"What would you see?
tars, or pearls, or a blossoming tree?"

"The countercurrent under the green
Turbulent swell
Of the Thracian Bosphorus,
Rippling the deep-down submarine
Meadows of shell,
Alight with phosphorus."

"If you could fly—
A lark? A swallow, skimming the sky?"

"A Canada goose from the polar icecap,
Flying back
To the midnight sun,
Over the glaciers that heave and snap,
With the loud crack
Of a sullen gun."

"The animal kind:
A silver fox? Or a golden hind?"

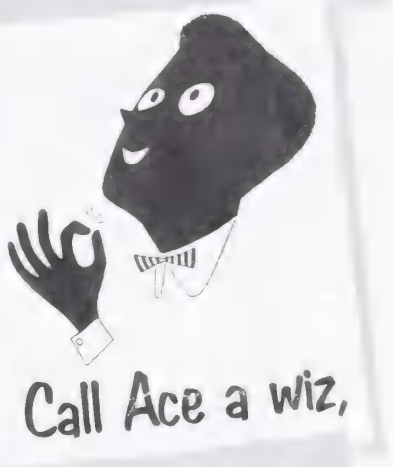
"A beast, black as the blackest pitch
With topaz eyes
And ivory claws;
The camouflage of a new-made witch
Is jungle guise
And a panther's jaws."

"How would you look?
Like a princess out of a fairy book?"

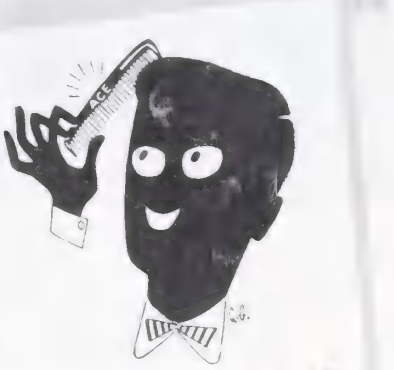
"Like a Yankee clipper's figurehead,
Carved to lean
In the shape of desire,
Breasting foam like a feather bed
Made for a queen
To set afire."

"What of hell, and heaven above?"
"The kiss of Death in the arms of Love."









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SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER

The President's first act was as surprising as it was characteristic. As soon as he had spoken the last solemn words of the Oath of Office, Ike strode quickly over to Mamie and kissed her.

After that there were a few moments of happy confusion. Mamie was laughing and crying at the same time, as the smiling dignitaries offered congratulations. Then the new President walked to the rostrum, and in the utter silence of the great reverent crowd spoke the humble prayer he had written that morning in Mamie's dressing room.

Every previous President had driven back from the Capitol to the White House with his Vice-President. Right here Ike broke another precedent. Mamie rode beside him in the open car while the Nixons followed in another. The solemnity of the inaugural ceremony was gone. Ike was grinning his broadest, and Mamie sparkling with happiness. As they reached the stands in front of the White House, Ike shouted and pointed to his old friends sitting there. Mamie smiled and kissed her hand in greeting.

The Eisenhowers went directly to their place in the President's box. There they perched on stoollike, high chairs to review the great parade. It was a long ordeal, five hours long, but Mamie would not have missed a moment of it. For that parade was America at its wonderful, homely best; not grim or grand like the massed troops solemnly stalking by the rulers of less favored nations, but alive with the color, vitality and, above all, the good humor that are our especial national characteristics. Even the cowboy who asked permission to rope the President and then faile attempt added a congruous note in all the world would a man such awful power as Ike does tomfoolery? Somehow it seemed despite our vast responsibilities a ble armaments, exemplified in the cannon lumbering through the ga we still kept our national sense o

It was 7:02 P.M. and full night walked with Ike up to the great co tico of her new home. John Ma served every President since Will Taft, swung the door wide for there in his straight, slender figur how touching dignity, something of "Tall and Stately Jack" of lon

"Good evening, Mr. President ning, Mrs. Eisenhower," he said.

Smiling happily, Mamie crossed of the White House, holding ti husband's arm.

Since Mamie is still in the Whit definitive picture of her as First be attempted. However, her man different occasion, from the d maraderie of her way with the D mighty sideswipe with which sh bottle of champagne on the stubb Nautilus, shows that she has take her stride.

She needed only one day to rest rigors of the inaugural and its twi day the house was full of family, ited with her folks. She let John sleep in the royal grandeurs of th the first night, just for the fun of

On the second day, Mamie set routine and took the reins of into her strong, slender hands. S better trained than most Presiden the executive side of her job, for many houses staffed by Governm ees, as is the White House.

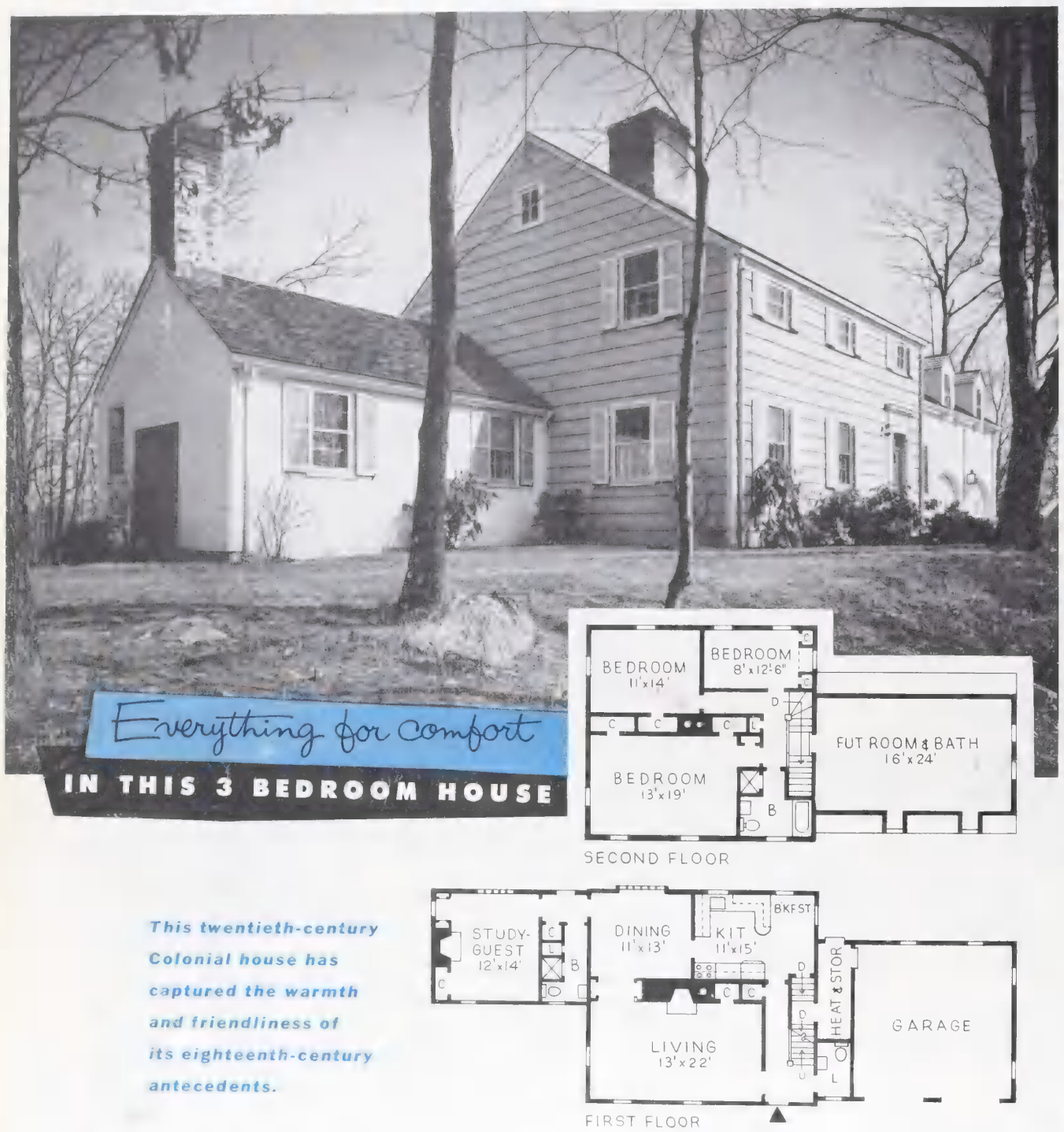
Of course the Eisenhowers b own personal staff, including Bo military aide, Bill Draper as Air F Mary Jane McCaffree as Mam and social secretary, assisted by A To look after the Eisenhowers' co were Rose Wood and Sergeant M wife Delores.

That second day half began when, before dawn, Sergeant M softly at the door to wake the Pr slipped quietly out of bed. At eigh in with Mamie's usual meage Then Chief Usher Howell G. Cr to check appointments, follow Mabel C. Walker to talk over th not true that Mamie just approve She says that she actually orders whether it is supper for two, wh President Ike may have served in TV set, or a state dinner. She ev food for Ike's stag luncheons and she knows very well the kind c men like to eat.

In fact, Mamie runs two hous Eisenhowers' own, which include ily and personal guests, and is pa President; and the state establ official entertainment, chargeable ernment. While Mamie never sk shrewdly economical as Pooh-Ba to be; and as careful with Gover as with her own.

After the ordering was done, McCaffree came in with the mo hundreds of letters. While she Mrs. McCaffree, Mamie stays in serve her strength—besides, lying an old Denver custom. If there a or appointments to interrupt them times keep hard at it until late a Mamie tries to give everyone w satisfactory answer. Just as in D she piled Creepy full of dirty little a soft touch for children. Their l ways answered and sometimes a to the White House is included.

There are also hundreds of b curious presents to be acknowled all the way from a small rag doll bangs—which she loved—to a w ice. Perhaps the present which



PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLPH E. LEPPERT, JR.

This twentieth-century Colonial house has captured the warmth and friendliness of its eighteenth-century antecedents.

By CAROL L. MERCADO

Here's a house that does everything for comfort a small house can do. The main house is self-sufficient from cellar to rooftop; the study is a luxurious addition.

One secret to successful traditional design is to make the chimneys large enough. Here it is done correctly. This house teaches another lesson helpful to any style, old or new, and that is a change of pace in color and materials. Buff shingles cover the central portion; wings are flush siding, pure white. The entryway is detailed with just the right restraint. A handsome living-room fireplace has its wood bin handily built into the chimney wall. The passage between living and dining rooms is flanked with open shelves; paneled cupboards below store linens and silver. Off the dining room is the study, with its own cozy hearth. An ideal family room, it accommodates overnight guests too. Informal meals are served in the breakfast room, out of cooking traffic. One kitchen entry leads to storeroom and garage, another opens to foyer. The large area above the garage will be a future playroom, or another bedroom and bath.

Designed by H. Lawrence Coggins, of Greenwich, Connecticut, this house is located at Windmill Farm, Armonk, New York.

mpler pa nstakingly stitched with
's Inau ural Prayer.
on most days the letter answering
by official engagements or recep-
where up to a couple of thousand
nie's record for handshaking al-
that set by energetic Mrs. Frank-
evelt—Mamie knows that it is a
help Ike.
ing there may be one of the state
n Mamie and Ike sitting side by
rved chairs at the huge glittering
nety to a hundred distinguished
r best clothes and party manners.
that these affairs are pretty glacial
ning she can do.
, though, Mamie has broken
e open. There was the time when
Allan Shivers of Texas and Dan
Colorado came in from playing
at the Burning Tree Club. While
ting with the President in the sit-
Mamie came in dressed for a for-
Then, while the President dressed,
on showing them over the White
ng up in the children's rooms on
or.

tour, she escorted them down the
ay. As Governor Dan describes it,
around the turn, and found the
led with people in white ties, tails
wns, their jewels and decorations
the crystal chandeliers. "There
says Governor Dan, "in sport
ants and cowboy boots, all dirty
from our game. We actually

ase out a back way,' suggested

u don't,' said Mamie. She put an
l each of us and marched us into
oom, saying, 'Folks, I want you to
o Western governors.'"
t Mamie practically owned Texas
do. Governor Shivers summed it
ng, "There cannot be a situation
rst Lady can't handle."
Dan said, "She reminds me of
son."

ucky evenings when they do not
rk at their job, the Eisenhowers
supper on trays and, perhaps, in-
their old friends in for a movie or
ne. Quite often they end up singing
e plays the electric organ that Mrs.
her for a birthday present. The
e of Mamie's chief recreations in
House; she practices almost daily
captured her youthful touch. Ike
sing—off key.
ally Mamie gets Ruth Butcher,
er, Mrs. Snyder, Ann Nevins or
r old friends to come in the after-
ame of Bolivia, which is to canasta
ct is to bridge whist.
at the pressures are greater, Mamie
ne does not find the business of
ng so very different from the way
d ever since Ike came home from
e has her public life and her private
ver the twain shall meet if she can
mptom of this is the way she jeal-
ds the privacy of her sacred second
one who gets up there is a real
e family. From her lair in the East
Wing, Mary Jane McCaffree guards
ivacy like a well-bred tigress.
ad a lot of fun fixing up the farm
rg for their eventual retirement.
iasm for decorating houses partly
frustration at never having one of
nd partly because she knows she
od job. The vacation cottage at the
ational Golf Club afforded another
her talent. Naturally the interior
ed around Mamie's favorite shades
d pink.
trip to Denver last summer the
s were almost able to go back in
come anonymity. Once again Ma-
he Red Carpet and entertained her
ile Ike roamed the lower slopes of
s catching outsize trout, and came
ill a steak in the back yard.
Washington, Mamie, slipping into
House routine of two lives, found
it agreeably familiar. She even enjoyed the public occasions, feeling the sense of accomplishment of a thing worth doing done well. Besides, she still likes meeting people. Her private life was as happy as could be, with her grandchildren frequent visitors, and her friends dropping in.

One day Mike came by with a box of bits of black court plaster cut in the shapes of hearts and crescents and stars.

"I found these beauty spots when I was rummaging through your old dressing table," she told Mamie. "Remember how you used always to wear them when you were the belle of Denver?"

"Sure," said Mamie. "They were real becoming."

She took one from the box and stuck it just below her left cheekbone. "Pretty snazzy," she said, admiring herself in the mirror on her dressing table. "Golly, I'd like to wear this to the state dinner tonight!" Her eyes sparkled as she toyed with the idea. "I suppose it wouldn't be dignified," she decided reluctantly, "but it sure would start a fad."

That was Mamie of Lafayette Street, who could laugh at anything, including herself, but who always could do what she had to do for Ike. The glittering bigwigs who stand waiting in the stately rooms on the lower floor see her playing her part to the hilt. The Marine Corps band blares out Hail to the Chief, in splendid diapason. The President and Mrs. Eisenhower walk slowly down the great stairway. She is dressed in as exquisite a creation as the imagination of woman—or man—can devise. The sheen of glamour is on her; and the dignity of her great position too.

But her friends like best to think of her as she receives them when they drop in on her of a morning, sitting bolt upright in her vast pink bed, wearing a dainty pink negligee and a pink satin bow in her hair, her blue eyes sparkling with the fun of it all, in the room where Lincoln slept.

END

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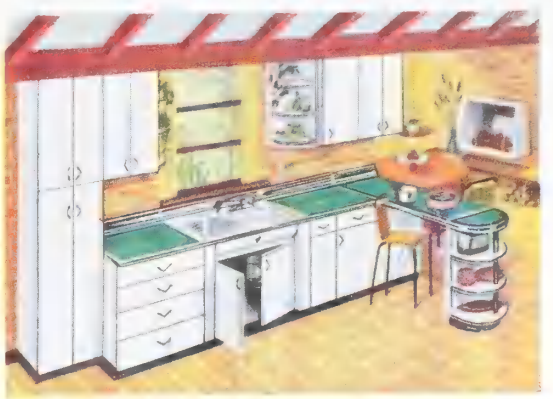
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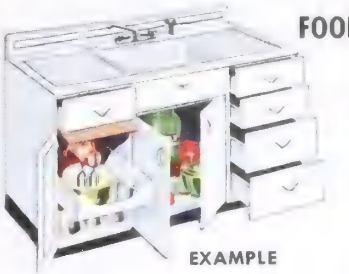


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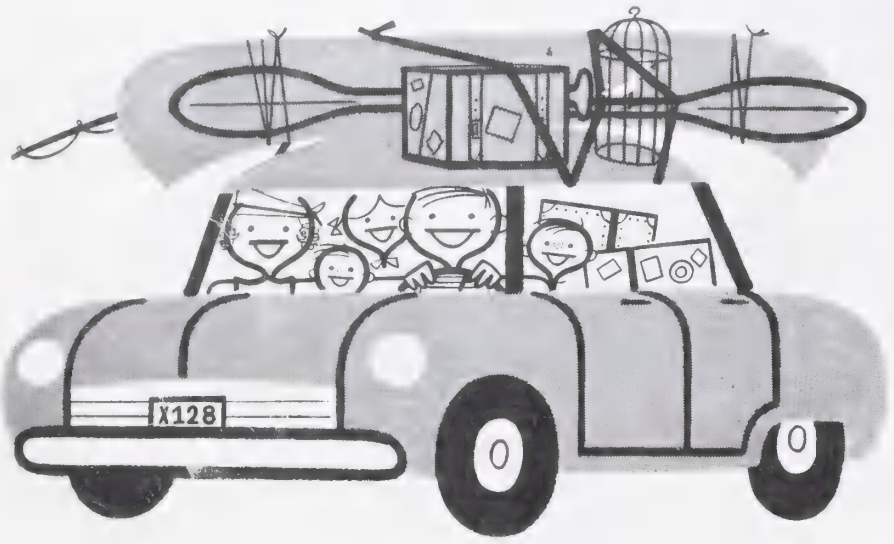
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Diary of Domesticit

By GLADYS TABER



Kontiki and Jonquil wait for an afternoon ride.

HOT, still days come now, with heat simmering over the fields, crackling in the long corn rows. The Farmers' Almanac says quietly, "Hot, sultry, bit of a drought, but let's not pout or shout." This should settle me on the pronunciation of that word "drought" anyway. I would prefer to rhyme it with "south."

This is the one time of the year when it is fun to get up early. There is a freshness about the world then, like a freshwater pearl, and the air is sweet with the smell of dew on growing things. It is fun to go through the bean rows on the way to the pond for a dip, and see the long, slim, waxy pods heavy on the vines, and the delicate bean blossoms open. On the way back from the pond, we can pick a panful of beans for supper, and think how noble a bean is *if* picked when young, young, young. The time to pick a bean is when it is just becoming a bean, feather-slim and delicate.

We do most of our cooking in the evening, these hot days, and it is a kind of game to fill the refrigerator with the basis of the meals for a houseful of guests. Then we can add that one indispensable hot dish and have an easy time.

We rely heavily on all the wonderful new plastic-coated paper plates and cups and the plastic and plastic-coated mats to go with them. They are now so lovely to look at. We have a pattern that is gay and yet cool-looking, the plates do not leak when you put a sauce in them and the cups *do* hold hot coffee safely. The mats wipe clean with one swish. And all that washing and cleaning up is done with.

A great summer aid is the liquidizer. I make Swedish meat ring with its help, easy and so good. First comes the envelope of unflavored gelatin softened in that ¼ cup cold water, then it is heated over a slow heat until thoroughly dissolved. Next I cut ½ pound liverwurst into small chunks, add ½ medium-sized green pepper, cut fine, 1 slice onion, diced, 1½ cups tomato juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard; this all goes in the blender and mixes at high speed until thoroughly blended. Into an oiled quart ring mold to chill several hours. I garnish with olives—and often add 6 stuffed olives to the mix while blending for an extra touch. This serves 4 handson nice summer change from the hamburgers and franks. Goo Italian bread—the slices spre garlic butter and a sprinkle of san. A crisp salad adds a last t

There are many versions of rabbit, but an easy one for a su the terrace is made by melting spoon butter or margarine, then 1 teaspoon flour, stirring well, cup milk. When smooth, I add grated Cheddar cheese, ½ teasp mustard, 1 teaspoon Worces sauce. I stir over low heat—I use the chafing dish—and whe smooth and bubbling, I serve crisp hot toast slices. The chafi is so easy to carry to the Quiet or the cool spot under the appl and in case there should rise a air, we can put a screen of alu foil against the wind to keep th going.

It is amazing how fast an Irish grows. At four months Holly tip scales at 36 pounds. She did t too. Our scales are up the steepes in the world and Holly did no how to go up and down. We have couraged it, because I like to th upstairs is free of dust and chew of this and that. So we enlisted to lug her up; she dangled, all le his arms, looking over his shou great amazement. A queer new she decided, licking him effusively George had to get weighed, an lift her up again and get weighe her. After which we subtracted all getting different answers until it on paper, for arithmetic is so we traffic with as little as possib

The cockers weigh all the wa Linda's petite 16 to 18 pounds big boy Teddy, around 27. I am the modern cocker is getting to b dog; I like a small, compact do to gather up, practical to trave For a big dog, you can alway a springer spaniel. Or, of cour Irish!

I never like to hear dog people ing their own breed is *the* only isn't true and it isn't good sens breeds differ as people differ and should fit the particular family he is going to own. Whatever the b is well to know the parentage

can get an unstable, nervous dog
f you don't use good judgment. I
ly surprised at the way people
g with less care than they would
summer slip covers!
t of church on Sunday, I looked
e. Esther Forbes, in her delightful
ow on the Road, calls the New
rch spires icicles in the sky, and
y description. It's strange how a
eans inspiration to us and a flat
not. A church without an old-
ire wouldn't be a church to me.
is a fine thing to go to church
st of all, it gives one a chance to
n one's own life for an hour or so
ce with a thoughtful atmosphere.
ms and daily responsibilities and
suddenly reduce themselves to a
on. It is good to take a long look
iet place.
t is good to gather with people all
erious hour of worship. People
rties, gather for political battles,
aff meetings, for committee bat-
w blessed to gather to spend an
g about God!
cular Sunday our earnest young
preached about that brief min-

istry of the carpenter's Son. When he spoke of the miracles, I fell to thinking that the greatest miracle in all the history of man is that all over the world people still are trying to "pick up their nets and follow Him" just as the rough fishermen on Galilee did. It made me realize that in spite of these troubled times, nobody can ever permanently get rid of God. This was a comforting thought just as I decided we were going to blow ourselves and everybody else up just experimenting with the hydrogen bomb, for it does seem that men cannot help developing death with all their might. And yet—and yet who counts the little people who turn regularly to that Jewish carpenter and say, "Lord, I believe!"

In the meadow at dusk now the fireflies carry their luminous little lanterns, starring the violet evening. How magical they are, such plain little bugs in the daytime and such faery folk at night! They are like some people who seem awkward and homely but carry hidden a secret loveliness which, when we see it, lightens everything within reach!

There is a lovely lingering time in midsummer evenings. We walk slowly in the porcelain air, like people in a dream. The dogs lie quietly on the dew-cool grass and the grass takes on that wondrous color when green fades into the color of night. George is milking across the way and the lights glow from his old red barn.

Even the exuberant Holly stretches out her shining coppery self and gives a long, deep sigh. She has had a hard day, chasing and hauling things and pulling towels from the wash line. She feels the young have so much to learn and it is all confusing.

The quality of the enfolding night somehow reminds me of that exquisite poem of De la Mare's:

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses,
Of the forest's ferny floor.

I am sorry this is not an age of poetry, for poetry sings to the heart in a special music which prose cannot really accomplish. We all need it, as we need fine music. With these, "in spite of all, some shape of beauty moves away the pall from our dark spirits," as Keats says.

The night is sweet with the sound of the cicadas, the truest song of summer's heart. I always think they sing just to express the excitement of summer, and when I wake and hear them in the night, I am grateful.

Summer's lease hath all too short a date!

TIME OF OUR LIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

which is roughly the size of Rhode located in the heart of the High hin the valley are facilities for any the expensive and luxurious otel; medium-priced cabins and seven free public campgrounds ers like the Williamses bring their ent, may stay as long as fifteen or depending on the time of the year) garbage-disposal facilities and ons provided by the Government. incoming campers drive from ound to another until they find an ot which appeals to them. The who hoped for a site on the river, ow say he was pulling his trailer ours. They waited, ended up with area for the kids on the sand— cross the river and right up three t of gray granite wall."
ll see how much you *really* know ing," Geegee said, grinning at nildren were already down at the g up camp was Dick's show. He eran camper after many fishing Sierras as a boy. Geegee was a vice—although not for long.
he thing about camping," she said "You sure find out everything— ybody can do it."
mses had brought a trailer tent, rented from a fellow fireman. oked like a canvas-covered sand- l, springs and mattresses folded ide, on legs, to make single beds nd Leslie, leaving plenty of space floor for Dick and Geegee's dou- bag. The canvas was large enough e works completely—a tent on s more practical, they felt, than a at $7 a week where the children been sleeping on the ground, and 7.50 a week than a fully equipped would have cost them $35 a week. the rented gasoline stove ($3.50), d much the same as a gas range though considerably slower be- altitude. Next to it, a portable , also rented ($2)—large enough eggs, butter and a few other sup- , who had packed cooking equip- nned goods in four wooden boxes, em now, set the boxes upright to s, and reorganized everything— ting equipment on the shelves, s on an old card table. For eating, e of several wooden picnic tables the National Park Service.
at night was early: canned pork ruit and coffee. Dickie and Leslie sleeping bags by 8, their parents their first night sleeping out in air of the Sierras.

Dick had a special job before bed each night: packing all the perishables and sweets in the icebox and an old duffel bag, and stringing both of these high on a rope between two trees—precaution against the bears, seldom seen in the daytime, but known to prowl the camps at night, searching for food. Feeding of bears and deer in Yosemite is strictly forbidden. As a further hindrance to bears, the garbage pails are emptied after dinner.

However, Dick didn't get his food high enough. And Geegee heard, about 2 A.M., a loud crash as their food came hurtling down. The bear ripped open the duffel bag, ate with a loud satisfied sound, then did a great war dance about the icebox as he tried to claw it open.

"Dick," Geegee whispered, "the bear's out there. Wake up."

Dick grunted and stuck his head out.

"Don't go out there," Geegee said, pulling him back. "Stay with me. I'm pe-petrified!"

"She didn't know I couldn't walk," Dick said later.

They lay there watching the bear when suddenly out of the black came a camper, beating on a dishpan with a heavy wooden spoon.

"Where's that bear, where's that bear," he chanted. And the bear departed—*fast*. For "infallibles" in chasing away bears are bright lights and loud noises—if you have the courage. Bears are reputed to be more afraid of humans than otherwise, although most humans react like Geegee—"pe-petrified!"

Insight was cast into the tastes of this particular bear in the morning. He had enjoyed two pounds of bacon, a jar of blackberry jam, some cheese and two boxes of chocolate-chip cookies—and had broken sixteen eggs.

But by 7:15 Dick—who does *not* cook at home—had pancakes, bacon and coffee going strong. "M'm-m," he said. "That's camping—a great big breakfast and lots of time to lie down afterward." Geegee, who often has only coffee for breakfast at home, put away a big pancake—and the children did even better. Geegee had two dishpans of water heating on the stove, ready to wash and rinse the dishes as soon as the meal was over, while Dick shoveled out the pit of the campfire, raked a pile of pine needles (good for starting fires), and borrowed firewood from a neighbor until he had time to look in the woods for his own. He strung up a piece of rope for a clothesline, swept out the tent—and stretched out on the ground under a shady tree, his day's chores done.

"You can't beat this for living," he said dreamily.

Already one big thing which appealed to Geegee about camping was housekeeping—the *lack* of it. "Ideal," she said. "Just wash the dishes, fold the pajamas into the sleeping bags, and close the flap on the tent. Even when you're working, it seems more like playing house." Geegee, with a husband who "just has a fit if everything isn't always cleaned and polished," does *lots* of housekeeping at home—vacuums and dusts their two-bedroom house every day, polishes the chrome on sink and range three times a day, and even vacuums their convertible (including the top) once a week. "So it's a vacation for me all the way."

"Daddy," Leslie called out, "let's go somewhere!" And a little boy's gravel voice joined her: "I want to see things!" Within minutes everyone was in the car and off for the first stop: Happy Isles Rapids, where the river swirls through a bed of rocks and boulders, making a perfect place for children to jump and climb. Dickie and Leslie were off across the stream in a flash with their dad a slow third; Geegee settled down on a big rock and lay looking up at the mountains and trees.

Dickie got his foot caught. "Hey, daddy," he shouted, "come move this boulder over for me." For Dickie and Leslie this was the high spot of the trip. Every day they asked to go back to "the place with the rocks."

The next few days were busy ones. They climbed a half mile almost straight uphill to get a closer look at Vernal Falls, one of Yosemite's famous waterfalls; drove forty miles to see the giant redwoods, with Dickie exclaiming excitedly, "How can this *be*, daddy?" as they drove right *through* the trunk of Wawona Tunnel Tree; climaxed it all with

NEXT MONTH

Like standing on your head in an electric mixer. . . .

Dot Canner was circled by crying babies: telephone rings from bingo-bound friends; a freezer, ironer, piano and extra TV set she couldn't say "no" to; and bills for $1000 a year more than her husband earned. In Beechhurst, L.I., New York, a case of jitters closed in on ——

THE SCRAMBLED HOUSEWIFE

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES
in the August JOURNAL

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a trip to Glacier Point, and the most striking view they had seen yet: a gigantic panorama of peaks, domes, ridges, valleys and waterfalls extending all about them. They could see the tiny green finger of the valley floor 3250 feet below—and even their own campsite.

"I could even see my blue bathing suit hanging on the line," Leslie said authoritatively, although this is a statement subject to doubt in certain parental circles.

"Kids," Dick said. "I love them and I could kill them. We spend lots of time with our kids—playing games, fishing, helping with their projects—but we also yell at them more than anyone in our neighborhood. When we tell them to do something we expect them to do it right away. It's not fair, I guess. They're only kids. And we want them to be perfect."

Away from home in big Yosemite, the Williams family swung into its easy team pattern. Sight-seeing, top order of the day, was always followed by a break for peanut-butter sandwiches, a short nap, and a swim for Dick and the children. Geegee, interested in outdoor cooking, discovered to her delight how really simple it is. She broiled steak and chops on a grill over the open flame; rubbed potatoes with butter, enclosed them in aluminum foil and baked them in the coals of the fire; and, as her boldest experiment, wrapped individual portions of lamb stew in aluminum foil and cooked these in the coals. The results: "Absolutely delicious. You get a flavor cooking this way you just don't get at home. Maybe the outdoor life helps too. Anyway, we all cleaned our plates—and came back for more."

Shopping in the valley is as simple as at home. There are four general stores where almost anything is available, from fresh fruit and vegetables to blue jeans and dress-up summer skirts. Ice is on sale, wood for campfires. It is also possible to rent equipment: cooking utensils, towels, tents, even a child's crib. A truck carrying milk, eggs and bread visits each campsite twice a day. And a laundrecar, complete with washers, dryers and ironing boards, is available seven days a week.

TWO WEEKS AT YOSEMITE COST THE WILLIAMS FAMILY $174.82

Dick kept a note of all expenses:

Rental of icebox		$ 2.00
Rental of trailer tent		35.00
Rental of sleeping bags		8.00
Rental of gasoline stove		3.50
Rental of two-burner gasoline lantern		3.00
Rental of bar hitch for trailer		8.00
Five gallons of gasoline for stove		1.75
Gasoline for car		21.00
Entrance fee to Yosemite		2.00
Double mattress (rented at Yosemite)		5.00
Ice		6.00
Worms, flies and eggs for fishing		2.01
Recreation		10.45
Food		61.11
a. Food from home eaten	$32.82	
b. Food bought at Yosemite	26.56	
c. Food stolen by bear	1.73	
Total expenses		$174.82

"Pretty civilized camping," Geegee said, "but a big help when you go with children."

The Williamses' plan for the next day had been to drive high into the Sierras, and sleep out along the shores of Lake Tenaya, 8200 feet above sea level. Geegee wondered if they should go—"There might be bears up there too"—but Dick laughed her out of it, and by ten they were ready to start off, complete with sleeping bags, extra blankets and sweaters, a few cooking and eating utensils, and food enough for five meals—all canned.

"This menu," Geegee said, "is planned around the bear. There's *nothing* he'd like."

Reaching Lake Tenaya from the valley includes driving 22 miles along the wagon road built during the Gold Rush days—a steep, rocky road that leads to a labyrinth of trails for hiking, pack trips on horseback—and the most rugged camping out. Once Dick helped a fellow turn his trailer around *manually* because he could not make the grade; another time they were stalled twenty minutes while two cars tried to maneuver past each other. But they didn't regret the trip when they saw Lake Tenaya: a clear mountain lake with beach and green foliage along three sides and a magnificent mountain of white granite extending high above the fourth side—"The kind of place you see only in pictures," Geegee said. "You can't believe it's real."

CAMPSITES along the lake are designated by the rangers, but there are fewer sites, fewer people—and much more privacy than down in the valley. Dick and Geegee pulled into a spot only a few feet from the water, with a good outdoor fireplace ready and waiting. They decided to let the children sleep in the car, where it would be warmer, but they had to find a flat spot for their own sleeping bag—and then Dick had to make it *soft*, relatively speaking. This involved removing anything lumpy, like pine cones and twigs, then taking out tufts of grass with his ax. Finally he broke up the ground with a shovel—"The *springs* of your bed," he said to Geegee.

Making a bed under these circumstances is simple—first the tarpaulin, next a blanket (or air-filled mattresses, which the Williamses wished they had brought), and finally more blankets. After Dick and his five-year-old helper had brought firewood down from the hills, and Leslie had carried water up from the lake, the camp was proclaimed "ready." And everyone wanted supper.

Cooking even canned goods over a campfire was much faster—and more fun—than using the gasoline stove. Geegee found after supper that she'd forgotten to bring a dishpan, invented a method of her own—scraping the dishes clean with sand, and burying the remains, then rinsing the dishes in the lake—and felt like a veteran camper. After Dickie and Leslie had gone safely to sleep in the car, Dick and Geegee sat close to their own campfire looking at the glow of other campfires about the lake, a warm feeling enveloping them both.

Sleeping out at Lake Tenaya was a sad aftermath. They all wore flannel pajamas and sweat shirts and had an extra blanket over their sleeping bags, but that wasn't enough. The temperature went all the way down to 26°, which is *doubly* cold when you're sleeping right on the ground. Dickie woke up twice, finally fell asleep in his parents' sleeping bag.

The morning campfire had never looked so good. As they sat huddled around it, watching the sun rise over the misty lake, the coffee perking over the fire, their spirits began to pick up. "Cold or no cold," Geegee said, "if you came up here *prepared* for it, Lake Tenaya would be perfect."

Back down in the valley again, the vacation went fast—days filled with stream fishing in the rocky parts of the river (although the fish refused to bite), floating downstream on borrowed air mattresses, swimming and hikes and the minor disappointment of finding that burro rides, as Dickie tearfully discovered, "were only for nine and over." Evenings were busy too. A big event was staying up late to see the famous Firefall—a mass of glowing coals pushed over the cliff at Glacier Point each night down a thousand feet in a stream of living fire. There were campfire programs run by the rangers with musical recordings, slides and lectures on plant and animal life within the park. Some vacationers hiked to Camp Curry for livelier entertainment—skits, charades, community singing, and square and round dancing in the open pavilion. Dick and Geegee, who had planned to be on the go every night, discovered that they much preferred sitting quietly by their own evening fire.

"Honey girl," Dick said, taking Geegee's hand, "we sure are lucky."

"I know. And when you think it all began at that funny party back in 1942 ——"

Dick stifled his laughter so the children wouldn't wake up. The funny party was given by a friend, and was, by Dick's standards at the time, pretty slow-moving. To liven it up, he organized a kissing game, but found himself partnerless until he discovered a shy, brown-eyed redhead hiding out in the garage. She was Geegee (short for Virginia), who was having no part of such arbitrary pairing off. Dick slung her over his shoulder, took her back to the crowd, and they began going steady almost at once. When he gave her a diamond a year and a half later, both families were highly pleased, but marriage was something else again. Dick's dad, Arlo—a tanned, vigorous man whose name goes back to a great-great-grandmother who was a full-blooded Indian—

HOW THE WILLIAMS FAMILY SPENDS ITS MONEY EACH MONTH

Dick's annual income has been $4740; this month he will be raised to $5004. Taken out of his salary each month before he receives it are:

Income tax	$30.00
Pension	23.70
Fire association	3.00
Life insurance	5.00
Savings	20.00
Total	$81.70

Out of the remainder, the family pays monthly expenses:

Food	$118.00
Clothing	15.00
Payments on house	40.00
Property tax	6.10
Utilities	12.00
Insurance	15.66
Medical and dental	4.15
Recreation	10.00
Church and charity	8.50
Car payments and insurance	65.00
Car maintenance	11.00
Dry cleaning, shoe repair	5.00
Magazines, newspapers	2.80
Total	$313.21

opposed the idea, and Arlo is a forceful man. Dick was in the Navy then, "too young for responsibilities of a wife and children." The first time the young sailor and the redhead tried to elope, Arlo took the car keys. The second time, he took their bus tickets. The third time, Dick and Geegee took a train to Yuma, Arizona, and were married in a "two minutes, two dollars, please" ceremony on December 7, 1944, in the last few hours of Dick's leave. Geegee spent a few days with him in San Francisco, then went back to her old job riveting gas tanks for C-54's and waiting for his return from the Pacific. When Arlo found out about the marriage he was friendly but reserved until Leslie, his first grandchild, was born, when he capitulated completely.

But the problems were far from over. When he left the Navy, Dick had a hard time finding his niche. For a while he studied at U.S.C. and worked as lifeguard, caddie, and part-time salesman in his father's store, while he, Geegee and the baby all lived with Dick's parents. Geegee wanted a home of her own. Dick didn't—or at any rate, not until they had another child and he had more time to look around for work he really wanted to do.

"Those first quarrels of ours," Geegee remembers, "just seemed they could never be solved. Dick felt too young for responsibility, and I wanted to settle down. And then, amazingly, everything worked out."

Dick started on a new undertaking with his dad—building a two-bedroom house on a small lot he and Geegee had bought with their $1750 savings. The original object was to sell the house for a profit which would be Dick and Geegee's nest egg toward a bigger and better place. Arlo had been a successful contractor before the depression, and was anxious to get back into the business. Dick was a complete novice: "Dad told me what to do and where to do it, and I just did it"—digging the foundation, pouring the cement, doing all the carpentry work. Geegee, pregnant[...] helped him. "And by the time we f[...] wanted it for ourselves. All the w[...] together really made it seem like [...]

They moved in five years ago [...] vision set, a table, two chairs and j[...] beds to go around. ("If only," Gee[...] guiltily, "we had the eight hundred[...] blew on horse racing, dinners and d[...] a trip to Mexico at the end of all tha[...] we could have furnished the hous[...] moved in.") As it was, furnishing [...] years. "We were saving slowly, life [...] along so peaceably, then came o[...] scare of all time." Leslie was strick[...] rare case of both spinal and bulbar[...] rushed to a hospital and an iron lu[...] who is a remarkably calm mother, [...] pletely to pieces then. "I lived in th[...] from eight to eight every day for [...] and could see Leslie for only six [...] periods a day to cheer her along a[...] we were there." Dick, too, found i[...] ing experience, "But our baby wa[...] She came home after only six week[...] good food, sleep, and exercise for h[...] back to normal almost at once." [...] cially, the illness cost almost nothi[...] the National Foundation for Infan[...] sis footed all bills for the primary [...] received. "I don't know what we'd [...] without them." Dick shook his h[...] weren't financially able to take ca[...] illness." He and Geegee have been [...] donating $52 a year to the March [...] ever since.

"Thinking it all over, our probl[...] really an easy one," Geegee decid[...] lief. "Whatever you decide to do ab[...] is fine with me." For Dick's job, [...] fireman, has been a matter of conc[...] much to Dick as to his father and fr[...] feel he ought to take a selling job [...] income and faster advancement. D[...] all sure they're right. Since the day [...] his fireman exams with a high 98, [...] he's enjoyed his job. With 24 hours [...] off, three days off after three shifts [...] gives him time enough to do ho[...] chores around the house and yard[...] with the family on all-day outings. [...] his salary is due to be raised this [...] $5004, and by studying nights, he c[...] tually become a captain. "Leavin[...] would be a tough decision to ma[...] don't know. But we can figure a[...] when we get back home," Dick bro[...] talk around the dying fire.

Geegee rubbed her eyes sleepily. "[...] lieve our vacation's almost over."

NEITHER could Dickie or Leslie be[...] day the family packed up. Everybo[...] luctant to go. But the camping trip [...] a great success from all points of [...] the bank balance showed a *decided* [...] as he always does, kept an itemi[...] everything he spent, from a penny [...] of gum to $25.75 worth of gasoline, [...] his expenses after two weeks in Y[...] $174.82—just $25 *less* than he had a[...] Geegee, by bringing a huge supply [...] meats, vegetables and fruits fro[...] figures she cut their food expenses [...] cent, while Dick, by renting equip[...] a friend rather than one of ma[...] agencies in Los Angeles, saved anot[...] cent. They had spent an additional [...] new clothes, but found they spen[...] their time in blue jeans and snea[...] could have avoided most of this ex[...]

"Just think," Dick said, pilotin[...] healthy cargo of four along the r[...] "if we owned all the equipment—an[...] start now buying one thing at a time [...] would have cost only transportation [...] incidentals, not *much* more than it [...] live at home for two weeks. How [...] you ever get so much vacation fo[...] money?"

From the back seat, Dickie pipe[...] excited inspiration: "Dad, why don' [...] a vacation *every single year!*" Lesli[...] up, waiting for the answer.

Dick turned to Geegee. "Sold!" [...] said, and the car picked up speed [...] pine-edged highway leading home [...] future and whatever it held.

JOURNAL

AUGUST
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"The most beautiful and dangerous woman for a wife"

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A

...d. Richard Aldrich. Part 2

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

I LEARNED NOT TO BE AFRAID OF ...GE

Complete—READY OR NOT—By Mary Stolz

SCRAM...D HOUSEWIFE

How Young America Lives

New, better way to reduce decay after eating sweets

ALL-NEW IPANA with WD-9 blocks tooth-decay acids for hours.*
Always brush after eating . . . the way your dentist recommends.



ou, like most people, eat sweets—or if your ren do—here's good news! After eating sweets, can do a better job of preventing cavities . . . new Ipana Tooth Paste. Here's why:

any foods team up with mouth bacteria and enzymes to form tooth-decay acids. But WD-9 in Ipana blocks formation of these acids for rs—because it is an active anti-enzyme and eria destroyer.

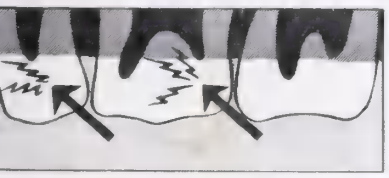
For best results, use new Ipana regularly after eating (the way most dentists recommend) BEFORE decay acids can do their damage. In a 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate their normal amount of sweets, brushing this way prevented new cavities for most people.

So remember, while *no* dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods better by brushing this way with new Ipana.

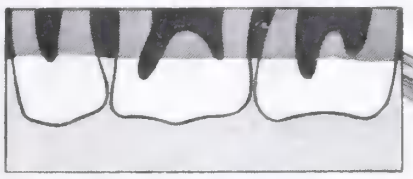


Your whole family will love Ipana's new minty flavor. Men, women and children definitely preferred it in taste tests. And new Ipana makes your mouth so clean that *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day.

s prove that WD-9 in new Ipana blocks acid formation for hours



FTER EATING — Dangerous decay cids form on the teeth, attack the namel.



AFTER BRUSHING — Ipana's WD-9 blocks acid formation for hours, helps prevent cavities.



Product of Bristol-Myers

y all-new IPANA®! New taste, new cleaning, new anti-decay WD-9

A Cool Salad Supper

so fresh—it deserves your own
fresh-made Wesson dressing



Your 1-Minute Wesson dressing is freshest of all

What happier accompaniment for salad flavors than the *light, light dressing* you make with light, delicate Wesson Oil. No bought dressing ever had this *homemade goodness,* this *just-made freshness.*

You make your Wesson French dressing in *one minute.* It suits *your* family best, because you season it to please them. It keeps your salads always tempting, because you can vary it in seconds with ketchup or chopped egg or onion. It costs *less* than bought dressings. You save on every salad.

In all the world, no other salad oil is made with the same *delicacy* and *lightness* of Wesson. None so *fresh* as Wesson—so sure to bring forth freshest salad flavors.



AMERICA'S FAVORITE for Salads, Frying, Chiffon Cakes,
Stir-N-Roll Pie Crust and Biscuits

Wesson Oil

HELP YOURSELF SUPPER SALAD

Like a holiday from cooking tonight? Serve luscious supper salad tray with your own Wesson dressing. Let your family help themselves

—tomato quarters
—shrimp garnished with water cress
—paper-thin slices of radishes and unpeeled cucumber, crisped in ice water
—Julienne strips of ham and cheese
—hard-cooked egg slices and cooked green beans marinated in Wesson 1-Minute Dre

Serve with Wesson 1-Minute French Dressin this easy Thousand Island variation: To 1 Wesson 1-Minute Dressing, add ⅓ cup ketc 1 tablespoon horseradish. Fold in ⅔ cup h cream, whipped.

WESSON 1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESS

2 teaspoons salt	½ teaspoon pap
1 teaspoon sugar	½ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon pepper	1½ cups Wesson

1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Combine and shake well in covered jar. Shake before serving. Store on pantry shelf. Makes 2

Journal

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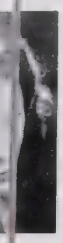
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Journalities

...it," MARY STOLZ asked, "that ...r how I start, I always end up ...ng about young people?" Before we could say "Who else is there?" she answered her own question. "To children and young people, almost nothing is insignificant. What they feel, they feel completely. I have a sort of awe for that intensity of emotion." Her novel, *Ready or Not*, ... deals with a family in which ... is emerging from a child. The ...s own family consists of her ...l, Stan, a public-health engi... ...d their eleven-year-old son, ... had a younger and even love... ... to of her, but Bill insisted that ... this latest one. He said, "It's ...e mom looked mature."



...ing JESSE STUART writes has ... a part of his great one—as you ... in his simple tale, *The Clearing*, ...5. He lives with his wife and daughter on a farm in W-Hollow, Greenup County, Kentucky, where he was born. He speaks for himself: "Thoughts come into my head and a short story is created therein. Poems and novels are written the same way. I never outline a book except on an envelope. ...written hundreds of short sto... ...d hundreds of poems (yes, well ...housand published). I feel that ...ite forty books in my lifetime ... to make each one a master... ...'ll get one or two that will live. ... what I want more than any... ...to write a book, a story, a ...hat will live."



...we saw Sub-Deb Editor RUTH ...s August copy titled, *Keep it* ...age 18, we took a careful look ...if it didn't apply to the "ma... ...s well as the young girls to whom her page is dedicated. Sure enough, her first picture caption reads, "When you're sizzling on the inside, you're playing a losing game!" That goes for everybody. It's just a peppy way of saying what savants and philosophers have been saying for cen... ...nd it shouldn't be wasted, like ...on only the young. And what's ...ent boys from reading the Sub... ...ge, we asked, and learning all ...ge-old open secrets? "Noth... ...uth admitted. "Lots of boys ...s of girls, including this one, ...ore of them did."

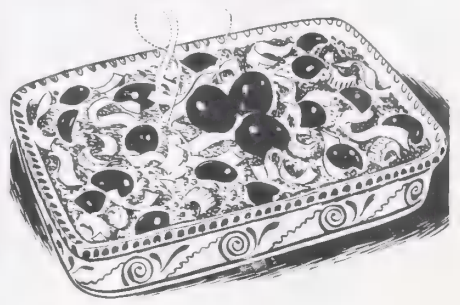


HOW TO MAKE

Hacienda Hamburger

main course eating that sings with California flavor

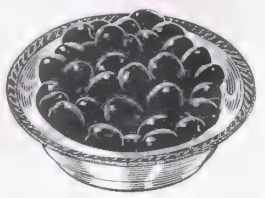
THIS *is* "somethin' special"! What makes it so is the goodness of California Ripe Olives. Their bright, sunny flavor makes thrifty hamburger taste *so good—a half-pound will serve four people.*



Here's how:

¾ cup ripe olives
2 tablespoons oil
½ pound hamburger
¾ cup chopped onion
1 cup sliced celery
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon black pepper
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
2 cups wide noodles
1 cup diced American cheese

Cut olives into small pieces. Heat oil, add meat and cook about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in onion and celery and cook about 5 minutes longer. Add salt, pepper, tomatoes, olives, uncooked noodles and cheese. Cover tightly and cook until mixture is boiling. Remove cover and stir lightly but thoroughly. Cover and cook slowly about 20 minutes, until noodles are cooked. Serves 4.



For your best friends—set out your best welcome—that's *whole* Ripe Olives, of course—in a handy "welcome bowl" or tempting appetizer tray.

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make meals that sing with California flavor

*Ripe or green-ripe . . . whole, pitted, chopped or sliced!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

A JELL-O Salad makes the meal!

LIME CHEESE SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Lime Jell-O in 1 cup *hot* water. Add ¾ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Pour ½ cup mixture into 1-quart ring mold. Chill until firm. Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened. Then fold in 1 cup cottage cheese, and 1 tablespoon mayonnaise; blend. Pour onto firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with salad greens. Fill center with seafood salad. Makes 6 servings.





JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORP.

Our readers write us

Journals Lead Long Lives

Blair, Nebraska

Dear Editors: Every few days I still receive a letter from a *new* friend who has just recently read I Lost 160 Pounds.

This really amazes me, because that issue was on the newsstands over twenty-three months ago. Maybe I am stealing some of MacArthur's thunder, but I've come to the conclusion: "Old JOURNALS never die, they just get passed along."

Maybe some of my reader friends would like to know that I am still "a very happy ex-fat lady." Sincerely,

HELEN FRALEY

Love Letter to Gladys

Lee's Summit, Missouri

Dear Gladys Taber: I would give almost anything if I were blessed to be among the few who are privileged to send "a love letter to the world," which is the way I think of your "Diary." How much good you can do—and do!

God love you! Yours,

MARION EGAN

Petersons Revisited

Akron, Ohio

Dear Editors: This year, all three little Petersons went to school. Larry entered kindergarten, Frank was a first-grader and Winkie was in third grade. It's hard to believe!

Winkie is a very good-sized child now, tall enough so she doesn't look chubby. And Frank is getting to be a very nice little boy. We talked to a speech specialist over a year ago about his stuttering, and he told us to keep hands off as far as trying to correct it went—we did and he has improved wonderfully. He is still clever with those little hands—colors neatly and is creative with blocks—and he also seems to be rather musical. Larry is a big boy too. He's heavier than Frank but about half an inch shorter—still cute as a bug's ear. He has a pretty quick temper—and he and Winkie are so much alike that they clash frequently and occasionally quite violently.

I've grown more philosophical about everything in general. Lots of things still irritate me and I find new problems have replaced the old ones, but all in all I think I can say that the Peterson family is now as normal and has just as much fun as any other family.

With my very best wishes to those people on the JOURNAL staff whom we remember so pleasantly,

ALGY PETERSON

SHERMAN O. SCHUMACHER



Petersons now pals.

▶ *Let* JOURNAL *readers whose hair will stand on end at the antics and vicissitudes of this month's Scrambled Housewife's family (page 93) take heart from this progress report from Algy ("Help Wanted") Peterson, whose child problems were the H.A.L. sensation of July, 1951. Kids do grow older; parents do learn better; life can be fun again. ED.*

Bargain Hunters, Bew

New Yo

Dear Editors: When we travel i eign country, next to sight-seeing our greatest pleasures is visiting th ous shops and bazaars. We are p larly tempted by the products on the United States levies duties t they are so much cheaper in their country. However, if you are not t ing by boat, and therefore cannot the packages with you, I would s that you look into the matter of w your purchases will still be barga the time they arrive in your home You may find that their price ha than doubled.

Recently a friend of mine picke few ceramics, ash trays, lamps, n and various other trinkets in Spa which he paid $37.25. When th crate of merchandise arrived in New he found that he owed an *additional* for such expenses as Spanish expor toms, insurance, ocean freight, doci age, customs entry in the U.S., shi service charge, cartage, etc., etc.

However, if you are returning cruise boat, or can carry the mater the boat yourself, there is no charge 250 pounds (25 cu. ft.) and you ca money. Sincerely

CORINNA CUNL

American Success Story

"To Bruce and Beatrice Blac Gould, Friendly Editors and fri This is the place where I first saw in the world. Jesse Stuart."

▶ *Homestead cabin recently burn forest fire. For a new short class famous author Stuart, see The Cleo page 46.*

Diabetes Keeps Them Healthy

Chicago, Il

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: On hardly pick up a magazine without ing something about polio or cancer there is so little the person or his fa can *do* about it. With diabetes it's d ent. A whole family can be violentl happy for years and years! Or you "live happily ever after."

We have a *severe* case of diabet our family. We'd rather not say *wh* it because we feel that it is nobody's b ness, but I think that diabetes helps us healthy. My husband is thirty-s years old, very handsome and succe in business. I'm just a couple of y younger, but still get a few wh when wearing a bathing suit. Our da ter is eleven and son eight, and a he ier pair of kids would be hard to fi

We are a happy, active fa Spurred on by your magazine, we just finishing building ourselves a derful modern home. I think the r larity of diet demanded by diabetes one of the things that kept us al healthy through the ordeal of buil and living in a house at the same t

I think your magazine could help on the human side of this problem. are so happy and others who coul easily be happy have lives that are f with tragedy. Sincerely,

MRS. R. JACOB



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Combine 2 tbs. French's Prepared Mustard, 1 tbs. each sugar, light cream, vinegar and ½ tsp. salt. Beat until light and fluffy. Cut 8 hard cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks; mash with fork. Add enough of the mustard mixture to make a smooth paste. Refill egg whites. Garnish with French's Paprika.

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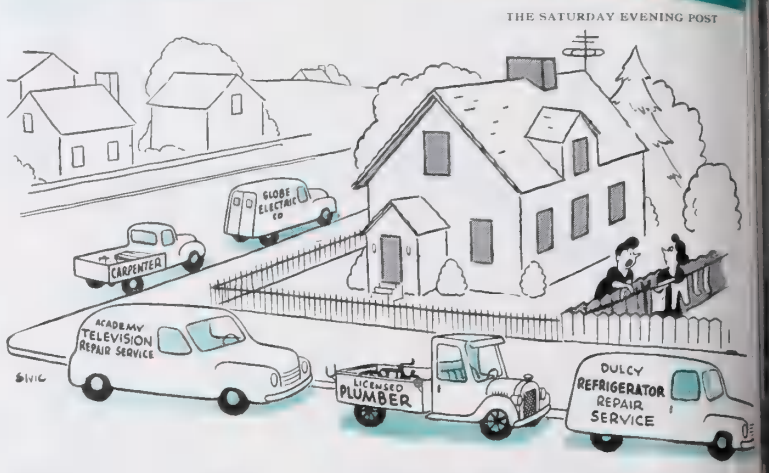
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Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"Ever have one of those days when everything seems to go wrong?"

IN August the birds are nowhere to be seen. They have paled and faded into the background. There is no song in the bushes. The rivers are at their lowest and the whole world is hushed. With the full moon it is said that the chickadees become moonstruck.

It's a time to catch up on things on the farm. Pastures are going into a dormant stage and grazing is short.

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE, by ***Gerald Carson***, is what brought on this rural mood. When I picked up this book I intended just to saunter in and out again—to taste the wares. But I couldn't put it down, I couldn't get out of that store!

This is the story of the "general store" from 1790 to 1921, and one of the liveliest passages of our social history. The Yankee peddler had his roots in Europe, also the city merchant and the shopkeeper, says Mr. Carson. But the general store was an American original. It grew up to meet the needs of a new continent. It was what made a neighborhood and gave it its central nervous system and conscience. It put fun into life. . . . You smell that country store: Puerto Rican molasses, pickled mackerel, dried codfish—at a safe distance from the barrel of kerosene oil. You see it—ribbons, braids, gimps, bins of shoes, congress gaiters, palm-leaf fans, parasols, stove polish, cuspidors, piepans. You meet the traveling salesman, the drummer, the commercial. You see the candidates at election time "thick as blackbirds" around the store. . . . It is the good wholesome amusing Americana that preceded Technicolor.

•

THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS, by ***Elder Olson***, is an appreciation of the man and an analysis of his poetry. "What was remarkable about the poetry of Dylan Thomas was that it had its effect even before it was understood, and sometimes even when it was misunderstood." Here was a poet with an unmatched sense of the sound of language and the swing of rhythm. What the literary texture of his verse is, is what author Olson now essays to tell us. (He has written this book as a tribute to Dylan Thomas, and all royalties will go to the poet's family.)

•

A long jump from modern poetry, but here are a few practical books:

From the U. S. Government Printing Office, Division of Public Documents, Washington, D.C., you can get C· AND REPAIR OF THE HOUSE (50 cer FAMILY FARE (25 cents), INFANT C· (20 cents).

If you are tired of the same old co book and want to tangle with the exc take a look at SULTAN'S PLEASURE. ***Robin Howe*** and ***Pauline Espir***—t Turkish food, which, for this eater least, has fond memories of last su mer's incredibly delicious desserts.

THE SECRETARY'S HANDBOOK, ***S. A. Taintor*** and ***K. H. Monro***, guide to tricky words easily misspel the correct use of pronouns, punctuati directions for proper address and sa tation, samples of orders, and so on. *don't think that we couldn't all use it!*

THE ALL-AMERICAN SOCK BO by ***Melitta Guthrie*** and ***Joseph Springer***, is about as far as we will from Dylan Thomas—a 50-cent pa phlet with full directions and patterns knitting socks. (Plays, Inc., 8 Arling St., Boston 16, Mass.)

•

THEY NEVER TALK BACK, by ***Her Trefflich***, is a book about animals the man who runs a super pet shop New York. He will get you a ba hippopotamus or a pink elephant o good-natured camel. He can do the possible in the way of animals. But he had his mishaps. Some years ago a hu dred monkeys got through a skylight his shop and made for Wall Street o the rooftops. Just this year the rufo necked hornbill, Rufus, got away a eluded all catchers for days. With bea eye he regarded them from aerial cloth lines, water towers and gargoyles.

"*Your parents talk back*," *says M Trefflich.* "*Your brothers and sisters relatives—your boss, your employe Your wife disagrees with everything your children take it up from there. animals can't speak any language their own. They never talk back.*"

•

THIRTY YEARS, by ***John Marquan*** is a book to own, not to borrow. It is selection of Marquand's work during t past thirty years, mostly short stories and *good* stories—but also essays, abo Boston, Newburyport, school, colleg Army. They are smooth and urbane, b deceivingly so, for the emotion that li not far below the surface runs a stro tide.

EM

Toothsome Test of Freshness!

Here's a double demonstration with a moral. Mom is tasting salad greens tucked away days ago in an "envelope" of Reynolds Wrap...and stored in the refrigerator. How fresh they keep in that pure aluminum foil! And Sis is at her favorite treat...cookies kept crackling crisp in a wonderful gleaming package. Full-flavored, delicious!

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New JOHNSON'S COTTON BUDS

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller



"Hey, mom! Dad just cut himself shaving!"

I'm convinced this land has too many bachelors and spinsters. The best solution is a candid, undisguised marriage promoter in every church; preferably a wide-awake psychologist. . . . How he could reduce the baleful impact of loneliness and self-pity!

If a woman wants to confuse a man, she need merely refer to the color "beige" or "mauve." I'll bet $1.25 not one man in ten knows "beige" is light gray with brownish tinge, or that "mauve" is pale bluish purple. (By tomorrow I'll have forgotten too.)

At lunch one day I asked some French newcomers to our town what they missed most in America. "The *promenoir!*" they agreed: a place where everybody strolls at a certain hour to see and be seen. . . . But in America who strolls?

My wife is convinced I'm a difficult character because I prefer meat loaf cold and broiled chicken warm. . . . In self-defense all I can say is that man is merely a bundle of foibles.

On a recent condensed air trip to Europe (seven countries, nineteen days) I visited Blarney Castle in Ireland at noon on Saturday, and enjoyed Sunday breakfast (9:30 A.M.) with my Lady Love next day at home in our own garden in the American hinterland. On the homeward trip, no dillydallying!

I'm retreating into pessimism about our blighted lawn, which in spots begins to look baldish and dandruffy. . . . I'm even thinking of shopping for dandelion or watergrass seed, to fill up the sparse patches. From a certain angle ——

We now have rocks from some sixty countries in our rock garden, and shells from a dozen ocean beaches in our garden paths. . . . That is, we did have, until our neighborhood's cherubs began in turn to collect shells in our garden.

I'm caught in the middle again: My dream girl wants a new washing machine with dryer, while our youngest insists we need far worse a color TV set. . . . In a situation like that, husbandly procrastination ceases to be a fault and becomes a supreme virtue.

We're slightly behind schedule o vow to eat 100 meals outdoors i garden this year—the unsprayed quitoes seem to have the upper hand And my outdoor zeal is abated time a wasp or a hornet tries to pu bit of marmalade into my mouth.

The bridge players have disco a young matron in our town was interviewed by Professor sey. . . . To their shocked surp she's one of the town's best-beh and least frisky young mot with two unstatistical cherubs.

Our Finnish friends invited us sauna—steam bath in the nude, lowed by an icy plunge into the of Finland. . . . Such candor is fr ship's ultimate test. (Especially your in-laws.)

I was alarmed to learn in im erished Ireland that young rom is in a decline. Many men wai forty to marry women of thirty. That's no way for a broth of a bo treat his mavourneen!

Downtown at the big round lunch table my neighbor complains tha has to play the roles of husband, fat grandchild, son-in-law, grandfat father-in-law, son and brother, no mention glamour boy. "They don't pect that even of Alec Guinness," complains.

"When a man comes home tells his wife," says Betty Comf drying her hair in the back-y sunshine, "how the Pan-Ameri stewardess above mid-ocean ser tray lunches for sixty passengers forty-five minutes, what he re means is that she was an ethe creature of pure delight, made uncommon clay."

. . . When your youngest dema politely, "Dad, any more chores for to do?"—

. . . Or your daughter asks you w you really think of her latest boy friend

. . . And Junior turns down a bi because he says he has to study—

. . . While your Princess of Sh Delight insinuates little bouquets on y dresser, desk, medicine cabinet o bedside table—

. . . Then your complexes fade aw and you say, "Maybe I really am a markable fellow!"



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"Village and Landscape," by Eugène Boudin (1824–98). Brooklyn Museum.

I've stopped throwing some of my weight around

DOROTHY THOMPSON

Last Christmas my daughter-in-law gave me a beautiful imported cardigan which, with a pretty skirt, could be worn for dress-up occasions. Delighted, I tried it on. It was too small. She was astonished and said naïvely, "I got exactly the same one for my mother [in France], and she wrote me it fits perfectly. It's a forty. They had nothing larger."

Now my daughter-in-law's *maman* is a quite handsome woman, but I would have sworn that she is broader than I! Thus do we deceive ourselves. I hadn't stepped on a scale for months—no doubt from an unconscious desire not to know the facts. But the next morning I stood on the bathroom scales. They registered 174. Then I determined to stop this imperialist expansion. Enough was enough.

I knew what I ought to weigh, for my height and years, because I remembered what my weight had been during the years when I looked and felt my best. I ought to weigh between 140 and 145. I ought to wear a Size 18.

I had had a routine checkup in the fall and had proved totally uninteresting to the doctors at the clinic. Blood pressure excellent; blood and hemoglobin count perfect; heart strong; basal metabolism a little sluggish but normal. Excellent life-insurance risk. In short, I was under no compulsion of health to lose weight. No, my disgust with myself was purely aesthetic. I didn't like the way I looked. And I *loved* that cardigan. It was really the cardigan that did it.

I had a lovely New Year's Eve, ate a beautiful dinner from soup to nuts, and drank a couple of highballs before going to bed. On January 1, 1954, I changed my way of eating and drinking. It was not a "New Year's resolution." It just seemed a good time to begin. And by May fifteenth, I weighed exactly 143 pounds. I felt fine. I could do more work than most women without exhaustion. I was certain that another checkup would establish exactly what the last one did. But I wore a Size 18—slightly taken in!

Meanwhile, and by chance, I had read a lot of articles about dieting. They all advised you to consult your doctor and follow his advice. I did not consult my doctor, because I knew my health was good, and I knew the cause and cure of overweight. I did give a cursory reading to a book on calories that I bought at a drugstore, but quickly abandoned the idea of totting up daily how many calories were in an orange, or a piece of bread, or four square inches of lean meat.

I *like* good food. And the thought of measuring every inch and spoonful promised to ruin every meal, not only for me but also for my family.

Besides, I have read those diets for a week or a month which doctors put out. They are, I think, designed to spoil all pleasure in eating. The latest view of the profession is that overweight is due to psychiatric causes; overweight persons are so because of "basic insecurity." Well, maybe. But I can think of other reasons too.

Fortunately, I have no allergies to any kind of food—or, as far as I know, to anything else. Breakfast for me is some fruit juice and lots of coffee and nothing whatever besides. Lunch is something on a tray beside my worktable, which I eat without knowing what I am eating. But dinner has always been a festival, eaten in relaxation—no "situations, conditions and reactions," as my husband calls the theme of my journalistic work. Soup, meat or fish, vegetables, salad and dessert. And always a glass or two of claret or white wine.

In four and a half months I lost thirty pounds in thorough enjoyment of every dinner—and a guest might have come to any of them, and often did.

I simply cut out carbohydrates—starches and sugars, except the sugar in fruits—radically reduced fats, but did not entirely exclude them, and eliminated all cocktails and highballs. But I did not give up that glass or two of wine, to which I had become accustomed, and which I firmly believe is good for one's health and digestion.

I have consumed a great deal of consommé (or bouillon), mostly from the supermarket, but not in the form of soup, just as it comes from the can. I have never eaten vegetables simply boiled in salted water. But there has been no butter in them either.

Vegetables should be cooked in a minimum of water, covered, if they are not to lose their flavor. If instead of water and butter one uses bouillon, the result is delicious. It is the best way to braise endive and celery; any vegetable so cooked is improved rather than handicapped, except peas. And when we had peas, they were cooked in the French manner, with small white onions or scallions cut up, and a few lettuce leaves. My portion was served first, and fresh butter added to the rest.

I ate all soups except such as are made with fats, floury thickening or cream. These are soups on a stock basis—beef, veal or chicken. Onion; mushroom (no calories in mushrooms); vegetable (but without potatoes); chicken soup thickened with yolk of egg—there are a dozen soups made from stock with every bit of fat CONTINUED ON PAGE 14





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

removed, and no cream or starchy thickenings added.

The doctors' menus recommended lean meat, broiled or roasted. That reduces the meat menu to steaks or chops or prime cuts. And if anyone knows how to broil or roast a chicken fit to eat without butter or fat of any kind, I'd like to hear about it. When we had it, I ate it anyhow. But boiled chicken, rather rare in this country, is simply delicious. It should go into boiling water—not too much—in which a good-sized bouquet—onion, celery tops, parsley, split carrot—has been put. Eaten with a horse-radish sauce made of the soup and thickened with the yolk of an egg, or eaten, in the European manner, with the soup out of a bowl, it is a grand dish. Then there is boiled—or, rather, simmered—beef, which I infinitely prefer to steak.

Stews are difficult because the recipes require a certain amount of fat in which originally to brown the meat and glaze the onions which are their all-but-universal base. But they can also be made by originally browning and glazing in a small amount of strong brown stock. If the rest of the family want the sauce thickened, have some served for you before the thickening is added.

I started on the theory that I must eat salad without oil. But not being a rabbit, I abandoned it. I figured a teaspoonful of olive oil could be balanced off against the dry toast the menus recommended but that I did not eat, the breakfast egg I did not want. And everybody for reasons of health needs *some* fats.

Dessert was a problem. I had fresh or stewed dietetic fruit—the compotes that are for sale without sugar. Fortunately, I do not really care much for sweets. I do like cheese, and the cheeses I particularly like are all fattening.

An optimist is a girl who mistakes a bulge for a curve. —RING LARDNER

Oddly enough, I found that it was those hardly noticed lunches which were giving me the most carbohydrates. Sandwiches! Bread, butter, and meat or cheese. The quick lunch seems always to be a sandwich. But that, too, was easily solved. I ate yoghurt, or cottage cheese with grated carrot or grated apple, on lettuce leaves for which the cheese itself served as adequate dressing, and/or a slice of cold meat and a pickle.

I've always preferred coffee black, but I like it sweet. That simply meant substituting saccharin for sugar.

One reason people become fat, and a reason that has nothing to do with "psychosomatic" causes, is that the weight-reducing foods which provide fully adequate nourishment are expensive. These are the proteins.

The housewife who must feed a family on a limited budget—and that is most of the housewives in the United States—cannot afford to give them "plentiful" lean meat of the better cuts, plentiful green vegetables—which, frozen or fresh, are not cheap—and fresh fruits. Children, furthermore, require carbohydrates, and their mothers feed them potatoes, macaroni and cheese, bread and butter or margarine, pies, cake, cookies. Also, the average housewife simply has not the time to cook separate meals for herself or her husband and the rest of the family.

THE critics of overweight persons imply that they are gluttonous. This is sometimes so, but often it is not. They eat what their economic condition compels them to eat, or they are indifferent to food, and eat, as I eat my lunches, with their minds on something else. But eating is also a matter of habit. For hundreds of thousands of people, meat-and-potatoes are practically one word. They just don't feel they have had a meal if bread and potatoes are left out. I found that after a month of dieting I had lost my taste for certain foods and cultivated a taste for others.

The amount of food one eats is also largely habit. I made it a rule to eat only as much food at any dinner course as my plate would comfortably accommodate, and never to take a second serving. For two days I was hungry. After that I wanted no more.

The same is true of drinking. One o things that I absolutely cut out was liqu not for any moral reason, but because ured that if I was going to reduce my i radically, I'd have to eat my calories an drink them. My husband, who is an works under the same roof where I d writing, but on another floor, and we se see each other after breakfast until workday is over. Then we meet for a fe freshing and relaxing cocktails before di Neither of us is a "drinker." But we that cocktail hour together, when our fri too, would often drop in. And, after di we usually sat with glasses of Scotch water or soda beside us.

I FOUND that it was the glass rather tha contents that mattered. I could relax o glass of tomato juice or soda water qu well. And, to speak honestly, I not only weight by cutting out those cocktails highballs, but I felt very much better.

The cocktail party, of course, is the ba persons on a diet. In the first place, it is to get through a couple of hours, m spent standing and engaged in desultory versation or snatches of conversation, tinually interrupted, without being fort And, secondly, everything served at a c tail party is *persona non grata* to the di potato chips, nuts, sandwiches, sausages canapés—butter, mayonnaise, bread. If must go to a cocktail party, it is bett stick to one long drink and abjure the f

The principle controlling weight is simple. Food fuels the body. People tak weight for only one reason: their intak food-fuel is greater the amount burned expended energy. S people burn up carb drates swiftly and do so burn up fats. They slim on potatoes or m roni and expand on b or other fats, or vice v Jack Sprat and his wi he who could eat no fat and she who c eat no lean—may both have been slim. nursery rhyme doesn't tell us. But if radically reduce both carbohydrates fats and don't lose weight, it will be rem able.

Everybody's body—and hence figu changes as he or she grows older. There glandular and hormone changes. S women, as they grow older, become "thi a rail." Most tend to expand. The form hard to check. The latter, as I have lear is easy.

But for everybody, at any age, there body weight at which he looks and feel best. The women who injure their health dieting do so because they set themse exaggerated objectives. Your mirror, the you feel and the comments of candid fri are the best test of when to call a halt. W people say, "How wonderfully you have proved your figure, but you look awf tired," you had better take a look at your and if they are right, eat some mashed tatoes. I know a woman who once weig 185 pounds. She was the *prettiest* fat wo I ever saw, with a complexion like rose snow. She is 5′8″ tall and has reduced her to a Size 14. She now looks like a wall corpse. As far as I know her health is g but her looks are gone. If she had settled a perfect 38 she would still be a handso woman.

When you get to a reasonable size—sonable for your height, frame and yea stop. But weigh yourself once a week (oftener), and if you have gained a poun two, take it off again. That's easy and ca done quickly. Losing thirty pounds is e too, but it takes time. Seven or eight pou a month is all one ought to lose.

At 143 I am not a Hollywood model, b think I look better than I did last Christm My friends say so. I feel a lot better, at rate.

So do try to enjoy yourself and enjoy y food while you are dieting. And if you're don't let yourself be depressed into believ you're a psychiatric case. Personally, I th that's tummy rot.



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Many DOLE varieties! Many sizes to suit your needs! Slices, chunks, tidbits, crushed, spears, juice. All delicious as is, for quick, cool meal-making. All wonderful with other foods to perk up summer appetites. All brighter, tenderer, tastier because all DOLE is Hawaiian Pineapple. Good for you. Thrifty. Enjoy it every day all summer long.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

Making marriage work

If your grown children aren't grateful for your help, there may be a very good reason.

The Parents' Rights

"WHY can't young couples today stand on their own feet? When our children married, my husband and I thought our responsibilities were about over. Instead, the load gets heavier all the time.

"Our daughter Alice was married five years ago, and has three children; John married a year later and has two. Each baby has meant a loan of several hundred dollars for medical expenses. My husband helps out with twenty-five or fifty dollars for every house or insurance payment or extra expense. He makes a good income, but we barely break even.

"Even our time isn't our own. I baby-sit two or three evenings every week, and any day Alice or my daughter-in-law wants to go out for a few minutes—or hours—she leaves the children with me. When either couple goes away for a weekend or summer vacation, my husband and I take over.

"We love them all dearly, and we don't mind helping out. But for thirty years we worked to give them the best of everything—a carefree childhood without work or worry, a lovely home and expensive college education. Our wedding gifts were a thousand dollars apiece, plus bonds toward a down payment on their homes. We spared no expense to get them started. Shouldn't they recognize our rights now?"

Perhaps, but it is not surprising that they don't. Many parents are finding that their married children are still dependents. Self-reliance is not conferred with a marriage certificate or a college diploma. Nor is this a modern situation. In older days, farmer fathers often gave sons a piece of land, a cow and a team. Many sons are now set up in business by successful fathers, as a matter of course, or given jobs in the firm.

It may be too late to cure the situation you object to, but it can almost certainly be remedied. Since the essence of the difficulty is that the children don't recognize it, it is up to the parents to adopt corrective action. Their children's happiness and security are at stake as well as their own.

Here are some steps to consider. Though they must be adapted to suit the circumstances, the underlying principles are certain to apply.

Review the facts. Make a written record of the parents' gifts and services to the couples and of any services the children have rendered the parents, from the time of the wedding onward. (Earlier events, however important in causing the problem, are too remote to consider now.) Since money is a touchy subject, financial records should be as accurate and detailed as possible. Estimate time involved in baby-sitting and other services. The record should be sufficiently objective that, if the children ever saw it, they would accept it as true.

Compute the "net." It is easy to exaggerate the favors you grant, and to underestimate those you accept. Perhaps you remember your baby-sitting and forget your son's help with mowing the lawn, or other services. Your children and in-laws may not be imposing as much as you thought. In any case, the factual record will help you decide.

Be businesslike in financial dealings. Perhaps Alice has received $2000 in outright gifts, but John has had $3000 in "loans." Both may feel aggrieved. Try to even the score, by regarding both amounts either as loans or as gifts. Make up the discrepancy by a cash settlement now or by note so that it will be equalized in later property distribution. Explain the present situation and in the future inform both when either receives a loan or substantial gift. Tell them the maximum total either can expect from you within a year, and do not exceed the limit.

Explain your position. Naturally you can't specify just how much time you will give to personal services like baby-sitting. But if you treat them as adults, your children should understand your point of view. Assure them of your willingness to help, but at your convenience, not theirs. Avoid general commitments for the future, and deal with each demand or request as it arises.

Above all, be firm. Once you have decided on a plan, stand your ground. In a real emergency, temporary concessions may be warranted. But under normal circumstances, to give in will simply mean a return to the old pattern.

Drastic steps may be necessary to break your habit of indulgence, and the children's of dependence. Some mothers, knowing their weakness, take a full-time job for a few months to avoid baby-sitting, or coddling. If you can afford it, a long vacation may be a convenient and pleasant way of breaking the cycle. If all else fails, you may want to consider moving to another neighborhood.

It won't be easy. But you owe it to your children and their families not to make parasites of them. The problem no doubt originated long ago; but whatever the background, take steps now to rectify what never should have happened.

Giving Them a Start

AS their mother's letter says, Alice and John have enjoyed many material advantages. Certainly a college education, substantial wedding presents and the prospect of home ownership are desirable in themselves. Yet they seem to have amounted to a handicap, rather than a good start.

For Alice and John learned to accept privileges as their right, and their parents' duty, without obligation on their part. Parents today are giving their growing children more financial benefits than ever before in our history. In itself, this is not wrong, but natural and desirable. Yet it is vital to remember that privileges should be accompanied by corresponding responsibilities.

Because many parents neglected this principle when their children were small, an increasing proportion of young people today attain adult status without attaining an adult sense of responsibility.

Overindulgence is more a matter of how favors are granted than of how many or how much. Indulgence of growing children is often a form of self-indulgence, reflecting some subtle insecurity in the parent. A mother who doubts herself may similarly doubt her child's capacity to face his own problems. Or lacking confidence in her worth, she gives in to the child for fear of losing his affection. Some well-to-do parents, niggardly with their time and attention, ease their sense of guilt by lavish spending.

Parents whose incomes are limited are automatically deterred from overindulging their children financially. But parents who can afford to gratify their children's material wants should make doubly sure that they do not overindulge or overprotect in other respects. No normal parent likes to deny his child unnecessarily, and it is always painful for a parent to let a child suffer. But it is unrealistic to try to protect them from all discomfort, even from the consequences of their misdeeds or mistakes. The overprotected child is likely to become an ineffectual adult.

Examine your motives and your methods in dealing with your children while they are young. No professional training, nor cultural advantages, nor money gifts can transform a spoiled child into a responsible and competent adult.

Do You Agree?

Doesn't a religious difference in marriage often cause conflict?

It may when mates are unreasonable. But greater unhappiness occurs when neither spouse is religious than when they differ.

Are You a Restless Wife?

After the first few years of marriage, some wives feel frustrated by restrictions and a lack of challenge. Is this your attitude? Be absolutely honest in answering these questions *yes* or *no*.

Are You:

1. **Restless, and dissatisfied with life?**
2. **Bored by your household routine?**
3. **Envious of the freedom men have?**
4. **Very fond of lively exciting parties?**
5. **Uncertain of your love for your husband?**
6. **Thinking more about tomorrow than today?**
7. **Reluctant or hesitant about making decisions?**

Do you often feel that:

8. **You are lonely and misunderstood?**
9. **Your husband is too settled?**
10. **You have more men than women friends?**
11. **Most marriages are not very happy?**
12. **You may have married too soon?**
13. **Life is passing you by?**
14. **You may have married the wrong man?**

With four or fewer "yes" answers, you seem no more restless than the average wife. The higher your "yes" score, the more serious your maladjustment. If your score is five or more, you are neither very happy in your marriage nor in most of your close relationships. Though your husband may be partly responsible, your trouble is probably within yourself. Unless you can take a greater interest in your marriage and in your husband, you should seek professional help. To delay action is to court disaster.



Have a Pepsi—

the modern, the *light* refreshment

NICEST thing about the beaches these days is that the people there seem to feel as good as they look—and they look wonderful!

Full of life, trim of shape, they owe their slender waists and graceful figures mostly to their modern, wholesome diet habits.

They shun the over-rich, the over-heavy. Their taste today is for food and drink that's lighter and less filling.

That's why Pepsi-Cola is more popular today than ever. It's kept in step with modern fashion, changing tastes. Today's Pepsi is light, dry (not too sweet), reduced in calories.

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How long since you've had a Pepsi-Cola? It's the modern, the light refreshment. It refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.

PEPSI-COLA

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

Keep it COOL

SUB-DEB

edited by

Ruth Imler



TANA HOBAN

If you're sizzling on the inside,
you're playing a losing game!

LOVE-FORTY

This is your fourth date with Jim. You like him better than any boy you've ever known. You thought he felt the same way about you, until now—at the tennis court. He knows you have to be home by five-thirty and it's five—and he's still showing Doris his backhand, although he said he'd be just a *minute*. Has he forgotten he promised you a lemonade at the clubhouse before you left? Then he walks up to you—grinning, not at all apologetic. You're furious with him, so do you:

1. Give him the silent treatment?

2. Suggest that Doris is practically going steady with Bill?

3. Vow that the next time a boy makes a fool of you, you just won't be around when he comes back?

Obviously (we hope!) *you* wouldn't swat out blindly against the boy (Solution 1) or the other girl (Solution 2) or yourself (Solution 3) to win points in a match with jealousy. A cool girl, in this case, could stretch one date to two by holding Jim to the promise of a lemonade tomorrow. She might even impress him with her thoughtful analysis of Doris' backhand problems. She certainly wouldn't let Jim know she wants to be his stop watch. (Boys, to a man, dislike a display of possessiveness.)

Jealousy, which comes from that feeling of *being entitled to* the every thought and attention of an individual because you give him all your thoughts and attentions, can prompt you to foolish behavior. But it can also tip you off that:

. . . it may be time to decide more clearly what you want to be. If you really admire the behavior of the person you're "jealous" of, you can develop those same qualities in yourself. But if you wouldn't feel at home as such a person, you can develop *your* best points—and attract the boys, the people and the activities that are inevitably drawn to *those* qualities.

BOYS, RULES AND TEARS

"Meet me at the drug store on Pine Street," he said, "around eight." Because you've been hoping and hoping he'd ask you for a date, because he's tall and good-looking and two years older than you are, because he *does* live three miles on the other side of town and doesn't have a car, you agree. But your parents don't—they've never met him. You point out that you've been dating boys for over a year and just know he's nice; you try to explain the distance problem. They still say no. So do you:

1. Run up to your room and cry?

2. Shout "mean" and threaten to keep the date anyway?

3. Explain the situation to the boy and invite him to dinner first—with your parents' permission?

If a girl who prides herself on her ability to judge a boy's character feels that her parents don't trust her judgment, she may foolishly lash out against them. Tears and threats, though, merely help to convince her parents that daughter is still quite immature. By creating an opportunity for her parents to know the boy (the dinner invitation) she is acting more maturely. Besides, most parents, in such a case, are not challenging her judgment so much as they are trying to impress upon the boy that their daughter is to be treated as their greatest treasure.

Rebelliousness, that often blind defiance of the well-intentioned advice of adults, can be the beginning of endless, painful misunderstandings. Or it can tip you off that:

. . . a genuinely rebellious spirit takes pride in studying all the pros and cons, is always searching for the truest and best way to prove a point. The real test of an individual's independence is the ability to accept another's point of view when it is sounder than yours, or when asserting your independence will hurt someone and make him worry without cause.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

Anne is your best friend. At least you think she is your best friend. But when you phone to ask her about the movies—you two have always gone together on Friday nights—and she says she can't go with you because she has a date, you begin to wonder. You're furious with her because she didn't tell you sooner, so do you:

1. Tell her she's "boy crazy"?

2. Ask her if her date could get a friend for you?

3. Decide to go to the movies with someone else or to stay home and read a book?

Solutions 2 and 3, separately or together, are excellent—unless you already spend too much time at home reading books! But only a very un-understanding girl would call her best friend "boy crazy," for if she thought for a minute she'd realize that Anne may have put off telling her about the date because she was afraid of the hurt feelings bound to arise. Some girls date earlier than others for the same mysterious reasons that of two girls of the same age one can look years younger or older than the other. But when the two girls are best friends, it's especially difficult to squelch the envy one may feel.

Envy, that resentful feeling at the good luck or fortune of another, can bring its owner even greater misfortune in the shape of spite and meanness. Or it can tip you off that:

. . . if you want something (like dating) you may have to stop waiting for it to come to you. You may have to start doing things which invite it: join school or church groups. Just going to a movie with another girl will invite more of the same. Working with boys on a piece of scenery or sharing choir practice or throwing a party may promote new friendships but, more important, it will speed your growing up. Stretching toward new activities shapes and lengthens your personality till you are as big as your dreams.

A SOUVENIR OF THE DANCE

Your school P.T.A. sponsors an Open House Dance in the gym every Thursday after ninth period. Only steadies go as couples—the boys arrive in gangs and the girls in threes or fours—but by the end of the afternoon almost everyone is paired off. You hate the idea of going without a date, but Alice talks you into going with her. You dance *twice* and then no one asks you to dance again. Alice is still dancing. You walk to the drinking fountain, take a long, slow drink, then leisurely walk back to the dance floor. And still no one asks you. You're embarrassed and angry with yourself for getting into such a predicament in the first place, so do you:

1. Sneak home?

2. Join a group of girls and hang around until the dance ends?

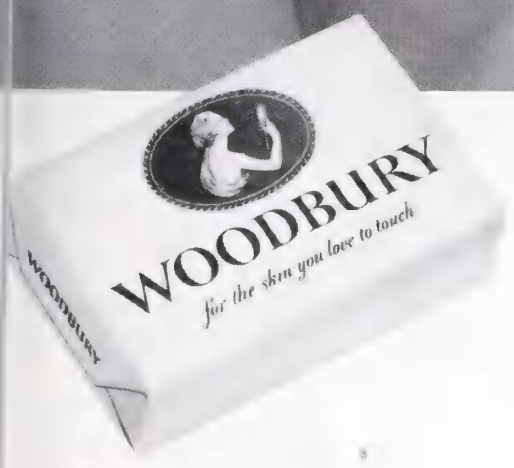
3. Ask another girl to tell Alice you have a headache and are going home?

Every girl can remember moments of panic when she wasn't a triumphant social success. Running away from a tough problem won't prevent it from happening again (Solution 1); joining forces with equally unhappy girls may make it even more difficult for a boy to seek you out (Solution 2); and feigning illness (Solution 3) or indifference will only give you a reputation for the same! What can a girl do?

Frustration, that feeling of being trapped and helpless in a situation *not* of your own choosing, can carry over into situations where you *are* free to act, or it can:

. . . give you the determination to get a lift from working on something you *know* you can get (make a squaw skirt, learn the Moonlight Sonata by heart, and so on) while you work *hard* toward getting the "practically impossible" thing you want. First step on the road to achievement? Become your best possible self, then give time a chance to do its share.





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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Marcia and Especially Me after a hard romp.

I WONDER why August always seems to come so soon! I have hardly got used to the idea that it is summer when one day I wake up in the morning and feel that curious deep, still, dreamy quality in the air. I say to myself, amazed, "Why, it is August!" The heat of the day is different now; there is a prescience of coolness in late afternoon; at night the white mist brims the meadows, a sad sweet air breathes over the house.

Naturally it is sad, for the end of anything is sad, no matter what may be coming next. Hellos are so much nicer than good-bys. I have always liked them better; so did my mother. She made such a thing of greeting when I came home from school for vacations, but when it was time to pack and catch the old Northwestern train, she was suddenly very brisk and busy about a number of things, and hardly said good-by at all.

When something troubled me—as it often did—she always thought of some fine thing ahead that we could look forward to. Once she stood looking out the window of our house on the riverbank watching the mill lights across the river, and said she wished her life would only reflect the light as the river reflected the lights of the mills. I always thought it did.

How she would have loved the new things that make a vacation weekend easy—after the cottage is closed and the town trek accomplished. I never take these miracles for granted because I always think how mamma would have loved them.

When we rode away from our cottage, I always looked back, mamma never did. She set her face resolutely to the busy days ahead and mentally made lists. So many parties to give to the new students. So many friends to entertain. People in trouble to help.

I am always amused at the way we New Englanders are proud of our weather. When we get a January blizzard, we feel it is the biggest blizzard ever; and in August, the heat is much hotter than any heat anywhere else. All our thermometers play a game, no two get the same answer and it makes for good talk when we gather at the store. "Right by the barn door it was a hundred," says one. "Ninety-eight I made it," says another. "Over a hundred when I went to the hayfield," say George. Our weather is always dra matic, and always personal. I myself ar always in a conflict. Shall I look ever half hour to see what's happening, o shall I not find out at all?

The blessings of the hot still days ar manifold. The rosy ripening globes o the tomatoes, the amber silk on th sweet corn, the lucent emerald peppers the heavenly hot smell of hay.

And the visiting, for nobody wants t start a project except Jill, who is alway doing over a recalcitrant drop-leaf tabl on the hottest day. But she is glad enough to stop to go to Steve and Olive's for supper on the terrace by the water cress brook; and when Olive makes he green-tomato pie, the day ends in glory

This calls for 3 cups sliced green to matoes, 1 ½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 recipe plain pastry and 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. You combine tomatoes, sugar, flour, salt, lemon juice, grated rind, and pour into a pastry-lined pie plate, dot with butter or margarine, add top crust, bake for 10 minutes in very hot oven—450° F.—then at 350° F.—moderate—for 30 minutes, or until the tomatoes are tender. Serve with a wedge of mild cheese and plenty of black coffee. Delicious.

Now the gladioli are at their best; and surely if there were no other flower at all, we should be rich, having the glads. The snowy whites with a touch of violet in the heart are like a song heard by moonlight, and the dusky coppery ones are breath-taking. Then the purples and shell pinks—well, making a choice is impossible. Whatever the color, they deserve to be properly arranged, not just stuck in a tall vase all the same length and with the buds pointing up. It is easy to cut the stems varying lengths and make a mass arrangement with the deep color at the base or a spreading fan-shaped bouquet in a flat silver bowl. And by taking off the hard shell of the top buds, the blossoms are released so they can unfold and add to the brilliance.

This is the season to be careful that all dogs have plenty of cool fresh water. I am naturally a rather mild woman,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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The G-E Steam Travel Iron means your travel wardrobe stays fresh—you look better and need fewer clothes. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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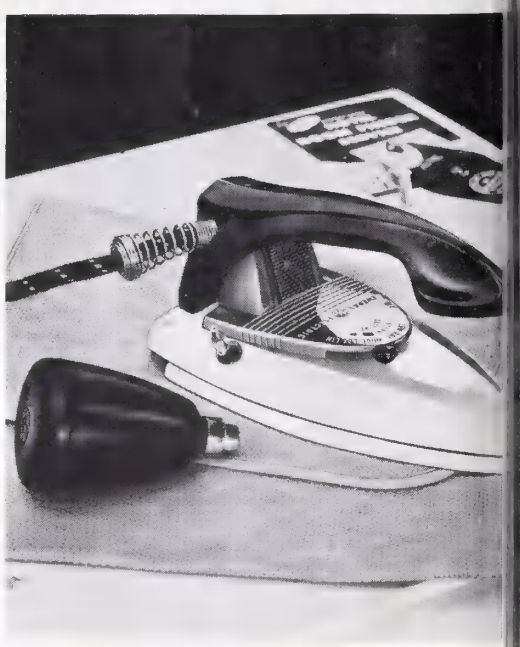
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Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

ve been perfectly well since that tion. Why should I bother about ng in for examinations every year?"

patient was a woman of middle age. doctor hastened to consult her hisard. "Mrs. Way," he read. "Yes, I reer you. I believe I performed a small tion for you a few years ago. The nurse ok up your record. What can I do for oday?"

doubt that you can do anything," said oman. "I wouldn't have come except ny friend who introduced me to you 'd better do as you suggested. So here I Here's the letter you sent me."

e doctor accepted the note and read: r Mrs. Way: A review of my files shows you underwent an operation in June, I have not seen you since the routine perative examination. A checkup at l intervals is considered of paramount in most surgical cases, and I suggest you arrange for an examination at my within the next few weeks."

e doctor looked up. "And here is your d. Let's see, the follow-up was quite factory. But didn't I advise you to report nother within a year?"

es, but I couldn't see any reason for was feeling perfectly well."

Many things can happen to a person of age within a year—and frequently do. s become practically an axiom among doctors that at least one gynecological ination yearly is desirable between -five and sixty-five."

didn't know that, but if it's true I'm I came. What do you expect to find?"

don't *expect* to find anything; but it is to make sure. I'll explain further after xamination. Will you go with the nurse, Way?"

ck in the consulting room a half hour , the patient said, "Doctor, I've been dering what you are going to do with all e little specimens you took. I thought were just going to look me over and see was all right."

That's just what I was doing. Those imens were from the neck of the womb the area surrounding it. They will be nined under the microscope and we will the report in a short time."

Examined for *what*, Doctor? I hope you not going to tell me that I have a cancer, because I know that I don't. There hasn't been any bleeding. I'm just as normal as I can be."

"No, I don't think you are developing a cancer, Mrs. Way. As I said before, this examination is done simply as insurance against possible trouble. I'll try to explain if you will sit back and relax. And you may ask any questions which occur to you as I go along.

"The uterus, or womb, as you probably know, is a pear-shaped organ suspended by ligaments low in the abdominal cavity and opening into the vaginal canal at the small end, technically called the *cervix*. The cervical opening is normally very small. You can perhaps imagine how tremendously it must be enlarged, by stretching and other processes, in order to permit the passage of a baby weighing, let us say, seven pounds. In most cases this stretching results in a certain amount of damage, particularly with a first baby. The damage is usually not severe, but it is definite; and the healing process is not clean and sharp, as in the case of an incised wound which has been stitched."

"But I thought doctors used stitches when women were torn in childbirth."

"They do, and an extensive laceration of the cervix generally bleeds so that it demands repair at once. But the cervix, just after a birth has taken place, presents such a soft, swollen mass of tissue that it is very difficult to detect smaller injuries. So the patient may be left with an area which is not entirely normal. In other words, it may be vulnerable."

"I suppose you mean vulnerable to cancer?"

"That is the most important consideration, certainly."

"Then only a woman who has had a baby could develop a cancer in that region?"

"No. From five to fifteen per cent of cancers of the cervix are found in women who have never had a pregnancy. There is no question, however, but that most cancers of the cervix occur in women who have borne children."

"Is cancer of the cervix a common condition, Doctor?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It ranks about equally with cancer of the breast as the most common malignant lesion in the female."

"And it's usually childbirth injuries which cause it?"

"I did not say that. We do not know positively what causes cancer of any part of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

or Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of ren, containing several chapters which have not ared in the Journal, has been published by Haw- Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

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Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

AUGUST, 1904, marked the end of the first season of a new Italian tenor named Caruso at the Metropolitan. "Travelogue" joined the English language, coined by Burton Holmes, and George M. Cohan wowed the people with his Forty-five Minutes From Broadway.

"Is it true that you decline each year over $200,000 worth of patent-medicine advertisements?" a reader asks Editor Bok in the August, 1904, JOURNAL. Answer: "The amount would be near to half a million dollars if you also include all the other advertisements we decline, such as real estate, financial investments, hair restorers, complexion beautifiers and alcoholic beverages."

[*JOURNAL still considers liquor and similar items unfit advertisements for a woman's magazine. JOURNAL annually refuses to print, in its readers' best interests, nearly a million dollars' worth of ads other magazines find acceptable. In 1953, $785,383.97.*

Because of this attitude JOURNAL leads all other women's magazines in total advertising revenue, and total circulation. Ed.]

"To clean black taffeta, sponge with a solution of two quarts of cold, strong black coffee and one tablespoon of ammonia."

Fashion hint: "A simple outfit for a week's visit to the St. Louis Exposition might consist of a coat and skirt of dark mohair or serge of instep length. Then you will need four or five plain washable shirtwaists and a simple straw hat."

"Mattie: You can freshen your black straw sailor hat by the application of black liquid shoe polish."

In an article about Chautauqua, New York, which was attracting thousands of Americans in search of culture, the JOURNAL remarks, "This is probably the only place in the world where one may meet a woman carrying Vergil's Aeneid under one arm and a dressed chicken for dinner under the other."

"Housekeeping without Ice: Fill a box with nice clean sand and bury things in it."



ZINN ARTHUR

Mary Martin and her daughter Heller—who has not lived up to her name.

WE always like mothers and daughters, as you know; and this is particularly true with Mary Martin and her twelve-year-old Heller. Mary at the moment is performing on the stage as Peter Pan, in a musical version of the Sir James M. Barrie classic. Always having her hair cut short, she had to have it cut shorter than ever for the play, right after this swing picture was taken for us. "It's like having two daddies," said Heller, who was named Heller, Mary told us, because they thought that she really was going to be one.

We went twice to see A Star is Born when it was downstairs here at the Music Hall



PAT CLARK

Judy Garland.

in 1937. Which is why we'll be on hand when an altogether new production of that fine film appears any minute now, this time with ***Judy Garland*** in the part played before by an actress with the same initials—***Janet Gaynor***. There was a scene in which ***Fredric March*** proposed to Janet in a darkened movie theater, a scene that will have a sort of real-life twist now when ***James Mason*** proposes to Judy, because we recall Judy telling us a while ago that it was in a movie theater, back in the days of silent film, that her parents had met and fallen in love. Her father was the vocalist there, she said, her mother the pianist.

*We haven't told **Gladys Taber** about it yet, but the American Kennel Club has just notified us that the flop-eared cocker spaniel has been nosed out as the most popular breed in this country by the beagle: 43,561 registered cockers to 45,398 registered beagles.*

What most fascinates the majority of visitors to the Workshop, men or women, is the Homemaking Department's collection of all that's latest in household equipment, functioning under real-life conditions. And the other day, ***Doctor*** and ***Mrs. Leonard Kortenhorst*** were no exception. He's the ***Joe Martin*** of Holland—President of the Dutch House of Representatives—his biggest moment in this country, his wife told ***Margaret Davidson***, being when Speaker Martin gave Speaker Kortenhorst the former's official gavel. "And do you know why this right now is such a big moment for me?" Mrs. K. demanded of Margaret. "It's because I'm here on my fiftieth year as a JOURNAL reader. Your latest issue will be waiting for me at The Hague when I get home—if I can ever manage to get my husband away from those new dishwashers."

Margaret Davidson (right) and the "big moment" Kortenhorsts.



DI PIETRO

During 1952, the average person in this country ate over 6 dozen eggs more than he ate in 1929, consumed 47 more quarts of milk, ate 24 more pounds of meat. His consumption of citrus fruits increased markedly; that of potatoes, flour and cereal products dropped.



A. G. MICHAELSON

Margaret Hickey receives award from Lloyd Morey, President of the University of Illinois.

The JOURNAL reaped highest honors recently at a dinner up at the Hotel Plaza when the magazine was given the gold medal (top award of eight), and a scroll as the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award for "the most distinguished and meritorious public service during the year." It was our Public Affairs series for 1953 which took this first prize of its kind ever offered, and in her little speech of acceptance *Margaret Hickey*, Public Affairs editor, won the evening's biggest burst of laughter with a paraphrase of Franklin's famous aphorism. "Never send a boy to do a man's work," she said. "Send a woman!"

Studies show that accidents, the leading cause of death in childhood, are most likely to occur when mothers and children are unhappy. . . . About 3 dozen mink coats are left each year on U. S. trains.

She held her wrist out unsteadily, and he fumbled with the clasp. Now, now, would he kiss her?

It wasn't that Morgan didn't love her family. She just wanted to lead her own life —of glamour and romance

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE
CONDENSED NOVEL

READY OR NOT



THEY were moving again. Mr. Connor announced at dinner, in the faintly sullen voice of a man who doesn't like what he's about to say any more than his hearers will, that he'd found just the apartment.

"What?" Morgan's fork clattered against her plate. "Pop, are you saying that we have to move again?"

Mr. Connor started to shake his head, then nodded it and shrugged. He glanced hopefully at his son and his other daughter. They were younger than Morgan and might conceivably enjoy the prospect of yet another move.

Julie leaned an elbow beside her plate, nestled her chin on the fist and said that, as far as she was concerned, she thought it was a slick idea. "And you don't have to pay attention to *some* people," she added, loudly loyal to her father, but avoiding Morgan's glance.

"Well," Ned said cheerfully, "when do we start packing?"

"Why do we ever unpack?" Morgan muttered. She started to stack dishes without getting up from her chair, then remembered what she'd decided about keeping the home gracious, and rose. *We will not*, she had resolved slightly over a year ago, *put catchup bottles or wrapped loaves of bread on the table. We will remove the dishes of one course before we serve the next.* As the apartments in which they lived grew cheaper and gloomier, the importance of keeping them clean and gracious increased. Of keeping Ned and Julie aware of courtesy and things like —— "Will you please take your elbows off the table?" she snapped.

Julie removed her arm with elaborate gestures. "Surely. Let's keep the elbows polite, even if the tongues aren't."

"Stow it," Ned said. He did not expect Julie to listen to him, and she didn't. She was thirteen, four years older than he was, and they got along pretty well, but for all the attention she'd pay to his words he might as well speak Chinese. "Julie," he said, "if I woke you up in the middle of the night yelling *Fire*, what would you do?"

"Look to see if there was one, of course."

"Don't you ever believe anything I say?"

"Not without checking."

"You realize you could lose your life in this fire?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Copyright, 1953, by Mary Stolz. This is a condensation of the novel recently published by Harper & Bros.

ILLUSTRATED BY Charles

Once in

"I see you!"
George said,
popping his head
into view.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Love with Amy!

She was cute and sweet . . . ything a man ould want.



But she was definitely leading a dog's life.

THE third sharp poke finally roused George Weaver. He sat up in bed, wincing in the sudden glare of the bedroom lights. Jane, his blond and pregnant wife, was crisply fixing her face at the dressing table. Mr. Duffy, his black and chunky cocker spaniel, sat on the bed chomping at a slipper.

"Wha?" said George.

"Hospital time," Jane answered cheerfully. "I'm having a baby, remember?"

George focused on his wrist watch. "At five o'clock in the morning?"

"Naturally." Jane grinned. "Have to follow the rule book."

George jumped out of bed and began to dress rapidly. "How do you feel?" he asked anxiously.

"As if I'm going to have a baby." George increased the tempo of his dressing. "Slow down, darling. So far it's only a distant rumbling." She stood up composedly. "I've alerted Doctor Davidson, packed a valise and made you some juice. All you have to do is find us a cab."

George rescued his slipper from Mr. Duffy, who snapped automatically at his hand, then busied himself with one of Jane's slippers. "And park Mr. Duffy with the super."

"And park Mr. Duffy," Jane sighed. "We should've shipped him to the Walkers' last week. So we'd have the big farewell scene over with."

"Well, gee whiz," George protested. "This way we had him for a whole week extra." He gave Mr. Duffy's black muzzle an affectionate squeeze. "Do you realize this is the last time you'll ever see him?"

"Yes, dear."

"Just 'Yes, dear'?" George was incredulous. "Won't you miss him at all?"

"Of course I'll miss him. But when the baby comes we won't mind so much."

"Mr. Duffy will mind," George said darkly. "He'll probably pine away and die of a broken heart."

"Not at the Walkers'. He adores the Walkers."

"It's not the same thing," George insisted. "We've had him for five years ——"

"Yes, dear," Jane said, and sighed again. Like her, the argument was in its ninth month. "And he was a wedding present. And people don't give away their wedding presents."

"Well, they don't." George looked at his wife pleadingly. "Can't we change our minds and keep him? Lots of people keep their dogs when a baby comes and it works out fine."

"It wouldn't work with Mr. Duffy," Jane said CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

by Arnold B. Horwitt



"Who is Gertrude Lawrence?" asked Mrs. Edward Irving Aldrich. She refused to discuss her only son's marriage to an actress, closed the blinds as if for a death.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS "Mrs. A"

By RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH

His wife and his mother were worlds apart, yet they were so very much alike! Each had her principles—and her pride.



Gertrude's fondness for Aldrich's sons, Dick (left) and David, pleased their grandmother. Small child is Teddy Corballis, boys' half brother.



Bride and groom, flags, roses and birthday greetings decorated wedding cake.

Richard Aldrich's mother was saddened and displeased when he gave up his career in banking to become a theatrical producer. In the strict Puritanical code of the Aldrich family there was no place for the theater or other worldly frivolities. There were further shocks in store for Mrs. Aldrich. Her only son met and was charmed by Gertrude Lawrence, who had come to Dennis, Massachusetts, to star in a production of Skylark at his summer theater. Their backgrounds could hardly have been more dissimilar. Gertrude had danced and sung and acted her way from a poverty-stricken childhood to international fame. Awed at first by her reputation for extravagance, glamour and high jinks, Richard found on acquaintance that "Gee" was amiable, co-operative, hard-working, but still with a flashing spirit that loved fun and laughter and surprises. Their friendship deepened through a winter in New York, but April nearly wrote "finis" to it. Seeking spring in the country, Aldrich made an impulsive trip to Northfield, Mass., where he had spent happy boyhood summers. He took Miss Lawrence with him, but April let them down. Instead of sunshine and flowers, they found snow and discomfort. Chilled and miserable, they quarreled bitterly. Gertrude broke up the quarrel—and the trip—by catching a train back to New York. Richard thankfully watched her go. He'd had enough of the theatrical temperament to last him a long time—maybe forever.

"TUESDAY found me again in New York, at the Harvard Club. It was difficult to settle back into the routine of my working day. I was conscious of a loneliness I had never felt before, and a dread of the dull days and weeks ahead without the brightness that was Gertrude. I discovered in myself a tendency to stare at the telephone. But the Aldriches are stubborn; we give in slowly, and it takes us a long time to eat up our anger. In no single act in our little Northfield comedy had Gertrude been at fault. She had been entirely and genuinely herself, whereas I had succumbed to apprehensions and to a miserable self-consciousness. I had reverted to what was least commendable in my Puritan past; leaving Gertrude stranded, and not unreasonably dismayed. And to crown these stupidities, I had sunk to CONTINUED ON PAGE 107

Copyright, 1954, by Richard Stoddard Aldrich



That her glamorous daughter-in-law was "not above honest toil," impressed Mrs. Aldrich deeply. At Dennis for a "rest," Gertrude cleaned house, repaired roof, painted shutters, picked cranberries, gardened—and occasionally rested.



The "Queen of Swat," no slouch in the outfield, sometimes persuaded her mother-in-law to umpire, conceded that "rounders" was more fun than cricket.



"Gee" loved picnics, dragged her husband to impromptu ones— Central Park in winter, the Dennis beach in summer. Here with Barbara bel Geddes and daughter.

"Swing isn't your mother's style," Gertrude said, "but we could have square dancing. She'd adore watching and it would help make up to her for not being allowed to dance seventy years ago."



Porch Revival

By H. T. WILLIAMS

FOR satisfaction in family summer living there never has been a substitute for the airy, inviting, cool, screened porch. We hail its return! Through torrid spells which affect much of our country, this family can eat, entertain and even sleep, free from insect pests, in cool comfort. Now that new materials have eliminated many former problems of damp, rust, fading and soil, the porch can become an extra living room with as much charm as any indoor room.

The screened porch here, sparkling cool with its brick floor and chalk-white walls, has a raftered ceiling in pale sea blue. Two hickory-and-reed chairs are painted chalk-white also, and the ottoman is cushioned in white canvas.

All the delights of alfresco dining without any of its discomforts can be had here. One end of this porch provides for meals and entertaining, with storage space for china, glass and needed equipment in a blue-painted French provincial commode, and storage space for extra pillows and lawn mats in the redwood chest which also doubles as a seating bench. Two white-polka-dotted navy-blue settees with frames of woven reed and rattan can be adequate beds on hot nights.

Things to remember when furnishing a screened porch are foam cushions that have no springs or other fillers to be affected by humidity; fabrics that are water-repellent, sunfast and mildew-proof; woods that are solid and can be indefinitely refreshed by paint, and rustproof wrought-iron accessories.

RIGHT: *Fabric suited to porch use is a new sailcloth, $1.39 a yard, colorful for slip covers and cushions, unharmed by steady sunlight. Night lighting for the porch comes from wrought-iron lanterns, a modern glass lamp.*

HAROLD FOWLER





LEFT: *Surfboard-shaped table fo dinners is weather-resistant wal wrought-iron based. Very versat the tea wagon of teak and beech—its two lower trays lift o*



The screened porch provides all-family living all summer long

Did the cryptic mes

"I shall not always be gentle, Katrine," he said,
"but by the soul of my mother,
I shall love you until I die."



...n forgiveness?

Or was it only that he wished to be rid of all thought of her?

She could not know.



Katherine

By ANYA SETON

Married at fifteen to a man she could not love, Katherine de Roet was plunged into a world of adult responsibilities. Her husband—boorish Sir Hugh Swynford, knight in the retinue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster—spent most of his time away on campaigns, leaving Katherine to manage his run-down manor, Kettlethorpe. Katherine remembered the kindness of the duke and his gracious lady, Blanche, who had honored her by coming to her wedding. Nor could she forget the strange agitation she had felt when the duke kissed her, the bride.

Alone at Kettlethorpe, Katherine would have died in childbirth except for the unheralded arrival of the duke, and gratefully she named the child Blanchette, for the duchess. Months later, she learned with horror that, with the duke away at the wars, Blanche lay alone in the castle, stricken with plague and deserted by her frightened servants. Leaving her own household in care of her sister, Philippa—wife of Geoffrey Chaucer—Katherine tenderly nursed Blanche until she died.

Returning, the duke was crushed by sorrow, but still found quiet comfort in Katherine's presence. He called her to him, to offer her gold in reward for her devotion to Blanche. When their eyes met, they both suddenly realized that between them was a bond stronger than death itself. Katherine, whose heart had never been touched before, knew that she would always love him; but the thought of her child and of her marriage vows gave her strength to refuse him the love she longed to express.

III KATHERINE went to the stables and ordered Doucette saddled. She flung herself on the mare and set forth through the great gate to London. The Savoy was hateful to her, and she fled to the only warm, unstressful affection she had ever known.

Hawise opened the door to Katherine's knock.

"May I stay here tonight?" whispered Katherine. "Just tonight. I must leave for home at dawn."

"For sure, love." Hawise flung her arm around Katherine.

The Pessoners crowded around, kindly, murmuring.

"Come to bed, sweeting," said Hawise. "You look fit to drop." She marshaled Katherine up the loft stairs to the sleeping room and put her in her own bed. Hawise sat on the bed and held the candle near. "Can ye tell me, dear?" she said, her shrewd eyes scanning the upturned face. "'Tis a man? Aye, I see it is. And he has used ye ill?"

"Nay." Katherine turned her face into the pillow. "I don't know. Blessed Virgin, give me strength—I love him—I must get home . . . I cannot stay so near ——"

Hawise stroked the girl's arm. "And so you shall, but not alone, for I'll come wi' ye."

Katherine drew herself back and looked into Hawise's face. "*Would* you come with me, in truth?"

"Methinks ye've *need* of a good serving maid, m'lady," said Hawise, twinkling.

"But Jackie—we couldn't take him!"

"Jackie'll be merry as a pie right here. He's fonder o' his granny'n me anyhow. Nor can I bide wi' ye long if my Jack comes home from war. But I'll not let ye go the road alone."

"May Christ bless you!" Katherine whispered.

"Sleep now, mistress. I'll call ye before prime, we can scarce start sooner."

The Pessoners were all up to see the girls start. After the first protests against their daughter's leaving them, the goodhearted couple had given in, and Master Guy had hired a horse from the livery stable and routed out Jankin, his best prentice, telling him to make ready to escort Lady Swynford and Hawise. Dame Emma packed a hamper full of cheese, new-baked loaves and a leg of mutton.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Copyright, 1954, by Anya Seton Chase

I learned not to be afraid

Anne attracted men — by the dozens. And by the dozens, they married other girls.

Why, at thirty, was she living with love letters and a hope chest instead of a husban

Anne resolved to find out, and with surprise met her own deep fears, her dawning answers, and a man she loved.

The JOURNAL presents another actual story of a young woman who learned how to be marriageal

"DO you begin to see you have been running away from marriage all these years, Anne?" Doris Marsh looked at me with wise, quizzical eyes. "Suppose we try to learn why. Perhaps the two of us can come to a closer understanding of you."

It was my fourth interview since the day I had first phoned for an appointment at the American Institute of Family Relations. I knew I *had* to speak with a marriage counselor. The morning I was thirty, I woke up in a sun-filled room in the home I shared with my mother, and looked at the ribboned souvenirs of my popular teens and twenties staring at me from my vanity table. At the foot of my bed was a hope chest filled with unused linens and unused sterling. Life had been a round of parties, of dates, of flirtations, sentimental letters, and promises I'd made and had no intention of keeping. The need to decide to marry always seemed far away. I postponed it, drew back into my shell, always found a reason to wave a man good-by and send him to someone else, while the years vanished as lightly as dance music. Doris Marsh, my counselor, a warmhearted, vital woman, herself a happy wife and the mother of two young children, is easy to talk to. We had talked at length about the exciting period of my youthful popularity, and the years that followed. I now realized I had pretty consistently found fault with any serious love that had been offered me, that I had behaved like somebody who was afraid of marriage even though I longed for marriage.

Why was I afraid?

THAT afternoon (I saw my counselor regularly each Friday) we took up the subject of my parents. I confided in Mrs. Marsh something I had never told anybody. Twice during my childhood—when I was six years old and again when I was eleven—my father had left my mother for another woman. On those two occasions he had sent no word and no money. He had just disappeared. My mother had been obliged to work at any menial job she could get; she had to feed us kids and to hold our family together. Many nights, as a child, I had lain awake listening to the sounds of her pillow-muted sobs. Afterward, of course, she and my father had patched up their relationship in a way. But he was always a stranger who went off on endless trips and came back without a word, like a guest in a hotel.

"Then you didn't receive a very good picture of marriage during your formative years, did you, Anne?"

No, I hadn't. Looking back through the mists of the past, I could recall my bewilderment and shame. I had tried to keep from everybody the secret of my father's faithlessness. Why had I cared so much? Well, I was shy and sensitive. But as Mrs. Marsh and I discovered, there was a further reason.

I had felt guilty. In my child mind, I had illogically worked it out that somehow I must be responsible for my mother's unhappiness and hardships. Before my father deserted us for the first time, he had petted and praised me, called me his baby. I had reveled in the role of Daddy's Girl, had loved to hear people say I was the image of him. Then, without warning, everything was different. I was cast off, rejected. What had I done? Unless I had failed in some mysterious fashion, I decided as a youngster, my father would not have abandoned my mother, my sisters—and me.

Talking with Mrs. Marsh, I saw how I had carried into maturity all those early memories of fear, mistrust and pain. My belief in the existence of serious, permanent love had been badly shaken when I was in pinafores. No wonder I was single at thirty! My childish ideas were still a part of my emotional make-up. I was very young for my age. Too young.

"MARRIAGE calls for maturity," Mrs. Marsh said to me. "To attain a good marriage, it's up to you to take certain practical steps and to grow up emotionally. Nobody else can do it for you."

When I left her office, I had a great many things to ponder. Without being in the least critical of either of my parents—it wasn't in our province, Mrs. Marsh said, to judge their lives—my counselor showed me how my character had been influenced by my background. My father was a drifter, restless and changeable. I, too, had those tendencies. But the traits weren't inherited or incurable, as I had supposed. I could mend my ways. I now understood that my mother's strength and decisiveness had helped foster my own shillyshallying. But I could try to change.

Mrs. Marsh suggested I take an apartment by myself. I just couldn't do it. My home meant too much to me. My mother and I lived comfortably now, and the gift shop I owned and ran was only three blocks away. My older sisters, married, lived nearby. But mother and I were especially close; she shampooed my hair, did my nails, cooked my meals, made my bed, took care of my clothes, helped me entertain, and we talked about everything together. She never pressed me about marrying, but wanted me to take all the time I needed to find the right man. After the harrowing years we had been through, life was calm and pleasant for both of us. I couldn't leave home now. In other ways, though, I was trying hard to develop self-sufficiency, as Mrs. Marsh advised, and become the person I wanted to be. I wanted to be a lovable, loving, forthright woman, with depth and confidence and faith in herself. Instead of immediately seeking my mother's advice—should I stock a new line of California pottery in my shop?—I began to make my own decisions. I made mistakes, but I was learning to stand on my own feet.

The business of changing my deeply rooted habits of action (or rather, inaction) wasn't simple. It was far easier to lie abed and let my mother bring in my breakfast (but what man wants to feed a slug-a-bed wife?). I forced myself to get up. I then discovered I was all thumbs in a kitchen, and suddenly longed to be a good cook; I joined a cooking class. On the night I baked my first cake I had a real thrill of accomplishment. At last I was making definite preparations to be a good wife—for somebody.

I had long disliked my voice and my conversational limitations. Trivialities and wisecracks can be boring in a mature woman. I was too self-centered by far. After I started to read newspapers and magazines and attend an occasional lecture I broadened my interests beyond the small daily doings of myself, my mother and sisters, my best friend Gertrude, who was an older woman—generous and good company—I considered my favorite companion and chaperon. I joined a public-speaking class (another evening away from the lazy comforts of home) and my voice took on more pleasing tones. Gradually, too, I conquered an old habit—a selfish, juvenile habit—of allowing my attention to wander from the topic of discussion to myself, my nervousness or embarrassment, my worry as to what others might think of me. I tried to think about other people for the first time.

IN the public-speaking class, I met Sam Abbott. Sam was forty, lean, distinguished in appearance, a widower with three children. I became flattered by my jingling telephone and Sam's attentions, but I began to see that I was drifting into another comfortable but meaningless friendship with a man financially unable to marry and whom I had no intention of marrying. I continued to see Sam, but I checked my unrealistic fancies. In the past, I would have wasted months in romantic dreaming, and once again side-stepped my chances of finding my love and my husband.

I was late to church on the always-to-be-remembered Sunday I met Grant. I had pressed my own dress that morning! As I

You can bid for the atten
of all men—or no men—or one n
Anne decided on

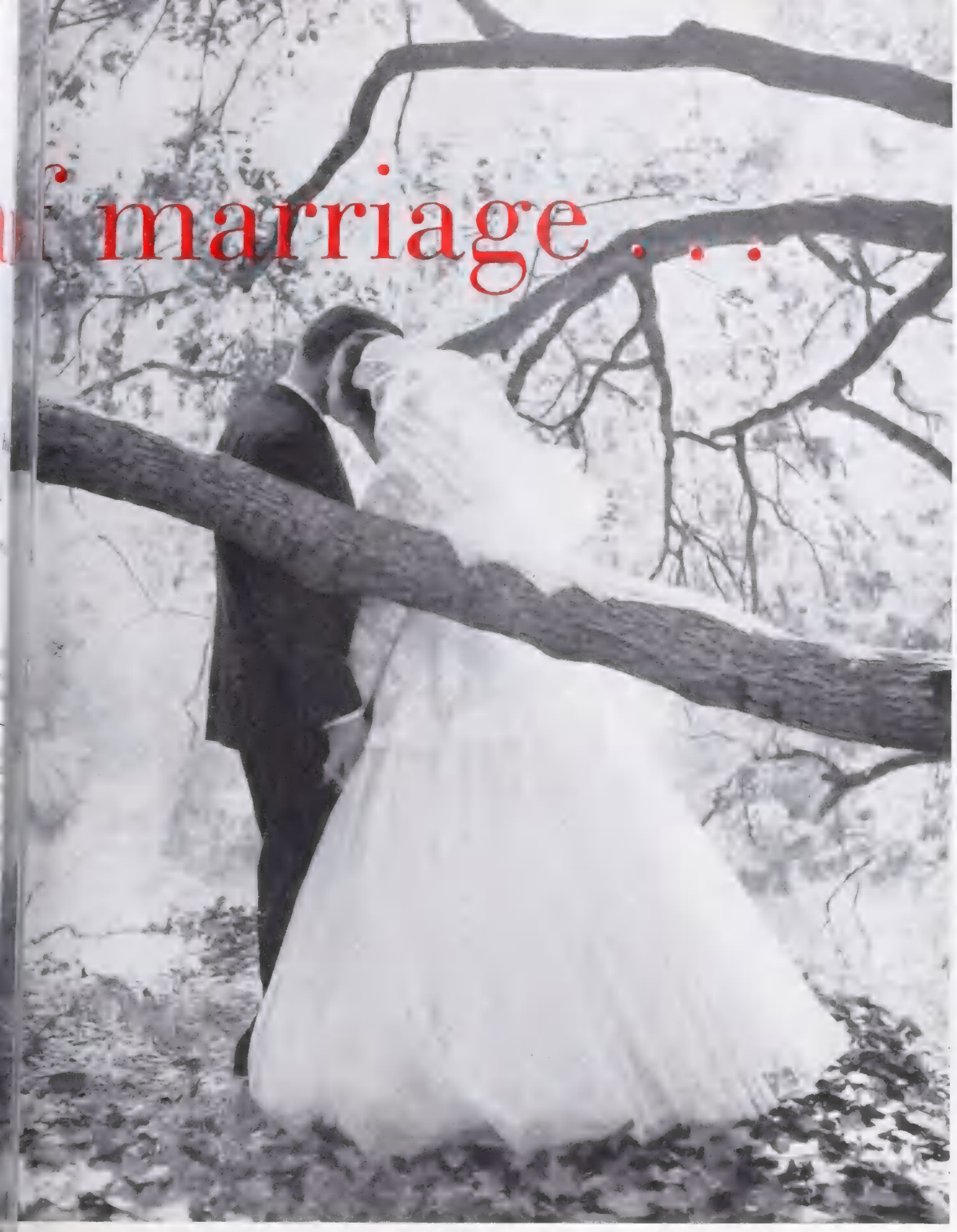
ran up the steps, I saw a young man proach and then come to a sudden hal the sidewalk. I got a hazy impressio height, wide shoulders, sunburn and ness. The church doors were already cl when I reached the top of the flight. O I would have hurried on in. Now, i twinkling second, I took thought. S Hesitant about coming to the service turned and smiled down at the uncer young man on the sidewalk below.

There was nothing uncertain in answering smile or in his galloping cha up those steps. The congregation was si ing a joyful hymn as we took seats gether. I noticed the easy, accustomed this handsome young stranger picked the hymnbook and joined in the sing I liked his baritone voice.

AFTER the services, while waited our turn to shake ha with the minister, we introdu ourselves. Nobody can long like a stranger around Grant. Geor born and Texas-bred, Grant has both South and the West in his mouth. Ins five minutes I learned that his pare and four young brothers (Grant him was only twenty-nine, a statistic wh bothered me a little) still lived in Te Next, I learned that Grant and a GI buc owned and were operating in partners a motel near Tucson, Arizona. Unus expenses at the motel—new carpeting redecoration—Grant told me, accoun for his presence in Los Angeles. Th weeks earlier he had blown into to located temporary and well-paid work a builder, and now was earmarking half earnings to bail out the Arizona m while his buddy kept it running. I li Grant's honesty.

"I know a girl from Arizona who member of our church. She is very pre You should meet her," I heard my saying—in dismay. Just how dumb ca person be? Fortunately the Arizona wasn't in church. Gertrude was the When she joined us, I had already ask Grant to come home with me to Sund dinner and he had accepted. Gertrude cepted too. Why on earth did I invite h I was ducking the responsibility of ent taining my new friend by myself, grabbi for help I didn't need.

I proceeded to apply some of my rec learning. Instead of lazily settling do after that big chicken dinner with Gr and Gertrude, I tried to put myself Grant's place. Would he enjoy a tour



in my car? We dropped off Ger- t her apartment, and spent an after- of exploration. The Hollywood Griffith Park, a sunset view of Los s from Mulholland Drive. We off the sunset at a little, candle- Spanish restaurant I knew down on n Avenue. Grant paid the modest instantly squandered the savings on rling silver pins—one for me, one mother.

thank-you for that home-cooked he said, and brushed aside my pro- ith: "Thrift doesn't match up with ct day. I want you to have a me- of our meeting."

t night I fastened the little pin to my and went to sleep with a smile on ce. It was still there when I awoke.

DURING the next weeks, as a sunny April glided into a sun- nier May and then into a sumptuous June, the whole seemed to smile. I was falling in love. loved it. Inevitably small difficulties d up but were soon smoothed over. nstance, I like to dance, and Grant ln't dance. After some clear-eyed ht it struck me that dancing means to the average happily married cou- ple. Why not be satisfied with the recreations both Grant and I enjoyed? There were times when I was tempted to accept a glamorous invitation—dinner in a fashionable hotel, a bang-up floor show—extended by some salesman acquaintance with an expense account burning a hole in his pocket. I squashed the temptation. Glamour wasn't worth the risk of hurting Grant or interfering with the way I was beginning to feel about Grant.

By mid-April, Grant and I were seeing, or talking to each other on the telephone, practically every evening. On days he didn't call, I felt lost and incomplete. Sometimes he would talk of his eventual return to Arizona and I would worry a little, and then console myself with the reflection that September was very distant. I had plenty to talk about on Fridays. Mrs. Marsh would smile and listen and advise.

Each day, as my mind and heart opened, I discovered some new talent in my man to admire. Usually, it was a talent lacking in my father. Grant is clever with his hands and quick to notice the things that need doing. I have never seen my father touch a lawn mower, clean a bathtub, pick up a hammer. Every Saturday Grant made it his business to wash my car and go over its innards. On one Saturday, he brought his tools and lumber and a quart of shellac to my shop and turned out for me a beautiful display case. My private moments with Grant were becoming very precious. But I shared him with my family, too, and was proud of the way he measured up.

GRANT, accustomed to a houseful of younger brothers, was wonderful with my sister's noisy, active sons. "Just a minute, kids," he would say, when the twins started a wild, destructive rampage. "Let's shift our activities outdoors and I'll show you a few wrestling holds I learned in the Army." And I would watch the three of them tumbling on the lawn, and my eyes would mist and my throat feel choky. I wanted my future husband (and I thought I had found him) to be a good father. My counselor and I had talked quite a lot about the tangible masculine qualities I admired, as opposed to my previous silly romancing about some impossible millionaire at the wheel of a real-gone convertible.

Grant was sweet and considerate to my mother. He never ate a meal in our house without complimenting her on something. Whenever he had dinner with us—he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

THE CASE OF ANNE: A GIRL WHO COULDN'T FALL IN LOVE

Counselor
Doris Marsh



Anne Robertson is an actual person (her true identity is concealed). On finding herself unmarried at the age of thirty, Anne turned for help to the Marriage Readiness Course at the American Institute of Family Relations, and received counseling once a week over a period of eleven months. Her counselor was Mrs. Doris Marsh. The Institute, located in Los Angeles, extends its help as a public service and for minimum fees to those living in the area where it is located; all its work is nonprofit, and is conducted by qualified counselors. In the hope that other family services throughout the country will find it increasingly possible to aid young people who ask for help in conquering resistance to marriage, the Institute has agreed to make public this account of one of its many applicants to the Marriage Readiness Course. Counselor Doris Marsh summarizes the case of Anne:

ANNE ROBERTSON, unmarried, telephoned the Institute for an appointment on her thirtieth birthday, broke the appointment the next morning, made and canceled two other appointments before she eventually appeared in my office. Clearly Anne at the time we met her had a somewhat juvenile taste for drama, combined with a good deal of hesitancy and self-doubt.

She is pretty, slender and brown-eyed, with soft, gleamingly brushed brown hair worn in a pony tail. She has style sense, and chooses the clothes that become her. She greeted me with a warm, appealing smile.

Anne seems very much the kind of girl men like to date but not marry. Her femininity is attractive, but her manners and attitude may seem too dependent, almost enervating in these days when extreme helplessness is hardly considered an asset in a wife.

Anne appears to have unusual sex appeal, with distinct ability to make a man aware of her—for a while. But her continued although unwitting flight from the hazards of serious love follows an almost classic pattern. Often these unmarried women come from broken or unhappy homes. In the first place, Anne started off as a perfectionist and set her demands far too high. She also pulled her mother too closely into discussing intimate affairs of the heart and overtalked a romance without participating in it, so that by too constant dwelling on possible

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

JOSEPH DI PIETRO

A little girl's tears dry quickly when the doctor's prescription is as pleasant as this one: a new toy. At St. Francis Hospital in Trenton, New Jersey, the Hospital Aid has seen to it that the playroom is well equipped, the rooms brightened by gay curtains, bedspreads and toy bags.



Hospital Aid members spent long hours sketching designs, selecting gay fabrics and colorful wallpapers for the playroom and wards. More than $2500 in Aid money went into the project.

LITTLE Donnie, aged five and a half, cried when his parents left him at the hospital. Away from home for the first time in his young life, he felt miserably alone and frightened. Four days later when his father came to take him home, Donnie pouted. "Oh, daddy, I don't want to go home. I'd rather stay here."

The reason for Donnie's change of heart can be found in the colorful, friendly atmosphere of the pediatrics ward of the St. Francis Hospital in Trenton, New Jersey. On the seventh floor of the very modern new wing of this hospital, fitted out with the latest and best in medical equipment, getting well is a happy, as well as a serious, business. First thing in the morning a pretty hospital volunteer was on hand to wash Donnie's face and hands and help him into his yellow plaid robe. Donnie, who was to be under doctor's observation for a cyst on his arm, was not confined to bed and was to eat breakfast in the playroom.

Designed and carried out by women with children for children, the circus playroom is a special project of the fifteen-member Decorating Committee of the St. Francis Hospital Aid, now completed after a year of planning and sketching. The committee worked 750 manhours in three months to carry out the designs.

As soon as word got around the community about the new decorating work, there were many offers of help. The Junior League donated $200 for toys. Two groups of oldsters over sixty-five—the Golden Age and the Happy Time clubs—volunteered to make stuffed toys and scrapbooks as well as toy bags. Business firms provided materials and labor at cost.

The nursery finished, Aid members began eying other rooms. Bright wallpaper, curtains and bedspreads were selected to relieve drab gray walls in thirty-five wards and private rooms on the pediatrics and maternity floors.

Aid members now are concentrating on service work in the hospital. Volunteers staff the playroom every day to help the nurses feed young patients, tell stories, play games. Mrs. J. F. Johnson, chairman of the decorating committee, and three other members recently visited the New Jersey State Hospital occupational-therapy department to learn how to teach jewelry and toymaking to other volunteer workers, who in turn will teach the young convalescent patients in the pediatrics ward.



Over the side of the play pen goes an energetic patient, aided and abetted, no doubt, by the smiling circus ringmaster—one of the plyboard figures designed by Hospital Aid decorators.

Getting well is fun

. . . IN GAILY DECORATED HOSPITAL

AS gifts for hospitalized patients, flowers and pretty bed jackets are still welcomed, but a new idea is taking hold. Many friends and relatives of convalescents now are pooling their arts-and-crafts talents to brighten the walls and windows of drab wards and rooms—*and*, incidentally, promote more speedy recoveries. The colorful and creative project of the St. Francis Hospital Aid is a good pattern for other hospital volunteers.

Public Affairs Department
Edited by MARGARET HICKEY



No wonder patients in the pediatrics ward want to stay at the hospital! Every day a yellow-canopied cart comes around and there's a new and different toy for everyone.

Story hour is the most popular time in the pediatrics ward. Children listen spellbound as Sister Cecelia Maria reads in the playroom. Other convalescent boys and girls keep busy with drawing, puzzles, toys. Their playroom activities are supervised by Aid members and Junior Leaguers.





TOM PALUMBO



Lightweight wool — dress and jacket with acetate-satin collar, slim fashion that goes well under coats, by Ben Barrack. Lilly Dache's ruby-red velvet hat, satin bag by Greta. Dress alone with Therese Ahrens' velvet head band, rhinestone pin by Joseph Mazur

"MY FIRST IDEA

m hing dark after summer pastels,

rs with a jacket, a new kind of sheath

slim, slim pleats, cottons that

ike wool, wools sheer

h to wear from now on . . .

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Fall cotton—in a tweed-weave, charcoal-gray dress trimmed with jet by Ben Barrack, worn with Suzy's velvet beret and a bright chiffon scarf.

Silk and wool has the right weight and look from now on. Slate-blue dress by Seymour Jacobson. Felt hat, Herman Cohn, capeskin gloves, Marcel Wagner.



This rayon-and-acetate suit bridges the seasons, is a year-round fashion by Alvin Handmacher. Taffeta scarf, chenille hat by Lilly Dache, calfskin bag by Irving Pichel.



Pleated sheath of acetate-and-rayon crepe by Carrie Donovon, a dress for many changes. Zebra-striped fur bag by F. Milch.

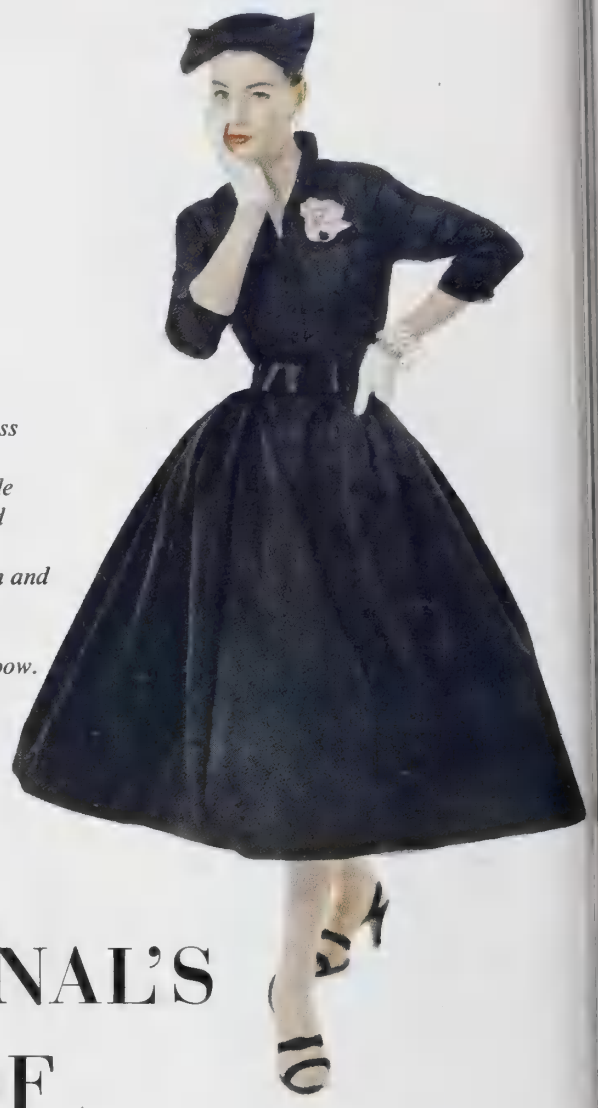


'OR FALL"



This wonderful all-purpose coat boasts four patch pockets in the front, a half belt in the back. Though slim, it would comfortably go over a suit, makes a charming ensemble when worn with a matching dress. Vogue Design No. 8396, 12 to 20.

An elegant little black dress in silk faille with a bouffant skirt, a convertible neckline. The waist circled in satin, satin buttons. Sparkled with picot ribbon and a jewel. Vogue Design No. 8407, 12 to 20. Sally Victor's hat with a bow.



THE JOURNAL'S GEM OF A WARDROBE

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal

Planned to be beautiful . . . to be practical . . . to be timeless. Focusing on color, classic designs, trend-setting fabrics. An all-purpose topcoat, a lightweight wool dress to match, a slim tweed suit, an elegant little black dress, and a hand-knit sweater that looks pretty with all. These are clothes you will wear year in and year out, clothes you will never tire of.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on Page 114

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

A good tweed is always in fashion. This slim suit leads a double life because each part looks well separately . . . the skirt with blouses and sweaters, the jacket over a bright wool dress. Vogue Design No. 8400, 12 to 20.



A "light as a feather" dress-fabric dyed to match the coating is classic and lovely. Note the "away from the neckline" collar, the deep front pleats. Vogue Design No. 8395, 12 to 40.

© VOGUE



RICHARD AVEDON



A hand-knit sweater in a becoming color is a true "gem." Ours, in coral wool, has an angora collar (could be matching). Looks pretty over both dresses. Order knitting instructions, No. 2625, 15¢, from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*

* Penna. residents please add sales tax.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Smart mothers know that easy-to-care-for fabrics are a "must" for school clothes. We've combed the fabric market for ideas to pass on to you: Orlon-fleece coatings which wash, quilted calicos with matching plain fabrics which resist dirt and wrinkles . . . 100% washable wool flannels and plaid Orlon-and-wool for pleated skirts. Crinkle cottons which need little or no ironing come in wonderful colors. Peasant embroidery, pleated ribbons and felt appliqués are just a few of the gay, amusing trimmings to add. And for other ideas for making and trimming children's clothes, send 25 cents* to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Philadelphia 5, Pa., for our folder No. 2626, with illustrations and directions.

*Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax.

BY NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor of the Journal*

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES



Durable "Easy to Make" coat in Orlon fleece. Half belt in back. Vogue Design No. 2713, 4 to 12.

All-purpose jumper dress in a year-round cotton plaid. Crisp white blouse. Design No. 2685, 2 to 12.

Junior version of the shi dress. Short or long sleeves. Crinkle cotton. Design No. 2704, 6 to 1

See page 72 for Other Views, Sizes and Prices. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5 cents additional for each pattern ordered.

CARMEN SCHIAVONE.



Bright red crease-resistant cotton in a gay practical school dress, peasant embroidery. "Easy to Make" Vogue Design No. 2588, 2 to 10.



Lynne Canner goes off to school in her Orlon-and-wool pleated skirt with navy blue washable wool jacket. Vogue Design No. 2643, 2 to 12.



Party time: Lynne wears a crisp white pinafore with eyelet ruffles over a silky cotton dress. Pinafore, Vogue Design No. 2708.

DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD



© VOGUE

Skirt of the suit worn with white sweater set of tubbable Vicara and nylon, as soft as a kitten!

Softly pleated, washable jersey skirt with matching overblouse, buttons in back. Design No. 2710, 6 to 12.

Gaily striped red-and-white cotton semiprincess dress. White collar, cuffs. Vogue Design No. 2711.

Quilted cotton circle skirt with crinkle cotton blouse. Vogue Design No. 2698, 4 to 12.

Party dress of embroidered organdy, with full skirt, picot ribbon sash. Design No. 2683, 8 to 14.

Windproof, waterproof vinyl with a knitted back makes a durable rain cape. Design No. 2592, 1 to 10.

'VE always got a lot of mail from parents asking about special problems which my book hasn't covered. (I feel badly that I don't have anywhere near the time, and ually not enough information, to be able nswer. I should have thought of that posity before writing a book.) The commonroblem brought up in these letters is sleep urbances in the first year of life. There two kinds: the going-to-bed type and the ing-in-the-middle-of-the-night type. The ng-to-bed type is more frequent. It often elops in the early months, out of a case hree-month colic.

t first, the mother says, the baby cried ry evening in real pain, with cramps and and distention. She had found it made him tle more comfortable, at least temporarily, n she carried him around in her arms. She glad to do anything she could. It made feel better, too, to be doing something.

y the time the baby was three months of the painful colic was about over, but the y seemed still to expect to be carried for t of the evening and would cry indignantly ut down. Between three and four months, d finally go to sleep by nine P.M., but gradu- he learned to stay awake longer and ger—to ten, to eleven. Now at eight months age he sometimes keeps it up to midnight, says. If you ask her, "Isn't he sleepy?" answers, "He seems to be exhausted! His s keep closing and his head falls forward. t when I move over to the crib and begin—carefully—to lay him down, he wakes with art, looks furious and yells." And she adds, isn't enough for him to be sitting up with or even to be in my arms, I must be walking n. If I stop, exhausted, and sit down, he res at me as if to say, 'Woman, what right ve you got to sit down? Get up!' "

the doctor asks, "Didn't you ever just put n to bed and let him cry?" the mother is apt say, "I tried it. I tried several times, but the ger I left him, the harder he cried. Besides," wants to know, "I thought you doctors n't believe any more that a baby should be owed to cry it out. I thought you believed at whan a baby cried it was for some good ason and that the mother's job was to comrt him."

The mother has a right to be challenging out this point. Many of us physicians, psyologists and nurses *have* been stressing in e past ten years that it's right for parents to to learn each baby's legitimate needs and to to satisfy them. Before that, ten or twenty ars ago, before it was realized how important e emotional satisfaction of the baby was, d when it was thought more important an anything else to be on guard against oiling, it was commonly recommended that mother *never* pick her baby up except exactly a specified feeding time.

Back in those days of strictness and rigidity, think there were few sleep problems. But at doesn't mean that I think those were the od old days. There were loads of feeding roblems in babies and there was lots of tenon built up in mothers who were trying to o their mothering by the clock instead of ith their natural feelings. Compared with ose difficulties, the sleep problems of today re few and far between.

I'm confessing, though, that good parents ave been confused because the professional eople have changed their advice so much, but leading that they were right to change when hey found how many difficulties extreme igidity was causing.

I believe that these sleep problems of inancy have been caused most often by parents' eing excessively conscientious and exact in ollowing a doctor's general advice to study he baby's individual needs and to try to satisfy hem. These problems certainly crop up most ften when the parents are unusually devoted o the baby and inclined to ignore their own comfort for his sake, and practically always vith the first baby when they themselves are east experienced and have little confidence in hemselves.

You'll be interested and perhaps feel sweet revenge, if you've suffered through one of these sleep problems, to know that another group of parents likely to have them is we pediatricians, psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers who have the usual difficulty applying our professional knowledge in our own families. Another group is the parents living with grandparents or very close to cranky neighbors who complain (or look as if they're going to complain) every time the baby whimpers at night.

In order to play the part comfortably, a parent needs enough self-confidence to be able to figure out for herself or himself that a baby who keeps falling asleep in the arms had better be asleep in bed—no matter what the baby himself says he wants, and no matter what the newest theory seems to be. That's just what parents are for.

Luckily, most of these going-to-bed problems in the first year of life can be solved in two or three nights. The first step is for the mother and father to realize that all of them, but especially the baby, will feel much more agreeable when they have more rest, and that the baby will be *happier* when he finds that he can't play this painful tug of war with them all evening. I mean that the parents need to see that it is not meanness but kindness to give a baby what he really needs, no matter how much he protests.

The mother should put him to bed at a sensible hour with all her usual signs of affection. Then she might add, cheerfully but firmly, "And now it's time for you to have your sleep and for me to have a rest," and walk out of the room. The words are perhaps more for the mother's benefit than for the baby's, but I've heard of a number of babies who were so impressed by the new tone of definiteness in the mother's voice that they went to sleep without a peep, for the first time in months. Most of them are outraged at first, though, and show it loudly. The average length of crying the first night is about twenty to thirty minutes; the second night, five to ten minutes. A majority don't even whimper the third night.

The most important rule, and the hardest for the kindhearted parent, is *not* to go back. The parents who say they have tried letting the baby cry and that he will never stop have practically always gone back in to speak reassuringly to the child every ten or fifteen minutes. This only enrages him further.

As you can imagine, the first time I recommended letting such a baby cry (it was in 1944, after I had suggested everything else I could think of without any success) I felt like a scoundrel, just as each parent does when trying this method. I wondered guiltily what my psychiatric colleagues would say. I was completely reassured when the mother called me up and said:

"It's marvelous. Since the second night the baby has gone to sleep quite happily. He's so much more contented in the daytime, now that he's getting his rest, and his appetite has improved. I realize now, when I suddenly feel so loving toward him again, that I was getting to hate him when he had us all running around in circles."

About the neighbors. It works best, if the parents can get up their courage, to tell them they have been advised that the best way to cure the bedtime problem is by letting the baby cry if necessary for two nights, and ask their indulgence. If the parents don't dare speak to them, they can pad the baby's room a little, with blankets over the windows and hung on the walls next to the neighbors, a rug or more blankets on the floor, to absorb most of the sound.

To be sure there is no misunderstanding, I want to emphasize that I am only discussing *chronic* resistance to sleep in the first ten or twelve months of life, which has been increasing gradually for several months, in a baby who has become angry and bossy. The meaning and the treatment are usually entirely different in sleep problems that develop or persist *after* the age of one year. If the baby or child has become frightened of going to bed, the treatment is also very different.

Before any one of you considers using the method discussed here, it would be wise to consult your own doctor to be sure your situation is comparable. Even then I would suggest a limit of about an hour of crying the first night and not going on for more than three nights, unless there is great progress—at least without consulting the physician again.

I'll have to wait until another time to describe waking-up problems. END

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

A parent needs enough self-confidence to figure out that it is not meanness but kindness to give a baby what he really needs— no matter how much he protests.

By Benjamin Spock, M.D.

Dr. Spock says: "One trouble with new parents is that they take the job so seriously they forget to enjoy it."

DI PIETRO



THE CL



"What kind of people
are they, anyway
pa

"Like other people,"
mom answered quietly.

BY
JESSE
STUART

EARING



It was hard to feel neighborly toward people like the Hintons, who were enemies at first sight... before they even knew each other's names.

FINN and I were pruning the plum trees around our garden when a rock came cracking among the branches of the tree I was pruning.

"Where did that come from?" I asked Finn, who was on the ground below piling the branches.

"I don't know," he said.

Then we heard the Hinton boys laughing on the other side of the valley. I went back to pruning. In less than a minute, a rock hit the limb above my head and another rock hit at Finn's feet. Then I came down from the tree. Finn and I started throwing rocks. In a few minutes rocks were falling like hailstones around them and around us. The land was rocky on both sides of the valley and there were plenty of rocks to throw.

One of their rocks hit Finn on the foot and one of our rocks peeled the largest Hinton boy's head.

"Think of it," Finn said. "We fight before we know each other's names! What will it be as time goes on?"

We fought all afternoon with rocks. At sunset the Hinton boys took off up the path and over the hill. We went home. When pa asked why we hadn't finished pruning the trees, we told him.

"I told you," he said to mom. "You'll see whether we can live apart or not."

"Wait until we know them and they know us," mom said.

"But how are we ever goin' to know people like them?" pa asked.

"Oh, something will happen," she replied calmly. "You'll see."

Next day Mort Hinton was with his boys. They climbed higher on the hill, cutting the briers and brush and tree laps and stacking them neatly into piles. Finn and I pruned our trees.

"I'll say one thing for the Hintons," mom said. "They're good workers."

"When they don't throw rocks," Finn said.

My guineas flew across the valley where the Hintons were clearing land, on the fourth day.

"Get these guineas back on your side the valley," Mort Hinton yelled. "Get 'em back where they belong."

I didn't want to put my guineas in the henhouse. But I had to. I knew Mort Hinton would kill them. I wanted to tell him that they would help his land. They'd rid it of insects that might destroy his crop. But I was afraid to tell him anything.

A week had passed before my guineas got out and flew across the valley. CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

ILLUSTRATED BY Harry Anderson

the MORE the MERRIE

By ANN BATCHELD



Menu 1

Baked Ham-and-Bean Casserole
Pickled Onion Rings
Coleslaw
Boston Brown Bread
Watermelon
Hot Coffee

Menu 2

Veal-and-Noodle Casserole
Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers
Corn Sticks
Raspberry Poached Pears
Hot Coffee



w o work, those who've gone far
r some mountain lake, those who
th summer out at home all have
th g in common. No matter who
a , where they are or what
d they share one common earthy
n g: they have to eat. You and
y ngsters do too. You might get
fi salad or out-of-the-refrigerator
ls lunchtime, but come
i tide—even on the hottest
— our hungry tribe comes home
e The hotter the weather,
n e the company too. And welcome
a . Next summer it'll be your
t lock your kitchen door, drop
si Irma a card and say "We're on our
. ust now it's quantity we're
, s well as hearty good eating.
h e are dishes that come to mind
r nute if you want something hearty
e ansible so that, come guests and
t of guests, or the casual
p rs-in and the weekenders, there's
t or all on the table without
f uss on your part.
k the first courses, the side
e of extra vegetables, the cakes
s and CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



Menu 3

Vegetable-Meat-Ball Soup
Grated Parmesan Cheese
Hot Garlic Bread
Fruit Compote with
Orange Sour Cream
Iced Coffee

STUART-FOWLER



Menu 4

Paella
Mixed Salad
Crusty Rolls
Peach Ice Cream
with
Sliced Peaches and Strawberries
Lemon Sticks
Iced Tea

Line a Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 *Historical note:*

Two Englishmen out India way
Got bored, and more bored, every day.
No fun to work, and less to play.
(One's name was Skinner, t'other Grey.)

So each dreamed up a rare chutney,
As different as land from sea,
As Colonel Skinner and Major Grey—
Of the English army out India way.

2 Now whichever you choose of the dreamboats of these two (the chutneys are still going strong) you can't miss. A few spoons in the dressing for a green or fruit salad, in a number of hors d'oeuvres, set these things apart, elevated to the top drawer.

3 Very British and royal and court-circle-ish. *And* delicious. A savory. Take enough of the chutney that's full of fruits not very fine cut, add to it chopped peanuts and pistachio nuts. Mix in ½ cup white raisins.

4 *Part II:* Put the whole through the chopper with a good slab of Cheddar cheese. Heap on hot toast, run under the broiler to melt the cheese and get hotter than the guy sliding to second base in the last inning of a no-hit, no-run, no-error, tie game.

5 This is the time for tiny infant garden potatoes of the incubator set to be boiled until tender, drained, dipped in butter or margarine, wrapped in minced mint and served with steak, chops or ham.

6 Brown-'n'-serve rolls dressed in their best bib and tucker for Sunday breakfast: Mix ¼ cup soft butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons honey and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Spread over the bottom of a loaf pan. Arrange the rolls, top side down, on the honey mixture. Bake at 400° F. for 15 minutes. Let rolls stand in the pan a minute or so after taking from the oven. Invert the pan so honey topping is on top. Serve hot.

7 I'll bet you didn't know that pepper was good on bread. Well, it is. Mix coarsely ground black pepper with melted butter or margarine. Amount of pepper is up to you. Spread on slices of French bread, then into the oven to heat through. Good with green salads.

8 Cherry sauce is delicious on angel cake, on ice cream, or on a chilled baked custard. You might make it up and keep it in a jar in the refrigerator. You'll need 1 cup drained canned dark sweet cherries (pitted) which you set aside while you proceed to the next paragraph:

9 Mix 2 tablespoons cornstarch with a little of the cherry juice, add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ⅛ cup honey, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, ¼ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon lemon extract, and the rest of the cherry juice. Bring to a boil and cook and stir for 2 minutes. Add the cherries and, if you like, a drop of red food coloring. Serve hot or cold.

10 Sunday you go to church. You lunch. There is a long afternoon in which to follow your bent or just loaf. Then supper. One way to this, with results to repeat, is to heat a couple of cans of mushroom soup with 2 or 3 cloves and enough cream to make a sauce. Add ½ cup grated cheese. Heat. Now remove the cloves.

11 *Second part:* Cook a package of macaroni, broken up. Drain and place in a casserole. Add sauce, properly seasoned. Cover with grated cheese. Bake to a nice brown. Serve with a cold sliced-meat platter garnished with fruit.

12 There are dozens of uses for the ubiquitous sardine. A fine way to employ some of the fat, imposing skinless and boneless family that once swam the waters off the coast of Maine is to line a mold with them and encase them in lemon or tomato aspic.

13 A new wrinkle for Sunday brunch is to make French toast with raisin bread and sprinkle it liberally with shaved maple sugar. Or maple sirup is wonderful on it. Or any jam or jelly.

14 To my mind, boiling a chicken is heresy. An old hen responds because its age is against it. Steaming a chicken, from broiler stage to roaster, is right. The juices and the flavor stay in the chicken, not in the kettle.

15 Provide a fine, tender, well-steamed chicken, a well-organized chafing dish and tools, and you may produce more variations on the theme than ever Paganini did on a fiddle.

16 This dish is as true a ladies' luncheon dish à la chafing dish as a parasol is part of a garden party. Have a ring mold of rice ready and hot in the kitchen. Lace the rice with pimiento. In the chafing dish make a cream sauce, full flavored and seasoned. Add some slices of cooked chicken, and sliced cooked sweetbreads. Add green peas and asparagus, too, if you have them. Fill the rice ring and pass the rest of the creamed mixture.

17 You don't need separate vegetables, but you should have a fruit salad and tiny hot rolls to companion it. Iced coffee and sugar cookies give this luncheon a shining finish.

18 Nothing is more delightful for a summer luncheon than a cheese soufflé. While it is rising to great heights in the oven, stir up some creamed crab meat (the canned is fine) and when it is made, ready and hot, sprinkle it lightly with nutmeg. A combination that will make them sit up and take notice.

19 One of our editors ingeniously discovered that the tub-type waxed-cardboard containers, in pint and quart sizes, which freezer owners use to stash away their frozen treasures are perfect for carrying food to her country house on summer weekends. No pots, pans or casseroles to bring back. Perfect, too, for picnics or camping trips.

20 Sunday-best dessert, easy to do. Thaw 1 package frozen raspberries. Drain off juice. Cut 16 marshmallows into small pieces with wet scissors. Combine raspberries, marshmallows, ¼ cup sugar and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Let stand ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill before serving.

21 Looks cool, tastes cool, *is* cool. This chicken-and-walnut salad in tomato cups, and cucumber boats. Scoop out the pulp from ripe tomatoes, and take out enough seedy pulp from cucumbers split lengthwise to leave firm walls. Fill both cups and boats with chicken salad flavored with chopped black walnuts and garnished with riced hard-cooked eggs.

22 Ask those who have eaten Crab Lorenzo—that chef's pride from the Italian cuisine—and they will tell you of the beauty of this dish. Make a rich cream sauce and add fresh crab meat—2 cups to 1 of sauce—then season and taste. Add ½ cup grated Swiss cheese. Stir and beat—have it smooth as a kitten's ear. Fill crab shells or ramekins with the crab mixture, cover with more grated cheese and melted butter or margarine. Bake in a hot oven to a leaf brown, and the cheese is melted.

23 Doing my duty by the P.M. tea addicts, the picnickers and the buffet set, I'll toss in a few timely sandwich ideas to keep you advised.

24 This one goes best as a spread for crackers. It's nippy, but how nippy depends on your taste. Cream up some cream cheese with a little cream or milk, add salt, pepper and grated onion to taste. Then chop fine a few small green canned chili peppers, drained. Add a little at a time. Stop when it tastes right.

25 Another that will speak for itself as a predinner bite—little rolls of dried beef filled with scrambled eggs don't go begging. And put a little sheaf of water cress in each. Not a bread sandwich—but a sandwich of sorts.

26 Grilled sandwiches go like hot cakes for a summer lunch. Mix 1 cup finely chopped cooked ham or tongue with 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese and ½ cup mayonnaise. Make sandwiches with this for a filling. Spread tops with butter or margarine, broil until golden, turn, butter again and broil the other side. Cut in two.

27 Cold sandwiches go in the refrigerator when made ahead. Wrap tightly in aluminum foil or waxed paper to keep them moist and fresh. Water cress should be tossed between towels to get rid of drops. Except for open-facers, tomatoes don't belong, but cucumbers do—and how! There are 1,000,000 sandwiches and allied snack affairs. Go to it. Best of luck.

28 A dream of a fruit dessert and as easy as opening a can: Allow one canned pear half for each diner. Fill the hollows with drained, canned crushed pineapple mixed with shredded coconut and chopped fresh mint.

29 And for a real cooler-offer that needs no cooking: Crush enough corn flakes to make 1⅓ cups. Chop fine ½ package semisweet chocolate pieces, and reserve 1 tablespoon for garnish. Add to corn flakes, then add ⅓ cup brown sugar and ¼ cup hot melted butter or margarine. Read on.

30 Pack the mixture on the bottom and sides of a 9″ pie plate, like a shell. Chill several hours or more. Fill the shell with ice cream, sprinkle with the reserved chocolate—and cut like a pie.

31 And now, my dears, I'm off to make a fourth at bridge on a neighbor's front porch. It's hot—and I hope she's busy making lemonade. Your ANNIE.

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(add water)

LIKE
CREAM OF
TOMATO?
(add milk)

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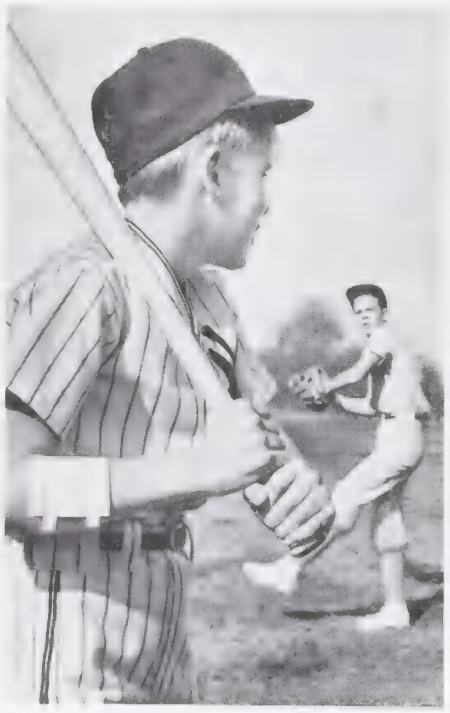
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KATHERINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

So the Pessoners all stood and waved cheerily on the doorstep. Hawise rode pillion with Jankin on the hired horse, and Katherine preceded them on Doucette. Jankin was a gangling lad of fifteen, and he was delighted with this expedition. He and Hawise chattered as they rode along Bridge Street to Bishopsgate, but Katherine rode in silence.

It grew colder, the sun gleamed once or twice, then dwindled behind a dun-colored sky. The horses' hoofs rang out on the freezing road. When they were three miles short of Ware, light snowflakes drifted down. They were hungry and stopped at an isolated alestake, hitched the horses, and Jankin stayed to see that a tattered little knave watered and fed them while the two women entered the tavern.

The low smoky room was littered with moldering straw. Behind a trestle piled with kegs and flagons the alewife stood, her arms akimbo, staring malevolently. Two men sprawled at the table, clothed in sheepskins and torn leather breeches. Their feet were wrapped in filthy rags. They had a long knife which they silently passed back and forth to cut chunks from a loaf of dark bread.

Hawise put the hamper on the farthest end of the table. "I suppose we may eat our dinner here, goodwife?" she asked dubiously. "An' we buy some ale."

The woman shrugged and made a gobbling noise in her throat.

"She hath no tongue," said the younger of the two men. "T' lord o' the manor yanked it out long since for evil talk."

"Hush thy clack, fool!" growled the other man, casting an uneasy glance at Jankin, who came through the door.

"'Tis but a lad," said the first man.

Jankin flushed and sat down beside Hawise, who unpacked the hamper. The alewife leaned over the trestle and, like the two bearded men, watched each item that came out.

"You will share our food?" said Katherine faintly. "For sure I can eat none." The stink of the alehouse sickened her, and she loathed these ugly evil people. "Come, we must go," she said, rising. "Leave the rest of the food."

The two others obeyed her. Hawise paid the alewife for the sour brew that they had hardly touched. The men stood watching while the trio mounted, their eyes on Doucette and the brass-studded leather saddle.

Katherine flicked the mare, they started north again at a fast trot. "A pack of ribauds," said Hawise. "They'd thievery in their eyes."

"Suppose they come after us and waylay!" cried Jankin.

"How could they? They've no horses."

"A short cut," answered Jankin, considering. "They'd know of one through the fields, they might hide in yonder greenwood and then jump out ——"

"I believe the foul creatures are runaway serfs, outlaws of some kind," said Katherine. She drew Doucette close to the others.

THEY entered the wood where trees grew close to the roadside. The snow, which had stopped, began to fall again. They were nearly out of the wood when they heard the pound of galloping hoofs. Turning, they saw four helmeted men bearing down on them full tilt.

"What now!" cried Hawise. "Do they mean to run us down?"

Jankin yanked their horse off the road, and Katherine swerved Doucette so hard that the little mare pranced angrily. The men pulled up in a flurry of flying clods and jingling harness.

"My Lady Swynford!" cried Raulin, riding directly to Katherine. "A fine race you haff run us. We haff pounded the road since tierce!"

"What is it you want?"

"His Grace promised you escort, yet you did not vait. He sends letters too."

"Letters! For me?" said Katherine faintly.

"Not for you, lady. For your husband, Sir Hugh, and for officers at Lincoln Castle. These men"—indicating the sergeant and two soldiers—"are your escort to Lincoln."

"By St. Christopher, I'm glad to hear that!" exclaimed Hawise.

Raulin dispatched the rest of his business quickly. He repeated instructions to the sergeant and agreed to take the disappointed Jankin back to London. Raulin consigned Hugh's letter to Katherine's keeping and said, "There is vun more thing. His Grace sent to you this." He held out a triangle of parchment. Katherine took it and turned it over. It was the shield the duke had drawn for her, her own blazon; the three Catherine wheels had been painted gold against the field of scarlet.

What does it mean? she thought. Was it a special message to remind her of that moment when they had leaned together on the table and he had drawn this for her? Did it mean forgiveness? Or was it only that he wished to be rid of all thought of her?

It was on a fine sunny morning that they rode under the great arch of Stonebow into Lincoln Town. It was market day. The narrow streets were lined with booths, and thronged with chaffering goodwives, most of them dressed in the scarlet and green cloth for which Lincoln weavers were famous.

"Hark! There's music!" cried Hawise.

In an open court the Tanners Guild was rehearsing for its procession on St. Clement's Day. Fiddles, pipes and tabors had the tanners, and they scraped and whistled and drummed while one of their number leaped up and down in rhythm and juggled with a large tin anchor which stood for the instrument of St. Clement's martyrdom.

The juggler threw his anchor high and missed it. It rebounded on the paved courtyard, clattering down beside a woman at a stall.

Doucette shied, and while Katherine quieted the mare she heard a familiar voice raised in protest. "Have care, you clumsy jackanapes!"

The juggler retrieved his anchor, while Katherine leaned over the mare's head and called "Philippa!" Then, seeing a tiny figure clutching at the woman's skirts, Katherine jumped off the horse. She scooped Blanchette up in her arms, and rained kisses on the little face.

Philippa had been standing by the fish stall, pinching a large glassy-eyed mackerel. She walked to Katherine and said, "By Sainte Marie, I've been wondering when you'd get back. Don't start spoiling that child again."

Katherine set Blanchette down an braced her sister. "And little Tom, Phi she said urgently, "is he all right?"

"Of course he's all right. Are all the ple with you, Katherine?" She pointed three soldiers and recognized Hawis astonishment. "Why, it's the Pessoner

Katherine explained that Hawise ha to be her servant for a while and that th of Lancaster had sent escort, at which P nodded with satisfaction, and turned company Katherine and the others up castle.

"Hugh is in town today, too," Philipp

"How is Hugh?" asked Katherine q

"Better in health, though worried to over the manor dues. Did you get son substantial from the duke or duchess rest her soul?"

Katherine shook her head and Philipp a weary sigh.

"THEN I don't know what's to be do duke's receiver, John de Stafford, th seizure of your lands and chattels." S not add that she had been helping could and that the money expended o market-day purchases had come from h pension.

Katherine put her arm around her shoulders. "I'm sorry," she said sadly sergeant has some official letter to del this Stafford. Perhaps I should go, to beg him for time."

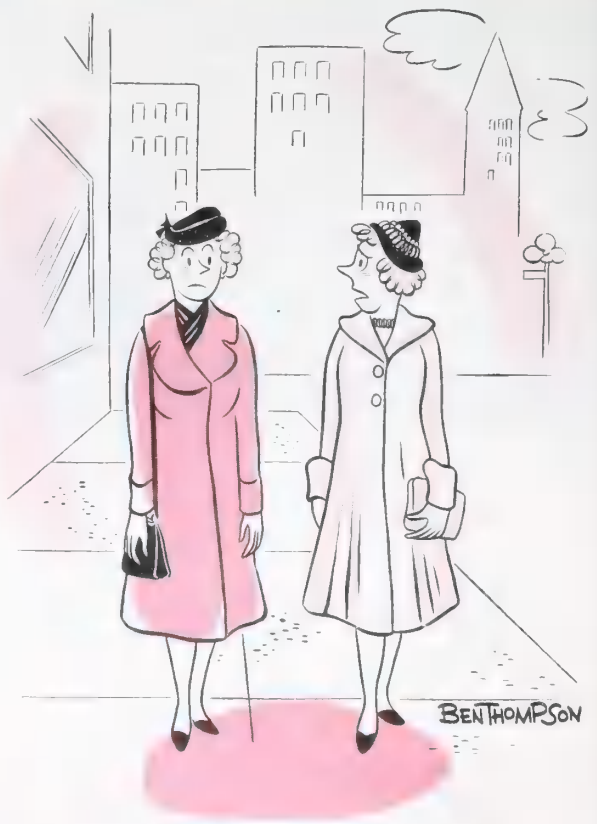
"It might help," agreed Philippa. "I he doesn't like Hugh."

They had reached the east gate of the walls. The gateward did not even look the party streamed through; there was stant coming and going of people on bu

They inquired of a clerk and walk horses to a low building. Lolling on a beside two tethered horses sat El Thoresby, Hugh's squire. Sir Hugh was Ellis told them, pleading his case.

"Well, I'm going in, too," said Ka resolutely. The sergeant followed her.

They walked through a roomful of scr clerks to a door guarded by a page. Wh page opened the door to announce Katherine heard an angry voice withi not pay the Coleby rent because I have



"I kept telling myself I'd wait until something better came along. It did, and he married her!"

know I've not been able to collect
lleins since the crop failures."
very well, Sir Hugh," interrupted a
g voice, "that your Coleby Manor
nismanaged, but 'tis no concern of
is to procure your feudal dues to
of Lancaster, which I shall do." He
tably. "Well, what is it?" he said
at Katherine and the sergeant.
' she said, running to him and put-
and on his arm. She saw with a
eart startled gladness soften his
.
ho are you that comes here?" Staf-
led Katherine disagreeably.
, with her most charming smile,
Swynford, sir. I—I cannot think
be too hard on us, for sure a little
and Sir Hugh will find ——"
re time at all," said Stafford, bang-
d on the table. "Tomorrow noon I'll
nts; that's final. I've been too slack
my duty to his Grace of Lancaster."
the sergeant said, "Here, sir, here's
you from his Grace, sent from the
e just come from there as escort to
wynford, sir."
took the parchment and started to
e when he noticed the small privy
he large one. This he had seen but
re, and it meant that the letter was
tly from the duke, sealed with his
t ring. He glanced up quickly at the
the black hood.
broke the seals and cords on the
t, read it slowly. He cleared his
d read it again before saying to
, "Do you know the purport of this
he shook her head. Stafford glanced
e parchment and read: "'We, John,
e King, Duke of Lancaster, etc.,
wn that from our especial grace and
od and loving service which Lady
Swynford, wife of Sir Hugh Swyn-
rendered to our late dearly beloved
whom God assoil, we do give and
e said Lady Swynford until further
issues and profits from our towns
ngton and Wellingore in the County
to be paid at once upon receipt of
and thereafter in equal portions at
as and Easter. In witness etc. given
e Savoy this twenty-seventh day of
r, in the forty-second year of King
reign.'" Stafford looked up.
glanced at Katherine and then at the
r. "It is most generous of the duke."
's a postscript," said Stafford, tap-
parchment, "which provides that
Sir Hugh Swynford shall be absent
me on knight's service one of the
n stewards shall be appointed to ride
and Kettlethorpe to render assistance
r supervision to Lady Swynford, the
be met by this office. Tomorrow at
id Stafford, rising, "you will receive
ys due you from this grant and will
your Coleby rent. I give you good
nd lady."

vynfords walked out through the
clerks and scarcely heeded when the
took his leave to report to the con-
efore going into the court where Phi-
d the others waited, Hugh suddenly
and looked at Katherine. "For *what*
service, my lady, has his Grace of
r seen fit to bestow such reward?"
ray eyes met his steadily. "For none
t the grant said, Hugh, that I served
hess Blanche." She pulled her beads
her purse and kissed the crucifix. "I
by the sweet body of Jesus and by my
and mother's souls."
ize fell first and he sighed. "I cannot
ou." She showed none of her inward
he kissed her hungrily on the lips, but
e from his rough grasp she made a
of putting her rosary back in her
d saw the duke's letter.
:," she said quickly, "this is for you.
ead it to you?"
dded, flushing.
roke the seal and scanned the letter.
official order for you to report for
duty in Aquitaine. . . . Ah, that glad-
u!" she cried, for his face had bright-
she had not seen it in years.

"Aye, for I've worried much that the duke did not want me. 'Tis not that I wish to leave you, my Katherine, but he has relieved my mind by providing proper stewardship for you. He thinks no doubt in these grants of his godchild, named for his poor lady."

"For sure it is, Hugh," she said gently. "Come, we have much good news to tell Philippa." They walked into the sunlit court.

Three portly, middle-aged men enjoyed the freshening air in the cloisters of the Abbey of St. Andrew at Bordeaux, now the duke's royal palace. Two were great lords of Guienne: Jean de Grailly, the powerful *captal* of Buch; and Sir Guichard d'Angle, who owned vast tracts. The third was the English baron, Michael de la Pole, whose taste for action had been well gratified since he chafed and cooled his heels, awaiting the Duke of Lancaster nineteen months ago in the Savoy.

THE three gentlemen, dressed in brocaded satins, sat on a marble bench, drinking the delicate wine from a nearby Médoc village.

"Fine stirring deeds of arms today at the jousting!" said De la Pole enthusiastically. "Our lord duke covered himself with glory."

"Aha," said the *captal*. "He's almost the knight his brother is."

"Better, far *better!*" cried De la Pole.

"Lancaster is dangerously ambitious!" said the *captal*. "I feel in him a ceaseless urge to rule, a lust for power greater even than he has—fires barely held in check ——"

"Yet they *are* held in check," cut in De la Pole. "'Tis not the *English* throne he covets."

"Ha-ha!" Sir Guichard exploded. "Do you think you tell us news?"

"Has he then made formal suit to the infanta?" said De la Pole, a trifle hurt that the duke had withheld his confidence.

"*Nenni*—I think not yet. Something seems to hold him back. The exiled and penniless Costanza'll not keep him waiting, once he asks her. 'Tis the best marriage she could hope for."

"I think this marriage might be ill judged," said the *captal*, shaking his head. He rose. "But whatever we think, the duke will do as he pleases. *C'est un veritable Plantagenet.*"

On the second floor of the abbey John sat in the garderobe of his private apartments. Raulin was scrubbing off the grime from the tournament with a handful of lint dipped in hot rose water. Nirac de Bayonne hovered near with a razor and basin, waiting to shave his master.

John was tired. On this day his lieutenancy of Aquitaine was ended, he was no longer bound to fight his brother's battles at his own cost as he had been doing for months. Again as always in this struggle with Charles the Fifth there was stalemate. There had been victories, there had been losses.

But there was a bold and brilliant step awaiting. A glorious chivalric deed blessed by God and rewarded by a prize so dazzling that John's scalp tingled. Last night he had dreamed that he knelt in the cathedral at Burgos and felt the touch of the sacred oil as the archbishop anointed him and the holy pressure of Castile's golden crown.

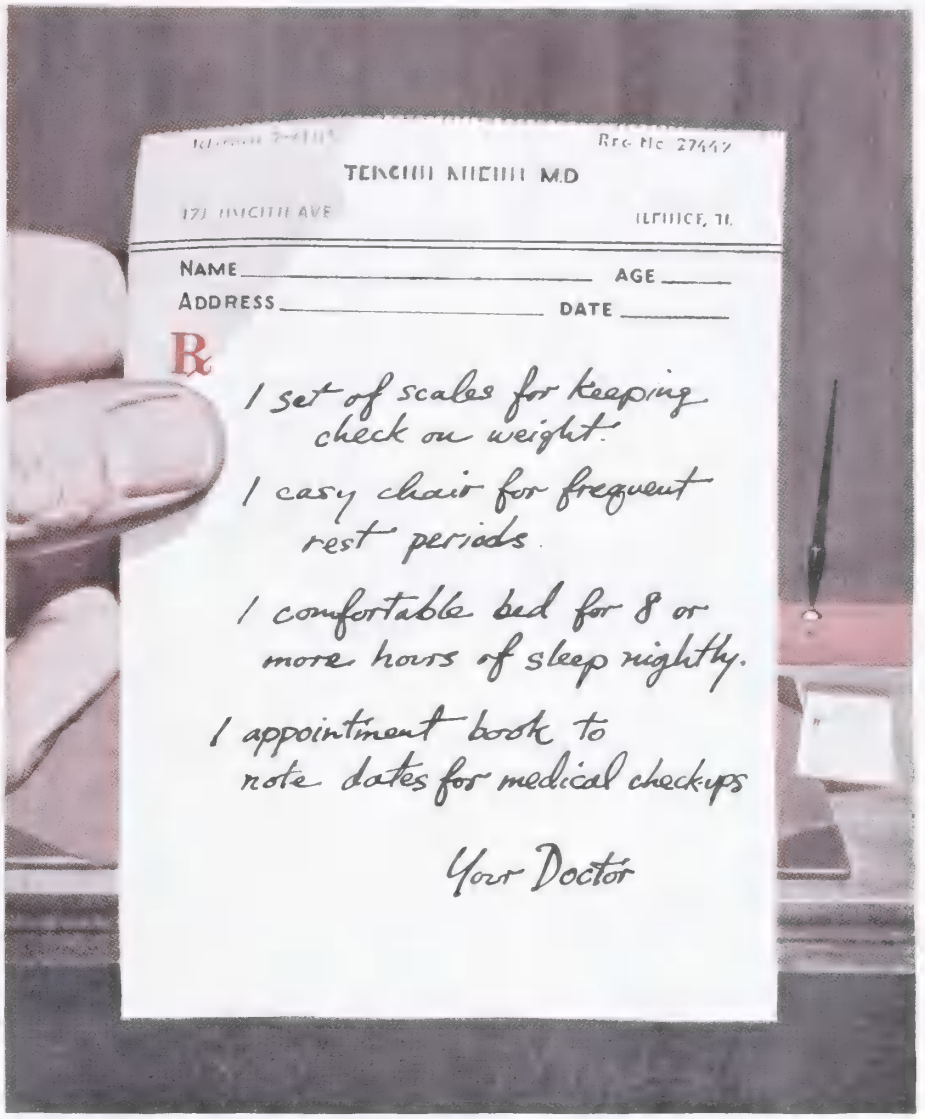
I shall send Guichard d'Angle to the infanta tomorrow, John thought, as he lifted his face that Nirac might shave him. He said, "Nirac, when you were in Bayonne last month, you said you saw the Infanta Costanza at Mass—the rightful Queen of Castile, that is?"

"*Si fait, mon duc.*"

"How did she look?"

"Bony," said Nirac promptly, shaving the golden beard with deft strokes. "White skin, black hair, long upper lip on a mout' not made for smiling, nor, *parbleu*, for kissing. She is *très dévote*, they say. Her young sister Isabella is moch prettier." The duke frowned and Nirac, seeing he had made a mistake, added quickly, "But the Infanta Costanza is vairy young, scarce seventeen, she'll improve *sans doute*, and I could not see clear, *la cathédrale* was dark."

There was a long silence in the garderobe. John allowed himself to be dressed by Raulin, lifting his arms into the fine white silk shirt, stepping into the short linen *braies* to which the long skin-tight yellow hose were fastened. The topaz velvet tunic was dagged into leaflike



A good "prescription" for HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE...

IF YOU are one of the several millions of Americans who have, or will have, the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure . . . or *hypertension* . . . your doctor will probably recommend a "prescription" like that shown above.

There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. In addition, special diets . . . for example, those in which salt is restricted . . . are often beneficial. Surgery, also, may be helpful when other measures fail.

Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure. For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from rising still higher . . . and may even lower it . . . simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to learn to avoid *sustained* tension which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keep it at an excessively high level. Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular check-ups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do *not* have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are *middle-aged and older*, are *overweight*, or have *a family history of hypertension.*

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There's a lot of truth in it for everyone . . . especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.



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curls at hem and sleeves and buttoned with pearls. When he was dressed, the squire and valets stepped back, expecting him to walk into the antechamber. But he shook his head and said, "Leave me, all of you—except Nirac."

John walked to the open window and gazed out across red tiled roofs to the curving Garonne. The river shone like pewter in the twilight, and two English ships were moving downstream. John watched the ships a moment and then he said, "Nirac, do you remember the Lady Swynford of Kettlethorpe?"

"Sainte Vierge! 'Ow should I forget! *Belle et gracieuse, la Dame Katherine.*" Nirac paused, then added, "I do not forget 'er knight—that *Swine*ford—either."

John said slowly, "Knolles makes good report of Swynford. He's fought fiercely and been wounded twice."

"But 'e recovers, *parbleu!*" Nirac did not add, "What a pity!" He felt he need not hide his hatred of the Saxon knight who had so outrageously humiliated him at Kettlethorpe.

"Swynford arrived here at Bordeaux yesterday," said the duke. "He's bedridden from a leg wound. I sent Brother William to bleed him and apply poultices."

The duke's own physician for this swine of a knight, thought Nirac, mystified.

"I am going to ask for the Queen of Castile in marriage," said the duke. He raised his hand to quell Nirac's burst of excitement. "It is proper that my royal duchess should be provided with English ladies to attend on our marriage. I shall send escort and messengers to summon them. You, Nirac, will return to Kettlethorpe and fetch my Lady Swynford."

"Ah-ha?" said the little Gascon, but still uncertain. Four years had passed since the duke had been to Kettlethorpe.

The austere control vanished from the sharp-etched handsome face, and John said as one who cannot help himself, "I must see her again before I marry."

So, thought Nirac, *it is like that.*

"*Mon duc*, then you will send Sir Hug Bordeaux before she comes?"

John's lips tightened, then he gave angry laugh. "I fear she wouldn't com it were to join her husband."

"*Merde!* You mean she's *virtuous* Nirac, astounded, and understood at he had quite misread the situation had been at Kettlethorpe.

John, having broken through the b had erected against Katherine, now f desire to go on talking of her. Yet he it. He was ashamed of his longing, that he had not forgotten her as he ha himself to do.

On the tenth of August the Grâce four days out of Plymouth, ran into hea The master had been through worse we many voyages and after a few hearty c ordered the sail lowered and the sea put out. He checked on the steersme rudder, then retired to the castled po a keg of strong ale, prepared to ride storm until the Blessed Virgin shou them north or westerly wind to blo again in the right direction.

Though it might well be that St would take as much interest as the Mother in this voyage, since besides t bound for Bordeaux at the Duke caster's orders, there were ten pilgrim holy shrine of St. James Compostella i These pilgrims had been stuffed in t with the freight and were constant abominably seasick.

In the tapestried cabin below the poop, the women were seasick too. Th cess Isabel de Coucy lay in the large and groaned. Lady Scrope and Lady Hamlake lay in another bunk, and ea the Grâce à Dieu wallowed and slid wave Lady Scrope clutched her com and whispered wildly, "Blessed Jesus, we shall all be drowned!"

For Katherine there was no bunk at and a squire's lady were assigned two on the broad-beamed floor. She had n seasick. This small superiority over th cess Isabel gave her satisfaction. The had been unremittingly patronizing fr moment of their meeting at Plymout before they ascended the gangplank i Grâce à Dieu.

The king's daughter had been a beauty in her youth. Now at forty she longer a beauty. It was known to all ship that Isabel had seized upon this tunity to cross the sea so that she m once again to find her runaway husba Lord Enguerrand of Coucy, who wa years her junior.

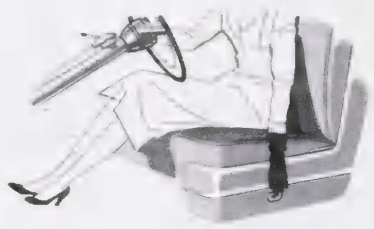
The storm grew worse, and the noi enormous wave hit the ship, which m shivered and plunged with a shoc knocked Katherine against the bulwar Scrope screamed again, crying on St. C pher, St. Botolph and the Blessed V save them, for the ship would surely sin

Katherine thought it quite probab clutched her beads tight against her and tried to stem growing panic wh thoughts ran in confused images of especially of the day Nirac came w puzzling letter from Hugh, dictate scrivener and summoning her to Bo "at the duke's command." Her first had been of anguished shock at the the duke's intended marriage. Her thoughts were of conscience-stricken for Hugh. Nirac was extremely uncom cative about Hugh's wounds, so she k tle beyond the sparsely worded letter.

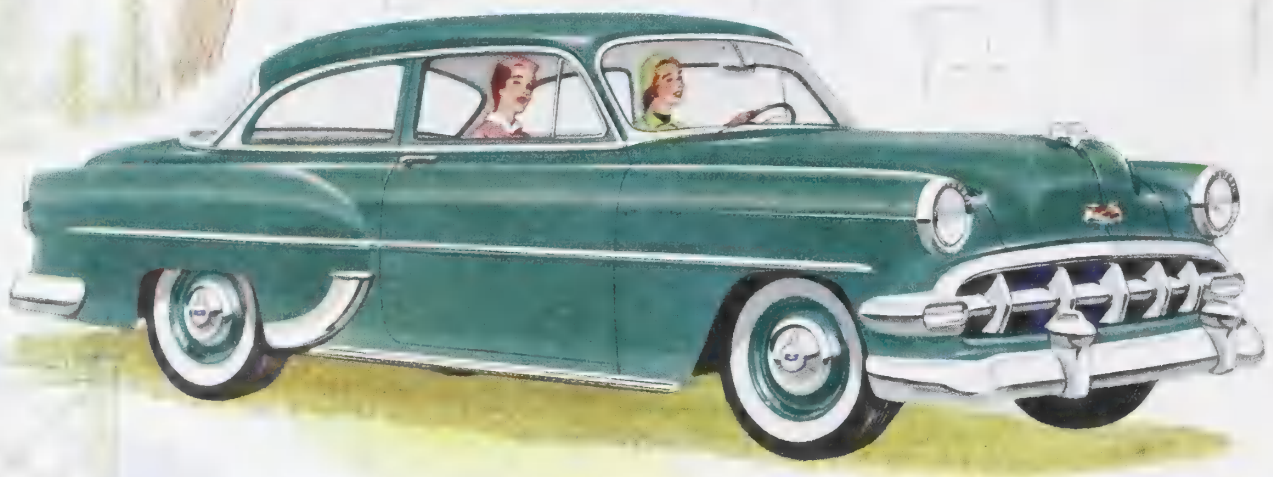
But there was no question of her refu go. So Katherine had set forth on her j stopping two days in London with whose Jack had returned from Fran claimed her. Jack was not the merry dehoy he'd been five years ago on Ma His years in the army had changed h had become rough-tongued and brutal. he was a master weaver now, he had s terest in his loom, but much in his gui ileges, and he spoke often of "royal and tyrants." Full of spite Jack was erine had felt deeply sorry for Hawise.



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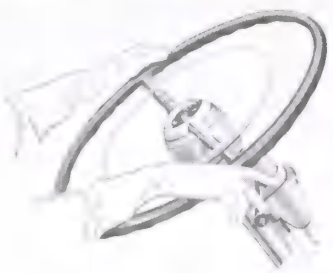


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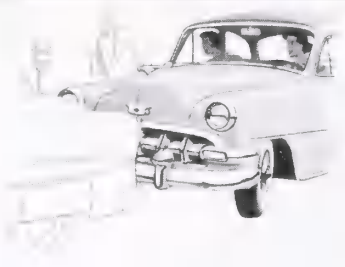
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little ship quivered and plunged. ew harder. The master abandoned le and lost his fortitude when he rough the driving rain squalls a of rock and tiny specks of moving d its base. If that were the Ile and they were blown upon its bloodthirsty wreckers waiting on would dispatch whatever souls the d.

er crossed himself, then, lurching, d the cabin door and stumbled in last of howling wind and rain. The sed their heads, staring at him in

ter's bearded cheeks were pale as s as he said, "Noble ladies, I doubt e this storm wi'out a miracle. Ye nd make vows."

rope screamed and wrung her cried, "Which saint will help?"

ter shook his head. "I know not. rs pray to the Blessed Virgin of the 'out a miracle we're doomed."

e knelt with the rest. She clasped crying silently, *Sweet St. Catherine*, uddenly in this moment of danger hout pretense into a dark corner of hat she had kept hidden, and she ow.

acle was wrought, by which saint em together there was no means of hough the master gave credit to the een of the Sea. At any rate, just as e the wind died and they had drifted of the baleful little Ile d'Ouessant. gentle wind had sprung up from the Grâce à Dieu's great sail filled, p resumed her course.

ys later, the Grâce à Dieu sailed up Gironde with the afternoon tide and uth into the narrower Garonne illage church bells along the banks the beginning of the festival. It cessively hot to the Englishwomen. abel sat in a cushioned chair while r perspiring women waved an im- fan made from parchment. The rope and Roos crowded as close as that their florid cheeks might also tiny breeze.

ipation of the landing, all the ladies ed in their best, which entailed furs ts far too warm for the climate. 's best was of dark Lincoln green ricot surcoat trimmed with fox. twenty her beauty had an exotic more vivid than when Geoffrey had first sensed it at Windsor. It was that caused Princess Isabel's angry Lady Roos as she watched Kath- stood by the rail.

woman's no trueborn child of that e Roet! She's some bastard—may- en. I shall tell my brother I find her itable for a waiting woman."

NCESS' suspicions were cut short by a f mariners and archers to the star- l amidships and a chorus of halloos watch in the crow's-nest dipped the pennant and raised it again on the

incess heaved herself up from her l went to the rail. "Why, 'tis John— meet me!" said she, peering down at roaching eight-oared galley. Her brother was standing in the prow, his ad unmistakable in the sunlight.

lley drew alongside and the duke as- he ladder, followed by the Lords de la Roos. The duke jumped lightly onto and, walking to his sister, kissed her cheeks. There was a flurry of greeting other gentlemen clambered up.

uke turned slowly until he saw Kath- cross the heads of the fluttering, chat- dies their eyes met. She felt him will- o come to him, and her lids dropped, did not move. After a moment he the space between them.

st the voyage was not too disagree- Lady Swynford," he said coolly. too disagreeable, your Grace." She "How does my husband? Have you y lord?"

er. I believe," John answered, "though fined to his lodgings."

Katherine, again meeting his gaze, saw the color deepen beneath the tan of his cheeks. She said, "May Nirac guide me to Hugh's lodging directly we disembark?"

Before he answered a strident voice called, "John, come here! I've much to tell you."

"Aye, Nirac shall guide you, Lady Swynford," he said, then, turning to his sister, laughed sharply. "Your commands, my sweet Isabel, plunge me back into the happy days of my childhood. In truth, you've changed but little, fair sister."

"So I'm told," said the lady. "By St. Thomas, what's that caterwauling?" A medley of voices had arisen from all parts of the ship.

"It is the hymn of praise to the Virgin of the Sea," said John. "'Tis sung on every ship when port is safely reached—for see, here is Bordeaux."

Here is Bordeaux, echoed Katherine's thought. She fastened her attention on the city so that she might not turn again to look at him who stood behind her on the deck.

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

Edited by John M. Henry

Overheard: "I was never very happy," said the old wife, "as long as I figured he belonged to me. When I thought I belonged to him I liked it better."
GILES FRENCH
in Moro Ore., Journal

An echo does have the last word, but it doesn't contribute much that is new.
J. A. CREVIERE
in De Pere, Wisc., Journal-Democrat

The best literature in the world is a complimentary paragraph in the home paper about yourself.
CLARKE A. SANFORD
in Margaretville, N. Y., News

"One of the most astute analysts of the human race was the chap who invented the eraser."
Hill City, Kans., Lecturer

"Think twice before you speak, especially if you intend to say what you think." Overheard in Kansas City, Mo., bus

Hugh's lodgings were two rooms over a wineshop in an alley behind the cathedral. Nirac guided Katherine through the town from the pier. It was not until they mounted the stone stairs above the wineshop that Katherine thought of the angry treatment Hugh had shown to Nirac long ago at Kettlethorpe and wondered if the Gascon still resented it.

Katherine knocked, then pushed open the sagging door, calling, "Hugh."

He lay on a rough narrow bed. He struggled to his elbow and said uncertainly, "Is it really you, Katherine? Ellis left to fetch you but a short time ago. Who's that behind you?"

She said gently, going to the bed and taking his hand, "It's Nirac, the duke's messenger. I hurried straight to you."

His hand clung to hers; it was hot and dry.

She bent over and kissed him quickly. "Ah, my dear, 'tis well I've come to nurse you," she told him. "The duke said that you were better; are you?"

"For sure 'e's better!" cried Nirac heartily, coming forward and bowing. "'Is Grace's own leech 'as cared for 'im."

Hugh said, "Oh, it's you, you meaching cockscomb. I'd forgot all about you." His dull gaze wandered from the Gascon to Katherine. "Aye, I'm better, the wound's near done festering. I'd be up now save for the griping in my bowels; it weakens me." He made effort to pull himself from the self-centered lethargy of his illness, yet in truth her beauty daunted him. He said crossly, "I trust you're not too fine a lady to fetch some supper from the kitchen down below. Or has the duke's appointment turned your head?"

Nirac made a faint hissing sound through his teeth, but she did not hear it as she answered, "I'm here to care for you, Hugh. Don't you long for news of home—of our children?"

"I leave now, madame," said Nirac softly, and added in swift French, "I wish you joy of your reunion." He was gone before she could thank him for his care of her on the journey.

Through the rest of the day Katherine tended her husband. She remade Hugh's bed, washed him and rebound his leg, hiding her revulsion at the look of his wound.

GRADUALLY Hugh grew gentler. They slipped back into the groove worn by their five years of marriage. Katherine told many items of home news, particularly that the new flocks were flourishing. She also told Hugh about the birth of Philippa's baby.

It was thus that Brother William Appleton found them when he pushed the door open. "*Deo gratias!*" cried the Gray Friar, surveying his patient. "Here is betterment indeed! Truly a wife is God's gift. *Benedicite*, my Lady Swynford." He placed his hand on her head in blessing. "How do you find your husband?"

"Most grateful to you, Sir Friar; he says you saved his leg and maybe his life."

"Well, well—I've some skill but 'tis not all my doing." As he spoke the friar deftly unbound Hugh's leg, and scooping a green ointment from a little pot, plastered the wound.

"How soon do you think I can get about, brother?" asked Hugh.

"You can hobble a bit now, since your dysentery's lessening. Did you take all the bowel binder I left you?" He peered into the clay cup and shook his head. "Lady, you must see that he takes this each time before he eats."

"I'll see that he takes it, Sir Friar," she said, and held the cup for him to fill with a black mixture.

"We must have you strong and able to attend on the duke's wedding, Sir Hugh," said Brother William. He gave them blessing and departed.

In the soft gray dawn, Katherine rose and dressed to go to early Mass. She hoped that in the cathedral she might find a shrine to St. Catherine. She felt great need to kneel before her own particular saint.

Katherine slipped downstairs past the wineshop into the cobbled street. Early as it was, many others were astir. The doors of the cathedral were wide open, the organ tones vibrated through the still air. An ancient *Bordelaise* in high fluted cap and white apron was spreading baskets of flowers on the steps, and Katherine walked over to her.

As she leaned down to buy a bunch of jasmine, she noted a tall pilgrim a little way off, leaning on his staff. She finished her purchase. Holding the jasmine and sniffing delightedly, she walked into the cathedral porch.

She felt a hand on her arm and turned in astonishment to see that it was the pilgrim. He raised his head so that she might see his eyes and said, "Katrine! I must talk to you."

"My lord!" she cried, so astounded that she dropped the jasmine sprays.

"Hush!" he said sternly. "Come with me."

She bent over and picked up her jasmine, fighting for time to collect herself and marshal her resistance.

"I command it," he said; then with a swift change of tone, "Nay! I beseech you."

She bowed her head and began to walk, following him a few paces behind. They went down the steps, across the bustling *place* and up a street to a little inn. He took a key from his scrip and, unlocking a door in the pink plaster wall, motioned her to enter. It was the inn garden to which he had brought her.

"We'll not be disturbed here," he said, loosening the sackcloth cloak. He added with a wry laugh, "Look to what straits you've brought the ruler of Aquitaine—skulking in sackcloth. You should be proud of your witchcraft!"

"What have you to say to me, my lord?" Her gray eyes were fixed on him steadily and she thought that in the coarse brown sackcloth he had never seemed so handsome or so princely.

"What have I to say to you?" He broke off. Since the sight of her on the ship yesterday, she had obsessed him to a point beyond reason. He turned on her suddenly. "I love you, Katrine. I want you, I desire you, but I love you. I feel that I cannot exist without you." He seized her hands, looking up at her white face. "My dear love," he said softly, humbly, "can you not speak to me?"

"What can I say, my lord?"

"That you love me, Katrine—you told me so once."

"Aye," she said slowly, "nothing has changed since then. Nothing. And I am still Hugh's wife, however much I—I love you."

He gave a sharp gasp and, bending his head, covered her hands with kisses. "Sweetheart!"

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he cried, and put his hands on her waist to pull her to him.

She stiffened and shook her head. "Nay, but there *is* one thing changed since we two were in the Avalon Chamber: then you mourned a wife but lately gone, and *now* you are betrothed to one who will soon be yours."

"There's no love in that. You know that I must marry again, for England—for Castile."

"Aye," she said tonelessly, "I know."

"Katrine, Katrine, come to me—you're in my blood, in my bones, and in my heart there is nought but you."

She raised her eyes and tears slid down her cheeks. "I cannot, my lord. Even if for love of you I could so shamefully dishonor Hugh, yet I cannot, for I have made a sacred vow."

"A vow?" His hands dropped from her waist. "What vow, Katrine?"

"On the ship St. Catherine saved my life. For that I made the vow"—she stopped and went on in a whisper, "to be true wife, in thought, in deed, to my husband."

Outside the garden wall, the cathedral bells began again to chime the commencement of another Mass. John said gently, "My foolish Katrine—and do you think the whole ship was saved because you made this vow?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I only know that I made it and will keep it unto death."

He turned his head away and did not speak.

"Now you will hate me again!" she cried on a sobbing breath. She could no longer maintain the frozen stillness of her body. "Dear my lord, my heart will break if you hate me, and last time, too, we parted in anger ——"

He shook his head. "I love you, Katrine—and while you're near me, I feel that your wish is mine." He stopped, thinking that this had never been true of him before. "Yet I know myself." He took a quick step toward her, then halted. "Go, Katrine—go," he said, and hot tears sprang into his eyes.

She fled from the garden and through the *place* to the cathedral. The Mass had begun; she pushed her way to a confessional where she murmured so rapid and confused an account of temptation and contrition in her northern French that the priest made little of it and granted quick absolution.

In the midafternoon while the duke dined, Nirac set forth for the alley behind the cathedral. A little Moorish dwarf trotted beside him, swinging a popinjay in its cage, while a chained monkey scampered along the ground.

People crowded around laughing at the monkey, and urging that he do tricks, but Nirac would not let his charges pause until they came into the courtyard below the Swynford lodgings. There, Nirac told the dwarf to wait, while he clambered up the stone steps.

Katherine opened to Nirac's knock. Her pale strained face lightened when she saw him.

"*Morbleu*, but 'tis dark in 'ere!" cried Nirac, bowing to Hugh, who was sitting on a chair beside a table littered with the remnants of dinner. "I've brought you somesing to amuse you."

"That was kind, Nirac," said Katherine, smiling. "It's a bit dismal in here, but Hugh is so much better I believe he'll soon be out."

"Ah, *bon!*" Nirac looked at neither Hugh nor Katherine. "The good Brother William prescribes fine drugs, *hein?*"

HUGH grunted amiably. He didn't like Nirac, but he was free from pain for the first time in weeks. "To be sure, the Gray Friar knows his craft," he agreed.

Nirac nodded, then said to Katherine, "But are you not curious to know what I 'ave brought you? Come to the window."

Their only window gave on the courtyard and Katherine, leaning out, cried, "Oh what is it? A mannequin! Is he real? And the green bird, and a little beast jumping on the ground. Oh, Hugh, you never saw so droll a sight!"

"But 'e *may* see it, madame. We'll 'elp 'im to the window. 'E can sit there and watch."

Hugh was curious, and while Katherine supported his leg Nirac shoved the chair so Hugh might see out.

Then Nirac said, "But you, madame—you most see them close and 'ear the dwarf's so foolish jokes. Do you go down and I'll stay with Sir Hugh."

She hesitated, but Hugh said, "G Katherine. I saw a monkey once cou nuts. Ask him can his monkey juggle."

Katherine ran downstairs, where a small crowd had gathered around th who began to tumble like a bouncing

Hugh leaned over the sill to see what he could, and when the monkey and stamped its feet in imitation of th Hugh let out a short hoarse guffaw.

Nirac's business took only a min Gascon snatched a leaden phial fro his tunic, and emptied gray-white pow the clay cup which was still half fil Brother William's drug. The powder and disappeared into the black mixt slipped the empty phial into his tu walked back to the window, cryi Hugh's shoulder, "Ah, but 'ow dro *dieu!*"

WHEN the dwarf had run thro repertoire, Katherine came back, flushed with laughter, and cried, "Ah how good of you it was to give us such

Hugh nodded. "'Twas courteous Here's silver for the dwarf." He fum his purse and held out some pennies.

Nirac hesitated only a moment b took the money. "I must return to 'is he said. The Gascon executed a s flourish of farewell, and trotted out t with his usual nimbleness.

"Strange little man," said Ka straightening up the table. "He's alwa pleasant to me, yet much as I've seen feel I know him hardly at all."

"These Gascons!" said Hugh. " nought in them *worth* knowing. He have thought to wait and help me to be

"Ellis'll be back soon," she said soo "or maybe I can manage if you lean shoulder. . . . But there *is* Ellis."

After Hugh was in bed Katherine p the supper.

When the vesper bells chimed out fr cathedral, she said to her husband, "O is ready, Hugh—can you relish it?"

"Aye," said Hugh. "I've appetite. C the wine, my dear."

She started to pour for him, an stopped. "Your potion, Hugh. First yo have your draught."

She gave him the clay cup. He grumbling, but swallowed nearly all t tents. "Phaw!" he said with a wry face.

"Oh, come, it's not so bad." She to cup and sniffed it. Seeing that there w left, she put it down, and she and Ellis their supper.

Shortly after they had blown the out and Katherine still lay sleepless pallet, she heard Hugh give a heavy then he cried out sharply. She started the darkness. "What is it, what's the m

He groaned again. "I've a fearful pa

She called to Ellis and told him to light. Hugh writhed and moaned. Wh came and lit a candle, she saw that face was greenish. He began to vom and Ellis worked frantically trying to ea

"What can have happened, lady?" pered the squire.

"I know not," she whispered back. can you find the Gray Friar?"

The squire stumbled downstairs and through the court.

Hugh lay back exhausted. She put h under his head. "Hugh, dear, finish E William's draught—it *must* help you held the cup to his lips and he swallowe fell back crying, "Water!" There was in the pitcher; she gave it to him.

Suddenly he gave a great cry of pai doubling over with spasm, began ag vomit. When the Gray Friar came, run with Ellis, he stood by the bed and sho head. "God pity him!" he murmured, Hugh's pulse. The physician knew the no time to be lost in giving him the las

Katherine knelt in the other room wh friar's voice intoned the prayers for the The friar called her and she bent and the gray forehead. Ellis, kneeling on the side of the bed, wept with dry racking Then Hugh gave a long shudder a breathing stopped. The friar crossed h and Katherine followed suit.

William sighed heavily. "Poor
n't understand it. I thought he was
t these dysenteries ——" He turned
his hand on Katherine's arm. "My
'tis a hard thing for you."

William stayed the night in the
lodgings. In the morning he started
the arrangements for the Requiem
nporary disposition of the coffin, and
r it on a homebound ship, when the
ought him that perhaps the duke
notified first. Having left Katherine
nder an opiate, the friar set out for
.

ood by the fireplace in the ante-
of his private suite and heard the
r speak in a calm, sorrowful voice,
my lord, the poor knight is dead,
lve his soul!"
e can't be—he was getting well!"
ke turned his back on the friar so
that Brother William took it for
d said humbly, "Your Grace, for-
I did my best. I applied all the skill
granted me, but it was not His will
night should live."
unnoticed near the door, could see his
face, though the friar could not. He
ook of dazed incredulity give way to
duke repeated slowly, "It was not
nat the knight should live!"
'uneral arrangements, your Grace,"
the friar. "I thought you might wish
your cham-
o call ——"
widow," said
. "Aye, the
shall attend
yself."
er William
ck, frowning.
d, she is in
f, and I be-
ruly virtuous

w that. And
t forget. But
things *you* do
v. Nay, good
don't look so
re, take this."
ed the purse
lt and thrust
friar's hand a
gold nobles.
poor, for the sick, for anything you
w leave me alone!"

e next three days the court was mysti-
its ruler's behavior. Between one
nd the next, it seemed, the duke had
off all the heavy brooding and ill
ne had shown for months.
day he rode out hawking by the river
arty of congenial courtiers. Each day
part in joustings and there were danc-
singing in the Grand Salle at night.
g the courtiers, only the Captal de
new the reason for this *volte-face* on
of the duke, who had consulted him
tain matter.
e fourth day after Hugh's death, the
nt word to the Princess Isabel that he
e absent for a while and that she and
l were to preside over the high table
ace.

sk the duke and Nirac left the palace
privy stair, both enveloped in dark
Though John rode his favorite charger,
n, the horse's trappings were simple
to befit a burgher. They rode through
ets to the Swynford lodgings.
airs, Katherine sat by the empty bed,
at the note she had received earlier.
ad brought it and waited for her answer.
be here at vesper time and will receive
l duke," she had said to Nirac. "But
that is all. It must be farewell."
Nirac had bowed and gone she had
scarcely moving, forgetting food and
as she had for days. Even the duke's
ad not awakened Katherine, though
here within her there had been a shiv-
Like the distortions dimly heard and
rough that yellow plague fog at Bol-
ke, life came to her muffled.

When the noise of horses clattered up from the courtyard, Ellis peered out the window. "There's two horsemen coming upstairs," he said. He opened the door, and Katherine stood up. A tall man walked in and threw back his hood. "My lord duke!" cried Ellis, dropping to his knees. Nirac hovered on the landing.

"I've come for you, Katrine," said John, ignoring Ellis and looking over his head at the girl.

"No, my lord," she whispered, but her breathing quickened. Ellis stumbled to his feet, peering from his lady to the duke.

"Aye, dear heart. You're coming with me. There's nothing now to keep us apart." John took a step toward her.

"You dare not touch her!" shouted Ellis. "You dare not touch my lady!" His fist shot out and blundered harmlessly past John's shoulder. The duke stepped sideways, then with swift negligent motion hit Ellis squarely on the chin. The squire lay gasping on the floor. Katherine gave a cry and would have run to the squire, but John picked her up in his arms. He laughed exultantly and, still holding her, walked downstairs with her and, mounting Palamon, placed her in front of him on the saddle. The horse jumped forward at the spur.

The saddle, which had been built for a man in full armor, easily held them both, and Katherine made no further protest. Her head fell on John's chest, where she heard the beating of his heart.

The horse cantered for many miles before it slackened, then John shifted her weight a little on his arm and said with a gentle laugh, "And do you sleep, Katrine?"

"No, my lord," she said, looking up at him in the darkness. "I think I am happy. It's very strange."

He bent and kissed her. "You will be happy, and always."

A cool salt-laden wind sprang up, she felt it on her face, and at the same time Palamon slowed to a walk. She roused herself and, hearing the shrill cry of a gull, said, "Are we near the sea, my lord?"

"Aye," he said. "We're in Les Landes, Katrine. We go to the *captal's* Château la Teste. Do you know where that is?"

"No. I only know that from wherever it is we're going, there can be no turning back."

He tightened his arm around her, they rode on in silence.

Les Landes was but thirty miles from Bordeaux, yet deep in an isolation desirable to a tribe of sea barons. As they neared the castle, two of the *captal's* retainers, holding torches, came to meet them and guided them the rest of the way.

They went beneath the raised portcullis through massive walls and stopped by the door of the round donjon tower. Katherine was so cramped and chilled that she could scarce stand. John put his arm around her waist and they ascended the stairs to the Great Hall.

Here, though no servants were visible, an enormous fire blazed on the hearth. In the iron brackets a dozen perfumed candles burned. The floor was strewn with sweet rushes and rose petals, while the damask-covered table was banked with jasmine.

John, watching Katherine tenderly, saw the deep breath with which she drew in the fragrances, and he smiled.

"Take off your black robe, Katrine," he said, "and refresh yourself, my dear heart. You'll find everything needful." He led her to a small room adjacent to the hall. A fat tiring woman curtsied as they entered. The duke withdrew, saying "Hurry!" on an eager laugh.

While the girl washed, the tiring woman brought her a gown from the garderobe. The robe was of cream-white sendal trimmed by an embroidered gold-and-green cipher on the

To its eternal honor Christianity has stood steadfastly for the sanctity of the individual. To imprison the human spirit is the unpardonable sin, the attempt to make men automata, to force them into the same mold. No means will ever be found to induce human beings finally to surrender themselves, either body or soul, to a dictated felicity, to satisfactions chosen for them, whatever vulgar Caesars rule the world.

—W. MACNEILE DIXON:
The Human Situation

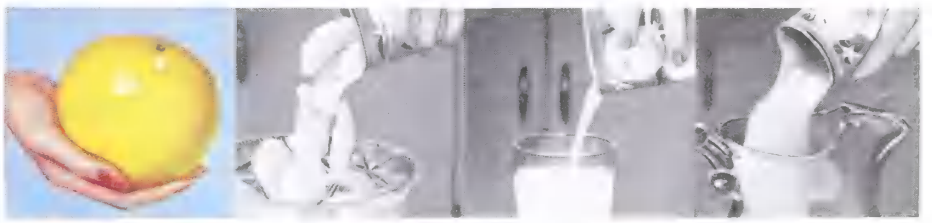


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when the drinks are passed around—

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FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Home Canning Topics



by Lucina Ball

IMAGINE—A QUART OF HOME-CANNED TOMATO JUICE, MADE FROM HOME-GROWN TOMATOES, costs about the same as a package of gum! Government estimates show tomatoes, for a quart of juice, cost about 2¢ to grow—and the cost of jar, heat and closure is but 3¢ a jar (figuring jar-life at 8 years). *Approximately 5¢*, for a quart of home-canned tomato juice seasoned to your own taste!



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Tempting Tomato Juice Cocktail

5 quarts chopped tomatoes	2 sprigs parsley
¼ cup chopped celery	1 tbsp. sugar
2 tbsp. chopped onions	1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
½ small bay leaf	4 tbsp. lemon juice

Salt and Tabasco sauce to taste

Wash, drain, core, chop and measure firm red-ripe tomatoes. Wash, chop and measure celery and onion. Add everything except lemon juice, salt and Tabasco sauce to tomatoes. Cook slowly until tomatoes are soft. Press through fine sieve. Add lemon juice (or vinegar to suit taste), also salt and Tabasco sauce. Reheat juice to boiling. Pour, hot, into hot Ball Jars. Process 15 minutes in boiling-water bath.



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low-cut bosom. The cipher was a J and K intertwined with leaves and set in a heart. Katherine looked at the cipher and her eyes filled with bittersweet tears. She slipped the gown over her head and the woman girded it, then, unbinding Katherine's hair, she began to comb out the shimmering auburn strands.

John came to the door as Katherine started to replait her hair. "Nay!" he cried. "Don't bind it, my love. Leave it loose."

"Like a bride?" she whispered, half smiling.

They supped at the table near the fire in the hall. Nirac would have waited on them, but as he bent over to fill the gold hanaps with pale delicate wine, a shrinking repulsion penetrated Katherine's enchantment. When the little Gascon retired to the serving table she said softly, "My dear lord, could we not be alone? *I* can serve you."

"Of course," he said instantly, and dismissed Nirac, though John was faintly surprised. "You don't dislike Nirac?" he asked.

She shook her head, not knowing herself what had caused the shrinking. "A whim, my dearest lord." Suddenly across the table she gave him her tenderly wistful smile. "Will you be gentle with my whims?"

She was all beauty as she sat there in her white dress. Her hair glistened like the carnelians he had once compared it to, her red lips were parted, her gray eyes dark with love. He trembled and, going to her, knelt beside her.

"I shall not always be gentle, Katrine," he said, looking up into her face. "But by the soul of my mother, I shall love you until I die."

They stayed three days in Les Landes. On the third evening they sat before the fire, drinking wine from a single cup, whispering little words such as lovers have always used.

Then John reached out for the lute which hung by a red velvet ribbon from a hearth peg and said, "Lovedy, listen. *Now* I think I have the tune for the song I wished to sing you."

He sang the old English words to a haunting melody and when he repeated the chorus she joined him.

So lovely was their duet that the Captal de Buch, who had paused outside the door of the hall, turned to Nirac, who had followed him. "Can that be the duke? They sing like angels together. Are they then *so* happy?"

Nirac shrugged. "No doubt they are, *captal*. I've not seen them in three days. The tiring woman waits on them."

The *captal* thumped with his fist on the door, but they were finishing their song and did not hear him, so he opened the door.

"Your pardon, my lord—lady," he stammered, backing off. He saw the measure of entrancement which held the duke, in that he did not flash with fury at this interruption. Instead he put his arm around the girl in a gesture so tender and protective that the *captal* swallowed hard.

"What is it, De Grailly?" John said. "Have you come to be thanked for your hospitality?" He smiled. "We will not need paradise, I think, my Katrine, after Château la Teste."

The girl raised brilliant eyes and moved in her lover's arm, as though she nestled closer.

THE *captal* cleared his throat. "I came, my lord, because you told me to. It is now Thursday night. There are many urgent matters awaiting you at Bordeaux. May I have a few words with you, my lord?"

The duke started to refuse, but Katherine slipped from his arm and, giving the *captal* a tremulous smile, walked into the bedchamber.

"She's of a great beauty, your little Swynford, *mon duc*," said the *captal*, recovering his aplomb now that Katherine was gone. "I congratulate you on a delicious interlude."

The duke looked at him strangely and said, "She is my heart's blood. My life. I want nothing but her."

The *captal* walked to the wine flagon and poured himself a gobletful. "The Castilian commissioners have returned with the signed contracts and ring, your Grace. You are now formally betrothed to the Queen of Castile. The marriage is set for the Feast of St. Matthew in the church at Roquefort."

The duke said nothing. Lines drew themselves around his mouth.

"Yesterday," pursued the *captal*, "John Holland of Kent arrived from England with wedding presents and letters from the king's Grace, your father, and the Prince of Wales. I have brought them to you. We'll set out for Bordeaux at daybreak? Your council will be waiting you at nine."

"No," said the duke. "I'll not go to Bordeaux tomorrow. Nor for a fortnight."

"But, my lord ——"

"For two more weeks Katrine and I shall be alone together. I'm going to take her to the Pyrenees."

"But you can't!" stammered the *captal*. "And there's no time, the wedding arrangements'—— This is folly!"

John got up from the chair. "You forget, De Grailly, whom you are addressing?"

The *captal* flushed and murmured apology. The duke gave him minute instructions and ended the interview by calling "Katrine" in a voice of poignant longing.

A POEM CAME ON

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I felt a poem coming on,
I did not know its matter;
But I was sure it would be good
And make the day much better.

All at once it came all out;
It was a small boy bare
Of every civilizing thing
Except his well-clipped hair.

He was headed for a swim
But stopped to pick up shells;
The way his slim limbs arched and moved
Made me think of bells.

He was unconscious of himself
As a nearby plover,
No part of his gracefulness
Needed any cover.

The boy was beauty, nothing less,
That every man should be.
Then my slim young poem went
Tail up into the sea.

The lovers left Château la Teste the next noon, headed for the south. With them on the journey went two of the *captal's* men, a shepherd and a blacksmith, both well acquainted with the nearly trackless wastelands they must traverse.

Katherine rode pillion behind John on Palamon. He raised one of her hands and kissed the palm. "You are happy, sweetheart?"

"Happy, my dearest lord."

"Nay, Katrine, for these ——" He could not bear to put a term to the time they would be like this together, nor had she asked. They spoke of nothing but each other and their love. "For this journey I am not your 'lord'; we are but John and Katherine, a respectable couple bound like many another on pilgrimage to Compostella. We are nothing else."

She laughed joyously.

"You've never seen the mountains," he went on, as they followed their plodding guides. "I long to show them to you."

He did not know why he yearned to take her to the wildness and grandeur of the Pyrenees. Perhaps it was that he wished to be alone with her in lands which did not owe him suzerainty and where no one could know him. Perhaps it was the more primitive instinct of seeking the most beautiful of natural frames for their love.

And on the second day when they saw the Pyrenees, a rugged pile of purple shadows tinged with silver, sharp-etched against southern sky, Katherine caught her br Tears came to her eyes. And as they p trated through the Basque lands into Nav climbing ever upward among rushing stre rock cliffs and the darkness of pines, their deepened. No longer frenzied in its phy hunger, but sustained and quietened spirit higher than themselves.

One day they reached the top of the and pushed on some miles to a tiny mou inn. The black-eyed Basque landlady a no questions, and allotted them a small chamber, while the *captal's* two servitors quartered in one of the many caves holl out of the cliff.

THE days John and Katherine spent a inn were a timeless enchantment. They dered among the mountains and found a pastured valley where Katherine picked flowers: the tiny lemon-colored saxifr violet ramondia, white spiky asphodel, alpen rose. She wove them into garlands John lay on the velvet greensward beside

In this bright secret valley which they made their own there was a ruined ch Two of the chapel walls had fallen rubble, but against a portion of the east the rough square altar still stood. It carved with odd runic scrolls and suppor stone crucifix. They loved the little chap indeed they had endowed each feature valley with the magic of their own dream sun shone each day, and each night the blessed them through the chill, sparklin

When nearly a week had passed there a night when Katherine felt a change. A dark urgency and restlessness was or lover. Several times he started to speak t but checked himself, and she was afraid

She fell at last into a heavy miserable When she awoke the first rays of the sun through the window. She started up w cry, for he was not beside her. She dr with clumsy, shaking fingers and ran ou into the cool sunrise.

Palamon was in the stable, so she gu where John had gone, and ran up the hills until she reached their valley. At fir could not find him, then she saw a so figure standing on top of a little peak guarded the valley to the south.

She climbed up to him silently. He di move as she joined him on the summit thought he had not heard her.

Yet he spoke, without looking at he gaze fastened on the horizon. "That is C far yonder where the gold light falls o hills."

Castile. The word hissed like an add hate it, hate it!" she cried. "And I hat the Castilian woman! Tell me, my lord who-would-be-king, when will the Cas wench become a bride?"

He jerked around with a violence to r her own. "You dare to speak to me like You forget, Katrine ——"

"Forget! Can I ever forget that this i tense? I am no duchess, no queen, but I been your equal in love; for this I dare you how I feel."

Anger died from his eyes. He bent his and stepped toward her. "Dear heart, v equal in love. You've no cause for hatre you shall never leave me. You shall go ba England at once and wait for me a Savoy ——"

"And I'm to be like Alice Perrers? what of your new duchess, the Queen stanza? How will she like this arrangem

He stiffened and said coldly, "You little knowledge of courts. It is a comm rangement. After all, we have been lover past fortnight without scruples."

"This past fortnight, my lord, we hav or dishonored no one. We are both— free." Her voice broke, she looked at him anguish and fled down the hillside. Mov blind impulse, she ran into the little r chapel and flung herself to her knees wi hands clasped on the altar.

She felt him kneel down beside her and after a moment, a touch on her arm. H very low, "Look at me."

She raised her head slowly and ob He took her right hand in his and solemnly. "Here on consecrated grou

light thee, Katrine, my love and in
ive thee this ring, in the name of the
d of the Son, and of the Holy
e drew from his finger the sapphire
nd slipped it on Katherine's finger.
down at it, bent and pressed her lips
.

ember eighteenth, three days before
of Saint Matthew, Katherine sat
guest chamber of the Benedictine
Bordeaux. Her traveling chest had
ght and she was again dressed in
rning robes. Katherine sat quietly
t over the harbor where a cluster of
ed and swung with the ripples of
ne. Her face was white and still.
nun knocked on the door, entered
t madame had a caller—the duke's
Katherine rose.
William had been chatting with the
e turned as Katherine entered and
neath his black cowl his eyes were
did not smile at her.
rtress vanished. Katherine sank
a stool. She raised her face to the
waited for him to speak.
e softened only a trifle as he saw the
eneath her gray eyes and the lines of
hat pulled at her mouth. Then he
head. "I had never thought to come
woman as *you*, with the sort of mes-
ing. The duke awaits you in his
Chamber. He cannot receive you ex-
e of the many who are filing through
ce."
," she said. Dull red flowed up her

ld be wise," continued the brother
distaste, "for you to remove that
ear. It would be as familiar to many
ce as it is to myself."
k off the sapphire seal ring and
into her bosom.
uke will manage that you have a few
alone together, but the time must
I am directed to repeat the arrange-
Grace has made for you. When you
will proceed to the Savoy, bearing
ters which will grant you fifty marks
d appoint you resident governess to
's two little daughters. You may send
sister, Mistress Chaucer, and your
children to join you at the Savoy,
y will also be provided for. You will
the Savoy until the duke returns."
paused, before adding with biting
, "When, I gather, further intimacies
nue to be suitably rewarded."
er William!" Katherine jumped to
"You've no right to speak to me like
already refused these arrangements,
use them, though now—now ——"
er lips. "Do you think I've no pride?
think I don't suffer?"

r drew a long sigh. "Peace, child,"
"I don't judge you, that is for God to
gazed at her intently. "Nirac de
is ill," he said.
!" she cried in amazement. "Why do
k of him now? Oh, I'm sorry he's ill,
e scamp."
believe that I am quite wrong, thought
with relief. This girl at least knew
if there were truly anything to know.
e more kindly to Katherine as they
toward the palace.
entered the crowded anteroom and
William introduced her to the cham-
who said that my Lady Swynford
e received in her due turn.
t the chamberlain spoke her name and
ame to usher her. An unknown squire
her at the door of the Presence
r and opened it for her to enter.
uke sat in a gilded canopied chair. On
d he wore a coronet studded with
ons, rough lumps of emeralds, balas
His surcoat of topaz velvet was furred
mine, and above the gold Lancastrian
is face was tired and bleak.
tood where she was, in the middle of
r, until he reached out his hand and
Come to me, Katrine."
went over to the dais and, kneeling,
is hand. He drew her slowly up against
d kissed her on the lips.

"Brother William gave you my message?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You'll not refuse again, my dear one. I must know that you'll be waiting for me."

"I cannot refuse again," she said in a strangled voice, "for I believe I bear your child."

"Jesu!" he cried; his eyes blazed with light. "Katrine, now you *cannot* leave me! I'll cherish you, care for you. You shall see what it is to be loved by the Duke of Lancaster!"

"And in return, my lord, I give you my good name."

"Nay, darling, it need not be. I'll do all to protect your good name. 'Tis fitting enough that you should be appointed governess to my daughters; they're fond of you. And everyone knows that your husband died in my service and that you were"—he paused—"beloved of the Duchess Blanche."

She looked at him sadly, thinking that men saw only what they wished to see; it would not be easy to conceal their love or the fruit of it. She said, sighing, "I'll do as you say until you return, and I'll do my best for your children." *And mine*, she added silently, for in these last days she had thought much with painful yearning of her trueborn babies.

A flourish of trumpets sounded from outside the window.

"The heralds practice for your wedding march," she said, the words dropping like stones on a wooden dish. "And now adieu, my lord."

"Katrine!" he cried. He pulled her close against him. "You *must* be careful, you will be *safe* on this journey. Oh, my Katrine, do you love me?"

The bitterness left her eyes, she put her arms around his neck and met his hot, demanding lips with a gentle kiss. "Aye, my lord, I love you," she said with a laugh that was half a sob. "I think you need not ask."

(To be Continued)

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THE CLEARING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"If you don't keep your guineas on your side of the valley," Morton Hinton hollered to me, "I'll wring their infernal necks."

That night I put my guineas up again. I fixed the henhouse so they couldn't get out and roam the hills as they had always done. While Finn, pa and I cleared land on one side of the valley, the Hintons cleared on the other side.

Though we'd never been close enough to the Hintons to talk with them and we didn't want to get that close, we found ourselves trying to do more work than the four of them. Each day, that early March, rain or sunshine, four Hintons worked on their side of the valley, and pa, Finn and I worked on our side. One day a Hinton boy hollered at us, "You can't clear as much land as we can."

"Don't answer him," pa said.

The next day Mrs. Hinton came to the clearing and worked with them. Mom watched her use a sprouting hoe, a mattock, brier scythe and an ax.

"She works like a man," mom said, as she watched her from the window "Poor woman. I feel sorry for her. Out working like that!"

"Other women work," pa snapped. "You work, don't you?"

"When I'm pregnant, I don't get out in the cold March wind and clear ground," mom said.

"I didn't know she was pregnant," pa said.

"Well, she is," mom answered.

When April came and the Hintons had finished clearing the hill, and had burned the brush, Mort Hinton brought a skinny mule hitched to a cutter plow and started plowing the newground. He plowed slowly the first day. The second day my guineas got out again and flew across the valley to the plowed ground. Mort Hinton caught two of them, twisted their necks and threw them down into the valley. The others flew back home when he tried to catch them. Then he yelled across to where we were plowing our newground and told us what he had done.

"I feel like taking a shotgun and sprinkling him," I said.

"YOUR guineas were on his land," mom said. "He'd told you to put them up."

Mort Hinton plowed his newground by working from daylight until dusk, while Mrs. Hinton and the boys carried armloads of roots from the field and stacked them in great heaps. By the first of May they had made this rooty newground soil like a garden. Then came a rainy season in early May and they carried baskets of tobacco plants and set them in the straight-furrowed rows.

"They're workers, all right," pa said, agreeing with mom. "But I don't understand how a man can let his wife get out there and drop tobacco plants when she is so near to being a mother again."

"Maybe they have to work to live," mom said.

"Not like that," pa said.

On a dark night about a week later I watched from my upstairs window a moving light. It came from the direction of Hintons', over the hill and down into the valley below our house. In a few minutes I heard footsteps on the porch. Then a loud knock on our door. I heard pa get out of bed and open the door.

"I'm Mort Hinton," a voice said. "My wife sent for your wife."

I heard mom getting out of bed.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she called out.

Neither pa nor Mort said another word.

"I'll be back when everything is all right," mom told pa as she hurried away.

I watched the lantern fade from sight as Mort Hinton and mom went down the path into the deep valley below the house. In two minutes or more it flashed into sight again when they reached Hinton's tobacco field. The light moved swiftly up and over the hill. Next morning pa cooked breakfast for us. He quarreled about Hintons as he stood near the hot stove frying eggs.

"Yeah, when they need something over there," pa grumbled and muttered.

We were ready to sit down to breakfast when mom came home.

"Dollie Hinton's got a pretty girl baby over there," were mom's first words as she sat down for a cup of coffee.

"What did they name the baby?" Glenna asked.

"They've not named her yet," mom said. "Think they plan to call her Ethel. They're tickled to death. Six boys and now a girl!"

"What kind of people are they, anyway?" pa asked.

"Like other people," mom said. "They don't have much furniture in their house. They're working hard to pay for their farm."

"Will they be any better neighbors?" pa asked.

"I think so," mom said. "That hill over there is not a fence between us any longer."

"There's more than a hill between us," I said. "What about my guineas Mort Hinton killed? Did he say anything about 'em last night?"

"And what about the Hinton boy that hit me on the foot with a rock?" Finn said. "I'd like to meet up with him sometime."

By the time we had finished our breakfast, Mort Hinton was plowing the young tobacco. His three sons were hoeing the tender plants with long-handled gooseneck hoes.

"Looks like Mr. Hinton would be sleepy," mom said. "He never went to bed last night. And the boys slept on the hay in the barn loft."

Pa, Finn and I didn't have too much sympathy for the Hintons. Through the dining-room window we could look across the valley and watch Mort keep the plow moving steadily. We watched his boys dig with their hoes, never looking up from the ground.

"This will be a dry, sunny day," pa said. "We'll burn the brush piles on the rest of our clearing."

We gathered our pitchforks, hoes and rakes and went to the hill where we had cleared ground all spring. There were hundreds of brush piles on our twenty acres of cleared ground. The wind was still. The sun had dried the dew from the leaves and tufts of broom sage that carpeted the ground between the brush piles.

"It's the right time to burn," pa said, holding up his hand. "I can't feel any wind. The brush has seasoned in these piles until it is as dry as powder."

Pa struck a match to the brush pile at the bottom of the clearing. The fire started with little leaps over the leaf-carpeted ground. Finn, pa and I fired along the bottom of the clearing until we had a continuous line of fire going up the slope. Then a wind sprang from nowhere. And when flames leaped from brush pile to brush pile, pa looked at me.

"This is out of control," pa said. "G hoe and start raking a ring."

"I'm afraid we can't stop it," Finn "We'll have to work fast if we save th chards."

"Shut up and run to the house and ge and Glenna," pa yelled.

"Look, pa," Finn said, pointing dow hill.

Mort Hinton was in front. He was ru up the hill. His three sons were running b him, each with a hoe across his shoulde

"It's out of control," pa shouted to before he reached us.

"We've come to help," Mort said.

"Can we keep it from the orchards asked.

"Let's run to the top of the hill an against it," Mort said. "I've burnt hundr acres of clearings on hillsides and I alwa the top first and let it burn down! I fi bottom last. Maybe we'll not be too l save the orchards!"

MORT ran up the hill and we followed and I didn't speak to his boys and they speak to us. But when we started raking side by side, we started talking to the Hir We forgot about the rock fight. Now the time to remember it, when flames under the hill were shooting twenty to feet high. In no time we raked the ring a the top of the clearing. And the fire Mort ton set along the ring burned fiercely dow hill and made the ring wider and wider. once fire blew across the ring, and pa st it then.

As soon as we had this spot under co we raked a ring down the west side nea peach orchard. Mort set a line of fire this ring and let it burn toward the mid the clearing. Then we raked a ring on th side and fired against the fire that wa proaching our plum trees and our house. the leaping flames met in the clearing. W the fire under control. Our clearing was b clean as a whistle.

"How much do I owe you?" pa asked Hinton.

"You don't owe me anything, Mick," said. "We're just paying you back for th your wife gave us last night."

"Then let's go to the house for dinner said.

"Some other time," Mort said. "We go home and see about Dollie and the b

As we went down the hill, Finn and I t with Big Adger, Al and Little Mort squirrel hunting and wild-bee trees, wh and Mort laughed and talked about we and crops.



"I wish you'd pay a little more attention when I'm trying to break something to you gently."

I .EARNED NOT TO BE AFRAID OF MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

out as often as I would allow—he nly escort my mother into the living ectly after coffee was served, settle newspaper, and then he and I would hes. I admired his masterfulness with ith me, his way of taking authority. day night when my hands were deep water, Grant demanded a fresh towel. to a shelf just as he reached. His dry sed over my damp, soapy hand. met.

y?" he asked.

ed. I was so happy I couldn't speak. ant put his arms around me and we y old doubts and confusions seemed melted away. I felt as though I were a stful and trusted, as though Grant husband and this was our kitchen. Grant's thoughts followed mine.

you could see my apartment in the aid he. "The kitchen is smaller, but etty and much more modern."

ne reason, my mood changed. I could lf drawing back and clanging invis- s to shut him out. I rubbed my cheek dly against his cheek, pulled free and k to washing dishes.

ry next afternoon—it happened to be Day—Grant and I had our first By the time Friday and my appoint- h my counselor rolled around I was set and scared, for I hadn't seen l week. Both my sisters had been ith colds that fateful Sunday and un- ay their customary Mother's Day hated to leave mamma alone, and Grant and I should either stay at home er along with us to the beach. Grant He went to the beach—by himself. ute he rushed off, I knew I had been My mother was perfectly healthy. I old to be tied to her apron strings. f times during the week I had reached elephone to lower the foolish banners ide and do the peacemaking. But the e call must wait. Gertrude and I were a weekend jaunt to Carmel.

did you plan the out-of-town trip, Mrs. Marsh asked me. "Did you ant might drop around this Sunday up?"

ed. She was right. I had thought just guess," I explained uncertainly, "I nt Grant to feel too sure of me."

u love him, why shouldn't he feel sure

a good question. My counselor and I analyze the Mother's Day trouble. I voked the dispute. Why? I tracked quarrelsome mood to Saturday eve- en I'd taken fright at Grant's mention otel. I'd had the feeling he was press- toward a decision I wasn't ready to proposal of marriage had been about n in the pleasant, food-scented air of nen, and I had nipped it in the bud. I rked against what I wanted. What I —and each day I felt more sure of as to share Grant's life with him. I eved when he phoned. We didn't dis- quarrel. I had cleared up the reasons my own mind.

to wait two more months for my dul. Day by day, the relationship be- Grant and me was deepening. I wasn't any more. I was content to sit in the the evenings and look at the glimmer- s and talk quietly to Grant about seri- ngs I had never discussed with a man The word "marriage" wasn't men- But we talked about the number of n in an ideal family, with me wanting Grant thinking one boy and one girl ough, so that both could be sure of He would never be rich, he warned alth didn't interest me, I told him. We about his love for Arizona until the tion he found in that desert land seemed off on me. Not once did I protest his ber departure; it was clear his mind to be changed. And in a strange, new at made me glad and proud. Grant was He would make his own decisions.

During those evenings, I acquired an encyclopedic knowledge of the motel—the twelve rental units, Grant's apartment, the apartment occupied by his partner and his partner's wife. I heard about the loneliness, the long hours and confinement; the mad rush in the late afternoons when the tourists began pouring in, followed by the mad early-morning rush when the tourists poured out again; the difficulty of keeping an Indian maid to help with the perpetual grind of cleaning and bedmaking. I wasn't alarmed or disturbed. I was willing, I thought as I waited, to carry my share of the load. I knew the motel wasn't doing quite as well financially as Grant had expected, largely because of the heavy redecoration expenses. One evening I tentatively spoke of my fairly sizable savings. A little gruffly Grant said he was glad for my sake, so I didn't bring up that subject again. Grant's hard daily labor had paid for half the motel carpeting by mid-June and weekly reports from his partner indicated that the tourist business was booming. Someday in the future, Grant confided to me, he would like to buy out his partner's interest. It seemed that his partner's wife, an Eastern girl, wasn't fond of the desert. Anyway, the enterprise was hardly large enough, Grant went on, to support two families who wanted children. Now there was an interesting remark!

My proposal, when it finally came—or so I thought at first—occurred under inauspicious circumstances. It was a torrid Monday in July. After a movie, Grant wanted to stroll along Wilshire Boulevard and window-shop. I was telling Grant about the sterling and linens I owned, when we stopped at a furniture display. In the window, lighted by rosy lamps, was a velvet-draped bed, the most fabulous I've ever seen outside the movies.

Grant whistled. "After we're married," he said casually, "if you're a good girl, I may buy you a bed like that. In the meanwhile, all the beds in the motel are unusually comfortable. The bed in my apartment is tops."

"*After* we're married!" said I. "You haven't asked me to marry you yet. Aren't you rushing things a bit?"

"I don't think so. Fooling around can make a man trouble. My last girl got away."

His last girl? My heart that had seemed to be floating like a bubble somewhere inside me fell with a thud. His last girl? What a horrid and unromantic way to propose! Before I could stop my tongue, I was telling Grant I'd had a few other sweethearts myself. He needn't think he was the only one.

"Why, of course," said he, with a big wide grin. "You're thirty; in another month I'll be thirty myself. I'd hate to marry a girl no other man wanted. Would you like to marry a man other girls considered downright repulsive?"

Well, no, I wouldn't. It was stupid and childish, I realized, to expect a high-flown, movie-style proposal. It was the present and the future that mattered. I had no right to be jealous of Grant's past when he had proved his devotion and long ago had earned my trust. All the many things I had learned about myself and about Grant seemed, in that flashing second, to fuse together into the ultimate lesson. The lesson that brings sureness and wisdom and ecstasy too. I said shakily:

"You certainly aren't repulsive to me. You look exactly like my husband to me."

With that, we both burst out laughing. And then Grant kissed me squarely on the mouth right there on Wilshire Boulevard. Furthermore, I kissed him back.

The rest is history. Grant and I were married on the Labor Day weekend. Two months allowed me ample time to select a smallish trousseau appropriate for Arizona, to hold a series of clearance sales in my shop and dispose of the lease. I could think of no better place to invest my profits and savings than in my husband's future.

We bought out Grant's partner in order that the two of us could start off as the sole owners of a family business. Our wedding was simple. At Grant's insistence—he knew how much the day meant to me—I did wear a beautiful wedding dress and veil and my sisters stood at the altar with me.

Nearly a year has elapsed since Grant and I exchanged the rings we wear today. My continuing happiness is beyond my powers of description. My old doubts and mistrusts and fears seem as remote to me today as does the bewildered child of six, once myself, who decided in her ignorance that marriage was chancy and dangerous.

Some people might describe my present existence as hard—keeping a prospering motel up to scratch isn't a cinch—but I have my dear husband to help me. If you drive west on Highway 80 this summer you may drop in on us. Look for the place where a tall, sunburned man is vigorously mowing the lawn or wielding a paintbrush and a brisk-stepping woman is hanging out dozens of pillowcases and sheets. So far, we don't own a drier.

A new washing machine and a drier, as it happens, rank high on Grant's and my buying agenda. In four more months there will be three of us. To date my husband and I haven't settled the exact number of our children. Shall it be five? Or shall it be two? This is one of the many absorbing and satisfying questions Grant and I discuss from time to time, as we advance into marriage and grow in ourselves and grow ever closer together. END

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THE CASE OF ANNE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

problems Anne frightened herself, and subsequently scared off a number of men. Her eyes, her attention always strayed from the man on hand to the next one on the horizon—who might be a perfect Prince Charming. The men she rejected comforted themselves by finding a less popular and fickle girl, and Anne comforted herself by illogically doubting their loyalty to her. Eventually, she decided she lacked the ability to love. This fallacy became a real obstacle, of course—if you tell yourself often enough you *can't* love, you're likely to end up believing it.

Anne had always been popular, and her mother shared in her social triumphs. Anne was her mother's baby, fondly waited on and taken care of. Paying no board at home, she was able to buy, at nineteen, a car of her own she used for dating. Often she drove to a dance in it, and whenever a new male conquest offered to take her home, she accepted the offer and quietly left her own car behind; she picked it up the day after. Anne has always loved male attention, and showed tremendous skill in achieving it. Although only a fair swimmer, she often suggested to a man a trip to the beach—she was fully aware of her pretty figure. Constantly circulating and being surrounded by admirers is a natural enough desire in a young girl, but less appealing in the case of a woman of Anne's age who wants to achieve marriage and permanence. It was, finally, the very changeability in her circle of men friends that finally brought Anne up short, as she realized that she was continually changing partners with no impulse to remain with any one man. Suddenly, too, she realized that her former throng of suitors was n like ice cream in a hot sun.

Anne's life had become more center her home, her mother, her small busine one favorite woman friend, and she ex men to enter that limited circle of interest her. Naturally, quite a few men rebelled realization that courting Anne meant into her too-small and woman-centered life. Anne herself was becoming mor more reluctant to leave home and to a man to a life where her comforts wo far less assured and where she would pected to be a helpmate.

After she began counseling, Anne beg grow out of her dreamy introspection had paid no heed to her domestic lacks; ing lessons helped her, both practicall emotionally. Books, magazines, a p speaking course helped her develop o neglected intellectual side and gain control of her conversational habits, affectations and expressing herself naturally. She had been fuzzy and irre to an extreme degree, hoping always for one else to take decisions off her shoulde her long wait for the appearance of an husband, Anne was anxiously awaiting no man could give her—the emotiona curity she had lacked in childhood. mother, too, invariably spotted liabilitie suitor and passed her findings on to Anne guess is that the mother's overprotectiv and solicitude represented an effort o part to make up for the lacks displayed b father of the family. In her maternal effo spare Anne suffering, she very nearly ceeded in robbing her of all the joys of riage and motherhood. After we took s Anne began to recognize those facts.

Many of the moonbeams began to from Anne's head, and she now began to at men from a realistic marriage standp Formerly she had been inclined to look, i man, for some resemblance to her father- whenever she found it, to shy away fro When she met Grant, she deliberately so qualities *un*reminiscent of her father—an found those. She also learned to keep in Grant's whole personality and especiall strengths, so that she lost her fear of a re tion of childhood experiences. Anne beg realize that she was no longer helpless could make and follow through decisio an adult way—and having assimilated fact, she felt prepared to accept the challe responsibility and joy of marriage.

Grant is a strong, determined young Anne's distinct femininity and her ling indecisiveness—she still seeks Grant's word on many small matters—are flatteri him and build up his strengths. Anne i longer the totally clinging vine she once (a clinging vine would be of little help to G in the Arizona motel business). While lear to be more self-confident, Anne takes her from Grant's initiative, and he benefits by confidence in his skill and wisdom. Prob a man less determined than Grant could n have wooed Anne away from her mo Anne's mother, although she had becom sidetracked as Anne, actually wanted daughter to marry and be happy, and t she is as delighted as her daughter and in-law at the prospect of a new grandchil

Anne and Grant now know great joy evitably, they will know sorrow. But if t two, making such a superb effort to unders and complement each other, don't make of it, I will lose a big wager with myself. I d believe any of us will lose. From Anne's n Highway 80 is a happy road.



READY OR NOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"There're fire escapes, aren't there?"

"Yeah, but this blaze is out of control!

"Then what are you hollering for? Yo going to lose your life too."

"That's why I'm hollering."

Morgan began to laugh. "Where is apartment, pop?" she asked, acutely av that the time had passed when she could r over to tousle Ned's hair. Or, if she and were alone, she could. But Julie was grow

an demonstrations of love by members
er mily were embarrassing to her.
Nc far away," her father said. "In that
lo nent over on the river."
ov Morgan turned from the sideboard
ec im. She said in a tone of disbelief,
u an . . . that housing development?
p , pop—how absolutely wonderful.
n't you tell me? It'll be practically
!"
Yc re pleased?" Mr. Connor said cau-
sly As a matter of fact, it wasn't easy to
h lace."
Of urse it wasn't easy. Pleased? Well,
ira I'm pleased. Those places are clean,
ff have windows that open on the
et, d the ——"
It' lean here, isn't it?" Mr. Connor
se around the dark kitchen in which
S
Mo n laughed again. "It's cleaned. But
e' difference. How can we afford it?"
It' heaper than this place. Why do you
k re moving?" her father asked curtly.
is a better neighborhood."
O neighborhood," Morgan said with
ne difference. "Who cares about that?"
Pe does," Julie put in, feeling enough
e passed with no word from her.

n either Morgan nor Mr. Connor lis-
d Morgan had drifted away to newly
tt walls and outside rooms. Mr. Connor
d ted back to Sarah, who, if she had
d ould have recognized the hurt in his
e ould have known that a low pay
el trailing lamely behind prices meant
re n fewer clothes, a cheaper apartment.
t was nothing the kids could under-
ic. organ was wonderful, and she wanted
ig ce. Well, a man does what he must,
h had been gone a long time now.
V n are we moving?" Morgan asked.
F of September. At least—well, yes,
. They're painting the apartment.
tt hen they said it would be ready."
Se ember gives us practically a month,"
e d, beginning to wonder if she'd miss
fr ds. Life, to Julie, was a seesaw. There
s t one end, with most of the world at
ot r, going up and down, up and down,
er re how she got on or how to get off.
w e decided it was just as well they were
vi "I think I'll go in and start packing,"
s
I nk you'll sit and finish your dinner,"
or corrected.

Ned leaned across the table toward his father. "There wouldn't, by any chance, be two bedrooms in this place? . . . Yeah, I knew there wouldn't. Just thought I'd ask." He swung back into place, toyed with his pudding.

Morgan, looking at his arms that were long and thin, the face that now showed no little-boy roundness, realized that of course he didn't wish any longer to sleep in a room with his sisters. The one bedroom, with the double bed and the cot by the window that Ned used. Now he was nine, and he'd want a room of his own (that, of course, was impossible) or at least to share a room with pop. Pop slept on the couch in the living room.

Living this way, Morgan thought, so huddled and without space, had helped to make Julie the sharp defensive girl she was. It had kept from them the simple right of people to be alone when they wished to be. If you were poor, you put cardboard in the bottoms of your shoes when they wore thin. If you were proud, you kept your feet on the floor so no one would know. If you were poor and proud you patched up your feelings, too, and arranged for them not to show. Ned had asked only casually about an extra room, and had received the "no" quite lightly. It was important to him, but importance, too, required more space than they had.

Morgan sat on the brownstone steps, watching Julie and Mag and Deborah play hopscotch. Morgan looked up and down the street. Nearly every window encased a housewife leaning on a pillow, a shirt-sleeved man yawning and scratching his chest. The development they were going to move into was tremendous, a red brick city on the East River. Morgan had walked over to look one day. Beautiful tall buildings on the river, they were.

Mag Lewis kept glancing up at Marty Banks' window, because sometimes in the afternoon he lounged there, blowing softly on his clarinet.

"For the love of mud, Mag, if you're playing, *play*," Julie said loudly. "We didn't draw this hopscotch in the sky." Deborah laughed, and Julie went on. "Anyway, Marty Banks is *not* home, I saw him go out ages ago."

Mag looked down, praying that no one had heard. Then she noticed Marty coming up the street, and it was too late to get out of the game. Mag glared at Julie, and Marty eased up to Morgan without a glance at the hopscotch players.

"Hi, Morg," he said, settling back on the steps as though they were cushioned.

"Do you have to call me that?" she asked, though other people did and she didn't mind at all. "It sounds like a place to die."

"What's eating you, sugar?"

"Nothing is. I just don't like to be called Morg. Or sugar either, for that matter."

"Pretty particular, aren't you?"

"You bet I am."

Marty debated a moment. "Want to go to a movie Friday night?"

"No, thank you."

Marty took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one, leaned back blowing smoke first through his nose, then in a long, fast, irritated breath from his mouth. "This is all because of the other night, I suppose?"

"Suppose away. I don't care."

"Look, Morg—I mean, Morgan—you're sixteen years old. How long do you intend to wait before you kiss a guy?"

"What gives you the idea that just because I won't kiss you, I never kissed anyone?"

They stared at each other for an uncomfortable second. Then Marty flipped his cigarette toward the gutter. "Have it your way," he said. He was attempting to look scornful, which he was not, rather than angry, which he was. "So long, *Morg*," he said as he walked away.

Morgan continued to watch the children and the street. A few houses down, Ned and some other boys were building a wagon out of an old doll carriage and a wooden crate.

Morgan, looking at her brother, at her sister, decided they were well occupied for a while. She got up, dusting casually at her skirt, and turned into the house. She began to mount the thin steep stairs, not touching the rail nor looking at the treads. She mounted as though to a scaffold, head up, arms hanging.

Her father, descending, had this impression. "You look like Mary Stuart preparing to die well."

Morgan was pleased. "Mary Queen of Scots? She was pretty, wasn't she?"

"I don't know. They've been viewed from a bias for so long, these dead queens. Even Elizabeth has somehow emerged as a redhead. California version."

"Well, she did have red hair, didn't she?" Morgan asked. She loved the movies, and her life had a celluloid gloss that blurred and softened its outlines. Through chaste pulp love stories, the cinema's impossible beauties, columns which aspired to provide physical perfection, Morgan pursued a dream of herself—lovely, beloved.

Now, on the stairway, she and her father edged past each other, smiling a little. Mr. Connor carried a scraped blue dinner pail. There was a book in the lunch pail, squashing his sandwiches. His bent head concluded the stooped line of his back; his blue suit was too large, as though he had bought it to grow into.

In the street, he waved to his daughter Julie and turned east toward his job in a subway station. He walked along, thinking of Morgan. He had named her.

"What sort of name is Morgan?" she'd asked him once. "People don't get named Morgan."

"You're named for Morgan le Fay, sister of King Arthur."

"Oh. Well, that's nice. Only it's sort of silly, don't you think? Morgan le Fay Connor—of Dump Street."

"You don't have to live on Dump Street all your life," he'd answered, hurt.

As so often happened, Morgan heard the words and missed the tone. "No," she said softly. "I don't."

She went upstairs, to the fourth floor and their apartment There was nothing to do now but set the kitchen table, put macaroni and cheese, already prepared, in the oven, open a can of fruit. She could do all that later. Now she had a couple of hours all her own, if the children stayed downstairs.

She stood in the room where the oak-and-green-frieze living-room furniture squatted on thin linoleum and began to cry. In a moment, hot tears tickled her cheeks. She walked to the bedroom and fell on Ned's cot by the window, crying for the things she wanted but would probably never have, for the mother she missed and sometimes couldn't picture, for Julie's torn socks and Ned's broken screw driver, for her father who had no one to talk to.

Then, when the passion had leaked away, she rolled to her back and lay, fingers locked beneath her head, tear-dampened, relaxed, believing that now everything would be easier.

That business of Marty could be forgotten. She shouldn't have gone out with him in the first place. She wasn't a child, and it was silly to think that someone who looked and talked like Marty would take her to a movie and then take her home nicely. She should have known that the fumbling hard hands would be at her, and the persistent mouth. She squeezed her arms together now against the remembrance. Well, that was over. And he hadn't quite kissed her. Only her cheek. *How horrible he is*, she



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thought. But that was all right. Because soon now they were moving away.

She lay a little longer, not really relaxed any more. Pretty soon she'd get up and take a bath.

Always, after crying, she felt this limpness, this languor touched faintly with shame. Suppose one of the kids should come up? She stirred uneasily, dropped one leg beside the cot, her foot touching the floor. How long had she been doing this, stealing off to cry? A year? Longer than that? Since her mother died, perhaps. She remembered liking to be near her mother's dresses that hung in the closet, when she'd been a little girl.

Whenever they moved, they stored the packing barrels in the latest basement, along with the large black trunk that was one of the earliest things in Morgan's memory. Mr. Connor went down to the basement for the barrels and trunk. He said that he and Ned would get the things up between them.

They went into the trunk room, which contained not only trunks but barrels, crates, huge old suitcases, unused doll and baby carriages. All were filmed with dust and had the inert deserted air of human belongings that have been put aside.

"It's odd," said Mr. Connor, "how completely people's things need people in order to be things at all. If you see an old branch lying in the forest, or a shell tossed up on the beach, you don't feel they've been forsaken by the tree, or the ocean. But a trunk in a storeroom has been abandoned, and it can't be itself till someone comes and takes it out of the storeroom. Isn't that so?"

Ned, who was used to his father's habit of talking his thoughts, sometimes didn't bother to answer. "Spooky," he said. He started walking through tiers of trunks. "Here it is, pop." Ned lifted on tiptoe to grasp a thick shabby leather handle of their black trunk. Dan hurried over. "We'll get this up and then come back for the barrels, O.K.?" Ned asked.

Morgan said to dump the trunk in the living room and she'd start packing. "Come on, Julie," she said. "You were all set to pack a month ago, so suppose we get at it now."

"O.K., O.K. Did I say I wouldn't?"

Morgan had already begun to take pots and dishes out of the closets. She'd been up since six. She'd done a washing, made potato salad and meat loaf for tomorrow, when the movers were coming, packed her father's books, and a few boxes of assorted belongings that, as in the past, she'd been tempted to throw away, and, as in the past, had finally retained.

Julie lingered. "Morgan, do you think that if—if mother were alive, we'd be straying around this way?"

"Pop would still be earning the money. And it still wouldn't be enough."

"Maybe," Julie said. "I mean, maybe he'd have a different job by now. A woman makes a lot of difference to a man," she said severely. "Do you suppose we could get a kitten?"

"When?" Morgan asked.

"In this other place. I've always wanted a kitten."

"We'll see," Morgan said gently. It was obvious why Julie had spoken of their mother. She always did when she wanted something badly. *To soften me up*, Morgan thought. And yet, wasn't that right? The way it should be? Sarah Connor had died when her younger daughter was ten, but years later just the recollection that she'd been there was help that Julie needed and took. A kitten might be fun.

It was beginning to get light when the alarm rang beside Morgan in the morning. She nudged Julie, curled and warm beside her. "Julie, wake up. The movers said they'd be here at seven."

Julie turned a slow sleepy head toward her sister. "I'll bet you anything they don't get here till noon."

"But they said they would."

There was a stirring on the cot by the window and Ned emerged from the covers. "Hey, it's today, isn't it?"

Ned gathered his clothes and went to the bathroom to wash and dress. He flicked on the overhead light as he left and in the hard illumination Julie and Morgan hunched a little, as though the room were already unfamiliar.

They dressed quickly, and stripped the beds, folding blankets and linen, packing them away in the bottom bureau drawer.

"Go tell pop to get up," Morgan asked as Ned emerged blinking and stretching. "And Ned, ask if he'll rope that dresser, will you?"

She folded bits of cardboard and wedged them into the drawers while Julie washed. The room, curtainless, furnished only with boxes, bare bedsteads supporting thin mattresses, and the as-yet-unroped bureau, looked queerly large. Her heels on the hardwood floor seemed to echo.

"I hope," Mr. Connor said, coming in with a length of rope, "that in this brave new flat of ours there will be neighbors who don't play jazz in the morning." He rubbed a hand over his head distractedly. "It's like eating candy before breakfast. It's—it's perverted."

"I know, pop." Morgan turned off the light. "Maybe, if you tried, you could get different hours. Work during the day, I mean."

"Maybe I can," he said wearily. "Morgan, is it possible that we are moving? Again? Is this the next time, or the last time, or what are we doing anyway?" He straightened, sighed, jockeyed the dresser away from the wall. "A city is the most restless place in the world. Back in Indiana we never moved at lived where you were supposed to l guess nobody but fruit pickers and ra drifted around the way we do now. I think that'd be dull, Morgan? Alwa in the same old place?"

Morgan shrugged and didn't ans left him tying a lot of knots that no o be able to untie this evening.

The kitchen, like the bathroom, o the air shaft and so it was always to have the light on here. In the deve (every room an outside room) they able to eat in the morning sun. Quit paredly, Morgan felt the singing rise o the lightening expectation of newness der that took her with the same cap suddenness as did, at other times, the tears. She had merely glanced at the thinking that the hunk of ice remainin have to be put in the sink before they happiness rollicked through her like tossing branches. Almost she lifted on meet the thought—*There is something ful. I'm ready*, she answered silently. *I'*

The movers were on time, and she occupied to notice at what point all ing elation flowed away. Emotion wa like that. She sprang to meet it, for some time later would realize with it had gone and she had not kn going.

The morning sun was still flooding apartment when Julie and Morgan tu key, opened the door and stepped i stood wordless in a little space ca foyer (the renting agent had pronou *fwa-yay)* and stared at their home. T dows had been cleaned, and the sun through was hot and bright on new pa nished floors. The living room looke mous, and there were three double el outlets in the baseboards. The girls hu the windows.

"Oh, Julie," Morgan wailed. "Ju can't *see* it. We can't see the river from

"Because we're only on the second guess."

Down in the street mothers were li with their baby carriages, it being a fi On the sidewalk there was a thin tree in a patch of grass every twenty feet, and of grass, protected by strips of wire, ra the wall. Across the street, stretching a they could see, were tenement buildin windows sprouted pillows and blankets boxes to hold food, potted plants. Sto along at street level. Morgan could, by around, see down the one block that ie East River. She could see a section of v pier, a strip of piles, a glimpse of brown

They turned away. To the right w kitchen, narrow and tiny, with metal and red sideboards. The sink, the sto wonderful electric refrigerator were al white. On the left a narrow hall led p bathroom to the bedroom. And, as th said, every room was an outside room.

"What luck," Morgan breathed, "t it facing east." She walked slowly, exa the buff walls, the white woodwork. never get the table in that kitchen," sh

"Who cares? We'll put it in the room. I'd like to eat in the living room, said excitedly.

The sinks, the bathtub were not quite There was a coating of dust on them dried scouring powder. "If they'd hurr the things," Morgan said, "I could start ing." She wheeled, after a glance at the light bedroom. "Is that icebox thing g

Julie stepped into the little kitchen, p ear next to the refrigerator. "It's pur She opened it. The interior was cold and and looked tremendous. "Isn't it bea Morgy? How long do you suppose it ta make ice cubes?"

Morgan put the meat loaf and potato she'd carried with her on one of the "Julie, you're going to have to go to the We haven't anything at all, really."

Julie set her mouth. "I won't. I wi always be the first one who has to go store. I hate it."

"But I have to take care of things up Morgan didn't want to be the first one

TASTES SO GOOD... COSTS SO LITTLE!



WHOLESOME HOMEMADE FROSTEE

M-M-M...Smooth...So Easy to Make!

Delicious Frostee takes about 5 minutes of *your* time, your refrigerator does the rest. You get fresh homemade goodness every time, because you make Frostee with wholesome fresh milk. Costs only pennies a portion! Four exciting Frostee flavors – vanilla, chocolate, orange, lemon. Try 'em all and you'll serve 'em often!



COOL! LIGHT! REFRESHING!

ebellion of Julie's was new.

see why I can't take care of things Julie said, sensing Morgan's hesita- *always* done it before."

w," Morgan said. She lifted her a little. "All right. When the movers you'll know where to have things

I don't see why not. We've got the nber of rooms and the same furni-

n nodded as they walked back to the m. "You know something, Julie?"

uld"—she looked around happily— d put that cot of Ned's in here. hat wall. And then the couch could nd pop and Ned could have this for om at night."

Ned'd be crazy about that." Julie pleased as Morgan. "Sure we can. we can have a room of our own stopped. "Do we have to go to bed d does? After all ——"

n interrupted. "We shall have a sit- n," she said gaily. "We'll retire early, ting room, when Ned goes to bed."

id, "I think it's a nice idea, Morgy." oing down for the food." She lingered t. "See you in a while," she said as walked to the window again.

lly isn't an awfully nice neighbor- lie said tremulously. She was begin- iss the streets she knew. And to miss Deborah too. She would be going rent school in a few days. Having re- d, she had to talk of it. "I don't see 't go over to my old school. Morgy, you talk to the principal? Couldn't

n sighed. "No, Julie. It wouldn't do l anyway."

dn't answer. Morgan went out, clos- oor carefully. She went quickly across , disassociating herself from the mat- he cardboard cartons of cornstarch per, from her father and her brother. upstairs, walked from room to room, ng what the new school would be like.

both your schools are so close," said on the morning of the first day of why don't you meet and have lunch ?" She was packing sandwiches in aper bags. Three bags each containing dwiches, a chocolate cupcake filled lanched creamy substance, an apple pkin. They each had a nickel for milk, rgan, who had to ride the subway, money for carfare. She made her suggestion, turned to find her brother and sister regarding her with horror.

"Honestly, Morgan, you act like you'd never been young," Julie said. "We'd be ruined."

Ned sank back with relief. For a frightened moment he'd thought Julie might agree. Reassured, he continued to eat toast and jam.

Morgan poured coffee for her father, for herself. "Julie, I wish you'd eat." She watched as her sister pushed a listless spoon through shredded wheat.

"I can't eat," Julie said flatly. "There's no point in trying to make me, because I can't." She looked trim and pretty in a plaid skirt, navy-blue sweater, a narrow navy ribbon through her light hair. "Morgy, I don't feel very good."

Ned got up. "I think I'll go now," he said.

Morgan looked from Julie to her brother, wondering which to speak to first. As Ned was already on his way to the door, she called, "Are you sure you know the way?"

"Well, of course. It's only four blocks." He sounded very reasonable, almost as if he were teasing Julie, only Ned so rarely teased that Morgan couldn't be sure. "So long, pop. 'By, everyone." He was gone.

Mr. Connor reached over and patted Julie's hand. "You really don't feel well?" he asked.

Julie shook her head.

"You know, baby," Dan continued, "if you don't go today, you'll have to go tomorrow, or the next day. You can't just stop school."

"And if you go later," Morgan said, "it'll be harder yet, because then you'll be the only new one. This way, all of you will be there together not knowing anyone ——"

"How can you say that?" Julie interrupted in a high voice. "Everyone will know each other from last year. And I'll be all *alone*."

"But you've said that every time we've changed," Morgan sighed. "And it isn't as if it had ever really been so bad. You make friends quicker than anyone else I know."

"I do *not*," Julie said, as though her character had been assailed. "And I'm tired of always moving around and changing things and not living like other people ——" She broke off, seeing Morgan glance quickly at their father and back to her with a hardened expression. Once again she'd been led by her own excitement into saying too much.

"You're selfish," Morgan said. "And furthermore, you're not sick. And furthermore, I'm tired of plenty myself." She got up and, in an unaccustomed gesture, put a hand on her father's shoulder. "I have to get ready."

In the bedroom she put on the jacket to her gray, and only, suit, drew a bright red mouth with her dime-store lipstick, ran a comb through her hair.

She returned to the kitchen, picked up her lunch, and then, aware that she couldn't possibly leave like this, that the thought of Julie would be with her all day, she said, "It may be a very nice school, honey."

Julie looked up bravely. "O.K., Morgy. I'll go. And I won't complain any more."

Mr. Connor started to speak, hesitated, began again. "It isn't your complaining that bothers us. I mean, it does, but if it makes you feel better, go ahead. It's just that you get so—so hopped up," he said lamely. "You know, Julie, pretty soon you won't have any emotion left for the real problems, the way you scatter it around."

"I know it isn't a problem to you or Morgy," Julie muttered, "but it is to me."

"Well, let's not start again," Morgan said hastily. "I really have to go. Want to walk down with me?"

Julie got up. "I suppose I might as well."

When they'd gone, Dan Connor smoked a cigarette with his second cup of coffee. He did the dishes, and then lay down for an hour. He didn't get in nights till after twelve, but he always had breakfast with his children.

Julie and Morgan parted at the entrance to the development.

"Well, so long," Morgan said. "Do what you can. It may be fine." Her reassurances were a little absent-minded.

"Good-by," Julie said, walking quickly away.

But around the corner she slowed her steps. It was a lovely morning. Even to these mean streets fall came with its warm sun and cool breeze. Her eyes, as she walked, searched passing faces, as though she expected to see someone, recognize someone, as though in all these assorted features that went by her on the street one set would merge into smiling, loving familiarity and come toward her, and a voice would say, "*Here* you are, Julie, I've been looking for you." Her glance ran from face to face, and now and then would be returned, but never with recognition.

"Look out, sister," a voice bellowed in her ear as she bumped into a large stomach and was pushed aside. "Whyn't you look where you're goin'?"

"Excuse me," Julie muttered, but the banged pedestrian had hurried on.

THERE were kids all around now. Yelling, pushing, screaming at one another. There was the school. It stood before her, and there was only one direction left in which to go. In. All the others seemed to have someone to scream at. Julie looked at them coldly and waited for some teacher, some authority to appear, to assign home rooms. Then, at least, she'd have a place to go.

Morgan managed to secure a strap hold, and then, with the practiced air of a seasoned subway rider, absently studied the ads above. She was scarcely aware of having taken the ride, of mounting the dirty stairs that led up from underground. She walked one block east, two uptown, to reach the high school, looked at her passing image in shopwindows, and wondered what she'd do if a handsome boy —— *Well, let's see*, she thought. He'd be driving along, in a big beautiful car, and he'd splash mud on her gray suit. She glanced at the gutters, saw no water or mud. All right, he'd —— Something would come undone from his car, a screw or a bolt or something, and this thing would fly over and hit her, not awfully hard, but sort of stinging, so that she'd cry out, and he would turn, a bit angrily. But then his face would soften as she stood there, holding her hand, not blaming him. It would be better not even to notice him at first. He would back the beautiful blue car and get out quickly. "Oh, look," he'd say. "I'm terribly sorry. It was my fault entirely." He'd take her hand gently, turning it around. "Oh, that *must* hurt," he'd say, looking at her with concerned brown (gray?) eyes. She'd be swaying a little, from the pain, but she'd give him a little smile and shake her head. "Now please," he'd say, "let me take you to a doctor." . . . "Oh no," she'd say quickly, "that isn't necessary at

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NO ROOM

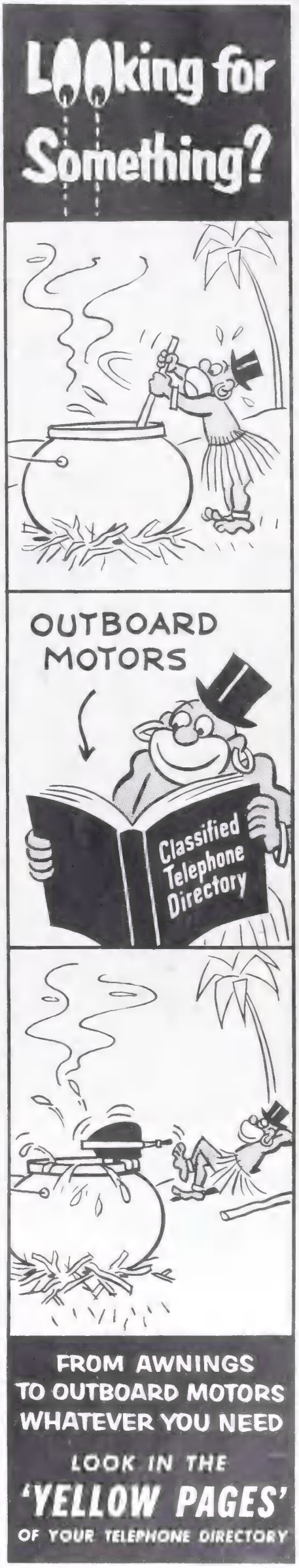
BY WILLIAM D. BARNEY

There never will be room, she said,
Not in this meager dwelling place:
There is no way to make a space
Of three dimensions and of wood,
A pittance of the lean world's good
For one more child to lay his head.

There is no room, no room, he swore.
Our burdened days already groan:
What scantling can we keep our own?
Time, shall we pry the seams apart
And force it, like the too-full heart?
There is no space for one life more.

But if it heard, it gave no sign
That patiently began to build.
And though the tenant was unwilled,
Slowly the walls began to warm
That stood about the invading form
And lent their length as by design.

For space and time seemed now to know
To accommodate the alien guest;
But stranger still, a place impressed
In the hearts' low, well-trampled ground—
Love, and enough, and more, was found,
And every room began to grow.



"Wouldn't your folks like our



Cake 'n Ice Cream Pie?"

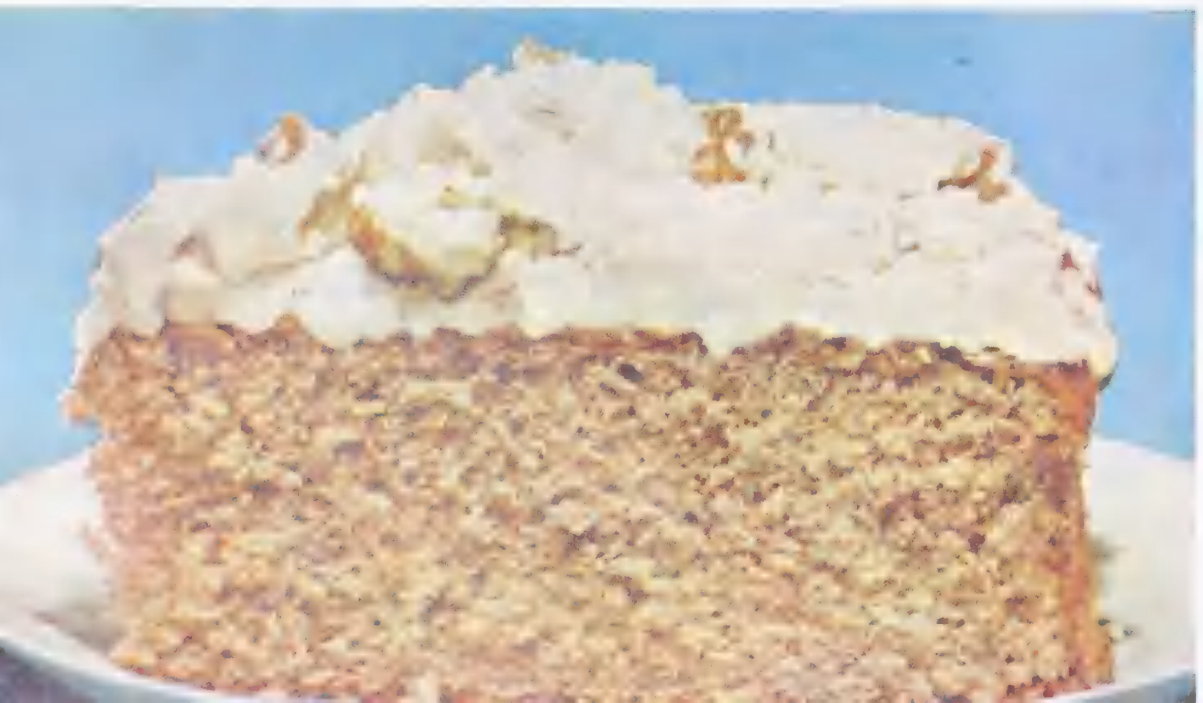
asks Betty Crocker

Hello, everybody...We've been having the most fun lately in our Betty Crocker kitchens. We've been thinking up Cake 'n Ice Cream Pies!

Like the Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix cake in the picture, spread with vanilla ice cream and chopped red cherries. Or wedges of my good Honey Spice Cake—with butter pecan ice cream. Or White Cake with peach ice cream. Funny thing—our folks just can't tell which one they like best, so we keep on eating and eating!



ABOVE: White Cake 'n Ice Cream Pie, so very easy to make with Betty Crocker White Cake Mix and Peach Ice Cream.



BELOW: Betty Crocker's popular Honey Spice Cake Mix helped bake this cake. It's topped with Butter Pecan Ice Cream.

I hope you will, too. Because it's so easy to bake a cake with any Betty Crocker Cake Mix. And you get a perfect cake every time, you know—we worked so hard to make our mixes come out right that we can guarantee that!

Everybody's a little lazy these summer days, anyway. It's so much easier to spread ice cream on cake than to stop to make up an icing.

Somebody asked me how we do it. It isn't any trick at all. You just let the ice cream stand a minute or two in the kitchen. It doesn't have to be too soft. Then spoon on the ice cream and spread it smooth, if you like. Dress up your pie with cherries or nuts or anything you like, and send it off to the table right away.

SERVE ONE LAYER, SAVE THE OTHER!
This pie takes only one layer of cake, as you see, and just a pint of ice cream. So...bake another layer with the rest of the batter—save it—and serve it topped with crushed fresh or frozen fruit at lunch or supper the next day!

"You know," a mother of five young children wrote me the other day, "mine could be a stupendous task—but with you to solve my dessert problems, it really isn't as hard as it sounds. We use all of your mixes!" And then she added something that made me feel very good. "You just can't turn out a flop."

That letter seems to make our testing—and all our tasting—very much worth while. When you use our cake mixes and follow package directions—people keep finding out you do get a higher, lighter, better-tasting cake than any you've ever known.

I'd love to hear how your family likes our Cake 'n Ice Cream Pie. Do try one soon . . .

And have fun!

Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

Chocolate Cake 'n Ice Cream Pie—Bake the cake with Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix. Top with Vanilla Ice Cream and cut maraschino cherries

Betty Crocker *says:* I guarantee

A perfect cake every time you bake

cake . . . after cake . . .

after cake!

PERFECT? Yes, I DO mean perfect. You be the judge. If a cake you make with a Betty Crocker Cake Mix is less than perfect, write Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back!

NEW



Send them back to school in Lee Riders

(Western style blue jeans)



Easy to wash. Lee Riders save you hours of work. No starching. No ironing. Riders pay for themselves in dry cleaning savings. And they're Sanforized to *keep* their fit, washing after washing.



Long wearing. Made of exclusive Lee cowboy denim, Riders take all the wear and punishment an active youngster can give them— and come back for more. Bar-tacked at stress points, tough as nails.



After school, too! Lee Riders "go" most anywhere! No need to change after school. Casual, comfortable, *accepted* style—look for the branded leather label to know you're getting genuine Lee Riders.

THE H. D. LEE COMPANY
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Lee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

all." . . . "But I can't just go away and leave you," his deep voice would protest. "I'll just run you around to my doctor on Park Avenue and he'll have this right as rain in no time." His name would be Colin. Always, no matter what way he came to her, in what guise, his name was Colin.

Morgan, smiling softly, approached her school. It was larger than Julie's, just as dingy, and Morgan didn't notice what it looked like. After all, it was only school, and that was the least important part of her life.

There was a little park across the street, and at lunchtime, because the weather was so fine, Morgan and Betty Gilman and Verna Herzog walked across to eat rather than use the huge school dining room.

MORGAN wondered, settling on a green bench with Betty and Verna, how Julie was now. *Poor baby*, she thought. She spread back the wax paper, sighing slightly when the slablike sandwich emerged. Once in a while, very, very rarely, she ate in the corner drugstore at the other side of the park. That was really wonderful. The short-order cook moved as if his hinges had been oiled, sliding the dishes up the counter to the soda-fountain boy who called orders and made drinks. *I'd have a coffee frosted with a grilled cheese and tomato*, she decided, biting into her cool flat sandwich.

"How'd the morning go?" Betty asked. "Mrs. Reinholt made us write a theme."

"Already?" Verna said.

"Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference, I guess. She talked a lot. It looks like a ducky English period for our senior year."

"My English class doesn't come till afternoon," Morgan said. "Are there any nice boys in your classes?"

Verna and Betty responded happily to the only interesting remark that had yet been made. There were only droops . . . there was a blond who . . . they all looked like weeds after college men.

"Where'd you see any college men?" Betty demanded of Verna.

"At this place where I worked this summer. A hotel in Vermont," Verna said proudly. She was eighteen, and would be nineteen before she finished high school, but it gave her certain advantages.

"What'd you do?"

"I was a—a maid," she said. "Anything wrong with that?"

"How should I know?" Betty replied. "What did you have to do?"

"Oh, make beds, empty baskets, mop. Things like that."

"I wouldn't be caught dead doing things like that," Betty said.

Morgan rolled up wax-paper wrappings and stuffed them in the bag. "I would. In fact, I do all the time, only I don't get paid for it. Did any of the college men ask you out, Verna?"

"No. Some of them flirted," she said slowly. "But that's all." She added, "I'll tell you one thing. I'm not going back there next year. Bunch of snobs." Her long face, surrounded by a wide frame of thick hair, was pensive, remembering hurts that she would be unable not to remember for years. That boy who had laughed and kidded with her for a few days. Encouraged, full of daring, she'd stopped him one day, ignoring in her happy confidence the look of surprise he gave at being so detained. "I'm off tomorrow," she'd said with a challenging smile. When he didn't speak, she added, "As we've been saying, it's lonesome when you don't know anyone. Except"—she faltered a little—"except, of course, I sort of . . . know you." Her smile and voice crumpled together. "Well," he'd said, moving away, putting distance between them, "I sure hope you find someone to help you out." And he'd gone away, down the hall and into his room.

On the bench, with the dry leaves hurrying past, making a little sound like rain as they twisted and ran along the park path, Verna bit her lips and felt her cheeks burn. Even now, nearly two months later. She wished she hadn't said that just now about college men.

Julie, at dinner, talked steadily. "—— the rooms like great bleak caves, Morgy, and practically no sunlight in the one I'm in on account of being practically smack up against a huge tall building. I do think it would be rather nice to build schools only in penthouses, don't you? Or out in the country so we'd have to ride for hours to get to them, and hours to get back. There's a pretty nice girl sits next to me, name is Anna Marie, and we ate our lunch together. She doesn't like the school, either, so we had a good time ——"

"Is she new too?" Morgan interrupted.

"Yes, she ——"

"Well, didn't I tell you?" Morgan insisted. "I did tell you there'd be other new people and you'd meet them."

Julie stopped eating for a moment. "That's just so *silly*, Morg. You couldn't really have known, and it might have been unkind to give me hope. What if I'd gone and no one had spoken to me or anything? It seems to me ——"

Morgan began to laugh. "I'm sure it does, Julie. Anyway, your day wasn't so awful, and if I can give you another unkind hope, it'll probably be fine at the new school." She turned to Ned, who'd been unnaturally quiet ever since she'd come home. "How about you, honey? Did you have a ——" She broke off. "What's wrong, Neddy?"

He blinked at her several times, opened his mouth, and then shook his head.

NEXT MONTH

Oh my darling, she thought, *just talk to me of Lisa Kerrigan . . . and I will never be afraid again.*

She was Bill's wife, the mother of his children—a sensible girl. Yet, after seven years, Pat still feared the house on Cherry Hill.

For how could she hope to compete with a woman she had never known—a beautiful, laughing goddess who enchanted all she touched, and who, forever young, lay buried in her husband's heart?

SHE GLITTERED WHEN SHE WALKED

By VIÑA DELMAR

Novel Complete in the September JOURNAL

"You haven't eaten," Morgan said.

Ned's voice was loud when he spoke. "I saw a puppy run over today. At first I thought it had a red flower in its mouth, but then I saw it was all—all blood and ——"

Julie jumped up. "Stop that!" She cried loudly to Morgan, "How can you let him talk this way? Make him cut it out!"

"You be still," Morgan snapped. "I mean it, just keep still." She went around the table, and knelt next to Ned. "Honey, I'm sorry you saw the puppy. It's—it's awful for you."

"Awful for the puppy," Ned mumbled thickly.

"Yes, awful for him too. But darling, you're just going—going to have to face things like that," she said slowly. "I don't mean that you'll see it again. But terrible things do happen, and we have to learn to know it." She cuddled his head against her, and he seemed to welcome it. He didn't cry, but his breath came and went shakily. And Julie, who loved animals, stood against the door, telling herself that she had yelled that way only because of the puppy. She hadn't thought of Ned's part at all. Morgan held the thin boy close. Nine was really awfully young. They forgot, with Ned, how young it was, because he was usually so able to care for himself. In a little while she let her arms slacken. "Don't you want your dinner at all, dear?" she asked gently.

Ned exhaled a great sigh and moved out of her arms. He eyed the ham and cabbage, picked up his fork and began to eat slowly.

That evening, for the first time, he was not happy about his cot in the living room. When the girls had gone into their "sitting room" he sat stiffly on the edge of the cot. His gaze was on the window that looked, with the la inside, like a black mirror. He was not at the window, it was just a place to eyes because he was afraid to close the go to sleep.

"Ned?"

He looked pitifully, gratefully at Mo the doorway. She wore a frayed gree robe, her hair was up in bobby pins, th a blob of calamine lotion on her ch looked beautiful.

"Ned, Julie and I were wonderin would disturb you to have us read tonight. The light is getting bad in our Probably the bulb's going to blow out.

"Oh, *sure*," he breathed. "That'd be

Morgan, calling Julie, realized that th he hadn't even cared about face-saving his boy's dignity. *This must be the wo very worst thing that's ever happened* she thought. She had a feeling of pride because he was taking it well.

She and Julie settled down, one on th ther's couch, one in the armchair. Ned his back to them, away from the light. time there was silence, except for a slig from the radiator, the sound of inter traffic below. Morgan turned the pages magazine, Julie those of her book, ver fully.

"Morgy?" Ned turned under the b

"Yes, honey? You really should slee

"I know. Morgan, do you suppose a has a soul? I mean what could a pup wrong that he couldn't have a soul?"

"I don't see ——" Morgan began.

"Sure they do," Julie put in. "Why sho they?"

Ned smiled at them both. "That's kept telling myself," he said, and turned from the light again. "Night," he said, a little while was really asleep.

In the other apartments the Connor their neighbors, had hung their wash o that stretched over alleyways from build building. Or, when they lived on a top the roof. It was pleasant, when the w was good, to stand on the soft tarry s pulling clothes from the creaking wick ket, shaking them out, hanging them your gaze wandered over other rooftop

The development, unbelievably, ha floor apartments with narrow gritty te They were referred to as penthouses an up all the roof. To offset this deprivation matic laundry machines were provided basement where laundry could be wash a small sum, and racks in the kitchen nished lines for drying.

THE basement was a subterranean wo doors and gray tunneling. Morgan disli When she went down in the green met of an elevator and walked to the la room she held her basket tightly, like a and looked over her shoulder fearfully steamy safety of the laundry room and women was reached. She wouldn't let J Ned in the basement at all.

"I don't care," she complained to Ne day. "I don't care what the conveniences miss a roof."

"Me too," Ned said agreeably. "Re ber, Morgy, how the tar would bubble u stink so good?"

"Smell," Morgan corrected absently.

"Did it ever!" Her brother sighed in remembrance. "Just the same, I like it here. Could I bring a friend of mine to

"Well, sure, honey. Someone from sch She bent down and reached in a bin for toes.

"No, it's a guy I met in the playgro he told her.

"Bring him any time you want. If I'm that is."

Ned was a little too inventive to b alone in an apartment with his friend. O and two of the "guys" he knew had de to be chemists with ink and pancake It had been one of the few times Morga been grateful for linoleum on the floor than the rug she craved.

"Oh, sure," he said now. "I want y meet him anyway."

Morgan turned her smile away from He was so formal sometimes. So dear.

Connor thought if a person fell asleep
n woke days later, he would always
o tell if he'd wakened on Sunday. He
ke Sunday, and even its being his day
e him no more lenient toward it. A
lrugged late sleeping, rumpled after-
ds. Of cooking odors and scattered
ers.

damn," he said one Sunday in Octo-
amn." He let the Times slip toward
. The paper was just another part of
h. Too many sections, columns, too
enacing words of pessimism. "There's
be another world war in my lifetime,"
and waited for Morgan to ask why,
he know. But she was hovering over
e where onions sputtered in the frying
got up and went to the kitchen door.
ave another world war," he said to his
r.

an looked around. "Oh, gosh, do you
?"

waved his hand impatiently. "Is that
e got to say?"

——" She poured tomato sauce on
ns, lit a flame beneath a large pot of
urned to get a box of spaghetti from
t. "I hope we don't. On account of the
s, you mean?"

, and so much more." He shook the
per, as though its terrible messages
prinkle on her.

gry?" she asked, stirring the spaghetti
t was warm out, and the kitchen win-
s open.

of." He leaned against the doorjamb,
his daughter, wondering what went
er dreamy mind, thinking of his wife
ve long ago that had brought him to
nday, this dinner.

IMES, when he looked up suddenly
s reading and encountered one of his
, he had difficulty believing in them.
ld stare for a moment without com-
ion at the moving figure which might
ve been save for the chance that took
wn one street rather than another,
years ago in an Indiana town.

t to call the children?" Morgan said.
odded.

late September Sunday, eighteen years
had strolled, goalless, from his board-
e. He'd been twenty-five and without
Employed as a stitcher in a slipper
he had money in the bank because
as nothing to spend it on, aside from
ks, and went forth on Sundays because
an't read *always*. He walked past well-
iddle-class homes on whose porches
women and blue-serge men rocked
Children, subdued for Sunday, sat on
s. He was halfway down the street,
ng-ago Sunday, noticing its gradual
in atmosphere. Narrower porches on
set nearer together. Still, a nice street.
lo! Dan—hello!" He turned toward a
shingled house as Tad Walsh, who also
in the slipper factory, came down the
greet him. "Come and meet my cousin
ew York," Tad said. Like many words
ange the course of life, these were said
. They went up the steps, and Sarah,
d cool and very lovely, smiled at Dan
t out her hand.

Morgan and Julie and Ned had their
ns, Dan his, and Sarah none. Each day
his children and every mortal soul made
revocable choice that set another wheel
within the larger wheels.

spaghetti's good," said Ned.

y," said his father.

telephone was an extravagance, but
always had one. Dan felt safer knowing
ls could, if they had to, get in touch
m. So they afforded it, and possibly in
o went without something else, though
n couldn't imagine what that might be.
ever seemed to buy anything but food
nce in a while, with extreme caution,
g.

y Gilman did not have a phone, so she
o a drugstore to call Morgan. "Hi,
? Look, could you come over to-
. . . Oh, nothing—just sit around and
Maybe we could take a walk. . . . Well,
ie if I can get the money. . . . See you about eight, huh? . . . Yeah. Well, g'by. Say, there's an awfully cute boy here, you ought to see him. . . . O.K., about eight."

"I'm going out," Morgan said, hanging up.

"Where?" Julie, at the table that doubled as a desk, was doing arithmetic. She did it easily, almost without paying attention, an accomplishment which filled Morgan with admiration and awe. "Tell Ned he can't go out, will you? If you don't tell him I can't manage him at all. When'll you be back?"

"By eleven, anyway. I'm going to Betty's."

"That birdbrain," Julie said scornfully.

"I wish you wouldn't talk about my friends that way," Morgan requested without heat. Julie had enormous contempt for so many people and so many things that no one could take time to resent her remarks. She turned to her brother. "Ned ——"

He was lying on the couch with The Adventures of Reddy Fox. "Yup," he said, not looking up. "I heard her. I wasn't going no place."

"I wasn't going *any* place."

"Thought you said you were." He kept his head down, grinning.

Morgan laughed and Julie snorted.

Ned and I have the same sort of minds, Morgan thought, going down to the street. *We both laugh at jokes and love movies and wiggle through school any old which way* (except, she thought, Ned seemed to wiggle more successfully). Julie despised jokes and she was so good at school that if Morgan had had a different temperament, she might have been envious. She thought Julie must be like pop. And yet, for all his bookish restless brain, poor pop hadn't got much of anywhere. Shoving change at people's hands every night in a subway booth. Sometimes she wondered how he must feel, never having anyone to talk to about the things he loved—his books, his grand ideas. *And I can't talk to him*, she thought, walking slowly toward Betty's, five blocks away. *Pop and I can only talk about*



Five days of new freedom

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groceries and moving and whether the kids are staying healthy.

The evening was dark, but not black; the air gingery with delicatessen aromas, with the salt pungency of the river, with the cool tart taste of autumn. Morgan breathed deeply, wishing —— Well, she'd be going along, like now, and suddenly a young man, obviously not of this neighborhood, would put out his hand to detain her, with beautifully polite hesitation. "I'm terribly sorry to seem rude," he'd say, "and if you wish, just walk on and I'll quite understand." . . . She'd pause, not really waiting, but courteous, a little curious perhaps. "Yes?" she'd murmur. "I don't think ——" . . . "Oh, no," he'd say, with a quick white smile, "we haven't met—not yet, that is. It's just that —— This is difficult to say. My name's Colin [Colin what? Oh, well, Colin something] and I'm down here scouting a location for our new production. I haven't picked the star yet, because I never seem to find quite the right person. A young girl, a beautiful one, one who looks as though she might live in a place like this. But not be *of* it. You see what I mean?" . . . "Well, I think I do," she'd say, lowering her eyes. "I think I understand. But why are you ——"

"Hiya, duchess." She automatically turned her head and then flushed because she had. The boy who called leaned insolently against a street lamp. He was smoking, and he looked, like so many of the boys who smoked in the streets at night and called to strange girls, coarse and hard and handsome. "You want company?"

Morgan ducked her head and hurried. She heard his laugh, his called "Don't worry, baby, I'm not gonna follow you," and went the next block almost running. She hoped Betty would want to go to the movies, that she would not want just to walk around, the way she often did, strolling past the boys. Not that Betty ever let herself get picked up, but she liked to go around teasing and running. Well, no one was forcing her to walk with Betty, or even to see Betty at all.

You get used to people, she thought. *Used to people and unwilling to spend every night at home with Julie and Ned, listening to the radio, reading.*

The Gilmans lived in a railroad fl room opening on the next in a string tical shapes. Betty was at the door Morgan could touch the bell. "Where been?" she asked impatiently, not wai an answer. "Don't say anything abou out till Angie's gone, will you?" The were whispered.

Beyond, Morgan heard the clink o and rush of tap water in the kitche Gilman, then, was still home. In a ch side one of the windows, with the radi softly in her ear, sat old Mrs. M Angie's mother. She smiled uncerta Morgan, her filmed eyes too unreli her to identify the caller.

"Hello, Mrs. Metzger," Morgan sai closer. "How are you?"

"Well, thank you. That's Morgan. H you, dear?" Mrs. Metzger always said thank you," when you asked how s though everybody knew she was almos and had arthritis in her knees so th only walked with help. Yet she seeme She sat by her little radio, listening to and dance music, and she smiled when people came in.

THE Gilmans had a thin flowery rug floor, and furniture covers of zebra- cotton. Mrs. Gilman had made them. S a seamstress on Seventh Avenue and There were red satin cushions scattered the room. There were ecru lace curtain windows, so dusty that it was diffi breathe if you stood close to them, and photographs of movie stars in ten-cen frames on the tables. Betty sent for the hers was the only apartment Morgan ha seen where they weren't banished to th room.

"Can you go to the movies?" Morgan

"Hush," Betty said, with a quick gla her grandmother. "I told you to wait.

Mrs. Gilman came out of the kitcher ing her head to fasten a dangling e smiling at both girls. Her lips were very s her figure thin, almost gaunt. "Hi, Morg," she said. "What do you think girl here, letting her poor old mothe in the kitchen while *she* entertains frie the parlor?" She flitted across the room girlish tight-waisted dress, took a ci from a glass dish and patted her m tangled gray curls. Mrs. Metzger pa attention. Lighting her cigarette, Mrs. C dropped to a chair. "Tell you what, think you'd better cut out this walki streets at night."

Morgan started, and Betty said, "H Pete's sake, Angie."

"Oh, don't get so huffy. I didn't mea thing. I'm talking about how it looks to people. Two big girls swaying along lo at the boys. Now, I ask you."

Well, Morgan thought miserably, her hot, her hands moist, *I'm glad someboc it. Someone should have, if we couldn't it out ourselves.* She looked from Be Angie. Very alike they were. When sh met Angie, she'd been fascinated by seemed to her glamour, by the rows o fumes on the fluffy (slightly grimy) dr table. Morgan no longer thought that was glamorous, but she liked her.

"You understand?" Angie was saying daughter.

"Oh, sure," Betty said easily.

Angie looked at her sharply, then shru "You're a big girl now, Bets. I tell you things for your own good, but I can't you around and check up."

"I know you can't." Betty's voice h inflection at all.

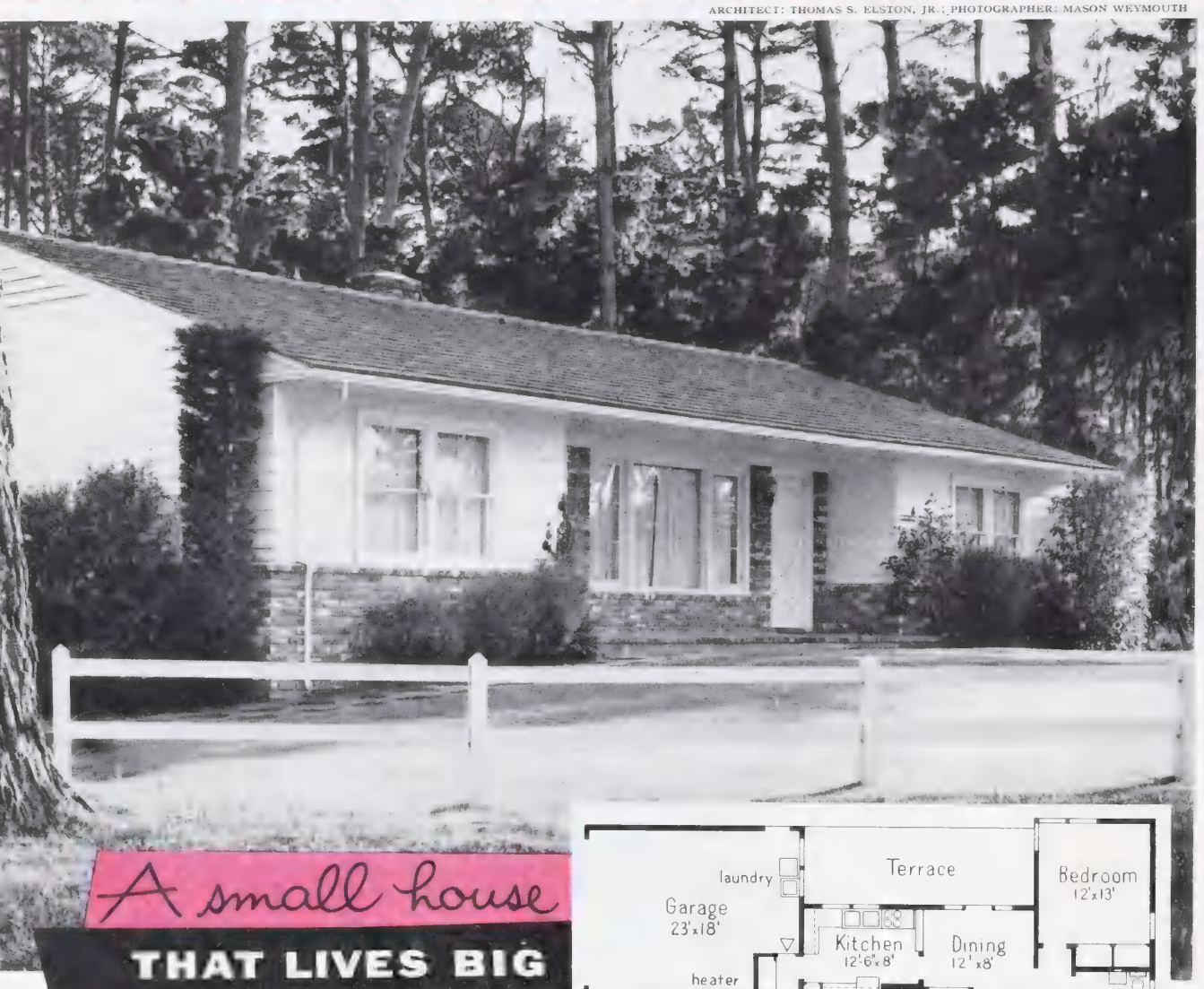
Angie sprang lightly to her feet as the bell rang. "That'll be Bert. Have a good girls. Make fudge or something. 'By, n She grabbed up a light short coat, opene door to her date, and was gone.

Betty stood at the window, watching t mother and the man turned the corner. " gram," she said, turning back, "time you to bed."

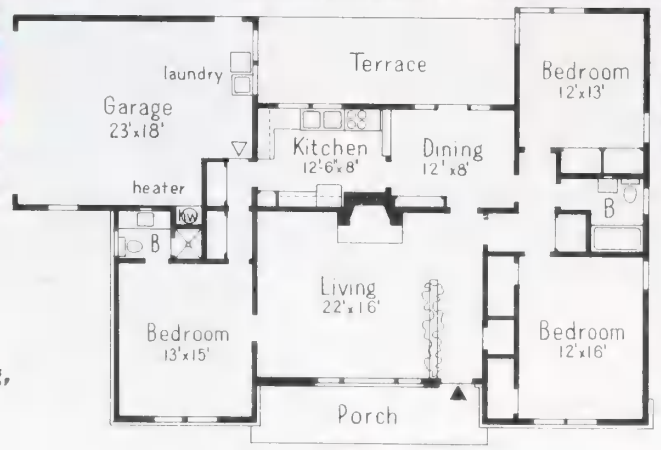
Old Mrs. Metzger looked up. "Bu early, Betty," she said. "I don't want to bed. I want to hear that mystery play."

"Sorry. Mom said to get you right to soon as she left."

ARCHITECT: THOMAS S. ELSTON, JR.; PHOTOGRAPHER: MASON WEYMOUTH



A small house THAT LIVES BIG



Small in size, big in comfort, here is a house planned for easy family living and entertaining, easier housekeeping.

By CAROL L. MERCADO

This trim little budget house with walls of white clapboard and used brick sparkles against a grove of redwoods in Carmel, California, but would be at home anywhere in the country, and would make almost any family feel at home.

Let's walk through and see how clever planning eliminates wasted corridor space without sacrificing privacy. Just inside the doorway, our view of the living room is shielded by a wall of bookshelves, topped with plants. The shelves are open above—the unbroken ceiling line gives a spacious feeling to living room and entry. The handsome fireplace gets the same mottled-brick effect as the foundation walls and terraces outside. To the right of the entry, past the guest closet, are the children's bedrooms, both double size, with plenty of closet space.

The dining room, straight ahead, has built-in china cupboards, one backing up the living-room wall, another between dining room and kitchen; a real step saver, it opens from both rooms. The kitchen, planned for convenience, has lots of work space, two walls of ceiling-to-counter cupboards with base cabinets below. Outlets are located all along the counter area so electrical equipment may be used right where it is stored. An ingenious closet conceals a fold-out ironing board and an insulated shelf to store the hot iron immediately after use. The laundry area in the oversize garage is handy to kitchen and drying yard. See how the garage acts as a utility room, making heater, hot-water tank and laundry equipment easy to service, detouring traffic away from the house. A rear exit from the master bedroom provides mother with a direct route to the kitchen; father uses it as a short cut to the garage. The master bath has shelves and drawers built in beneath the counter top.

The living terrace, notched in between bedroom wing and garage, is completely private. Notice how laundry, kitchen and dining-room windows cover an expansive view of the yard, allowing a busy mother to keep a watchful eye on children's play from all work areas of the house. Roof overhangs shade part of the terrace; the rest is open to the sunlight.

n opened her mouth to protest, but
at Mrs. Metzger's face silenced her.
of them knew the lie was there, not
a finger to point at it.
night, Morgan," the frail unhappy
, as Betty's firm hands led the way

night, Mrs. Metzger," she said
d felt like crying. What was the old
now? Lie in her bed in the dark, not
ep for a long time, because old peo-
so little, not able to hear her radio,
anyone. Morgan sat in a zebra-
air till Betty came back.
," Betty said.
you think that was a filthy thing to
?"
What are you talking about?"
grandmother. She didn't want to go
hy *couldn't* she sit and listen to her
rogram for a while?"
, Morgy, you don't understand at
ft her, we'd have to be back practi-
t away. She doesn't sleep well, and
, but she gets tired if you leave her
the chair. Once she even fell off. If
ut her lying down now, and get her
e'd be in an awful state in a little
least this way she's safe."
e's lying in the dark in there, wide
d all alone," Morgan cried out.
" Betty looked at Morgan, then
don't *care*. Angie knew I wanted to
night, but that didn't bother her, did
supposed to stay home all the time,
re of gram? How would you like
was breathing quickly, squeezing her
ether.
sighed and shook her head. "I
wouldn't. But it seems . . . sad."
so do a lot of things," Betty said
nd after a short silence, "Want to
ie? I guess Angie's put the kibosh
lks, for a while anyway."
put the kibosh on for good, as far
ncerned," Morgan muttered.
s the *matter* with you?"
t know. Maybe I do. I just don't
walking around, that's all."
haven't noticed you not liking it."
aven't?"
oked at each other warily, knowing
ething resembling friendship, that
y rate, the security of habit, could
ry easily discarded.
aited, and then Betty said, "John
t the Lyceum."
went to see John Wayne, and for the
Morgan couldn't give him all her
ttention. Sometimes you save things
se you want so much to keep them,
se you're afraid of what will be left
them go. You go on, safe with the
hinking that it wasn't what you'd
, but thinking, too, that what you'd
might not exist at all. Betty and
were neither daring nor rich enough
e.

y, this guy's invited me to dinner."
ning in from the playground, was
ed from the chilly late November air.
, because Julie was out, pulled him
t me feel your face," she said, put-
against his brilliantly cold one.
Like snow." Like cold velvet. Before
born, her mother had said, "We're
have a baby, Morgan." Morgan had
love him then. Julie had come as a
and unwelcome surprise, but Ned
by that "we" were going to have.
I love you, she thought, letting him
e he squirmed in her arms, *how I love*
ng. "What guy?"
one that I told you, that I met in the
d."
That was ages ago. I thought you
g to have him up here."
I am. I don't see him much, because
y busy. This guy goes to college, and
in the playground to ——"
hat?" Morgan interrupted.
s in the playground weekends."
ight you were talking about a little

t play with little boys," Ned said.
Vell, I meant ——" She smiled and
peaking.

"I know what you meant. Can I?"

"Have dinner with him?" Morgan shook her head. "Now, don't blow up. I have to know more about him first, and so does pop. I mean, honey, we just can't let you go off to some stranger's house, can we?"

"He's not a stranger. I've known him for months."

"*I* haven't."

"But he isn't asking you," Ned said furiously. "Honestly, you aren't being fair. I don't meet everyone you go out with, do I?"

"You —— I'm not nine years old." She knew it would make him angrier, but could not help laughing. "Ned, hold on. You bring your friend up here and let me or pop meet him first. Then if—I mean, then you'll probably be able to have dinner with him. Why in the world does he want you for dinner?" she added curiously.

Ned took off his coat, turned with dignity. "Because he likes me. That's why."

"Yes, but dinner," Morgan repeated. She picked up his jacket, hung it in the closet. "Does he live here?"

"Yeah. In Building F. His mother is real nice."

"You mean you've already been to their apartment?"

"Well, sure. Lots of times."

"But you never told me."

"You never asked."

Morgan walked over to him quickly. "Ned Connor, you *know* you aren't supposed to go in people's homes that I don't know. How many times have I told you ——" She stopped and slumped to the couch. "It's too much for me. It really and truly is. How am I supposed to bring you up? Nothing I say makes the least bit of difference."

Ned, nervous and subdued, sat beside her. "I'm sorry, Morgy. I forgot."

"No, you did *not* forget," she said sharply. "You disobeyed. And I've asked and asked ——"



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"I won't do it any more, honest." His voice was low and unhappy. "I never went in no one else's house without telling you." He waited for her to say "anyone else's," and when she didn't, put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't be mad, Morgy."

"Oh, mad. What's that got to do with it? Look, Ned, I'm doing the best I can with you and Julie, but you just can't do . . . put things over on me like this." She got up and moved away from him. "Don't you understand? I'm not a mother. I can't figure things out all the time. I can only trust you to do what I ask, what pop asks. It's too hard for me, I tell you. It's too *hard*." *I'm going too far*, she thought. *I shouldn't be talking to him like this*, and glanced over to realize that she really had said too much. His face looked peaked and too still. Shaken, she rushed over and, with her arms around him, tried to take her words back. "Baby, I didn't really mean it. I adore taking care of you. It's just that—oh, it's not that I'm trying to be nosy or strict."

Suddenly he patted her hand. "I know, Morgy," he said with his darting smile.

Morgan leaned against the wall weakly, as though she'd won a fearful battle. *He really does know*, she thought. *Ned understands things. But I must never, never* —— "Will you bring him up here sometime?"

"Sure," said Ned. "How about tonight?"

When, that evening, Tom Miller rang their doorbell and Ned answered it, Morgan's first thought was, *Well, he ought to be all right*. Her second, slower and more amazed, was that if Verna and Betty could see what little brothers brought home, they'd both be screaming for one.

Tom was tawny and tall, with Slavic face. High cheekbones and made him look amused, and a little He wore a plaid wool shirt and gr pants. They were good clothes, thought, thinking of Ned's cordu that were thin at the knees and se Tom spoke a word she began to re *Is he by any chance being charitabl* she wondered. *Bestowing kindness lected little boy?*

"Ned, dear," she said, "you really wear those old things around when company." Ned looked at her in ur surprise, and Morgan couldn't hel her effect by laughing. *That sounded*

"You certainly shouldn't," Tom ously to Ned. "Especially since I got up in my best."

"Oh, well," Morgan said, still "Sit down, won't you. I'm sorry isn't here to meet you, and I'm sorr such a fuss about letting Ned ha with you. I ——"

"I don't mind," Tom said. "Glad Ned's sister, anyway. He and I sup playground together, you know. An ner is his reward. We're going to eat things we want. That right, Ned?"

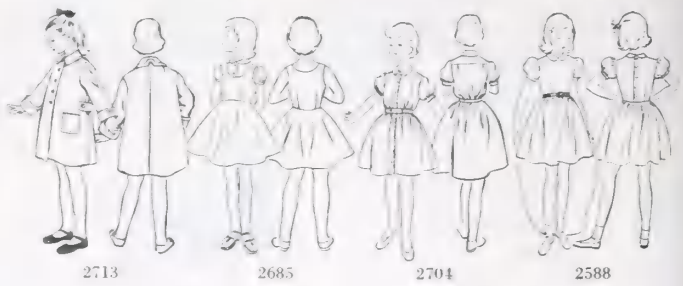
"M-m-m," Ned said, with a warni at Tom and a significant motion tow gan. Obviously he had no wish to de menu to outsiders. One of the tru lived by was the superiority of su other forms of food.

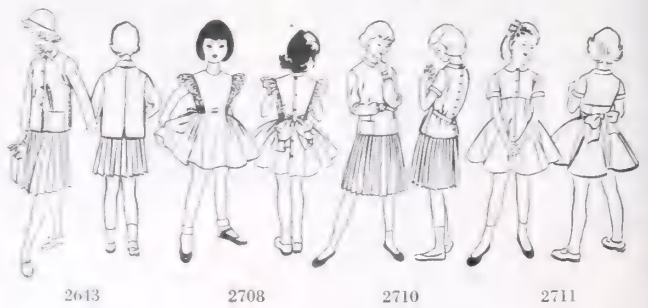
"Supervise the playground how?" was saying.

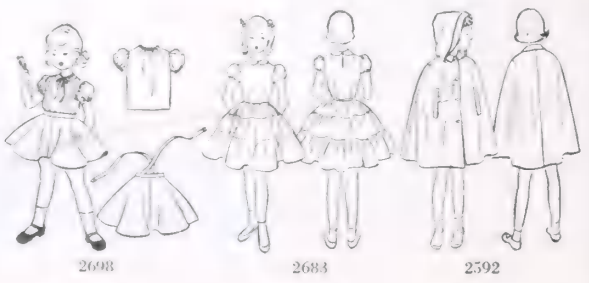
"That's my job," Tom Miller said "I go to Columbia, and I have this j

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here, weekends and some after-
's my assistant."
ed brightly. "I blow the whistle,

uite a responsibility."
," he nodded. "It's louder than a
e."
an," Morgan said.
ored that. "And I tell kids, here
can't do that."
t?"
er I want them to stop doing."
put her hands to her face. "Oh,
they stop?"
less Tom says it too," Ned said
barrassment. "Still, I *do* blow the

ou're the toast of the playground,"
id.
K.," Tom said. "Got good wind.
tle probably stops traffic in the
n Ned blows it."
ndicated, surveyed Morgan with
"Now, is it all right about dinner?"
se," Morgan said, as though there
been any question at all.
nen," Tom said, "let's say Friday.
Morgan nodded. "That's the night
s eat out, and my brother's never
eak of at all, so Ned and I will have
to ourselves." He added, "We'd
nly"—Ned's alarm was pathetic—
thing just between the two of us,"
quickly.
was about to say something, but
alled her.
ves in one of those penthouses."
inned. "He makes it sound like
nd Fifth Avenue."
now is they use up the roof, and I
oof," Morgan said coolly. "What's
about them? Do you have gardens
ng?"
no. A glass door leading onto a
t of brick and fresh air."
Morgan said, "it's better than none
Don't mind for now, because it's so
'll mind next summer. And anyway,
things they have in the kitchen are
bout three socks and a washrag and
re full up." Tom looked confused.
ings. Doesn't your mother hang her
hem?"
she has someone in to do it," Tom
tainly.
he pleasures of the rich," Morgan

ished. "We're not rich," he mum-
one who lives in this place is rich."
re are all the different degrees, Mor-
ht. She was conscious of the change
dliness to faint hostility between her
Miller. It was her own fault. *But*
she thought wearily, *I just don't*
s Ned's friend, not mine. I was only
And I hate hanging the wash in the

Miller stood up. "See you tomorrow
, Ned," he said. "Uh . . . it's been
ing you, Miss—that is, Morgan."
ut his hand.

N, rising, took it briefly. "I'm glad.
e Ned happy," she said. There should
hing to add, but whatever it was
r. She closed the door after him and
Ned, who had missed the final under-
and was perfectly content.

he first of December, Julie spent her
-cents-a-week allowance on liver-
December, she put it in a box for
s money. Thirty-five cents on each of
ly was what she spent. Ned usually
shopping time with nothing at all. His
nsubstantial as foam, passed from
andy-store proprietors with scarcely
touch it in between. Sometimes he
his father a five-cent cigar, or some-
Morgan—a ten-cent pin with blue
ne, a key ring shaped like a heart. His
at Christmas were handmade prod-
mpanied by long explanations and
of handsome things for future years.
final week of November, Julie made
uld be her last purchase of liverwurst
Christmas. The butchershop, when
ed in, was almost as cold as outdoors.

The butcher wore an old derby, a heavy jacket over his stained apron. Julie, unlike Morgan, was never friendly with tradespeople. So, though every Friday for nearly three months had seen these two meet for a transaction unaltered in any detail, the butcher looked up and said, "What'll it be?"

Julie said, "I'll take thirty-five cents' worth of liverwurst, please."

"You want it sliced?"

"Please."

"Cheaper if you don't," he said, reaching into the case and pulling out the long pale roll. Julie didn't answer, and he began to run his swift honed knife through the soft meat. She watched silently, counting the slices.

In the street, Julie pulled her fuzzy coat tighter, wondering why the liverwurst should be cheaper unsliced. It weighed the same. She turned into an alleyway, walked till she reached a length of connecting alleys that lay between two blocks of buildings. All windows, all dark cellar doors were closed. There was nothing in the alleys but ash cans and Julie. And, presently, the cats.

She walked along slowly. "Kitty?" she called. "*Here*kittykittykitty." Her voice was high and sweet and loving. It lured the cats from boxes and doorways where they curled out of the cold. There was a scrabbling on the other side of the fence and a big fawn-colored tom appeared. He leaped lightly to Julie's feet and lifted his broad blunt face, eager, hungry, but controlled, to hers. Julie opened her package with stiff fingers and peeled thick yellowish skin from a piece of liverwurst. She broke it quickly, and put it on the ground, using part of the paper for a dish. He pulled it off the paper, turned his head slightly, and began to eat. Seven more thin quick cats had joined him before the last of the liverwurst was shredded and laid on the paper. Julie watched them, her gaze fond and brooding. When they'd finished, they walked curling around her ankles. Some of them cried anxiously and nosed at the paper till she crumpled it. Stooping down, she patted their small heads, ran her hands along fur that, for all their washing, never was anything but rough and a little gritty. She wondered why it never made her feel better, feeding them. She came away each week aware only that they were still hungry, still prowling, still cold.

At home she found Morgan and Verna practicing dancing. The small radio whined and tinkled. It moaned of love, lost, lost. Morgan and Verna soberly, inexpertly fitted their steps together, stumbled when Julie appeared at the door.

"Hi, Jule," Verna said.

Julie said "Hi, *Vern*," but Verna didn't notice the emphasis. The two girls made an abortive movement toward a continuation of the dance, abandoned it when their knees clashed. "That crumby music," Julie said. "And I don't think you can learn to dance with another girl."

"We don't expect to learn," Morgan said lazily. "We already know how, I guess. We're just trying it out."

Julie shrugged. "I have homework to do, so I suppose I better do it in the bedroom."

Morgan said she thought that would be a good idea. "I'll turn the radio low, so it won't bother you. Ned's having dinner with that Tom Miller, so Verna's going to eat here."

Julie gave them a nod that might have meant anything and went into the bedroom, closing the door.

VERNA looked after her doubtfully. "I wonder what it's like to be that sure of yourself."

"She isn't, really," Morgan said. "But I know what you mean. She sort of unnerves me sometimes too. She's at a difficult age."

"What age isn't?"

"Ned seems all right," Morgan said slowly, wondering how much of Ned's all-rightness was real. There were the nights he couldn't sleep well, when he cried out in fear. He seemed to forget, in the day, these cluttered terrors of the night.

"You want to dance any more?" Verna asked.

"You mean will you have the next stumble with me?" Morgan giggled. "Do you think we'll ever manage? Maybe you should have asked Betty. I'm scared of blind dates."

"I didn't want Betty. Besides, he isn't exactly a blind date. I mean, I know him, even if you don't. He's tall, and all-right-looking and isn't a wolf. After all, we're only going to a restaurant and dance."

"Well, I'll go. Only maybe he'd have liked Betty better." She thought a moment. "She probably has a date anyway."

"Betty," Verna said firmly, "would spend the whole evening talking about her wealthy relatives in Virginia. Let's get dinner."

"What was all that dancing about anyway?" asked Julie, coming out of the bedroom when the odor of food had reached her.

"Verna and I are going on a blind date tomorrow," Morgan said. "At least, I'm going blind. Verna knows them. They live in her apartment building."

Verna was setting the table and Julie offered to help. "Wonder what Ned's having for dinner," she mused.

Morgan laughed. "I can't bear to think."

"Pie, probably," Julie said.

"And sweet pickles."

"And doughnuts."

"Potato chips."

"Chocolate bars."

"Layer cake."

"And pie. For dessert."

"No, candy for dessert. Pie for dinner."

"What did you have for dinner, darling?"

Ned blinked, sleek and languid with contentment. Tom had returned him at ten-thirty, shortly after Verna had left and Julie had gone to bed. He hadn't come in, just winked at Morgan, handed her a drowsy brother and departed.

Ned yawned at her question, began to pull his sweater off. "Chicken," he said.

"What else?"

Ned sat on his cot, prepared by Morgan for his sleep, and gave her a dreamy smile. "Oh, chicken . . . and potato chips, and . . . celery and hot rolls . . . and tomato juice and chocolate éclairs."

"Who selected the dinner?" Morgan asked in amazement.

"I did, Morgy. Tom said I could have anything I wanted. That's what I wanted."

Morgan shook her head. *I'll never understand children*, she thought. *Never.*

Dan Connor, coming in shortly after midnight, found a note from his elder daughter. "Ned," it read, "had his dinner out tonight. He did *not* eat sirup in a spun-sugar basket. He chose a perfectly good meal. What do you think of that?"

Dan hesitated, smiled, took up a pencil and wrote. "Train a child up in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it."

The table was set for breakfast as, in the evening, it always was. Dan slipped the note under Morgan's plate, thinking that a word of praise from her father was long overdue.

VANITY

The male of the species undoubtedly has a great many strong points, not the least of which is vanity. Lady Astor once proved the point conclusively at a London banquet. The question had arisen as to whether men or women were vainest and she stated flatly that men are the greatest offenders. Disregarding the storm of protest, Lady Astor proceeded to channel conversation to masculine fashions. "Why, it's even true," she said, "that the less important and intelligent a man is, the more attention he pays to what he wears. The most learned gentlemen are the most careless. Right at this table one of our most distinguished diners is wearing a tie which is not even carefully knotted!" And as though they were puppets on strings every man at table quickly reached up to straighten his tie.

—MARY ALKUS



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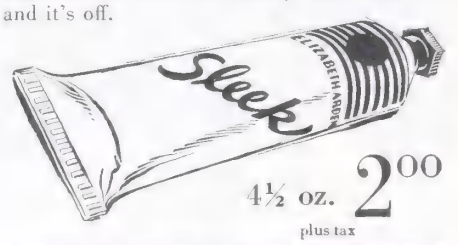
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Elizabeth Arden

Verna and Morgan sat with stiff backs on a sofa in the Herzogs' living room, waiting for the doorbell to announce that their dates were arrived.

Mrs. Herzog, in a wash of yellow lamplight, rocked and knitted. She looked peaceful, but she shot quick glances at her husband whenever it seemed he might stir and speak. He, a large man with a still-featured venous face, sat in an overstuffed chair. He lifted a big freckled hand to the chair arm in an impatient gesture, rose.

"Guess I'll go see George for a while." He nodded at the two girls on the sofa. "Have a good time." He went out.

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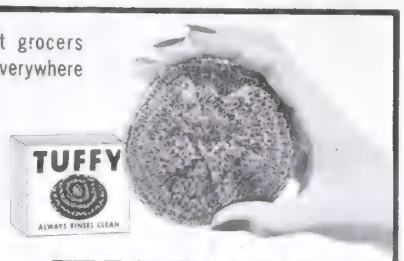


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Morgan, half attending the departure of Mr. Herzog, remained in a fantasy projection of the evening to come. Rationally, she knew that this unknown boy would probably be just what Verna claimed he was. An in-between. The world was full of those, and often they were nice enough to know, to talk to. Morgan didn't expect much, and in that was rarely disappointed. To the ones she dreamed were given all the cherished qualities, all the endearing responses that she needed. The difficulty lay in her tendency to confuse the dreamed with the real but not yet met.

He might, this Roy Austin, be —— Well, he'd be not too tall, with a compact graceful build. His voice would be rich and never loud, and when they met, he'd smile slowly, as though he'd come to the end of a search. "Hello," he'd say, low beneath the other voices in the room. "Hello—Morgan." She'd put her hand out, her eyes on his face, and not speak for a moment. Just smile slightly, the way he did, to let him know she, too, was thinking that at last they'd met. He'd be graceful and low-voiced ——

When the doorbell had rung twice, Verna heard it. She went down the long hallway. There was the sound of the door opening, of the mingling voices. There were the footsteps approaching.

Then they were there. Slightly blinded by nervousness, Morgan could distinguish only two lank boys, dressed in fairly flashy best, thrusting their hands at her. She didn't know which was Roy Austin. One of them said "Hi" and the other nodded. He was over six feet and his arms and legs were like twine. He, it developed, was Roy Austin. The other was Pete, for Verna. Morgan never found out what his last name was. Pete was not very tall, not in the least graceful. He jutted his jaw and grinned and said he had news for them—tempus was fugiting.

In the buses (one uptown, one a transfer crosstown) the four were separated. Morgan and Roy Austin sat tensely together, looking with elaborate interest at the passing scene. Roy swallowed loudly and flung his long thin hands about as though they were unexpected encumbrances that he hadn't quite decided what to do with. Morgan looked surreptitiously at his window reflection. He had yellow hair, a gently sloping chin and a peering expression.

"Well, here we are," said Roy.

"Where?" she asked, startled. "It's time to get off?"

"No, no. Not yet. In a coupla blocks. I just meant—here we are."

"Oh." She turned to him, but his face was too close, and she looked away. "Yes. Here we are."

"Cold tonight."

"Isn't it, though? Winter is practically upon us."

"Sure is. Hate to see the warm weather go. Don't know why it is, but that's the way I am, a real water baby."

"You like to swim?"

"Like it? Tell you something, it's the only thing keeps me sane."

"It is?" Morgan said with mild wonder. "Have you—I mean, are there a lot of problems in your life?"

"Who hasn't got problems? But I just like to swim."

"That's nice."

THERE was silence. Then, "Well, let's get out of this fire trap," Roy said. He lifted his twining length into the air and preceded Morgan down the aisle.,

The four of them stood on the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, shivering in the night air, looking at each other cautiously. From Forty-second uptown, as far as they could see, night was nearly vanquished. Sliding, glittering, twisting, winking, blaring Broadway drove away the dark and substituted its own daft personality in shards of color, brittle minglings of music and voices, mutable throngs of human beings.

"Man, the joint is jumpin'," said Pete, snapping his fingers so that they made a tune. "Maybe we shoulda gone down to hear Ray."

"Ray?" Verna said, smiling. Morgan realized that Verna had been smiling ceaselessly since they got off the bus. She looked vivacious, and slightly strained already.

"Sure. *The* Ray," Jack said. "He's playing at the Stat."

That's a hotel, Morgan thought nervously. She hoped they wouldn't decide to go there. Didn't tables have to be reserved? And didn't you have to know headwaiters?

"I don't want to go down there," Roy said loudly, and Morgan realized he was uneasy too. "It's too—it's too cold. Let's beat it on over and warm up, hey?"

Pete looked relieved and said that'd be better probably, it *was* pretty cold.

Rumble of music and voices and shuffling feet came up the stairs to meet them as they descended to the dancing-floor level of the restaurant. The six-piece orchestra was mounted on a dais, and the tables were closely crowded.

"How delightful," Verna said, as they sat at a table granted them. No one replied. They sat, looking around, and were grateful when a waitress came to take their orders. The boys said they'd have beer. They let the girls order for themselves. Two orangeades.

"Well," said Pete. "Dig the femmes—orangeade, no less." He told a joke about the three college men in a bar, two of whom ordered Cokes and the third water, "because he had to *drive*." This was received in silence. Pete spun the ash tray with one finger. "Dance?" he said to Verna.

"*Love* to," she replied.

They rose and thrust themselves upon the field.

Roy shook his head and lit a cigarette. "Funny thing about me," he said, and paused.

"Yes?"

"Yeah. I just can't stand dancing. I've always been like that. Don't know why it is, but there you are."

Where? Morgan wondered. This was supposed to be a date *for* dancing. "Perhaps because you like to swim so much," she suggested, relieved at not having to get close to him as, if they danced, she would.

"That could be it," he approved. "I got my mind on a new sort of dive. My own version of the one-and-a-half gainer."

"Could you have a version? I mean, either it is a one-and-a-half gainer, or it isn't. I should think, anyway."

"Well, now, that's just where you'd be wrong." Roy leaned forward. He was going to explain, so she *would* know. Five minutes later, he was saying, "So there you are. Not exactly a one-and-a-half, but almost. See?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, I do."

Roy leaned back again. He lit another cigarette. "Ever been over to the St. George?"

Morgan shook her head.

"Tell you what. Let's you and there next week, O.K.?"

"But . . . what is it?"

"What is it? It's just the best dar pool in the city, that's what it is. everywhere. You'll love it."

No, I won't, she assured herself.

"Pick you up Saturday, Frida you say," Roy was telling her.

The idea of going anywhere at lank blond crane, much less to a he'd be mirrored all over the place, side him, was inconceivable. "I c

For a moment he looked as thou nounced she couldn't breathe. "He deliberated. "Really?"

"No."

HE blinked and rubbed the back "I could teach you . . . I suppose.

"I'm allergic to chlorine." How could you refuse without saying want to?

"That makes it hard," he said, ticeable regret.

Makes it impossible. "I'm afra admitted. She pulled orangeade t ored straws and wondered when Pete would return. She wondered how Ned and Julie were. *I wish I* she thought. *I wish I were home rea azine.* But the evening was not ha she was spending the night with V

Pete and Verna returned. "It *ful*," Verna was saying.

Pete hummed, sliding on easy be there de da da." He was graceful ion, when he danced. "Dance?" Morgan.

"Oh, I'd *love* to."

"Well?" Verna said.

They were back in the Herzog ap the bathroom. Morgan was washi It was one o'clock, and Mr. Herzo ing. Morgan lifted her shoulders, over her face.

"We had fun, didn't we?" Verna

"Oh, sure."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Verna. I'm tired."

Verna sank to the edge of the know what you're thinking. But gan, you have to go out once in a you? I like to have dates."

"Me too. It's just ——"

"Yes. But it's *always* just — sighed. "Anyway, we can tell Bett day that we went dancing."



"Sometimes I wonder why I married you, until I get a jar that won't open

vent on talking, in whispers, after they d. Verna fell asleep in the middle of a For a while, Morgan tried to think olin, but he evaded her, and she, too, p. Except for that one attempt, they e no mention of the evening past. The t could be said was that it was dull; that it was over. Verna would go on te, if he asked, because he was better ning. Morgan would not see Roy, be- hadn't asked again, and she consid- worse than nothing.

old you in school that all people were qual, but Ned thought it didn't take oking around to discover it wasn't so. re kids a few blocks away so unequal ent to camp two weeks in the summer. ve underprivileged?" he asked Mor-

are you talking about?"
t underprivileged. I could go to sum- p, maybe, if we were. Enough."
ooked at her brother without kind- ou don't have any pride, do you?"
mean if I could take my pick between d two weeks in the country, which take?"
t answer," Julie said, walking away. urned back to Morgan. "Maybe I e said, not regretfully.
well. One man's pride is another —" She hesitated.
ner camp?" Ned suggested.
n smiled, and then said, "Not in your ney. We're not poor, really. Not g to get benefits. We have a decent d enough food and clothes. There's l difference between being us with extra and being poor."
nodded. "I thought so. Maybe I like camp anyway."
be you'd get poison ivy."
. Or drowned. Could you come to see play?"
ing! A play? You didn't tell me."
elling you now. I'm a Wise Man. Do w the names of the three Wise Men?"
shook her head. "Well, I do. Mel- aspar and Balthazar."
you're marvelous. I'll bet you're the son on this block knows that."
hought this was probably so. "The xt Wednesday. Can you come?"
lnesday? Well, Wednesday's a — Oh, I'll play hooky. Pop can write

st say," Julie called out harshly, "you ice examples. Don't think that I care, I don't. I'm just saying."
an sighed unhappily. While she won- hat to answer, the phone rang. It was iller, inviting the three of them to her nt to eat doughnuts. "I made mounds today, Morgan, and you kids'll simply help me out. I thought since it was y you could let the homework go and round gorging for a while."
an said they'd love to and hung up. nors, even Dan, had got to know the though between Morgan and Tom nained a sort of tension that was not lly, but wary. They seldom spoke to er directly. Morgan wondered what ay if they were ever alone together. But at was not likely. Tom liked Ned and e rest of the Connors with him. Be- ere were college girls.

LLER was, as all the Connors had no- right and warm. His mother was like a lazing fire. Deep voice, enormous a crackling vitality that, in an hour, Connor exhausted. ("Oh, admirable," d in answer to a question from Mor- dmirable. Sort of wearing, though.") Miller opened to them. "Good evening, s all," he said. "How do you like the wfall?"
w?" Ned yelled. "We didn't know it wing." He ran toward the window.
Miller came out of the kitchen. "I hope all hungry. I have enough doughnuts feed an army."
I go out on the terrace?" Ned asked. Miller thought he could. "Come on, he first snowfall of the year. Let's all it."

They crowded onto the tiny terrace, into the cold blanched air. Snow spun and spiraled, falling more densely even as they watched. Julie leaned over, watching roofs on the building across the street whiten thinly. *It's going to stick*, she thought happily. Ned said it. "It's going to stick," he shouted. "We can have snow men and snow forts."

Morgan shivered and went back into the apartment. "Beautiful," she said as the others followed her in. "But cold."

"Julie," Mrs. Miller said, "how about helping me in the kitchen?"

Julie started slightly. She rose happily and followed the big woman.

Ned, who was helping or hindering Mr. Miller in the construction of a clipper-ship model, coaxed for a few minutes' work while they waited.

"It's in the bedroom," Mr. Miller explained to Morgan. "I work on an old table they won't let me bring in the living room. Would you excuse us? Unless you'd like to come along?"

Morgan shook her head. "Thanks. I'm fine here." She was peacefully fitted into a huge armchair with a finish smooth to the touch, quite unlike the frieze at home.

So, briefly, she and Tom were alone.

Outside, the snow fell, palely visible through dark shining windows. Within, silence fell, soft as the snow, with something of its coolness. Morgan's gaze moved about, lighting on the fine old rug, the smooth auburn finish of mahogany furniture. It was worn, but the wear came from age, not flimsiness.

"Ned tells me you go dancing a lot," Tom said. "You like to dance?"

"Isn't he funny?" she said with surprise. "I've been once in the last six months."

"Where'd you go? If I'm not too curious, that is?"

"To the ——" For a moment, she knew the temptations Betty had. It would be fun to say

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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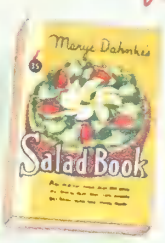
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"To the Stat," wouldn't it? A restaurant didn't seem a glamorous admission. But she told him where they'd gone. "I don't suppose you've ever been there?"

"There's lots of places I've never been, so don't hold it against me."

Suddenly Morgan laughed. "You haven't missed the opportunity of a lifetime, I assure you."

"That bad?"

"Oh no," she said, a little giddily, "not bad at all, really. But I was on a blind date and he didn't like me." Saying this made her feel quite superior to Roy and the entire evening. Tom grinned, and she went on happily, "If I'd grown a fishtail and swum into the fountain, he might have."

"You couldn't dance with a fishtail."

"He didn't dance anyway," she said triumphantly, and they yelled with laughter.

Oh, it was a wonderful feeling, laughing with Tom. It was being special, and luckier than anyone else. It was being happy. When Mrs. Miller came in with a tray of cider mugs, followed by Julie with a platter of doughnuts, Morgan and Tom were still finding things funny. As he got up to help his mother, Tom's eyes fixed for a moment on Morgan's and he smiled again. A different smile this time, no longer amused at her silly date, a smile just for her. *So that's it*, Morgan thought, floating into that sort of happiness she'd always imagined with Colin. This was what it was like to love without the help of a dream. *I'm in love*, she thought. *I can only sit here nibbling doughnuts, but I've just fallen in love.* She took deep silent breaths and looked at the floor, so no one should guess.

Later, Tom walked the three of them back through the basement. Julie was frankly tired, and Ned, vigorously protesting wakefulness, could scarcely keep his eyes open.

"I think the Millers keep your brother up too late," Tom said.

"No you don't," Ned said, lifting his lids heavily. "No you don't, Tom."

"He can sleep late in the morning," Morgan said as they reached the apartment. She looked around a little shyly. "It's been very nice."

Tom leaned, elbow on the doorjamb, head against his hand. "I have an idea, sort of."

"Have you?"

"Yup. Have you got some heavy clothes? Boots, or something?"

Morgan nodded slowly. "I have boots. Why?"

"Well, I thought that if you wanted to, you could get into some warm things and then come up with me while I got some, and we could take a walk in the snow. Do you like walking in the snow?"

"Oh, I love to," Morgan said, thankful that Julie couldn't hear through the closed bedroom door. "Or, I'll tell you. I'll get ready, and you go up and get your things, and then I'll meet you by the gate." Her voice was high with excitement.

"See you in ten minutes," Tom agreed.

SHE hurried into the bedroom. "Julie," she said to her sister, who was standing at the window, forehead on the cold pane, "Julie, I'm going for a walk with Tom. Not for long." She waited, expecting some outburst of elaborate unconcern. But Julie murmured something noncommittal and continued to stare at the night. Morgan pulled out a pair of boots, sat on the floor to tug them on. "I wish I had a nice jacket," she said mournfully. "I'll just have to put on a sweater and wear my coat." A beautiful red wool jacket would be so fine, and maybe a pair of fur mittens, like Betty's. How could you get a boy to like you if you went around dressed like something that had fallen off the hanger? She pulled on brown cotton gloves, put a kerchief on her hair, stood at the mirror to apply lipstick, and wished she looked delicate. She did not resemble anyone in the movies, as Betty, and Verna, could be fancied to. She didn't look like the women in the cigarette ads, or the girls in the love-story magazines. She didn't look like anyone but herself, and it was discouraging.

Tom was waiting by the great iron gates of the development. He wore a wonderful thick leather jacket, boots that clasped his trousers tightly round the ankle, and no hat. He came toward her through the falling snow, and Morgan realized that she liked everything about him. His voice, his gait, the remembered look of his smooth muscular arm: Colin had never been a figure for her, she had never known what his gestures would be, what he would wear. Tom was real. He was here.

He said, putting his key in the smaller door that fitted in the large gate, "I hate these things."

"What things?"

"These blasted gates. Who are they keeping out?"

"Why, I don't know," Morgan said with surprise. She'd never thought of the gates one way or the other. They swung back by day, were locked at night, and you had to have a key to go through the door if you came in after nine. "Strange people, perhaps?"

"Who's strange? Is there anybody so valuable in there?" he asked, waving toward the red brick buildings they were leaving.

"I don't know," Morgan said again. "If there is," she added, "it's not the Connors. We'd be more likely to get locked out than in."

Tom looked at her sideways with an odd expression—gentle, and even, she decided hesitantly, protective. She yielded to the warm delight of being so looked at, and walked along smiling softly to herself.

For a while nothing more was said. The snow, with soft inexorable accuracy, was finding, filling, covering every crevice, every plane, every step and doorway. It sifted airily against Morgan's face, and Tom's.

It wasn't cold, but cool, vibrant, delicate. "It's marvelous," Morgan said, breathing deeply. "I'll bet even your old gates will have peaks of snow."

"I guess I sounded pretty silly. But I burn at things like that. Locking gates so everyone will know the development is sacred to people who can pay the rent. It's symbolic of the sort of thing that goes on all over the world. In this case it's just sort of ludicrous, since half the people who are locked out money than the ones who get all t tion. Mr. Rasche, the grocer, lives store and it's no palace, and he cou all. But . . . generally. You know?" with the utter outrage at injustice young people can summon.

"My father says he recognized th wrongs and settled down to live v long ago."

"That's a criminal attitude."

"Such a silly thing to say about m Morgan answered softly. "I'm sort up. I thought you were a phys. ed. m

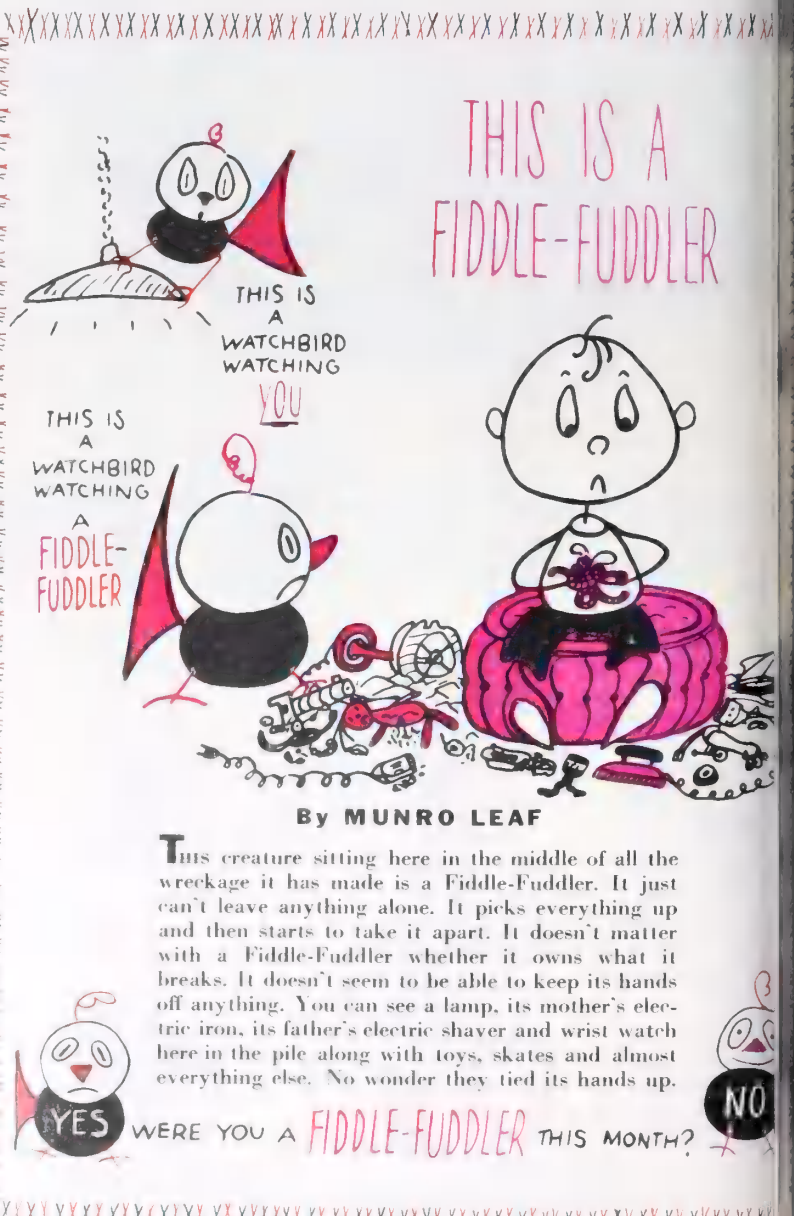
"Heck no. Economics. But even the point. A phys. ed. major can be ju scious of things as anyone else. I about it, don't you see, Morgan?"

MORGAN, aware only of his voice name, nodded fervently.

"People have *got* to care," he sa "There's something wrong when yo kids that don't have enough to eat and old people staring all day at the cause they've got nothing else to do, people scared of what they'll have to

"Well, yes, there's something w right," Morgan said slowly. This wa what she'd expected them to be sayi walked in the snow. But where To was willing to follow. She was even to make an effort at understanding, never been with her father. "But w does *my* caring do? I can't change t And neither can you."

Tom stopped walking. He put a Morgan's arm, turning her toward thought that I wouldn't, somehov little, change the world—I'd see no living at all." His hand fell away arm. Morgan could feel the light pres but knew he'd been unaware of touc They walked on, shooting the snow dery wings before their feet.



By MUNRO LEAF

THIS creature sitting here in the middle of all the wreckage it has made is a Fiddle-Fuddler. It just can't leave anything alone. It picks everything up and then starts to take it apart. It doesn't matter with a Fiddle-Fuddler whether it owns what it breaks. It doesn't seem to be able to keep its hands off anything. You can see a lamp, its mother's electric iron, its father's electric shaver and wrist watch here in the pile along with toys, skates and almost everything else. No wonder they tied its hands up.


Lucky Baby
h's Mommy uses
JOHNSON'S
BY POWDER
ot t, smoothest, *silkiest* powder in
ne orld. A few sprinkles at each
ia change will chase away prick-
es d chafes . . . keep *your* baby
or , happy. Sixty years of use
as *proved* its quality and purity.


"What do you want to be?" Morgan said.

"A teacher."

"You mean a college professor?"

He smiled. "I haven't thought that far. It just seems to me that teaching is the only way to reach people, to make them *understand*."

"Isn't it funny that you're so good at sports?" she mused. "Ned says you're on the track team and everything."

"Not 'and everything.' The track team. What's funny about it? Will you tell me how this idea got around that if you study you can't tell the difference between a lacrosse stick and a butterfly net?"

"What's a lacrosse stick?"

Tom laughed. "In other words, you study?"

"I don't study *or* know the difference."

"I see. A compromiser. Well, a lacrosse stick is ——" He stopped and drew one in the soft snow with his finger. The outline didn't take very well.

"Lacrosse is a game?"

"A form of murder, actually."

"Do you play?"

"I have. Running's better. You can jog along, thinking about things."

"I thought you had to run fast. You can't jog fast."

"I'm a distance runner."

"Oh. Do you always win?"

"I never win," he said cheerfully. "I bring up the rear, to be sure no one's lost."

"Let's run now," Morgan said suddenly. "Come on, Tom." And she ran down the street, snow crunching beneath her boots, snow dashing wildly in her face and eyes. Her breath felt like slivers, she was warm, and her heart beat furiously. She looked sideways, to see Tom trot idly up beside her, his arms crooked lightly.

He grinned at her. "Lift your knees. You're running like a girl," he said, with no gasping of breath.

"How should I run?" she puffed. But she watched the easy pumping of his legs, and began to lift her knees higher. "Oh, gosh, I can't," she said, stopping, her breath coming in huge gulps. The snow fell between them as they stood, looking at each other and laughing.

After Morgan left, Julie went in to see that Ned was in bed. He was. He was already sound asleep. She turned off all but one dim light, and went back to get ready for bed herself. *Morgan's happy*, she thought. Well, it was probably nice for Morgan. If only that kind of happiness, the kind girls got from being with boys, weren't so . . . private. It made Julie a little lonesome, a little jealous. She sat in the big chair and tried to read, but it wasn't the same with Morgan gone. The room seemed stiller, like a place that waited for another presence. She held the book on her lap and watched the white snow sift against the window.

When her father came in, she ran to meet him.

"What're you doing up?" he whispered, with a glance at Ned. He hung his damp coat in the bathroom. "Where's Morgan?"

"Out walking in the snow."

"Is she crazy?" He almost forgot to keep his voice down. "What's either one of you thinking, to let her go walking around this time of night by herself?"

"She's not by herself. She's with Tom Miller."

"Oh." He hesitated in obvious surprise. "I see." They walked into the kitchen, where Julie began to heat milk for her father's before-bed cocoa. On the sideboard was a sandwich wrapped in wax paper. She put it on a plate. "Why don't you have part?" he offered.

"I'll just have cocoa, pop."

They stood at the sideboard, swallowing the hot drinks.

"Tom's a pleasant fellow," Mr. Connor said, turning his sandwich around in absent inspection. He bit into it.

"We went up to the Millers' for doughnuts tonight."

"You did? That's nice. Funny to think of Morgan walking in the snow. She's such an indoor girl usually."

"I suppose this isn't usually." Julie shrugged. "I'm glad you're home," she added softly.

"Well, so'm I, honey."

They idled through the little washing up, exchanging slow comments. Neither admitted that they were waiting for Morgan to get home.

Morgan fell asleep with a nursery rhyme, slightly modified, in her mind. *Tom, Tom, the Millers' son*, she hummed to herself, *Tom, Tom, the Millers' son, stole my heart and away he run. . . .*

Up the iron stairway went the costumed children, up and up to the lofty assembly room with its stage, its flag, its decrepit piano, its ageless musty schoolhouse odor. A towering Christmas tree was strung with popcorn garlands, paper ornaments, silver stars. It was lighted, sparsely but beautifully, and its forest breath filled the children, and the teachers, with heady excitement.

As the pupils filed in some of them ignored the waiting rows of parents at the back of the room, but most looked eagerly for the familiar face. There were occasional called greetings from smaller children. The older ones contented themselves with short nods, fleeting smiles. Ned, having made sure of her, did not look at Morgan again.

Miss Applejoy, the music teacher, stood at the piano, swept the children into silence with her eyes, sat down, hands high. The principal strode onto the stage, smiling peaceably at his children, nodded to Miss Applejoy, whose hands fell upon the cracked, yellowed keys.

"Oh-oh, saay can you-oo seee!" the children sang, straining their young pipes, following the amiably swinging arms of the principal who had, without knowing a note of music, successfully led thousands of children through The Star-Spangled Banner.

The singing concluded, a deep murmurous thunder ensued. Then the pupils, the teachers, the parents were seated. The principal explained that the fourth grade would present a brief Christmas pageant. He left the stage. There was a moment of utter silence, then Miss Applejoy began to play softly, with strange beauty, on the old piano. "O little town of Bethlehem," the children sang clearly, sweetly, as the curtain drew back.

There was the stable, and there within it Mary, in blue, bending over the cradle; Joseph, with a staff, standing beside her. Shepherds moved about, holding white lambs, and above them hung the shining star.

The children's voices hushed, and from the wings came the vibrant ringing voice of a boy, and Ned came walking with slow steps, in a robe of green, a crown of gilt, a little scarlet box held out before him.

"*Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume*
Breathes a scent of gathering gloom——"

he sang in an unshadowed treble, a choir voice, bird's voice, the beautiful voice of a young boy. Morgan closed her eyes and felt the warm tears slide through.

The fifth grade and the sixth greeted Christmas. The audience joined in carols. The Christmas program was over. When Ned had shed his costume, he met Morgan in the hall and they started home. Outside, cold clamped immediately at their ankles, their faces. The schoolyard was sanded, and puddles, iced solid, were black irregular traceries flung over depressions in the ground.

"How'd you like it, Morgy?" Ned asked.

"I think it was—you were—wonderful," she said, knowing how little that said what she thought, and knowing Ned would not want more. It was the Christmas holiday, and Ned was joyous, not tender.

"Oh, swell," he replied with satisfaction, and the words that were not said, the love that was not expressed, were nothing to a boy with Christmas and two weeks of vacation ahead of him.

Ned, from the first of December, marked off days on the calendar. Today he took up his crayon and drew a mark through December twenty-third.

"There," he said. "That's done."

"The day isn't," Julie remarked.

"Well, it's as good as is," Ned replied imperturbably. "When will Morgan get back so we can go get the tree?"


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"Pretty soon. She had to bring—take—her presents up to Verna and Betty."

"What'd she get them?"

"A little wooden hatstand with a doll's face on it for Betty, and six love stories for Verna. She read them first."

"What sappy presents. What'd you get Morgy?" Ned asked persuasively.

"I'm not going to tell."

"Ah, Julie—c'mon. *I'm* not going to tell."

"You bet your life you're not."

"But it's more fun. Stretches it out, you know. I'll tell what I got for her."

"I don't want you to tell. Anyway, I can guess."

Ned looked stunned. "What do you mean? *How* could you guess?"

"Because," Julie said, "you ——" She stopped. What was it in her that wanted to torment Ned? She wanted to say that every year brought the same things in Ned's little parcels. A calendar pasted on red drawing paper, a bit of colored rag for sticking pins in, a cardboard bookmark. She hesitated, looking at him, and turned away.

"I what?" he persisted.

"Always want to know things," Julie said flatly. "I bet you even peek in the closet."

"I do not," Ned shrieked. "I do not, and you know it, Julie."

SHE did know it. Ned was quite easily honest. He'd tease and delight himself with speculations about the closet. He'd never open it. "I opened it one year," she said scornfully.

"Oh, Julie, you *didn't*."

"Oh, Julie, I *did*."

"But did you see everything?"

"I took it all out and looked." She sounded cold and defiant, determined to make herself and her crime fully known.

"When? When did you do that?"

"Oh, long ago. You were just a baby."

"Did anything happen?"

"It depends on what you mean by happen. I had a horrid Christmas, that's all. Nobody found out or anything." She was suddenly downcast, remembering her ridiculous squeals of surprise, and how hard it had been to go on pretending surprise. She remembered the way her mother had watched her. "I think mother knew," she said.

"Mothers know everything," Ned told her sentimentally.

"I don't know about that." Julie picked up a book. "I want to read, Ned. Think of something to do."

Ned went into the kitchen for bread and butter, walked to the window. In the street, sunlight glistened on patches of ice, and a man, carrying an enormous tree, was followed by a little group of children. They didn't speak and they looked cold. "We won't get a big one," Ned said, but Julie didn't answer. He went on staring out the window till Morgan came in.

"Hi, everybody," she called, standing just inside the door, packages in her arms, her cheeks and eyes shining with cold. "It's simply *awful* out. Like the steppes of Amazon."

"You mean Asia," Julie said. She got up. "Want me to help?" She took some brown paper grocery packages into the kitchen.

"What's that?" Ned said happily, gesturing toward two tissue-wrapped boxes.

"They're for me, greedy. From Verna and Betty."

"Do you know what's in them?"

Morgan laughed and ran to the bedroom to put them away. "I got a turkey," she said, coming back to the kitchen. "And nuts and olives and cranberry sauce, and ——"

"What are we going to cook a turkey in?" Julie interrupted. "We haven't got a roasting pan big enough for a turkey."

"Mrs. Miller is lending us one. I was up there for—for a little while, and she said she would. Tom's going to bring it down."

"Did we get Tom a present?" Ned said. "I mean, I made him one, and Mr. and Mrs. Miller. But did you two?"

"Well, I didn't," Julie said. "At least, not Tom. Will this fit in the icebox?"

"Take out one of the shelves," Morgan said. "Did you for Mr. and Mrs. Miller?"

"Yes." She'd borrowed from her father, and the cats would wait another week.

"That was nice of you, Julie." Morgan was darting delighted glances at her sister, and her voice had a heady ring of delight that to Ned was the Christmas spirit finally gathering itself in their house.

Packages continued to pour from the bags. A bottle of green olives with red centers—Christmas colors—a cellophane bag of walnuts to crack, a bunch of white thick celery. Everything was cold to touch, everything was brilliantly beautiful. *She must have bought Julie's present*, Ned thought. *That's why she keeps looking at her that way.* Julie didn't seem to notice as she stored food away.

The doorbell rang; Ned ran to let Tom in.

It was Christmas Eve, after dinner. Ned was in the bedroom, with the door open, wrapping his gifts. Caroling filled the apartment, and Ned thought it was nice to hear his father's low voice now and then through the music.

ROLL CALL IN EDEN

BY VONNA HICKS ADRIAN

"And whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. —Genesis 2:19

Lord God bade Adam call, call,
Call every creature by its name . . .
Lion, Leopard, Lamb,
Circling round the Tree they came;
Up from Tigris swam
Crocodile to hear his name.

They frolicked round the fruited Tree
And Leopard nuzzled Lamb. The plush
Of Tiger's striped flank
Met Zebra's there . . . until a hush
Chilled the circling rank,
Chilled the bloom on vine and bush:

***Serpent!* rang the call, call,**
***Serpent!* . . . Through the shuddering leaves**
Slid Serpent, smiling to foresee
Red rage in Rhino's eye, and fall
Of blood on emerald grass
Beneath the ruby-fruited Tree.

"I'm going out for a bit." That was Julie. Ned looked up from the intricacies of her present. Why would she be going out tonight?

"Julie, where would you go tonight?" Morgan said. "It's Christmas Eve."

"That's why. I'm going over to the church for a little bit."

"The church?" Morgan repeated. "Well, that's nice." She seemed rather at a loss.

"They put the baby in the cradle tonight," Julie explained. "I've been watching them move the shepherds and the Magi closer and closer. Tonight the baby goes in and I want to see it."

"I didn't know you were doing that."

"How could you?" There was the sound of the closet door opening as Julie got her coat. "I didn't tell you." A pause. "Would anyone like to come?"

"I'll go with you," Ned called. He shoved his two unwrapped gifts under Morgan's pillow and went into the living room. "Don't look under your pillow, Morgy. I'll finish when we get back."

"You really want to come?" Julie asked.

"Sure, I'd like to go in a church."

"It's good to go to church on Christmas," Dan mused. "The Birth seems to have got trampled in the market place."

"What?" Morgan said.

"Christmas. The merchants' bona other hundred years of this and th remember who the Christ Child was

"Let's go, huh?" Ned said.

The church was two blocks aw corner. Its windows were luminous hued color and they seemed, from a through the snow, to float like g tapestries. Nearer, gray stone walls substance and the large carved doo open as a group of people came out

"Take your hat off," Julie whisper entered.

"Oh, sure." He snatched at it, stuff his pocket. "What do we do now?"

"We just wait a minute. Till thos near the crèche are gone."

"What's a crèche?"

"The stable, with Mary and Josepl cattle."

"I know. Like we had at school."

The church was musky, candlelit, mysterious with shadowed places. Ned up at the ceiling, which was lost in He was surprised to find that the seemed, from inside, unlighted. That cause the night pressed at them out t somehow he'd imagined that church would shine from both sides. It n almost white light about the stab brighter, having the walls so dark. stood behind the rows of pews, a began to play *Adeste fidelis*.

Julie shivered a little and lifted h She walked softly toward the side a down to the stable, Ned following.

The little figures of the Magi, mou camels, were at the stable entrance were clustered overhead. Joseph and M the shepherds were within, with a cow lambs close to the cradle. But the Baby lie in the plaster straw.

"He isn't there," Ned said unhappi

Julie didn't answer. She looked snow-powdered crèche, noting the cl position of each figure. Then she si can't understand. When does He go

"Just before Mass," said a voice, and they turned to an old person who had moved up beside the

"What Mass?" Julie asked.

"Midnight. But the singing starts a and just before the singing, the nuns Baby in."

"I see. Thank you," Julie said. She lieved that the woman went on then, at the altar. She didn't like to talk to p a church where they belonged, for fea know she did not.

"But that's more than two hour Julie. We can't wait."

"No, I suppose not." They conti study the stable, the Christmas hos said, "Ned, let's sit in one of the pew

"What for?"

"Listen to the music, maybe."

NED hesitated. "O.K. It's nice here."

"Yes. I like a church." They sl consciously into a nearby pew, look to see if anyone was watching. They kneel. Just sat back rather stiffly.

The organ continued to sing in the air. The children recognized carols, many of the hymns. Ned wondered music could be heard out on the snow He shifted a little on the hard seat. Ju her eyes on the white, lace-hung altar. candles and the arabesques of gold did it all mean—the music and the the gold and the shadows, the blood- candle cups? Transfixed, Julie stared altar as though it might yield up its to her, if her eyes were steady. *I wan good* she thought. *Most of all, over eve I want to be good.* The way saints ha good, or the Knights of Arthur's Table *pure, and kind, and never wrong*, she th *Like them.*

"Julie," Ned whispered, "I'm getti sitting here."

At home, Dan greeted them happ though they'd been gone a long time. nice?" he asked.

"Neat," Ned answered. "Only Jesus in the cradle. He goes in about eleven Only we couldn't wait."

of course not." Dan looked at his daughter. "Perhaps, if you wanted to, l walk over then, Julie?"

ook her head. "No. No, I guess not."

d her gaze to Dan's and said thought- 's funny that you can't keep a feeling, I mean, you can feel something so nd then in a little while all you can er is that you did feel it."

aid to Julie, "Sometimes, honey, the ng that saves us is not being able to eeling. Emotions can be very strong, alting, very sad. Besides, emotions ck. Others come." He lifted his eye- Anyway, when you're young, they do."

an, detecting sadness, said quickly, ouldn't we hang some stockings? On ccase or something?"

ey did that, and lit the tree, and then ved the cot into the bedroom so Ned t see them putting his presents under stmas tree.

ristmas morning, Julie, opening her r from Ned, her pen-and-pencil set copy of Yeats from her father, her chief from Anna Marie, tried not to at there did not seem to be a present r sister. *Oh, it'll be there*, she assured *It's little, probably, so I haven't noticed* listened to Ned shriek with pleasure e new screw driver with alternating the plaid wool shirt, the little garage cars, the bathtub boat. The pile of s beneath the tree dwindled, and Julie feel a hurtful pressure in her throat. Morgan couldn't just forget?

oorbell rang.

ry Christmas, everyone," said Tom, in with a white-and-green hatbox held before him. "Merry Christmas."

his big brother," said a voice, and a lder version of Tom was with them.

yeah. This is my brother, Geoff," id. "These are the Connors, Geoff. nd Morgan, and Julie and Ned."

smiled. "I asked to come, too, to meet ous Connors."

we famous?" Ned asked.

rtain circles," Geoff told him.

t's in that box, Tom?" Ned asked.

e of yours, young fellow." Tom over and stood before Julie. "Miss eetings from your sister." And he laid at her feet.

bit her lip and looked at Morgan. "I— ——"

n it, darling," Morgan said.

knelt to undo the ribbon. Her hands motionless as she spied the punched the cover, and once more she looked r sister. "Is it ——" Quickly, she un- ribbon, pulled the cover away. The at in the middle of the bottom of the nking young blue eyes. She was gray, ost a Persian. Julie knelt, not speaking, ching the kitten.

she beautiful?" Ned cried. He toward her. "Julie, don't you like her? n't you say something?"

dy, let Julie pick her up first."

reached into the box and lifted her warm and slightly purring. It fitted her hands, soft as a boll of cotton on nch. It licked her finger briefly, then s chin on her thumb.

re did you get her, Morgan?" Julie rapt voice.

t in a bid for her ages ago. This woman the laundry told me her cat was having She's seven weeks old now."

ppose she'll miss her mother," Ned We'll have to be very kind to her. Say, e you going to name her, Julie?"

her Tammany," Tom said.

shook his head. "This is a lady, Tom. ould have a ladylike name. Mitzi,

could call her Dinah," Mr. Connor you promise not to disappear through king glass."

," Julie said. "Only I'm not at all like o I don't think I could use her cat's She looked at Morgan. "It's the . . . t present in the world, Morgan."

got up, holding the kitten which pleased to go on nestling in her hands. ame is Amy."

"Now that really is a ladylike name," Tom approved. "Suits her just right." He settled down beside Ned and the little garage. "*Say*, look at this, Geoff."

"Christmas doesn't really last any longer than any other day, does it?" Ned said that night. He was in his pajamas, running an elaborate sand dumper that Mrs. Miller had given him. Julie was in the kitchen with a pan of shredded newspaper, teaching Amy to be housebroken. Morgan was slumped in a chair, doing nothing. She said, in answer to Ned's remark, that she was very glad it didn't. "Why?" he asked indignantly.

"Because . . . it's beautiful and it's fun, but I get all worn out."

"Morgan," he told her, tipping a bucket of sand into his truck, "you're getting old, or something. Last year when I said that, you said it *should* last longer, and we could take some away from the next day, remember?"

"Was that what I said? Well, I guess I am getting older. Seventeen in February."

"That's not so terribly old." He sat back, clasping his knees. "Morgy, you won't . . . get married or anything like that, will you? I mean, what would happen to *us*, if you did?"

"Hold on. What started this?"

Ned lifted his shoulders. "I asked Geoff how old that girl is that he was going to marry ——"

"*Neddy!*"

"Oh, he didn't mind. Anyway, he says he isn't going to marry her, it was a—a . . . well, I forget exactly, but something he's gotten over, so I said how old was she if he was going to marry her, and he said she was twenty-one. They parted the best of friends," he added thoughtfully.

"He certainly seemed happy."

"He's a nice guy. Not as nice as Tom, of course."

"No," Morgan said, smiling to herself. "Not that nice." She looked at Ned. "Did you tell Tom I wanted a charm bracelet?"

"Yeah. Wasn't that all right? He asked what you wanted, so I told him."

"It was fine. I just wondered." She twisted the bracelet gently round her wrist. Not one he'd bought with all the charms attached but a silver link chain with all different charms fastened on. Including a tiny gold track shoe that Tom had got, as he said, not for distinguished running but for perseverance. The bracelet jingled softly as she moved her arm.

"But you won't, will you?" Ned persisted. "Get married?"

"Not ever, darling?"

"Well . . . not till I do. Then it'll be all right."

Morgan, about to make some light reply, saw his face and changed her mind. "I expect I won't," she told him. When he asked for unimportant things—éclairs for dessert, a movie—Ned was often hesitant. He let no doubt delay him with that which really mattered.

It rained on her birthday. When she came out of school, Morgan found the marble lobby streaked with wet dirt, acrid with the odor of damp clothing. She hunched in her coat at the head of the broad flight of stone stairs leading to the street and eyed the straight-falling rain. Reluctantly, she started down.

AT the curb, a short way up the street, a little bright blue coupé glistened perkily in the rain, and as she approached the door opened and Tom jumped out.

"Morgan, hurry," he said. "Get in."

She stood, too astonished to move.

"Come on, come on. It's wet out here," he urged, and propelled her into the small front seat. He ran around and got in the other side. "There now," he said, turning to her proudly. "What do you think of this?"

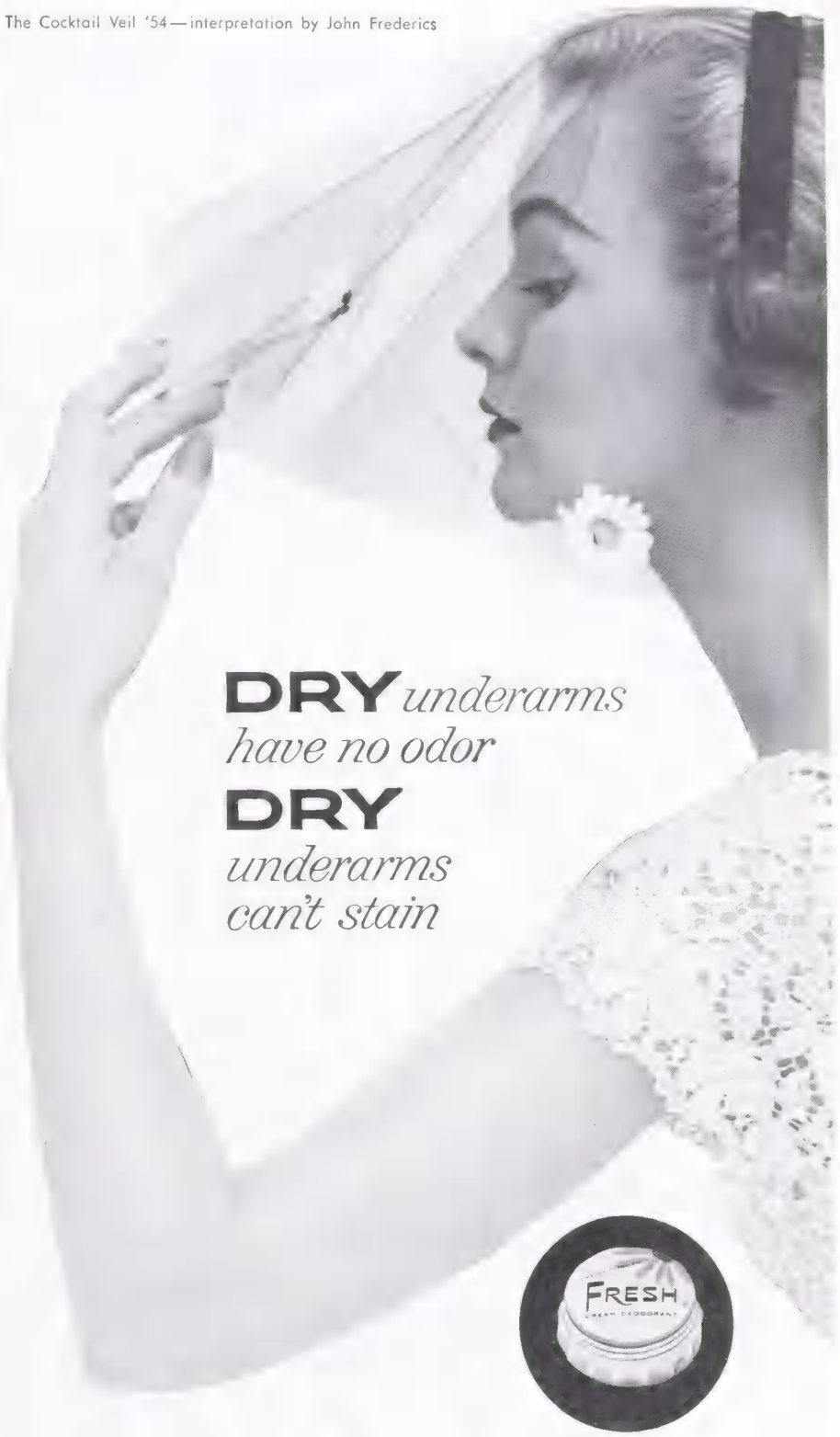
"But . . . where did you get it?"

"It's mine. I did it with my little playground. Didn't you ever hear of anyone saving money before?" he grinned.

"I never knew anyone who bought a car before," she answered slowly. It seemed a tremendous thing to have done. "It's all yours?"

"And paid for. Also, I have a license. Isn't she beautiful?" He peered through the windshield, started the motor so the wipers would

The Cocktail Veil '54—interpretation by John Frederics



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swing. There was no heater and it was cold. But not so cold as outside, and dry, with the delicious protection of a little place snugly secure from the elements. Everything, even the dashboard, was painted bright blue. Hand-painted. The gear shift sprang in a slender shaft from the floor and had a large red-and-white dice cube for its handle.

"Well?" said Tom.

"I don't know what to say," Morgan answered. "I just . . . it's marvelous."

"You're the first person to see it."

"You mean you haven't told anyone else?"

"Oh, sure, I told the family. But you get the first ride. Where do you want to go?"

"Let's drive along the river. Would that be all right?"

"Anywhere you say." He put the car in gear, steered into the street.

Morgan looked out eagerly, to see if anyone she knew would spy her here, being driven off in an automobile. Verna was absent. Betty was playing basketball. She sighed and turned to Tom with a smile. "I was hoping someone would see me."

"We'll give them other chances," he said. "Lucky it was raining today, so I didn't have to work."

"And I was just thinking how awful it was to rain on my birthday."

"You see. Never judge hastily. Happy birthday, Morgy." He took one hand off the steering wheel, fumbled in his pocket, and thrust a little package at her.

"Hey, watch where you're going," she cried.

Tom swerved away from the sidewalk. "Don't get nervous. I can drive fine."

"I know you can. At least, I'm sure you can." She glanced down at her present. "Shall I open it?"

"Sure." He turned east, heading for the river.

The present was another charm. A tiny car which had been carefully painted blue. "Oh, Tom, it's *darling*." She turned it around, examining its minute details. "Who painted it? You?"

"Yup."

She giggled. "You did a better job here than you did on the real thing."

"I didn't paint this," Tom said, waving a hand. "It came this way."

"Well, I'm glad it did. I like it."

"Me too. Let's call it Bluebird."

"All right. The first ride in Bluebird."

They'd reached the river now. It swam along beside them, broad, brown, wrinkled and dartled with the driving rain.

"I'm glad I found you this afternoon. It was sort of a chance. I waited nearly an hour."

"You did, Tom? That was very nice."

Now the piers and the docks, the warehouses began. Tom turned onto a vacant, two-storied pier, rumbled over the wooden floor and stopped near the edge. Rain beat against the windshield, so that the scene before them blurred. The two great bridges, Brooklyn and Williamsburg, emerged from shadows.

"This is only the second time I've been in a car," Morgan said, leaning her head back against the seat. She was conscious of the cold now, of her wet ankles, and the clammy interior of the coupé. But she wouldn't mention that in Tom's moment of acquisition and pride.

"Is it?" he said. "That's odd."

"Why odd? I'll bet there are people who've never been in one at all."

"When was the other time? That you rode in one?"

"Oh, ages ago. A friend of mine, Kitty McMahon, her family moved to Jersey and they bought a car. They took me out in it one day before they left. Anyway, I think you're terribly smart to have gotten one, Tom."

He smiled and put his arm over the back of the seat, not quite touching her head. Never before had they been alone, except for the night they walked in the snow. Never, as Morgan thought now, in a place where they could sit still, and talk, or —— She think of anything to say; she didn't move, for fear he'd take away his a breathed softly, staring ahead at the the blue dashboard.

Morgan wondered what he was about, sitting so quietly, with his ar but not quite, touching her. *If I shou head back, a little bit*, she thought, *touched his coat sleeve, what woul* He had a nice profile. A handsome, b a mouth that was nicely shaped. A talking, and for—except he never kissing. At least, he'd never kissed had a moment of anguished jealousy ing who might have been held tig arms, against his chest, who might ha the softness of his mouth. Suppose s her head back and he turned, so eyes were very close, looking over ea faces . . . then would his arm tight shoulder, and would he bend to would he kiss her?

Softly, shyly, she leaned her head gave her a quick, smiling, sideway and turned back to the river. Rat Morgan sat up.

"Cold?" he asked.

With another person, or if Mo been a different person, she might yes, might have snuggled against hin how cold she was. But Morgan cou that. She c shake her h wonder if notice she w one except ter. *We're friendly*, she bitterly.

"Look," "Let me put on your brac held her wri steadily, and bled with t "Hold still, he said, an with deter fitted the lit the silver cha



Morgan felt as though she were f warm pulsing wool. *Tom*, she cried *please, Tom.* But, of course, said no leaned back wearily when he'd finis

"I suppose we should get back," making no move to start the car. through the tear-spattered windshie warships across the river. "There they said. "There they wait."

"What waits, Tom?"

"The war. Its ships and its purpose. destroyers? Put in for repairs. The a few days off. Then off they go, sh What do you think we're doing?"

"Us?"

"Not us. Well, us too. But every can't plan anything, any more. Th know, most of them don't count on We go to school, or get jobs, but it contingencies. All just waiting, you

She nodded, and then what he w crystallized. "Tom, are you goin drafted?" she cried.

He seemed moved at her desperate ence to all fates except his. But he also, and rather thoughtfully, surpris not just me—I—you know. It's ever

"I know, I know, but you're wh about," she said frantically, not sto think how she sounded. "I don't *wa* be a soldier, to be killed."

"Morgan," he said urgently, "don don't talk this way." He looked at he then softly, then perplexedly. "To be I probably won't be drafted. Not finished school. It's just—I was trying you understand ——"

Morgan dropped her eyes, and si know. Pop tries to make me underst I guess I'm just not bright."

"Don't *say* things like that. You a gent, and that's why it's wrong that y seem to know how important it is t stand what's happening in the world a few soldiers and the people of anoth try. We're *in* this. All of us."

ss we are," she said dully. Her face
with the recollection of what she'd
in her fear of having him go. It was
orse to have it overlooked than it
ave been to have him speak of it.
back," she said.
ninute. Look, Morgan, don't be sad."
ot."
you are. And I don't want you to be.
use of me." She didn't reply, so he
ver and took her hands in his. The
jangled softly.

AN, with the sort of prescience she had
s feelings, realized that Tom was try-
y he loved her, and could not. She
oment of distaste for herself. He was
kind and honest. He was Tom, try-
arnedest to help her, and she wasn't
ither of them. *Well*, she thought, *I'll*
ybe, someday —— She looked up and
a very respectable smile. "I'll start
newspapers," she said. "Tomorrow.
y, because it's my birthday."
eased her hands with a lightened ex-
, as though she had delivered them
m torment. As they drove off the
hollow wooden floor rumbling under
es, the street lights went on. They
ike huge floating dandelions in the
the mist from the river.

was at Anna Marie's, where they'd
afternoon doing homework. "I guess
r go," she said, closing her books. She
ut the window. "It's raining."
sure. It's been raining all afternoon."
arie, softly blond, looked at her thin
You know, Julie, if you go on frown-
way, you'll get creases in your fore-
hat?"
en you won't be pretty."
n't be anyway. What difference does
?"
ll sometime. Besides, you'll probably
y in a few years. One of those coltish
me boys like them."
you going to start that too?"
which?"
boy, boy, boy thing. It honestly seems
I hear any more."
, Julie, you reach a certain age, you
t's sort of unavoidable, I'm told. Do
t to be a girl Peter Pan?"
dly," Julie said stiffly.
now, don't get mad. I was fooling,
Anna Marie studied Julie, added, "I
s subnormal not to like boys."
ormal. Maybe it is. Maybe I will,
." Julie looked rather sadly around,
Anna Marie. "Of course, if you do—
ing them, I mean—that'll be sort of
hard on me. I'll have to catch up, I suppose. Or just not see you."

"In the first place, liking them and getting to go out with them are two different things," Anna Marie said soothingly. "And in the second place, what would it have to do with us and homework and all?"

"I'm not sure. But it isn't the same. Girls who like boys have to be talking about it all the time. I don't propose to be one of those girls giggling in groups and sending anonymous valentines and calling boys on the phone and then hanging up when they answer."

"That's a very confused sentence."

"Well, I'm a very confused person."

Anna Marie laughed. "You know what my father says? That the eleventh commandment is, 'Thou shalt not take thyself too seriously.'"

"Did he say it about me?"

"No, but that's a perfect example of what he meant."

Julie, reluctantly, had to smile. "I have to go," she repeated. "It's Morgy's birthday, and pop said he'd buy her a cake and candles before he left. I have to fix them."

In the street, she put up her shabby umbrella, clutched her books beneath the other arm, and started home.

Amy came to the door when she entered the apartment. The kitten skittered over slippery linoleum on her small wide pads, then sat at Julie's feet, her pink mouth open in a series of mewings that might have meant anything. Julie took them to mean dismay over a long separation. She shed her dripping clothes, accidentally sprinkled Amy, who retreated.

"Come on," Julie said, kneeling. "Here puss, Amy."

The kitten advanced delicately, a smoke of fur and whiskers. She came almost within reach of Julie's fingers, then turned and ran up the back of a chair. But Julie coaxed and wheedled, and eventually Amy succumbed. She even followed when Julie went into the kitchen to stick candles in the store cake.

"You're my little fur love," Julie told her aloud, and Amy made some answer to the low voice.

Ned was having what he called the "chicken pops." Morgan sank to the edge of his cot and patted his leg. "How do you feel, love?"

"Itchy." He scowled. "Julie says I look like a cannibal."

"Caliban," Julie corrected.

"It's the same thing, isn't it?" Morgan asked absently, straightening the covers. She didn't see Julie's expression, but looked up at the tone of her voice.

"Honestly," Julie was saying, "I think it's amazing to have such hideous gaps in anybody's information. How could you not know who Caliban was?"

Morgan exhaled a long breath into the air above her. "It seems to me that all I hear on all sides is how ignorant I am." She looked at Julie. "How in the world can I start learning all these things now? It's too late."

"You could begin," Julie said, "by resisting that sort of reading." She indicated Morgan's love story with her head.

Morgan smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Some other time, Julie. My resistance is low today." The three of them laughed.

But Morgan, looking at Ned's afflicted face, thought, *I'll never be good enough, or smart enough, or anything enough for Tom. I just can't begin reading, and caring about all the things he cares about.* After their first ride in Bluebird, she had tried, really tried. She'd sat down with her father's Times and looked from one headline to the next. But she hadn't heard of half the people, didn't know what the references were, didn't care what these people thought about anything. Only what Tom thought—that was all.

She was house-cleaning. A rag wrapped around her hair, an old cotton dress and a thin sweater, another rag in her hand. She left Ned and returned to the kitchen, where she was scrubbing down the shelves. Julie was "turning out the bedroom."

"Morgy?"

Morgan looked around. "What is it, Julie?" She sat back on her heels to wring out the rag over a pail of soapy water.

Julie, her face smudged and frowning, came into the kitchen. "My head is full of dust. It feels like an old attic. Not the kind with trunks full of glamour, the kind with bats. Dead bats."

"Well, sit for a bit."

"You're going to be awfully tired for Verna's party tonight."

"If there is one."

Julie lifted her eyebrows. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Verna's father. I guess he didn't go away or something. Poor Verna."

"What a crumb he must be," Julie said crossly. "Spoils everything. I'm glad we don't have that to put up with." For a moment they thought lovingly of their own father. "Is this our spring house cleaning, I hope?" Julie went on. "I'd sure hate to do it again very soon. You do pick the silliest times to clean, with Ned sick and a date tonight. Why don't we stop, and do the rest some other time?"

Morgan continued to rub her rag in languid circles over the shelf. "We could, I guess. I'll finish this and stop. Can you think of anything for dinner?"

"Broiled mushrooms and tangerine pie," Julie said.

"Pretty." Morgan smiled and stood up. "There. Now I'll put the stuff back and that's that." She began collecting pots and pans. "Frankfurters and baked beans, I guess. I wonder if Neddy wants anything."

"He's asleep," Julie said. She leaned her head back against the window jamb, closing her eyes. Morgan looked for a moment at the delicate curve of her sister's cheek and neck, the thickness of the lowered lashes. *Why, she's lovely right now*, Morgan thought. *Perfectly lovely.* Julie opened her eyes then, and the familiar, faintly discontented, faintly puzzled expression with which she faced the world returned. "Morgan," she said, "tell me something. What was mother like?"

"You don't remember?"

"Not enough."

"She was—she loved us a lot." Morgan paused. "She was very thin. And excitable, you know? I remember she used to get all upset if one of us was sick or anything."

"Yes, I remember that too. What else?"

"Well, she was fun. Funny. She'd say terribly funny things." Morgan tried to recall some, but couldn't. "You and Ned laughed an awful lot at the things she said."

"Didn't you?"

"Sometimes. I didn't always know what she was getting at. And"—she hesitated—"and it seemed, once in a while, as though what she was saying *was* funny, but . . . unkind too. Pop got a new suit once, a summer suit, very light-colored. It was almost white and he was proud of it." She broke off.

"Go on."

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

THE way to achieve happiness is to have a high standard for yourself and a medium one for everyone else.

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"Oh, it wasn't anything, really. She said, 'Oh, darling, you look gorgeous. You look like a Good Humor man.'"

"Poor pop. His new suit."

"She loved him too. But I got the feeling, somehow, with her, that none of it—pop and us and the way we lived—was what she'd planned. She loved us, though."

"Why do you keep saying that?"

"Because I don't seem to be saying the right things."

Julie got up. "You know what I remember?"

"What?"

"I don't seem to be able to picture her, only hear what her voice was like. Breathless, sort of."

"Yes, that's the way she sounded, always."

The phone rang and Morgan ran for it before Ned should waken.

"Oh, fine," she said softly. "Can I help? . . . Well—all right. . . . Yes, we will. See you tonight, Verna." She glanced over at Ned. He hadn't moved.

She started water running in the tub, then went into the bedroom where Julie was stretched on the bed. "Well, the party's at Betty's. Wish I could care at all."

Julie shrugged her indifference to the party and Betty both. Morgan moved about the room in her soft slippers. They did not refer to their mother again.

Driving home in Bluebird, Morgan and Tom were silent till he'd parked the car, turned off the headlights and leaned back. "I never did like parties," he said at last.

Morgan shook her head. "You're right, I guess. I know I wonder sometimes why we aren't gayer. You, me, the people at school. Julie. She's very . . . nervous, for a girl her age. Not interested in—oh, the things you'd think she would be."

"Julie's different. Perhaps she's decided to think her way through life, not feel."

"But isn't that sort of sad?"

"It might be if her thoughts stay sad. Maybe they won't. I was like that, sort of, as a kid. Spent my time reading and pondering the significance of the sun casting shadows, that sort of stuff." She looked uncomprehending. "That if you have sun, you have shadows. One presupposes the other. It seemed darned symbolic then. Don't look so impressed," he grinned.

"I'm not. I mean, not by the sun and the shadows."

"By what, then?"

"You," she said softly. "I've never known anyone like you." She stared down the street, almost empty now. The street lamps glowed quietly, the darkened doorways and windows seemed meant forever to be empty. A wind moved over the river, trifling with papers in the gutter. "And I love you," she added. "I suppose I shouldn't say it, but I've wanted to so much."

"Me too," he said in a quiet voice.

Morgan sat utterly still, knowing what she'd heard him say, not able to believe it, brimming with a turbulent emotion that nothing she'd ever known had prepared her for. And yet almost afraid that if she made a gesture, spoke a word, the words he had said would be brushed away.

He put his hand on her cheek, turned her face toward his. This was how she'd dreamed it once—their eyes close and searching, his arms tight around her and his beautiful mouth swiftly, softly against hers.

"It isn't a dream, is it?" she said wonderingly.

"Why should it be a dream, darling? Morgan"—he kissed her ear, her hair—"Morgan, I do love you. I love you terribly."

She leaned against him, trembling with the dream that had made itself true, the one that she'd been dreaming toward all her life. *Tom, Tom, the Millers' son, stole my heart* ——

NED, when he had recovered from his chicken pox, got the measles. He did not go back to school at all that year. For days he drifted in a hot oblivious sea of illness, unmindful of tending hands, of unhappy eyes fixed upon his tossings, or stricken ears receiving his cries.

During those days, when he was most ill, Morgan never left the apartment. As she, Julie and her father had all had measles, they were not quarantined, but a quarantine could not have kept her more firmly at her brother's side. She sat on a chair by the cot, holding his flamelike hand, running bits of ice over his whitened cracked lips. "Please, Neddy," she'd say gently. "Please, *dearest*."

The doctor came daily for almost a week. He came and went, with his antiseptic odor, his unsurprised manner. She was quite too in awe of doctors to question him about Ned's progress, and nothing he said informed her clearly.

One day, just after her father had left, the doorbell rang. Morgan, blinking scratchy eyes, went to answer. *He's early*, she thought, and opened to Mrs. Miller.

"Oh. I thought you were the doctor." She sank limply to a chair and sighed. "I guess I'm tired."

Mrs. Miller nodded. "I guess you must be." She looked at Ned, who was sleeping. "How is he?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Miller. I don't seem to be able to get the doctor to say much. He's very nice, but we aren't . . . understanding each other very well."

"How often it works out that way." She walked to Ned's cot. "He seems to be sleeping peacefully, Morgan." Morgan was at her side immediately.

"He does." She put a light hand on his forehead, turned to Mrs. Miller. "He really does. Not so . . . hot and angry-colored." She wanted to go on, but her voice and her legs seemed abruptly weak. She went back to the chair and leaned her head on the arm. "Just a minute," she mumbled. "I'll be fine in a minute."

"Morgan," Mrs. Miller said. Her voice seemed distant, but piercing. "Morgan, dear, get up and go into the bedroom. Sleep for a couple of hours and I'll watch Ned." Morgan swayed to her feet, inaudibly grateful, surprised at how suddenly, overpoweringly sleepy she was. Mrs. Miller was walking with her to the bedroom, talking. "I'd have done this before, but Tom probably told you we were up at the lake, trying to get the cottage in order. I hurried down here the minute we got back ——" She went on and on.

How kind she is, Morgan thought, *and what a terrible lot of words she knows*. The bed was before her and she plunged into its arms, sat up again to remove her shoes and skirt, lay down and felt the cover being drawn over her. "You're . . . nice to do this," she said thickly. "But . . . the doct——"

"I'll take care of the doctor," Mrs. Miller said, and Morgan heard nothing further.

She awoke to mauve-toned twilig
open window, odors and sounds t
cated someone in the kitchen getting
How beautiful, she thought. *How wo*
lie here, letting people work for me. Sh
under the cover, breathing the air t
now, with the sun gone, had somethi
warm gold presence, its late-spring
Amy, not a kitten any more, not qu
yet, was curled beside her, purring a
lent. "Aren't we a pretty pair?" Morg
pered. Amy extended a languid paw, h
refrigerator door open, and departed.
Morgan said to the vanishing tail, *I s*
should too.

Ned was lying with his head propp
little, a glass of ginger ale beside hi
look of bright comprehension in his
was glorious to Morgan's.

"*Baby*," she said happily, "what h
done in the last two hours?"

"Got better," he said huskily. "A
call me baby, Morgan."

Morgan grinned at his petulanc
certainly did," she said. "Get better,
They tell me that a patient who's cr
the mend."

Ned smiled and sucked on his gi
and Morgan went into the kitchen to J
Mrs. Miller.

"It's incredible," she told them. '
sick this morning. Really sick. And n
at him."

"And now listen to him," Julie s
sounded pleased. "Did you have a goo

"Oh, wonderful—marvelous. I ju
thank you," she began, but Mrs. Mi
tered that away with her hands. "An
was wonderful, and I feel made ov
looked at the meat loaf being remov
the oven. "I'd have gotten dinner."

"I decided," Mrs. Miller said, "th
better really get a rest, or you'd be s
Tom and I have invited ourselves to
you. Oh, and the doctor says he won't
again. He left some instructions for
follow, but Ned will be all right."

"ONLY he isn't going to school any m
year," Julie interrupted, "so who's g
take care of him? You'll have to go
school pretty soon or you'll never g
But we can't leave him alone, can we

"Pop will be here most of the time
out earlier in the afternoon. We'll m

"Of course you will," Mrs. Mill
"Morgan, I have an idea." But she
just then, have a chance to say what
Tom, who'd been up explaining to G
his father why they must eat alone, ca



"Well, no — I didn't exactly get our lawn mower back. The way it worked out, I more or less invited them over here for dinner . . ."

elous out," he announced, with a
or Morgan and a general one for
e air's like—like—oh, marvelous.
think of our Ned, Morgy? Take
case and he's better in minutes.
off says he doesn't care if he eats
nk he's in love."
said Julie.
. Geoff is a weather vane in the
, this way, that way. And now,
ling over a flat parcel—"this seems
t. When do we eat?" he asked his

er said to Morgan that her idea
y better wait a bit; Julie started
meal; Ned opened his present,
, and disappeared into its pages.
first gay meal in a long time.
overy dinner," Tom called it,
ate only ice cream.
t," Tom said, "that after dinner
uld go to a movie, to relax. And
with her, in case she gets lost."
t suggestion," his mother replied.
at Julie, who shook her head.
ke them, anyway," Julie said. "I'll
th Ned."
stay too," Mrs. Miller said casu-
lie gave her a look of dedication.
when Mrs. Miller said, "Now,
ea ——"

and Tom got to the street, Morgan
n't really want to go to the movies.
ed to get out," she explained.
?"
."
ked along, not touching, not hav-
direction, happy to be together,
ng. The warm May night, colored
s dark grapes, had lured the side-
sitters out. The hard-faced hand-
stood again at street lights, but
anced at Tom next to Morgan, and
y. Music tumbled lightly through
ws, and it was all music—the purr-
eels, the children calling, the voices
night deepening.
you want to do?"

over by the river."
uld be nice."
was jet, shiny, like a beetle's back,
d stippled with gleams that slid
surface, dived, reappeared. At the
, a freighter was tied up, lightless
han stone.

same pier they'd driven on during
d the first ride in Bluebird. Not
night fisherman, his small daugh-
im, sat with dangling legs and line
er end of the dock. A man leaned
ling, reading by flashlight. A cou-
r dark shapes close, on the pier's
ge.
and Tom sat opposite the fisher-
to a bulkhead. Morgan felt she
breathe deeply enough the raptur-
ark air. Spring was a time of long
melling things, of wanting to swal-
or hold it, or fly into it.
pring fever," she said.
tically summer."
."
aps it wasn't only spring. Perhaps
, no longer ill, or Mrs. Miller's
r —— It was Tom. Sitting beside
heir shoulders touching gently, she
the nearly frightening urgency of
felt in the car that night—the ur-
felt, too, so that they'd pulled
en and confused. Tonight she was
just to sit here quietly, dangling
ing with him. She leaned her head
brine-scented bulkhead, thinking
. And about his mother. What
like, she wondered, to have that
erosity, that chance to indulge it?
e two children—well, herself too—
eeks of the summer. To offer the
th what all the country must be, to
had never known it.
nother," she said. "She's so ——"
e? But she's crazy about Julie and
they'll be crazy about the lake. I
hy you won't go along."

"Tom, you know why. Pop's here. I don't just go off and leave pop."

"No. When's his vacation?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe you could then."

"I don't think so. Pop —— It's the children I'm glad for. Tell me what it's like."

"Wonderful. The lake is wide, and there's a broad meadow behind the house. We're right on the water, so you only have to walk about four steps and you're wet. Geoff bought a canoe for taking his girls into romantic settings. If you'd come up, I'd take you."

"And your other girls?" she said, not sure if she teased or not.

"Stop it, Morgy. You know I've never given a darn about a girl except you." He turned to her in the dark. "You do know that, don't you?" he repeated.

"Well . . . yes, I know. Only I don't know why," she whispered.

"MORGAN—my love." He leaned over and kissed her cheek lightly. "Morgan, you're the last person in the world to feel . . . uncertain. You love people because . . . *why?* Do *you* know why? Well, neither do I. I only know that I do, that I think about you all the time, and wonder what you're doing a million times a day, and want to be with you, and hold you, and ——" He broke off. "And I love you so much it sort of scares me. As if ——" He looked down at the dark lifting water, up at the star-chalked sky. "Well, anyway, don't ever think that I don't."

Morgan's eyes were large and still on his, and her lips a little open.

"*Morgy*," he said fiercely, and then had his arms around her, holding her tight, rubbing his cheek against hers and whispering her name. And Morgan, listening, kissing him, understood very well, though she'd never known before, what it was they were feeling. Not tired now, not content to sit peacefully together, but caught up in this terrifying daze of pleasure and yearning. *I don't care*, she thought, *I don't care what happens. . . .* But she did, and when he said, "Please, Morgy?" she pulled away breathlessly.

"I'm sorry," he said in a little while.

"Don't be sorry. Please don't be. We love each other, and if people love each other, they just naturally—they just ——" She sighed, and went on. "But we can't, Tom. You know that."

"Of course I know it. What do you think I've been telling myself, trying to tell you? I know what we can't do. But what I don't know is what we do *about* it. I tell myself over and over that it'll be perfectly all right. I wouldn't do anything in the world to hurt you. And yet, every once in a while, when I'm with you, like tonight"—his voice slackened, and he took her hand quietly—"I forget what I've told myself," he said.

The fisherman across the way began to put away his tackle. Morgan and Tom waited in silence till he and his little girl had gone past. The other couple, they noticed, was gone too.

"What do you suppose people do?" Tom asked in a gentle, curious voice.

"They wait," she whispered.

He said quickly, "Sure they do. I frightened you, and I didn't mean to. But you understand, don't you?"

"I understand. And you didn't frighten me—anyway, not more than I did myself. You aren't all alone, you know," she said, smiling a little.

"We are together, aren't we?"

She nodded.

"Morgan, look. I'll be out of school in two years, and then I suppose I'll have to play soldier for a while, and then get a job. Suppose it all takes four years - will you marry me in four years?"

Morgan, who hadn't cried in a long time, cried now. "Oh, I want to," she said with the tears streaming over her cheeks. "I want to. I will."

In the morning Julie burst in upon her father's sleep to tell him about the trip to the country. "Is it all right, pop?" she asked.

"Are you actually asking my permission?" Mr. Connor inquired, trying to keep his tone humorous. "Isn't the entire matter virtually arranged?"

"Oh, no, pop." Julie sighed. "Of course if you say no we won't go."

"Does anyone expect me to say no?" her father asked.

Julie shook her head slowly. "I wouldn't think so. It's a wonderful chance for us, and we thought you'd ——"

"Well, you thought right. Tell me about this country retreat."

He listened to Julie's rapturous detailed description of a place she'd never been, allowing his mind to stray now and then.

"—— and I should think there'd be cows," Julie was saying. "At least, you would think so, wouldn't you? And buttercups and flies. Butterflies, I mean. I'll keep notes on all I observe and feel. It could be valuable for next year's schoolwork. I don't have a bathing suit, but I can swim a little, from going to the Y. I'm going to take some poetry with me."

"That'll be good," her father said. "Take a book someday, and go away by yourself and read, and then you'll find so many things, in poems you thought you knew, that are fresh and differently lighted. Oh, and you'd better buy a bathing suit."

"What is poetry?" Julie asked dreamily.

Her father irresistibly added, *What is truth?* But he said, "Not the same thing to any two people. To me . . . I think it's a cry against all

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the things we can't understand, nor accept, nor reason with."

"But poetry shouldn't be a cry against something."

"That's why I say it's different to each person who reads it," he told her. "Just be glad you do, Julie. People who miss poetry miss a great deal."

"Even though they never know it? Can you miss something you don't know?"

"I think so. I know I've missed something," he said with puzzled slowness. "Not knowing what it is hasn't prevented the sense of it."

Julie did not, as Morgan might have, stir restlessly. She said in soft encouragement, "What do you think it is? What *do* you want, pop?"

"Oh"—he smiled, lifted one eyebrow—"a united Ireland."

"Don't, pop. Tell me."

"It's as if . . . well, you know, Julie, in those old heraldic ballads, how the knights rode forth into the glimmer and darkness of the forests, to break the enchantments and deliver the castles? I feel like one of those knights, but I arrived at my destined castle to find it . . . undeliverable. Deserted." He looked at Julie pensively. "Do you understand? Does that make any sense?"

"Oh, it does, pop. And you know, you *are* sort of knightly. Like Don Quixote," she added innocently, and as her eyes were lowered she did not see the start of dismay, nor the following acquiescent smile that greeted this. "But, of course," she added, "you do have some things. I mean, the castle may be deserted, but look at all you've picked up on the way."

"My three heralds?"

"Yes."

"I'm prouder of them than I'd have been of the castle. Except that it would have been nice to present the castle to them."

"Oh, we'll take you as you are," Julie assured him warmly, so that once again he realized that true communion between them wasn't possible. Julie understood, to a point. But she did not (how could he expect her to?) really identify the undelivered castle with her father's unaccomplished dreams.

"Metaphor," he said suddenly, "is a treacherous thing. After a while it's better to forgo it and do something objective, like eating breakfast or putting new laces in your shoes."

"I think you're very right," Julie said.

DAN thought how excellent it was to have a child like this. She was the most vulnerable of the three, and, possibly, the least attractive. But there was something there, some slender, springing, inquisitive spirit that Ned with his charm and poise, Morgan with her lazy grace, did not share. Oh, but they were grand, the three of them.

"Why isn't Morgan going too?" he asked. "To Mrs. Miller's lake?"

"She said she didn't want to. She said she's going to get a job." Julie looked momentarily charmed by this idea. "If I could get a job, I'd work in the ten-cent store, at the goldfish counter."

"Why not at a pet shop?"

"Oh, I couldn't. I think a pet shop is the saddest place in the world. I'm going to take Amy with me."

Ned, who'd been asleep, woke and said, "She'll run away."

"That's silly," Julie answered calmly. She glanced at the clock. "I guess I woke you up pretty early at that, pop," she apologized.

Her father said he'd never been so pleasantly awakened before.

Dear Morgy and Pop: I like this place. There is a lady who lives down the road named Mrs. McCray and her husband is an awfuly nice old man, he has traveled all over the world and has a garden that is swell he gets plants send to him from everywhere and has the littlest rosebush in the world not even a foot high. I bet you wont believe it but he has two little fish that are 17 million years old, they are all dried up and look like little round stones. The best thing of all is he has a lot of arrow heads he has found around—stone—that the indians used and he gave me one, its black. There is also a beehive in back of the house. I mean ours not Mr. McCrays. I wish you were here. I miss you. Geff is teaching me to swim pretty good.

Love,
NED.

Dear Pop and Morgan: This is really the most wonderful place in the world. The lake comes practically to the door and Geoff takes us out in his canoe and has been teaching us to swim. There are a couple of girls, a bit older than me, who live up the road and I've gotten to know them pretty well. They're like all the rest about boys but somehow that doesn't seem so reprehensable to me as it used to. I don't think I should use words I haven't seen often enough in print, do you?

I do not mean that I'm interested in a boy, but they're having some down over the week end and there'll be one for me, as there are three. I'm a little nervous about this, but not angry, you know, the way I used to be.

Amy is *crazy* about it here. I've put a bell on her neck, attached to a garter so she won't strangle if she gets caught on a bush. My back and arms are all brown and I lie in the sun for hours every day, which is practically the nicest part of the country. Pop, I do read the poetry, and you were right, it's different from reading it in an apartment. Don't be hurt, and of course I miss you both and want to be with you, but I love this place more than anything I've ever known.

The fields are full of daisies and clover and flowers I don't know the names of. My room is very pretty and looks at the lake. I have it all alone, except for Amy, w always stay. It's strange, at night, t listening to the trees and the wat happy at the camp? Don't you mi

Love, ar

Morgan darling: I'm going to try again, because I think I didn't tell completely, that night, just why job. It's because I love you. I wish derstand. Can you have any idea of I wanted to stay in the city and b see you, all summer, and that was couldn't? When I realized, suddel the kids went away, you and I wou those chances to be alone, I was happiness. Your father's job—well that he's out late, and there we'd you and I and an empty apartment once I'd never do anything to hurt we were alone like that, day after *how* do we know what would happ you. I couldn't say that, but I can w you know that I do. I love you to leave you alone. But I guess I lo much not to, either.

And so, my dearest darling ador tiful Morgan, that's why I'm here, you when I wake up, when I go to all the times between. I won't wri again. It makes me want to go out in here and yell at the top of my voic down the branches. I'll write a lot, a what the camp is like. How's that u

BEGGAR'S CHOICE

By THOMPSON YOUNG

Well, here we are, sir; here's an hour to kill,
To spend or dawdle over, save or spill,
Before the next train comes that deigns to stop.
Of course there'll be a freight that I could hop,
But not you, sir. Such things no man of parts—
No patron of the well-developed arts
Of traveling-salesmanship (as I judge you)—
Would think or bother, run or choose to do.
The ancient voice of maxim likes to tell,
Long-faced, that, "Beggars can't be choosers." Well,
That's as it may be—and I ought to know,
Being as I am one who likes to go
Where fancy hits me, as and when I like,
And starve or feast, however luck may strike:
In short, a beggar—such as aren't to choose.
Note, if you please, the choice of words I use:
"Fancy," I say, and "like." Such words imply
Some freedom, don't they, friend? Well, such is my
Belief. That's what I have, some freedom—*some:*
I take what's coming and make some things come.
I choose, and have more than my fill sometimes
Of choosing. Beg—for quarters or for dimes?
And shall I walk the highways or the ties?
Sleep in a barn, or under open skies,
Or else in haystack, freight car, flophouse—which?
Walk one more mile, or rest here in the ditch?
This major truth I will maintain as such:
We beggars choose as little and as much
As any others; that word I repeat.
How far our choice depends on what we eat,
Where live, how learn, how look, what were at birth—
These things I leave to science. What's it worth?
It comes to this: whatever a man is,
Whatever natural tendencies are his,
He can do either of two simple things:
Can take the natural course his nature brings
Or else revolt against it all the way
And all life long hold himself at bay.
So there you have the grist from my old mill
And have the sum of freedom of the will.
And further, in regard to freedom's fruit,
I say —— There, sir, you hear that dismal toot?
There comes the freight; she's puffing up the grade.
I think —— No, sir, I choose; the choice is made;
I'll ride the freight. No time for parting cup,
But if you hit the jungles, look me up.

rives me crazy to think of you working
place in such hot weather. But then I
myself of how you really are, how
ve with that splendid air past all the
itations that make other people miser-
I know that probably even the ghastly
n't worry you. *Does* it? Oh, Morgan,
sh we were a few years older, that . . .
ep me in your thoughts.

TOM.

Pop: This letter is just for you, so
ow it to Morgy. She's very sweet, but
es I want to say things that I don't
e'd care about, so just explain that
ng you one for yourself. I'd like to try
n something to you, or ask you some-
m not sure which. It's a windy dark
d I feel very old. I know you won't
do feel old, and I don't trust myself to
a good person, and it bothers me. Not
but tonight it does. We don't talk
out things in our family, but once in a
and I talk a little and I get the feeling
e more if we were ever alone. Like—I
ray every night, and I have for years,
didn't tell anyone. And I always say
s mother. You see, if someone knew
ayed, they might think it was lovely
ere of me, but I know it isn't, because
g it to help *me*, not for any other rea-
you suppose I'm ever going to have
of character? If there should be a per-
as they call God I wonder if he
Don't let all this bother you, pop. It's
it's dark and windy and I think too
bout myself, I guess.

Love,
J.

Morgy: Since I sent my last letter to
send this to you. Those boys came on
end. In the afternoon we, Jan and
d these boys and Ned and Geoff and
ell, might as well give the boys' names
is Percy, but he likes to be called
n't that ridiculous? The other two are
d Hank. Piggy's the one I got, and
y pretty nice. In the afternoon we all
he barn, the back yard and the back
was fun, except that the dog, Plunder,
robin, which made us all, especially
me, pretty sad. We buried it. And
rgan, the strangest part! I went *danc-*
s scared to death when they said we
ng to a roadhouse down the way and
ut Piggy said he'd stay home too if I
hat wasn't fair. So we went. It's a sort
rny place with a juke box, where only
ople go. And I danced, Morgy. Piggy
very good, but I think it's really that

t in my other letter to ask if you'd
red plaid dress. I'd like my blue skirt
n afford to have it cleaned. I need
nd if that blue raincape can be worn
d it up. And if you pass a five-and-
ve a card of bobby pins. They don't
m here. I mean five-and-tens. Mrs.
ys I'm putting on weight and she's
I'm not really, because I get on the
ry morning, but I must look better.
er comes every weekend. Geoff was
tomorrow. His vacation is over, but
ing up weekends too.

JULIE.

nder and Amy adore each other.

Pop: I just wrote to Morgan, but I
o say to you that I loved your letter.
me a lot, to have you write such a
and one that really knew what I was
bout. I don't feel like that all the
know, or even really often. In fact,
el much better. It must be your letter,
unshine.

Love and xxx,
JULIE.

Morgy and Pop: Its a lucky thing I
ese sneekers along. Its raining. You
d if you like the things I stick in my
se pieces of leaf and all. Theres a lot
here, mockingbirds, goldfinshes, red-
lackbirds, crows, robbins, and some
n birds. In the morning they sing and
ut not much during the day. Julie is
ifferent, shes nicer to be around and
doesnt have those funny ideas so much. If you dont write to me I wont answer. Do you think you could send me 50¢. One day Mrs. Miller said shed like to have Julie and me live with her always. We talked about it after and we like her very much and this place but dont want to.

Love,
NED.

Dear Morgy: It's marvelous here. Lots of trees and I swim every day. If you look at the front of the post card you'll see where I marked my room. Do you still work at the cafeteria?

Bestest,
VERNA.

The day after Tom left, Verna had come to see Morgan. "How do I look?" she said gaily.

"You look fine," Morgan answered. Verna did. Bright-eyed, excited, in a cotton dress that was new and pretty. "What's it all about?"

"I'm going away."

"Away? How do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going to get on a bus tomorrow and go away. Back up to that hotel where I worked last summer."

"But you said you'd never go back there."

"I know. But I got a letter from the manager and he asked if I'd come back. They liked me, I think. I'm going to be a waitress, instead of a maid, and that's nicer." And maybe—just maybe, she told herself, that boy would be back. She'd be calmer this year. She'd be very dignified and reserved, and maybe ——

"What about the other job you had? The one in the cafeteria?"

"Well, that's what I came to see you about. I mean, besides saying good-by. Do you want it?" Morgan hesitated. "We could go over there together," Verna went on, "and I'd explain, and tell Mr. Krebble, who hired me, that you're going to take it instead. I just thought perhaps it'd be better than looking ——"

A cafeteria, Morgan was thinking. It wasn't the sort of job she'd thought of. She didn't, actually, know what she had thought of. She didn't especially want to work in a cafeteria, but she didn't want to work anywhere else either.

"What did you say you were going to do there?" she asked. "Dish up food?"

That night she waited up for her father, and told him. After she'd explained the change, and that Mr. Krebble had been agreeable, she thought her father wasn't even going to answer. Finally she said, "Is something wrong, pop?"

Mr. Connor sighed. "Oh, no. I suppose nothing's wrong. A job's a job, and I've always maintained that any honest job is nothing to be ashamed of." But was that true? He was ashamed of his own job, not because there was anything wrong with it, but because he knew (thought?) he was capable of something better. *Shouldn't we, each of us*, he wondered, *work to the best of our capacity?* Was dishing vegetables the best Morgan could manage?

He said hastily, "It'll probably work out fine, Morgan. You go to it."

CHATHAM'S was a large cafeteria under an El station. It was furnished with marble tables for four, chairs with worn wooden seats, and, in the center of each table, a Lazy Susan bearing catchup, salt, pepper, sugar and mustard. The plate-glass window, with "Chatham Cafeteria" in gold lettering and paper stickers advertising specials, was at no time really dirty, and the floor, an expanse of small tile lozenges, at no time really clean.

Morgan got her own hot dinner with the job, but had little appetite for it. After a week or so, standing over the steam table, ladling, spooning, tonging the slick gravied food into endless thrusting dishes, she'd close her eyes a moment and think that if she could face food after this, the only possible thing would be a cold green cucumber. A cucumber, crisp and chilly, with no taint of the cooking process.

The fans curled, distributing sluggish air. There was always the rattle of silver, the flat ring of metal trays, the voices lifting and falling. Morgan shoved a well of gravy into a heap of mashed potatoes. "Veg?" she asked.

A voice beyond the hand that held the thick dish said, "String beans."



Helene Curtis **spray net** BRAND

contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion...can't ever dry the hair!

keeps hair set all day . . . softly . . . not in a touch-me-not way!



Regular size ($4½ oz.) **$1.25**

New large economy size (11 oz.) $1.89

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Then *please* try Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

Just spray it on. See how soft and "touchable" it keeps your hair while keeping it in place . . . *all day long*.

And remember this fact particularly: SPRAY NET can never dry your hair because SPRAY NET contains exclusive spray-on Lanolin Lotion. It actually helps hair that has a natural tendency to dryness.

And notice the lovely, lively lustre after you use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET.

No stuck-in-place look or sticky feel. End curls *stay* curled. And wisps *stop* wisping . . . with just a whisper of SPRAY NET.

Even dampness won't droop your hair-do. Nor will it straggle as you struggle through your busiest day.

Housewives, debutantes, girls-on-the-job all say SPRAY NET is the joy of a career.

Whatever *you* do . . . do try wonder-working Helene Curtis SPRAY NET today.



FOR QUICK "HAIR-DOS"

Sudden date? Give yourself a quick set with SPRAY NET. Put hair up in pin curls, spray, and in a few minutes your hair can be groomed. No waiting for water or wave set to dry!



BRUSHES OUT INSTANTLY

A few brush strokes and every trace of SPRAY NET is gone. Doesn't flake, linger on the scalp, or make it necessary for you to wash your hair more often than you like.



WON'T SHOW EVEN ON BLONDE OR WHITE HAIR

SPRAY NET is absolutely colorless, completely invisible on the hair. Adds a sheen, yes, but Helene Curtis SPRAY NET won't change the hair color a bit.

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion...

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

She supplied string beans, released the plate, reached for another that hovered in air. "Meat or fish?"

She worked afternoons from twelve to eight. The usual five-to-seven peak of diners was well under way, and Morgan's vision was preempted by the passage of plates, her hearing by selections of heavy food. How *could* people eat this way in hot weather?

"How're you doin', kid?" Cora asked. She was on salads, breads and desserts today. They alternated, sharing the steam.

"Fine," Morgan said. She smiled at Cora, who was stout and sometimes cross, but never with Morgan. "Just dandy." And she couldn't help recalling the importance she used to put upon catchup in a little blue bowl. How could anyone who really liked things to be nice work in the Chatham? But the pay was, as Verna had said, pretty good. Anyway, did it really make a difference, what you worked at?

On a Sunday in August, Morgan and Betty took the subway and went to Jones Beach. "Don't take a thing but your towel and bathing suit," Betty said firmly. "This is one time I won't eat from a sack on the sand. We'll buy hot dogs and pop." Morgan hesitated, agreed. After all, she was making enough money to manage a small treat for herself now and then.

Betty could swim, but she stayed close to the shore with Morgan, playing in the riotous cool waves that surged around them and trailed away. "You couldn't swim, anyway, in this," she said, and dived into an approaching wall of water.

Morgan simply stood, or sat like a child and patted the water, or dipped her face in the salty swells, letting her tan hair swirl and cling like a drenched plant. Thousands of people leaped in the water, lay on the beach, and yet when the two girls left the waves there was room for them to lie on the burning flaxen sand and feel apart.

Nearby, a little portable radio presented the sea and the sky and the sand with a dance tune, and a couple, a boy and girl in their teens, danced in bare feet. Morgan turned her head away, resting it on her arms.

Betty went on talking. It really was a pity Morgan wouldn't try to get a job in her department store. Betty thought Morgan would be grand at selling.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," Morgan said in a low voice. "I never would have gone looking for this job. I wouldn't even have gone in if I'd seen the sign in the window, like Verna. But when it was just . . . handed to me, it was so much easier than looking. And the pay's not bad."

"You sound just like Verna."

"Is that supposed to be a slam?"

"No. But she *is* sort of wishy-washy, you know. And you aren't. At least you never used to be."

I know it, I know it, Morgan thought, her stomach squeezing with despair. *I didn't used to be, and I am now. But why? It's just that I'm waiting now*, she thought. *I've started waiting for something else, something really rather like what I've been doing all along, only this time with Tom, and I can't stand the part in between.* Couldn't stand it? She had to. There would be years yet—years of waiting.

I want him back, she thought painfully. *I want him where I can see his face, and listen to his voice. Even if we had to sit in a room full of people and never touch, I want to be where he is.* She wondered what he was doing now, while she lay on the sand and missed him. There were people all over that camp who could stand beside him, glance over and meet his eyes, ask "What do you think, Tom?" and hear his voice respond. *Not me*, she thought. *All those people, but not me.*

They got back to the city in the late afternoon. Walking through the crowded streets toward home, they became aware of the siren.

"That thing's awfully close," Betty said. "I hate them. They frighten me."

"I know. Like a warning of some kind."

"Well, of course," Betty said in a tight, nervous voice, "they are warnings. To get out of the way."

"I meant the other kind. It doesn't toll for someone else, it tolls for you, or whatever that fellow said. Ernest Hemingway."

"It's stopping, Morgy." Betty turned her head, an expression of alarm in her eyes. She went around the corner rapidly, halting. "That's our house it's in front of." She turned to Morgan, eyes staring.

"My gosh, Betty. It could be anybody. That's a big apartment building." Morgan was feeling alternately hot and cold with fright herself. "Why do you have to think right away it's for your place?"

"I don't know," Betty moaned. "I just —— Come with me? Please?"

"Sure I will," Morgan said. "We—I guess we'd better go in."

Two men, rolling a rubber-wheeled stretcher, followed them in the doors that Betty held back. "Where—where are you going?" she asked huskily.

The man looked at his companion, at Morgan, back to Betty. "Look, sis," he said. "You just go along to your place, and we'll take care of our job. Go on, like a good girl," he urged. He looked again to Morgan for assistance.

"Yes," she said. "Come on, Betty. We'll go up." They went up the three flights of stairs running, and down the narrow hallway. The Gilmans' door stood open.

"Oh, no," Betty breathed, leaning against the wall. "Please. No."

Angie came out and walked toward waveringly. Her eyes were blurry, he puffed, her usually careful curls twisted She took Betty's hand, glanced at M and the three of them went back to the ment as the men with the stretcher appe the head of the stairs.

There was a great deal to be done, by by Betty. But Mrs. Metzger had died a past all that.

She was buried on Tuesday. That ev alone in the apartment, Morgan sat listening to the traffic, and the clock, she didn't know what time it was, twist charm bracelet round and round he

"You're going to the funeral?" Da said. "You don't have to do that, do yo

"There won't be anyone there, only and Angie and me. I'm going."

"Yes." Dan bit his lip, stared ov daughter's head. "I'm sorry about it."

"Well, she was going to die some Morgan said, almost impassively. "But never ready for anyone to die, are you

"No. You never are."

It isn't Mrs. Metzger, she thought. *dying*. Though Mrs. Metzger was very and probably wished to live a long ti with her pain and her blindness. It w dying. What if Ned —— She hunch shoulders. She loved so many people and Tom and Julie and Ned. And all c had to die. *How do we stand it?* she wor *How do people stand it? What do y*

She got up and walked across the back again. It was seven o'clock. Still lig She was frightened. She hadn't been moment, but she was now, terribly frigh *Isn't there anyone*, she wondered as the bing fear rose, *anyone I could see? Or* She began to cry in harsh jerky sobs, re that tonight she was quite alone.

Her crying turned to whimpers as she at the phone. Beside it in a second, sh lowed over and over, trying to steady he enough to speak to the operator. *H there*, she told herself, as the call was be through. *Tom, you will be there, won* Then she heard his voice, and leaned he against the wall.

"Tom?" she said. "Tom, talk to m minute."

She went back to work the next da Krebble, in his wan way, brightened wh came in. "Well, here's a girl we're glad back, eh, Cora?" he said in a tone ob meant to be jolly.

"Get *him*," Cora said, with a wink fo gan. "Well, did you get the body away? If you was somebody else, w thought you went to a ball game, but I Mick, if that kid says funeral, you can b molars it's funeral."

Morgan was looking at her with stun mobility, but Cora talked on, never k when she'd said something crude or cr always aiming at kindness, in an unva way. "You gotta face facts," she said

Morgan turned away. She put on he butcher apron, her cheesecloth cap, to station above the steam.

Oh, well, Morgan thought, *I'm finish* It was no conscious triumph over her c distrust of the world where people soug The Chatham was simply a place not to dured any longer.

She told Mr. Krebble during the din hour, when she'd finished her salad an

"You are?" he said in his voice that seemed to be falling down. "I sup shouldn't be surprised. Well—do yo you could stay till I replace you?"

Morgan looked faintly shocked. "Of I wouldn't ever just walk out on any job." But she hoped it would be soon th replaced her.

When Morgan let herself in the apa slightly after eight o'clock, Tom rose fr cot and came toward her. For a swift she was alarmed. "*Tom*—when did you What are you doing?"

He stood, smiling a little, rather s very brown, very deeply glad to see her. I'll always be doing. Looking for you.

For lessons in looking pretty . . .



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

k a step forward, Morgan took sev- they leaned against each other, tight- wordless, trembling a little.

worried about you," he whispered at u sounded so—so alone and miser- I got to thinking about it till I just stand it. I have to go back tomorrow." do? Why do you?"

work. I told them I had to have two but they couldn't give me any more. onderful to see you."

than wonderful," she said in a voice m. "It's all there is."

at together, on the cot, gravely hold- s and smiling at each other now and stopped at the subway station," he "and your father gave me the key. rprise. That's why I didn't go up to aurant for you. That and ——"

w. And you are a surprise. It's nicer " She twined her fingers in his. "I'm here, anyway."

are? That's the best news yet." He "I was going crazy every time I of you there. Sometimes I really don't nd you."

ither. It doesn't matter now." She be- nile, a smile that was tremulous, and d quickened with what she was about You . . . don't seem to mind now, be- lone with me."

ned toward her, and his eyes fixed on in a long, absorbed, unsmiling gaze. ," he said at last, his tone almost ng. "I love it, but I mind—and I'm f where it could lead. Except that it lorgan. We're going to spend the rest ves together, and not hash it up in nning." His eyes left her face, dwelt locked hands.

's what it would be? A hash?"

ook his head. "You know what I or us, it would be ——" He broke off took a deep breath. "For us, nothing derful, and right. Unfortunately, there us. And for everybody else concerned, about describes it."

e you."

a while, Morgan made coffee and es. They sat in the living room, their talk diminished for the moment. The ere left, and the long glances, and the eating of their hearts, and in all that thless reality of their love.

reat elm in the middle of the meadow a giant, Julie thought. A mother giant ny flocks, who leaned over girl and nd said in a hoarse entrancing voice, *ere*, the summer's long . . . it comes

But will it for me? Julie asked, unanswered. *Will it come again for me?* Because if she were not here, summer would not come again for her. *I love it*, she thought, sinking down in the rough warm grass, out of the tree's shade. Arms on her knees, she looked as far as she could in all directions with a fierce devotion in her eyes. The meadow was warm and slightly hilly. It lazed away behind the house and you couldn't see the highway on its farther side unless you walked far past the rise where the elm tree stood. Today, so close to leaving, the highway seemed to run across her heart.

"Can I look you up, sometime this winter?" Piggy had said, before he left last time. He'd been up, with Fred and Hank, many times since that weekend when they'd cleaned the barn and buried the robin. She got used to him. In a way, rather liked him.

"I don't know, Piggy," Julie had answered. She really didn't know. He was nice. It was fun to dance with him, and swim, and watch him dive. But it would be different in the city. Dressed-up clothes, movies, she supposed, and sodas afterward. It wasn't anything she could get interested in. "Couldn't you just wait, and see me next summer?" she asked.

"Well, heck, how do I know you'll be here next summer?" He'd gone on talking, but Julie didn't know what she'd answered. It was the first time she'd even considered that this summer's invitation might be the last.

"My beautiful," she whispered to the trees and the water and the fox-colored barn, "my beautiful." On the lake a sailboat skimmed past with upflung white-sleeved arms. She was filled with that passionate love which comes so close to being pain. *I have to come back*, she said to herself, *I must!*

"Julie!" That was Ned, coming up the hill to get her. "Julie, it's lunchtime!"

"I'm coming."

"We're having lemon-meringue pie."

"That's nice."

"You don't sound especially pleased," he complained, waiting for her to come up beside him.

"O Pie!" she caroled. "How I love thee . . . how I *dote* on thee, Pie!"

"Oh, you're nuts. Julie, you have a terrible disposition."

"No, I don't. It only seems that way."

"Not much to choose, if you ask me. Why are you cross?" he asked curiously.

"I don't know, Ned. Maybe I just don't want to leave here."

He slowed his steps. "Well, neither do I. But in a way I'll be sort of glad. I miss Morgan." Julie said nothing and he added, "Don't you miss pop and Morgy?"

"Naturally. Only . . . it's too hard to explain, I guess. It's just that I've loved it here more than anywhere else I've ever been. And I get scared maybe Mrs. Miller won't ask us back."

"She will," Ned said confidently.

"You can't *know* that."

"Sure I do. I asked her."

"*Ned!*"

"If you wanna know something, you ask."

Julie didn't answer. She was wondering whether to allow herself to fly into the rapture Ned's words offered, or to hold off, for fear they should be a snare. His own anxiety (and he was nearly as fond of the place as she was) might have misinformed him. *And anyway*, she thought, *who can tell a thing about next year?*

The night before they left, the last night in her little room, Julie sat by the window and looked around the room. She felt, suddenly, a superb strength. She was even, for a while, sure that next summer would come and she'd be here.

"Hey, Julie!"

She leaned out the window. "Hi, Geoff. When did you get here?"

"A bit ago. I came up to drive everyone back tomorrow." Julie smiled tremulously. "Come on down," Geoff said. "We're going to have a game of hide-and-seek in the moonlight."

"Oh. O.K., I'll be there."

Ned was *it*. They all stood round while he pondered a moment, scattered as he leaned his arm and his head against a tree. Julie hid behind a rosebush from which the roses had long disappeared.

"—— seventeen . . . eighteen . . . nineteen . . . *twenty!* Ready or not," came Ned's warning in the moony dark, "ready or not, here I come!"

SPANISH PROVERBS

If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.

Lock your door so that you may keep your neighbors honest.

He who loves not the loved one's faults does not truly love.

He who spits against heaven spits in his own face.

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

y, ut it does seem that such an injury ht ell make the area more vulnerable to ct or irritations which could be the ti point of a cancerous process. Let us th this may be only a contributory cause. re ve to be others in order to account for ig ncy of the cervix in women who have er en pregnant. But all this is rather n l. Shall we leave the cause of cancer to p ologists, and consider how all this ce s you?"

O urse. I hope you didn't find anything ou n your examination."

I not find anything that I believe to be ou now, but there is something which ld come serious in the future."

W t is it, Doctor?"

Th e is a small area of cervical erosion, ch as developed since I saw you two years

W t do you mean by 'erosion,' Doctor?"

L ally, it means 'eaten away.' The ex- n on showed a small, red area perhaps si of a ten-cent piece, in which there have b s been cell changes."

B it isn't cancer?"

I I quite sure that it is not, but I propose na absolutely certain. That is why I took cimens for examination. They are ap s from the neighborhood of the lesion, and are doubtless under the microscope right now."

"Can you tell from them if I have a cancer?"

"I wouldn't even attempt to do that, since I am not an expert microscopist. The pathologist who will examine the specimens can tell definitely, however. Please do not worry too much about it. The chances of finding anything serious at this time are small. It is, however, important to make certain that the condition which I discovered is as yet harmless, and even more important to eradicate the area of erosion at once."

"I always supposed that a cancer had definite symptoms, such as bleeding or pain."

"By the time those symptoms might develop, the condition would be well advanced. Early cancer of the cervix presents no symptoms at all that are evident to the patient. That is why it is so important to have examinations at regular intervals, why you are here today."

"I'm glad you sent for me, Doctor."

"I am glad you feel that way. Excuse me, please, while I answer this telephone call. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . You are certain? . . . Fine! Thank you. . . . That was the pathologist, Mrs. Way. There are no signs of malignancy."

"Oh, thank God! And thank you for taking such good care of me, Doctor. And you are going to cure this . . . erosion for me?"

"That is what I propose to do, and we will start at once. Will you come back into the examining room?"

"You mean I won't have to go to the hospital?"

"No. It will be only a minor surgical procedure."

"I'm willing to do anything you suggest. Doctor, if you had found evidence of an early cancer, what would have happened to me?"

"I would have advised you to enter the hospital immediately."

"And that would have meant an operation, I suppose."

"It would have meant surgery, or X-ray and radium treatment, or possibly a combination."

"And—would I have a chance of a cure, Doctor?"

"Indeed you would have a very good chance. Early cancers of the cervix do very well under treatment, as a rule, especially when they are discovered before glandular involvement has taken place. That is why we advocate these periodic examinations—to discover the condition while it can still be controlled. I consider you very fortunate indeed, Mrs. Way."

"And so do I!"

Another article in this series by Doctor Safford will appear next month.

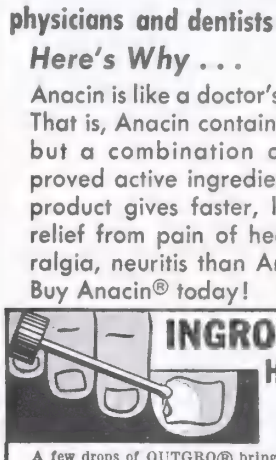
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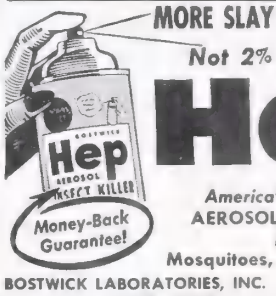
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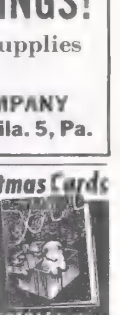
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There's polishing soap right in every BRILLO Soap Pad!



THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes

THE MORE THE MERRIER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

rich desserts. Settle for fruit in some form for the sweet ending. What I'm getting down to is a streamlining or trimming down of summer meals to the one hot dish, salad and fruit pattern.

So keep these four meals in mind. And when the day or the weekend arrives, smile your sweetest smile and say, "The more the merrier." Let them come—one or many.

MENU 1

Baked Ham-and-Bean Casserole
Pickled Onion Rings
Coleslaw
Boston Brown Bread
Watermelon
Hot Coffee
(Planned for eight)

The meat that makes the summer. Aside from chicken, the most popular main chance by way of meat (and somehow I don't think of chicken as exactly meat, it's so in a set-apart class by itself) is ham. It's lightly perfumed with hickory smoke, it's delicately salted, it can be cooked in a score of ways and be the big blow in more dishes. And when it comes to leftover creations—well, what do you know? But here's one more for ham:

BAKED HAM-AND-BEAN CASSEROLE

Add 2 pounds dried baby Limas to 10 cups water. Bring to a boil. Boil 2 minutes, remove from heat and let them soak 1 hour, then simmer for 20 minutes. Mix ½ cup minced onion, ¼ cup molasses, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, ½ cup catchup, 1 tablespoon salt and 2 cups of the bean liquid. Arrange alternate layers of beans, slices of tenderized ham (about 3 pounds in all) and the seasonings in a large 3-quart casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 1½ hours or until the beans are tender, adding bean liquid from time to time if necessary. Serve with steamed canned brown bread.

Brother or sister, any onions today? I trust you like them. To me they are a Hit Parade, from what I think of as the premature and tentative baby, the scallion—green onion to some of you—right up the scale to the full-bosomed Bermuda, queen of the race. So, feeling for onions as I do, it boils down to:

PICKLED ONION RINGS

Peel, slice and separate into rings 4 medium-sized onions. Pour boiling water over them, to cover. Make a mixture of 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, and pepper to taste. Drain the boiling water from the onions, add the vinegar mixture and let the whole marinate and chill at least 1 hour. Before serving, drain the onions well and arrange them to overlap and look attractive on a flat glass dish if you have one. Or some good neighbor may oblige. Garnish with nasturtium petals and leaves (if they grow by your kitchen door) to brighten their corner.

Watermelon—the few ways to serve. There aren't many things to do with this resplendent fruit; but few that there are, there's nothing more refreshing than icy-cold watermelon, crisp and crackly to the fork. Cut it in big pie-shaped pieces. Spear seedless grapes and honeydew-melon balls or black sweet cherries with toothpicks and stick into the watermelon pieces dart-board fashion. These you eat first while contemplating the treat to come.

MENU 2

Veal-and-Noodle Casserole
Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers
Corn Sticks
Raspberry Poached Pears
Hot Coffee
(Planned for eight)

Making with the casserole. There are few dishes more popular or more easily made expansible than the casserole. That is, if it's a good one to begin with. For tops in eating and looks, too, I give you:

VEAL-AND-NOODLE CASSEROLE

Cook ½ pound medium noodles in boiling salted water until just tender, according to directions on the package. Drain and rinse. Have 3 pounds veal sliced very thin as for *scaloppine*. Mix together 6 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, and ¼ teaspoon each of thyme, marjoram and *orégano*. Season each piece of meat with salt (about 2½ teaspoons for 3 pounds of meat) and a little pepper. (By the way, a good investment is a pepper grinder or mill and plenty of whole peppercorns. Then you may have fresh-ground pepper whenever the condiment is called for, and you have no idea how much it does for your cooking.) Then dust the veal with the flour mixture. Brown it well in ¼ cup hot shortening or salad oil, adding more fat as needed. When browned, sprinkle the veal with 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Peel and cook 1 pound tiny white onions until tender in 2 cups canned condensed chicken broth. Strain out the onions and save the broth. In a 3-quart casserole make layers of the browned veal, noodles, onions, and a good layer of fresh and cooked garden peas or 1 package frozen peas, cooked. Melt 6 tablespoons butter or margarine and blend in 6 tablespoons flour. Gradually add 2 cups milk or part milk and part cream and 2 cups of chicken broth used in cooking the onions. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until as thick as heavy cream, or depend on the dependable double boiler. At all events, use the egg beater earnestly when the sauce is done. Season the sauce with salt and pepper to taste (like all sauces, this one should be tasty) and pour over the contents of the casserole. Cover and bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 45 minutes or until bubbly. Garnish with more peas. If the peas are fresh, I think that a few pea pods and a teaspoon of sugar cooked in with them makes all peas so much sweeter, and so much more tender and full of flavor, that I never cook them any other way. And another thing: all peas at any time ask for a little sugar, and so does corn. Finally, garnish the casserole with ½ cup toasted slivered blanched almonds. So you can steal a nap on the porch, prepare the casserole ahead of time, ready to pop in the oven at the appointed time.

RACE

By MILLICENT WARD WHITT

Wet wind, dark wind, pushing through the trees,
Tall grass, cold grass, quick against my knees,
Wild night, black night, catch me if you can!
And I dashed down the hillside, and ran, and ran, and ran.
But the trees bent fiercely after,
And the long wind blew,
And the clouds piled faster, faster,
And the sharp grass grew,
And I stumbled through the hollows
As I raced, the panting night
Close at my heels,
Till we crashed into the light,
And I leaped up the stairs,
Two steps at a stride,
And banged the door behind me,
Safe inside.

Deep South stuff. From down in Kentucky Home country, by way of ge imagination of some talented mamm sweet yellow bread made of corn and a shovel on the big hearth of the b where such magic was made that left an unforgettable memory. Th loaves, there were hot muffins. Gri baked on soapstone griddles, and spo dipped from its dish with pewter ladle and George knew this well, and I t every ordinary where the general cla on his way to the House of Burgess him some kind of hot corn bread. A I pass along to you a receipt for th corn-shaped delicacies known to us

CORN STICKS

Beat 2 eggs well with a rotary bea ¼ cup sugar, ⅔ cup milk and ⅓ cu butter or margarine. Sift 1⅓ cups fl ⅔ cup corn meal, 3 teaspoons bak der and ½ teaspoon salt. Add the the dry ingredients all at once. Mix but don't go at it hammer and to just enough to mix—and rest *it* and y Have iron corn-stick pans well gre heated in an oven at 375° F. Fill three quarters full and bake in a mo hot oven, 375° F., for 20 to 25 minut narily I bake corn sticks at 400° F., do all right at 375° F. along with serole. Makes 12 to 14 corn sticks got to be resourceful, you know. don't have corn-stick pans, use muf Serve these very hot, hotter tha muffins; but all muffins should hot as a poker. And have extra margarine and jam or marmalad you eaten that elegant ginger mar

Fresh or canned. Pears, fresh or are always in season. Unless a late from the tree and eaten then a it's not the fruit that lingers—it is retiring by nature. But fix it up wi fruits, or in many ways, it surprises everyone can enjoy:

RASPBERRY POACHED PE

Cut 10 medium-sized pears in half wise, leaving the stem on one side. core. Place the pears, cored side do large skillet. Add 1 quart water, 1 cu 6 slices lemon and 2 tablespoons lem Cover and simmer until almost tende 15 minutes, then turn pears and ad bottled raspberry sirup. Continue until really tender, but not too so

MENU 3

Vegetable-Meat-Ball Soup
Grated Parmesan Cheese
Hot Garlic Bread
Fruit Compote with
Orange Sour Cream
Iced Coffee
(Planned for eight)

Soup of the evening. The third four one-over-one meals is right up alley, and it's so presented here. It l falderals. It is devoid of any fancies, straightforward way is a four-squa upper. It begins with

VEGETABLE-MEAT-BALL S

The day before, cover several be bones (enough to give good strengt stock) with 3 quarts water. Bring t then simmer 4 hours. Strain through cloth and chill overnight. Skim off With chilling, the fat solidifies and scrape it off. Add to the broth ½ c carrots, ½ cup thinly sliced leeks onions, ½ cup fine-cut celery, ½ c white turnips, 1 package frozen whol corn or 2 cups fresh corn cut from and 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes. Sea soup with 4 teaspoons salt, ¼ teasp per and ¼ teaspoon basil. While t tables cook, mix together 1 pound

huck, 4 slices stale bread (soaked in and then squeezed dry), 1 egg, slightly t, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon and ¾ teaspoon thyme. Make from ef mixture about 3 dozen tiny meat nd add to the soup. Simmer about nutes or until the vegetables are tender. this as the main dish. Pass with it Parmesan cheese. Or, should you use mother's antique tureen, sprinkle each of soup with the grated cheese. This is "cup" soup. With it have pickles and and hot garlic bread. As it's a hot , cool off with iced coffee or iced tea. . And palm-leaf fans and rocking

This is the month. If any month in the is dedicated to fruit, that month is st. No dessert is better than these fruits, ice cream and some of the chilled and things. So to cool folks off and keep happy, I've given you one way to get a t of just fruit, any and all fruits that a gal August gives you. And this time the ay is:

FRUIT COMPOTE WITH ORANGE SOUR CREAM

le and chill well a variety of fruits. sing from fresh, frozen or canned gives lot of leeway. Such lovely tempting s as melon balls, all kinds, apricots and n-struck peaches, plums and cherries—ll buy my cherries?" The list is long vely. Take 1 cup thick commercial sour , add 2 teaspoons orange juice, 1 tea- grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon sugar, y little salt and 2 teaspoons finely ed mint. Mix well. This is delicious l with the fruit. It should be chilled. t or decorate the compote with it.

MENU 4

Paella
Mixed Salad
Crusty Rolls
Peach Ice Cream
with
Sliced Peaches and Strawberries
Lemon Sticks
Iced Tea

(Planned for eight)

rom fascinating Spain. From the beau- and fabled land of the toreador and dor, ancient art and fabulous food, comes known as *paella.* Our editors were in of late and they tell us that *paella* means nd there are restaurants named so. It eans a dish of rice and meat or chicken, ly with shellfish. Though there are many ns, this is how we make it. As it's de- d as more than good, you can go Span- nd serve:

PAELLA

until very tender a 5-pound roasting en in 1 quart water with seasonings—pepper, onion, celery and parsley. Re- from stock and take the chicken off ones in neat, forkable-size pieces. Save s stock. Brown 2 cups rice and 4 cloves , crushed, in 3 tablespoons salad oil. stock, ¼ teaspoon saffron, the cut en, 1½ pounds raw shrimp, peeled and ined, or the frozen ones all ready to use, kage frozen peas, or the same amount sh peas, and season with 2½ teaspoons Bring to a boil, then reduce heat to a er. Place a dozen scrubbed littleneck s on top, cover and simmer about 15 tes until the rice is tender and the liquid sorbed. Serve with a salad and hot crusty And—know something? Pickled wal- are out of this world with this.

Why go into this? It seems a little re- lant to bring up another salad, doesn't But while there are hundreds to choose , another one is always welcome. But ing seems more right with *paella* than a d. For that matter, what is any meal out a good crisp, lovingly made salad? be you've known, made and eaten this ever since Nellie wore pinafores. Here ll find a mixed salad—any name will do:

MIXED SALAD

Line a salad bowl with mixed greens. Endive, tomatoes, artichoke hearts and sliced hard-cooked eggs may add the something interesting. Dress with Russian or Roquefort dressing, serve very cold.

PEACH ICE CREAM WITH SLICED PEACHES AND STRAWBERRIES

This isn't a brainstorm, you will say. But after all, it *is* hot and the easiest dessert is ice cream if you buy it at the corner store. This time of year peach ice cream reigns as the queen—ladle it with sliced peaches and strawberries.

LEMON STICKS

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine, gradually adding ½ cup confectioners' sugar. Add 2 egg yolks and beat until light. Stir in 1 cup flour and 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind. Mix until smooth and spread evenly in bottom of ungreased 13" x 9" pan. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. While this is baking, beat 2 egg whites until stiff, gradually adding ½ cup sugar. Beat in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and fold in ½ cup chopped nuts. Spread meringue topping over baked mixture and bake 25 minutes longer. Cool slightly and cut into 3" x 1" strips. Makes 32 sticks.

The garden calls. The day has been hot, but the evening calls us and the moon and stars beckon. Dinner's over, the dishes washed. The children are put to bed. Everyone relaxes in comfort and content. The white Shasta daisies and azalea mums along the perennial border remind us that summer will soon be on the wane. There are signs of this already, but the fall of the year is as lovely as any summer, and soon the wine that is October's air will give us new zest for living and the song of the cider mill as it goes about its pleasant task will be heard in the land.

Yours as always,
ANNIE.



Something NEW is Cooking!

Franco-American Spaghetti makes these easy recipe dishes that taste so good

Franco-American Spaghetti, with its lively tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce, is already a great family favorite. But now try *combining* it with other good things to eat—for a whole exciting new way of meal-making. New dishes easy enough for a quick lunch and so delicious, you'll be proud to serve them to company.



From the Files of a Wisconsin Cook

2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1 cup creamed cottage cheese
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1 clove garlic, mashed
1 cup soft bread cubes

Empty 1 can of spaghetti into shallow baking dish; spread evenly with cottage cheese (you'll love how the flavor of cottage cheese blends with Franco-American Spaghetti). Top with second can of spaghetti. Blend the butter and garlic; stir in bread cubes till butter is absorbed. Sprinkle cubes over spaghetti. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes, or till lightly browned. Gives you 6 servings, at about 9¢ each.

So Good—
so Many Ways—you'll want to buy 3 cans

With HAM... Add 1/2 cup diced cooked ham to one can of Franco-American Spaghetti for a good and easy supper.

With TUNA... Heat one can of tuna with two cans of Franco-American Spaghetti—4 generous servings.

With CELERY... Saute sliced celery in butter, add Franco-American Spaghetti and serve bubbly-hot. Nice flavor team.

Instead of POTATOES... Franco-American Spaghetti tastes grand with meat or fish. Just heat and serve.



Ranch House Quickie

1/2 lb. ground beef
1 cup diced green pepper
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1 teaspoon chili powder

See how the whole family goes for this savory blend of beef, chili and Franco-American Spaghetti's lively tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce. Brown beef and green pepper in shortening. (Make small meat balls of the beef if desired.) Blend in spaghetti and chili powder, and heat thoroughly. Makes 4 generous servings, at about 20¢ each.

Why don't people stick to their diets?

Some diets fail because they are based on fads

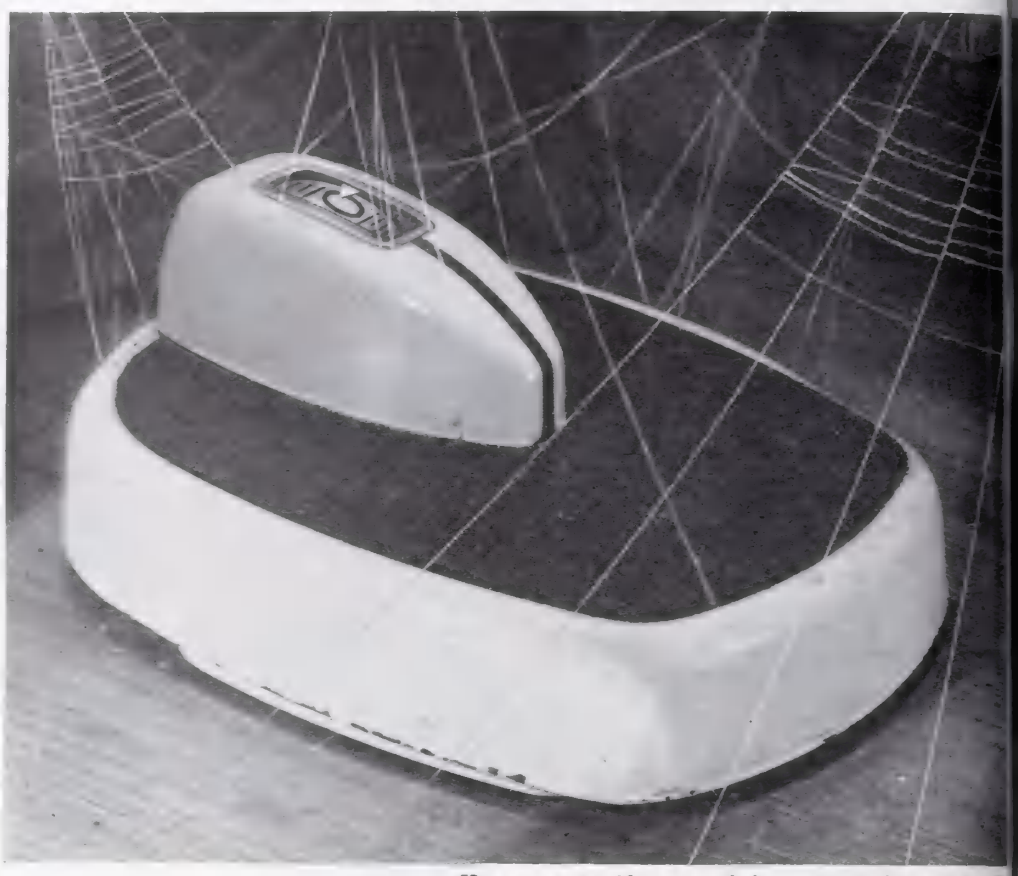
Even good diets fail when people don't stick to them

Why don't people stick to their diets?

Because they can't overcome that "always hungry" feeling

Why are they hungry?

It may be because their blood sugar level is low



Have you put aside your scale because your diet was too d

The fastest way to raise your blood sugar level, keep your appetite satisfied with less, is to have some sugar—or one of the good things containing it.

A new approach to diet planning, based on recent research, helps healthy people hold down their waistlines by raising the blood sugar level.

People have such a natural liking for sugar, it has always been one of the foods hardest to do without.

Now science finds that there is no need for any healthy person to do without sugar. In fact, your normal use of sugar may actually be helping to *keep you from gaining weight.* And if you want to lose weight, a moderate use of sugar as part of a well-planned diet can actually make it much easier for you to stick to your diet.

Why does eating a sweet just before a meal help keep you from eating too much?

Why does a simple dessert make a small meal so much more satisfying?

Science finds the reason

That's because sugar raises your *blood sugar level* faster than any other food. New research at a leading university has shown that the blood sugar level plays a leading role in regulating appetite.

When the blood sugar level falls too low, the appetite regulating center of the brain (the hypothalamus or "appestat") turns on the appetite much as a thermostat turns on the furnace in your house. You're apt to eat more than you need, without being conscious of overeating, before your blood sugar level is raised to the point where it "shuts off your appestat."

New way to diet without hunger

This discovery has already brought about an entirely new approach to weight control diets. It is based on keeping hunger *down* by keeping your blood sugar level *up* throughout the day.

You do not cut out any food, you simply *cut down.* To make it easier to cut down, you eat more often—with small mid-morning, mid-afternoon and bedtime snacks if you are hungry. But in all you do not eat nearly so much. You do not want so much.

You do not substitute artificial no-calorie sweeteners for sugar. They can't help curb your appetite since they have no effect on your blood sugar level. Using them defeats your purpose.

You may have a teaspoonful of sugar in your coffee or tea, or on your breakfast cereal or fruit. It supplies only 18 calories, can make it easier for you to turn down second helpings that would supply several times as many calories.

Because it makes a small meal so much more satisfying, you may eat desserts that include sugar with your lunch or dinner. And you may have an occasional between-meals sweet such as a soft drink or piece of candy. This is one of the *fastest* ways to satisfy your craving for food with the *fewest* calories.

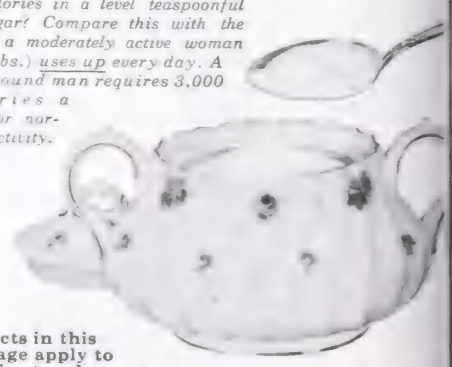
More facts for weight watcher

Scientific articles on the blood sugar studies have been published just recent Medical Journals. But already many pop magazines have begun to pick up the s with articles that show how you can l your sugar and your waistline, too. Or these recently appeared in *Reader's Di* If you would like a reprint of this article, other interesting facts about sugar write

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC
Box 137, New York 5, New York

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? Compare this with the 2,500 a moderately active woman (123 lbs.) uses up every day. A 154-pound man requires 3,000 calories a day for normal activity.



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

Dear Journal Editors: On Wednesday of next week, I will be 29 years old. It might just as well be 49, the way I look and feel.

Life in our house is very hectic. We always seem to be yelling at the kids. I feel very sorry for my children, in that I must be an old witch to them. But I'm always so tired and I feel overworked though I have all (or almost all) modern conveniences. I even have a freezer which is empty because I don't have time or money to utilize it. My husband makes a very good salary, but both of us being poor managers, we always seem to be in debt.

As for preparing meals, things are just thrown together because the baby is crying, the three-year-old is on the kitchen table, and the other two are inevitably fighting. How do people manage?

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY CANNER.





Big sister Lynne, small Phyllis, first-grader Billy and baby J.P. are all lively, get way out of hand when Dot gets harried.

The Scrambled Housewife

Home sweet home often has the quiet charm of a barrel going over the falls — at the Canners', in Beechhurst, L. I., New York.

BY HILDEGARDE DOLSON

WALK down the tranquil suburban street in Beechhurst, Long Island, past homes that could pose for a real-estate slogan: *Design for Gracious Living*. Ring the bell of the trim, six-room brick house, and you're plunged into Canner confusion.

A slim brunette wearing gray flannel slacks, an appealing, uncertain smile and a bedeviled air greets you rather distractedly, in a din made by one small, high-fidelity-screech blonde, a blaring television set, and a baby yelling in competition. "Usually the baby's calm like his daddy," Dorothy Canner remarks. You're glad to hear that daddy's calm. Thirty-one-year-old William Canner works in New York as an investigator for a national agency servicing insurance firms. His salary, around $6700 a year, runs a losing race with the Canners' free-fisted spending. When bills and bedlam get too thick,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY MORRIS



With all she buys to make life easy, why isn't it? Dot puzzles: "Our freezer cost $560 but I don't have money to fill it. I can't work the ironer. I'd need lessons for the piano. We buy $185 worth of food a month, but I never have time to plan menus ahead. Tonight we'll have lobster—it ups our morale."

"I have all conveniences. I'm the obstacle,"

Dot says. "I have no organization."

House is spotless when Bill comes home. But Dot is worn out, sallies forth to a bingo game for change of scene. She played three nights a week, lost $20 a month, till Bill cut her to one night. But he'll relent with a good-natured "Go out and live."





"If the children get underfoot when I have so much on my mind, I get mad. I love them and it's not fair to them."

"I read an ad or hear a commercial and I can't say no. How do you keep track of money when your income changes every week?"



Bill has "Old Betsy," the '46 car, at work. So world has to come to Dot. She shops by phone, is vague on prices, low on buying resistance: "Just charge it, please."

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES

his wife goes out and plays bingo—at a net loss of $20 a month. "Bill calls himself the built-in baby sitter," Dorothy said. "But when I got up to three nights a week playing bingo, he really put his foot down. Now I just go once a week." She added, "I often play with friends from the church in Bayside where we had all our kids christened."

The three-year-old blonde formally christened Phyllis, and informally known as The Terror of Beechhurst, bounces in and out like a rubber ball, pounds a glass-topped table with an ash tray, slashes unwary legs with a holster belt, does a hula dance, pulls her panties down around her ankles, and staggers like Charlie Chaplin.

"*Phyllis!*" her mother yelled. "You're getting obnoxious."

As she's yanked up, Phyllis howls piercingly.

"Do you want a spanking?"

"No," the culprit said sunnily, turning off the tears. "I like you, mommy, and I'm going to have you at my party."

"That's her newest dodge," Dorothy said, as her child trotted off. "But even if I spank her, five minutes later she's ——" Screams rent the air. Dorothy, tensed on the edge of her chair as if waiting for just such a signal, leaped. "When she climbs in the baby's crib—well, I've never caught her hurting him deliberately, but sometimes I suspect the worst."

You're left alone in the living room that's as neat as a store-window display, with ivory ruffled silk lamp shades and bright-as-new slip covers. Dorothy reappears lugging a placid, nine-month-old towhead, Joseph Peter, who waves a convivial bottle. "I had to let Phyllis stay on a bottle till she was past three, because she was so jealous she kept swiping J.P.'s. It was easier to give her what she wanted." She added despondently, "That's the way I am. The kids think they can have anything they ask for. Last night Lynne, our eight-year-old, was watching a TV play, and the heroine moaned about not having money to pay the



End of the month . . . staggering bills come in. Household cash, usually $50 for two weeks, was gone in two days. How to meet IOU's upsets Dot. Children and Bill feel her strain.

"Why doesn't she just write a check?" Lynne asked of heroine on screen who couldn't pay rent. Dot was jolted, tried to explain. "But it opened my eyes."



rent. So Lynne said, 'The dope! Why doesn't she just write out a check?'"

Dorothy's full red mouth, that often droops as disconsolately as her thin shoulders, curved in a vivid grin. Then she went on ruefully, "I gave Lynne a lecture right then, about the value of money, but I'm a fine one to talk! Bill gives me fifty or sixty dollars every two weeks when he gets paid, so I pay the butcher and maybe a couple others, and in two days the money's all shot and I'm charging again. When I get too far behind on his bill, the milkman says, 'Now, Mrs. Canner, you're being naughty again.'"

She put her gurgling son on the floor, on a blanket. "Every time Bill and I see anybody with a baby, we think, 'Gee, it would be fun to have another,' but we can't even manage the ones we've got. Bill plays favorites and he always likes the youngest best. As they get older, they get too fresh, and then even Bill can't stand it. When I hear *him* yell at the kids, then I can hear how wrong it is, so I yell at Bill, and it's a madhouse."

On this gloomy note, the phone rang. Phyllis, answering, babbled joyously, "Daddy—I'm *good*." Dorothy ran to take over. You hear her voice drop to a tender, pleased murmur, with giggles and lingering grace notes. "That was Bill," CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Touched by her children's belief that she could solve anything, Dot decided to unscramble her problems.

Late one night, Canners reached a decision.

"Here we are—with a brand-new house and our wonde ful children. We're both hard workers, and we've made lot of headway in ten years. We know we can do it, we'll figure a way out of this crazy mix-up together





Your hair is romance...







keep it sunshine bright with *White Rain*

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

LAMB SHANKS WITH CHIVE RICE



INTERESTIN and inexpensive

Personal shopping for best buys cut

WHEN I think of what we could have done with that $70 a month when we were so debt-ridden, I could almost cry. I had no food budget—no idea of prices—ordered everything over the phone and charged it besides.

I even thought I hated to cook, blaming my dislike on the kitchen bedlam the children stirred up at mealtime.

Now I realize I was only fooling myself. You've got to want to make a budget work and put some of yourself into the project if it's going to be fun. With encouragement and help from JOURNAL editors, we are at last getting our food bills down where they belong. You should see me combing the newspaper ads for grocery bargains, comparing prices in the margins. Bill kids me and says he's going to get me a Geiger counter.

I had never even heard of lamb shanks, for instance, before I began paring pennies off the food bill. Chops and roasts were the only cuts I knew. I discovered the shanks were wonderful barbecued. Even finicky Lynne passes her plate for more. And the whole dinner costs less than $2.00!

Barbecued Lamb Shanks
with Chive Rice
Grated-Carrot-and-Turnip Salad
Lime-Watermelon Cubes
For six — cost: $1.97

Barbecued Lamb Shanks with Chive Rice: Have the butcher crack the lamb shanks for you. Dust 6 lamb shanks (about ¾–1 pound each) with 2 tablespoons flour and brown well a few at a time in a large roaster, using ¼ cup shortening or salad oil. Drain excess fat. Combine 1 cup catchup, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup vinegar, ¼ cup dark brown sugar and 2 teaspoons dry mustard. Add 1 cup sliced onion and pour over lamb shanks. Cover tightly and simmer 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Baste sauce over shanks 2 or 3 times during cooking period. Uncover and continue cooking 15 minutes longer. Serve with 4 cups hot seasoned cooked rice tossed with 1 tablespoon minced chives. Serves 6.

Grated-Carrot-and-Turnip Salad: Toss together 2 cups coarsely grated raw carrots and 1 cup grated raw white turnip. Season to taste with salt and pepper and mix with 3 tablespoons French dressing. Serve in lettuce cups. Serves 6.

Lime-Watermelon Cubes: Cut ripe chilled watermelon into cubes. Spoon some thawed frozen limeade concentrate over each serving.

Though my father was a chef, I had never been very adventurous about food. Bill and I liked to go to Chinese restaurants now and then, but it never occurred to me to try my hand at cooking Chinese style until the JOURNAL folks showed me how quick and easy it was. Vegetable chow mein is a real moneysaver. We never miss meat when we have this dinner.

Vegetable Chow Mein on Noodles
Cottage-Cheese Mold
Sliced Peaches
For six — cost: $2.02

Vegetable Chow Mein on Noodles: Sauté lightly ½ pound mushrooms, sliced, ¾ cup sliced onion and ¼ cup diced green pepper in ¼ cup butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add 2 cups canned chicken broth, 1 cup canned tomatoes and ½ cup sliced celery. Blend 3 tablespoons cornstarch with ½ cup cold water; add this to the vegetables and cook until clear, stirring constantly. When thickened, add 2½ tablespoons soy sauce, 2 tablespoons pimientos, chopped, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 No. 2 can bean sprouts to the sauce. Heat thoroughly, but do not overcook. Serve on heated canned chow-mein noodles. Serves 6.

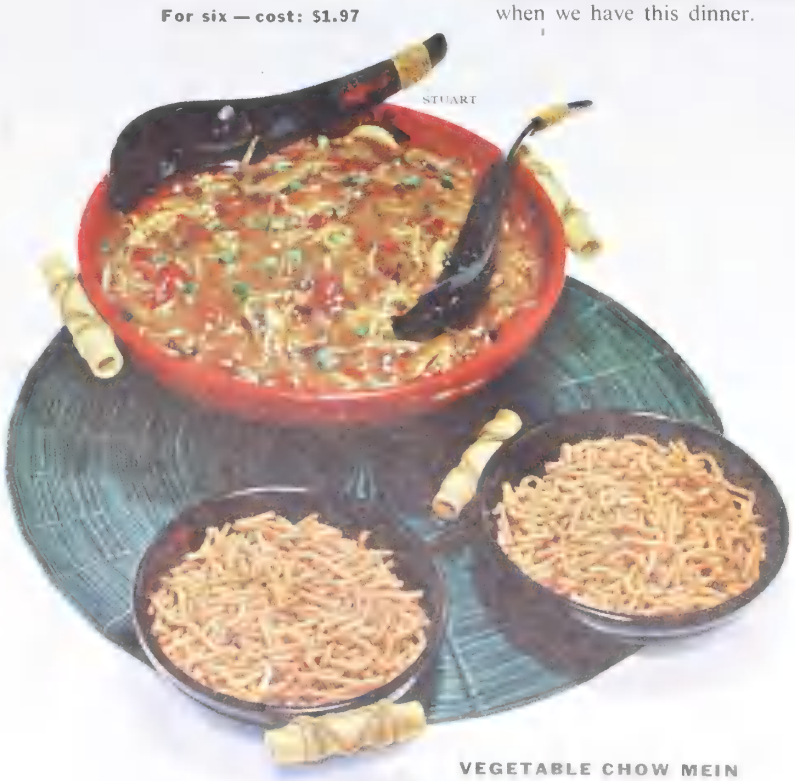
Cottage-Cheese Mold: Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over ¼ cup cold water. Let stand for 5 minutes. Add ¾ cup hot water and stir until gelatin dissolves. Add ⅓ cup lemon juice and 5 tablespoons sugar and mix well. Press 2 cups cottage cheese through a fine sieve. Gradually add gelatin mixture to cheese, blending well after each addition. Pour into a 1-quart mold or 6 small individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with fresh, sliced, sweetened peaches or berries. Serves 6.

Lasagne; spaghetti and meat balls; and spaghetti with clam sauce are three Italian specialties I learned fr mother. Spaghetti with clam sauc easiest—it takes only 30 minutes to r and is the least expensive. When Bi "Gosh, that's a good dinner," I fee and happy inside. Cooking *is* fun there are compliments for dessert.

Spaghetti with Clam Sauc
Green Salad Bowl
Bread Sticks
Stewed Fresh Plums
For six — cost: $1.82

Spaghetti with Clam Sauce: Sauté garlic, crushed, in 1 tablespoon salad o 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 N can tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ te pepper, 1 bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon sugar, of cayenne pepper and ¼ teaspoon o Simmer about 30 minutes until thickened. Add one 10½-ounce can clams and heat through. Serve on spaghetti. Serves 4–6.

Our milk bills used to be phenor But with four children I felt this w place I couldn't economize. No what happened, the children were to have all the milk they wanted to JOURNAL editors suggested I sub



VEGETABLE CHOW MEIN

SPAGHETTI WITH CLAM SAUCE





DI PIETRO

…is and J.P. think helping mother shop for bargains is a great lark.



BELGIAN MEAT BALLS

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES

…o… bill $7.0 a month!

By DOROTHY CANNER

…e nonfat dry milk in cooking as well as …fy …nd mix it half and half with fresh …I ever thought I could get by with it …o… night after the children were in …I reconstituted some of the dry milk, …ed …ith fresh milk and put it in empty …bo…les in the refrigerator. (It really …s …e fresh milk if you refrigerate it …nig….) I hardly slept that night, won…ng …ether I'd have to pour it all down …im The next morning I poured the …de milk out for their cereal and to …c… ot a comment! Even Bill didn't …v… e difference—still doesn't. In a …th… ime I cut our milk bill one third. …ju… wonderful. It makes the best …pe… which is our Sunday dessert treat …f… d chicken. *Sure* we can have …ce… n Sunday and not spend much …$7.0…!

Fried Chicken
…aked Stuffed Tomatoes
Lime Sherbet
Molasses Cookies
For six — cost: $2.16

…Sherbet: Mix together 1½ cups sugar, …ps reconstituted nonfat dry milk, ½ cup …ju… and 2 teaspoons grated lime rind; …in… 2 refrigerator trays and freeze. Now …½… water into a 1-quart mixing bowl. …n… blespoon lime juice and 1 teaspoon …la… prinkle ½ cup nonfat dry milk over the top of liquid; beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until stiff, about 10 minutes. Sprinkle 3 tablespoons sugar on the surface. Beat until sugar is blended in and mixture is stiff enough to hold soft peaks. Beat frozen mixture in electric mixer. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Combine frozen mixture, beaten egg whites and whipped nonfat dry milk. Tint pale green with food coloring. Pour into 3 refrigerator trays and freeze 3 to 4 hours or until firm.

When you are food budgeting, you naturally lean heavily on hamburger. Outside of serving hamburgers on buns, I had never done anything else with ground beef except make lasagne and spaghetti and meat balls. Ever since the budget bug bit me I've made up my mind that I wouldn't be limited in food ideas even if I was limited in money. I would have variety, but at a price. The JOURNAL suggested I try Belgian meat balls. They went over big—even with Lynne, who until recently has balked at anything unfamiliar.

Belgian Meat Balls
Frenched Green Beans
Tomato-Cucumber Salad
Apricot-Custard Sponge
For six — cost: $1.93

Belgian Meat Balls: Have ¾ pound beef and ¾ pound veal ground together 3 times. Soak 3 slices bread in cold water; squeeze dry and crumble into the meat. Add 1 beaten egg and season the mixture with 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon allspice and 2 teaspoons grated onion. Blend well with a fork. Add ⅓ cup melted butter or margarine; mix in quickly. Stir in 3–4 tablespoons water to make a moist mixture. Shape into 18 balls a little larger than an egg. Dust the meat balls with flour. Chop 4 onions coarsely (about 4 cups); sauté in ¼ cup butter or margarine in a skillet. When onions begin to brown, remove them from skillet and brown the meat balls. Add another tablespoon butter or margarine if necessary. When meat balls are nicely browned, add onion, cover and let meat and onion simmer for ½ hour. Then add ½ cup water and 1 teaspoon salt, cover and continue simmering for another ½ hour. Serves 6.

Saturday night is our big night out—supper in the back yard, that is. I make potato salad, cake from a mix, and a pitcher of lemonade, from a mix also—it's so easy. Bill grills the "franks" on our outdoor grill. We don't miss the steaks of other summers. We're just as gay and a lot happier. Why shouldn't we be? We're getting our debts paid up, we've got the budget habit and we'll never go back to hit-and-miss buying. Things are looking up. Tonight we're going to have:

Grilled Frankfurters
Soufflé Potato Salad
Spicecake **Lemonade**
For six — cost: $2.06

Souffle Potato Salad: Peel and dice 1 pound boiled potatoes to make 2 cups. Marinate with 2½ tablespoons vinegar, ⅓ cup chopped dill pickle, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon dried dill and 2 tablespoons sliced scallions or green onions. Dissolve 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add ½ cup cold water, 3 tablespoons vinegar, and ½ cup mayonnaise blended with 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Pour into refrigerator tray and chill in freezing unit until the mixture is firm about 1″ from the edge but soft in the center. Turn into a bowl and beat with a rotary beater or electric mixer until fluffy. Fold in the potato mixture and 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced. Pour into 1-quart ring mold and chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold and serve on greens, garnishing with tomato wedges and ripe olives. Serves 6.

FRIED CHICKEN, STUFFED TOMATOES





SOUFFLÉ POTATO SALAD



Revolutionary new lotion

—scientifically made to smooth and whiten

"Detergent Hands"!



Today—you expose your hands to redness and roughness every time you wash dishes, do the laundry. Now there is *new help* for "detergent hands." It's the revolutionary new hand lotion—Angel Skin by Pond's

Rough, dried-out hands are becoming every housewife's "occupational disease"

Day in, day out—your hands are constantly being attacked by today's powerful dish washing and laundry products. You *know* the results.

Now—Pond's brings you an entirely new kind of lotion, created specially to meet this urgent new skin problem. Revolutionary Angel Skin counteracts the harsh, drying action of detergents . . . helps prevent irritation. You see *amazing effects* on roughened, red skin. Your hands look smoother, whiter—right away!

Quick penetration, not sticky! It's *impossible* for new Angel Skin to leave a sticky film on your hands, because—unlike old-style lotions—Angel Skin contains no gummy "filler." All of Angel Skin's richness *goes in* at once.

Deep-softening Angel Skin by Pond's—only 49¢, 25¢ plus tax.

(slightly higher in Canada).



Red hands—Deep-softening Angel Skin heals chapping. Redness fades out

Hangnails—Ragged cuticle skin that causes painful hangnails smooths away—with Pond's new Angel Skin!

Angel Skin

by POND'S

How not to stay broke

Do you really know where yo money goes? Finding out can be both a challenge and a comfort.

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON

STARTING to budget is like starting to diet. That first psychological hurdle—that getting started on counting your pennies—is the decisive moment. Once you set up the apparatus, the program becomes a game and a challenge.

Here is how the debt-ridden Canners made a financial turnabout in six weeks:

March 15

To Dot and Bill Canner, it was zero hour. Would they win or lose over debts and domestic problems?

In their first conversation with the JOURNAL, money worries were at the top of the list. "And our jitters," Dot said, "are shaking up the whole family. We know *something's* wrong, but we don't know how to begin straightening it out." For one thing, they never could catch up with debts. Added to that, Dot's meticulous housekeeping gave her no time for the kind of comparative shopping that saves money. Run-down health was jangling the family nerves and running up doctor bills. Even though Bill brought home one convenience after another to ease Dot's load, she was never able to organize time or thinking enough to use them—they were pushed into corners. "And we are, too," Dot summed up dolefully. "We're living so far beyond our income, it's scary. Everything looks *black*," and she summoned only a faint smile at Bill's quip: "Except our finances, of course—all red."

How much did they spend each month? Both Dot and Bill looked blank.

How much did Bill earn a month? Another blank spot—no two of his pay checks were ever the same.

That, obviously, was a key to many of their problems. Neither had kept financial records of any kind. Until Dot and Bill knew what their resources were, they couldn't know how to use them to full advantage.

March 22

After our first long planning session together, Dot and Bill figured out their whole financial picture for the first time—"We'd been postponing the bad news." It was easy to understand why. Their problem was in many ways a difficult one.

Income changed every payday. Bill gets paid twice a month, earns on commission. By listing all his checks for last year, they found his yearly gross income was about $6700, but his take-home pay slightly over $5600. Half-monthly checks ranged from a low of $86 take-home to a high of $337, and an average figure turned out to be $235. "We never recorded take-home totals," Bill said. "They don't appear on the pay statements we keep (only the gross figure and deductions) and we had no record books for keeping track of *any* figures." Dot nodded: "When Bill's checks were high, we spent them. And when they were low, we charged, figuring it was an off month we'd make up later. That's how we got into this mess."

Outgo figures took even more work. Loose bills, tucked into a drawer, had never been totaled. Dot and Bill tried to pay one at a time, usually to any creditor who reminded them most often. When they did add them all, the total owed (to doctor, c stores, upholsterer, gas station creditors altogether) came to a $1300 waiting to be paid—but ho ing from bills and from memory Bill totaled up their average mont ing at $587—a good bit more tha age $470 a month Bill earned.

"Now we *know* what's wro studied their own figures with sho do we do about it?"

A budget was clearly called for. was Dot and Bill's purchase of a record book, plus pocket noteboo she would carry to record *all* thei penses and solve the Mystery of th ing Pay Check.

M

By now, Dot and Bill had a budget worked out. There had starts, erasures, unrealistic estim finally the figures reached bedrock. ners had a framework into whi penses would fit.

To both Dot and Bill, just lea to plan spending brought an over sense of relief.

First step in making up the bud find an average monthly take-hom They had already done so—$470 average. Whenever he earned m would bank the difference to draw his salary fell, so that they would al a steady figure to work with—a ne assuring idea to both of them.

Second step was to add up fixed e known sums that had to be met th the year—and again strike a mon age. For example, a utility bill of $2 every two months—that called f month. Adding up all fixed expenses ners found they came to $224 a mo tal that would be put aside in a spe account. Balancing out the bills, the out a smooth system of paying then the first half of the month they wo house payments, $106, and pay th bill, $6, totaling $112. During the se of the month, an equal $112 would surance, gas and electric, and a gen fund to pay off debts. Their origin month, minus $224 for fixed expe them $246 to use in areas where cho into play.

Their third step was to allot mon nonfixed items, including a small fund and some buffer funds. It was heaviest juggling came in, but Dot finally evolved a system.

From the $246 about which they h choice, $46 would be set aside in the ward bills that came due once in a though exact amounts could not dicted. They kept a special record at of the budget book. During the firs the month, they would put away $1 and $5 for savings, totaling $23. D second half of the month, $10 woul ward medical needs, $5 for dental emergency use, totaling another $2 $246 minus the banked $46 $200 a month for daily expenses. To meet penses, they found

e half month, and painstak-
ut the following system:

. . . . .	$57.50
on	18.00
luding grooming) . .	5.00
and sitters	3.00
l cleaning	2.30
. . . . .	1.80
. . . . .	6.00
. . . . .	.50
llowance	1.50
us	.40
rity, gifts.	2.00
nd reading	2.00
otal each half month	$100.00

an that called for severe belt
every item cut far below their
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-"I could use big money like
now we don't have it." There
or home furnishings: "We're
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rmined to reform, the Canners
w regime.

April 7

provements right away," Dot
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s milk for 65 cents) and com-
fresh, she achieved a spectacu-
milk bill alone. The family
the difference; and most im-
ept food values high.
g her housekeeping habits, she
ore time to shop. In the past,
eets twice a week, pillowcases
ay—a chore she now cut in
rugs that had to be laundered
en't useful were stored away.
s that called for elaborate iron-
ced by plainer ones. The port-
the basement was used for the
ars when she asked Bill to cut
or it so that she could work at
height. All through her home,
set up permanent work areas
er job, and days that were once
were growing calmer. "Just
discoveries was the fact that I
breakfast table the night be-
helps while I do the dinner
morning I get up a half hour
nily and have breakfast ready
rve *breakfast* now."
elped cut down Bill's expenses.
e once bought to keep up en-
needed once Dot started to
d meals. Then, too, by using
ay he achieved a big cut in the
epair expense on their '46 car.
g a pack of cigarettes a day, he
alf a pack. All expenses were
n his pocket notebook, and at
nsferred their day's total to the
ook. With her new project as
, she gave up bingo. To lose $5
clearly mean cutting down on
children's allowances, or Bill's
prizes weren't nearly so inviting
o family peace and security.

April 15

"The children have colds, and
on on the car conked out." Bill added, "Right now our extra TV set is in a repair shop and we can't afford the thirty-five dollars to ransom it, so we're trying to sell it. But we'll have to fix the car. I found a used-parts dealer, and by doing the labor myself we can hold costs to thirty-five dollars. We'll have to accumulate it from the savings fund, the emergency money, and anything we can save from the daily funds. But once this budget really gets going, we'll have enough set aside to take care of any setbacks on the spot."

The children's colds weren't severe, and the days of running up $30 a week in medical bills were over. Dot was learning elementary hygiene. To keep the sniffles from running through the whole family, each had his own towel, washcloth and drinking cup. That helped. "And we seem to have more resistance now that I'm watching nutrition." Dot herself had gone up from 109 to 112 pounds, and her nerves were steadier.

April 23

At the end of six weeks, Bill opened their budget book with pride: "We're on a whole new track." Dot's careful figures stood out straight and sure, up and down the pages.

In the first month of budgeting, their total outgo—including $80 toward back bills—was exactly $1.45 under their total income!

Bill whistled: "Money left over!" Dot beamed: "*There's* a milestone."

"It's not easy," Bill summed up their struggle, "but it's worth it. We've written all the people we owe explaining that our checks are going to arrive regularly from now on." He was planning to look for part-time jobs to speed debt payments; last year, his evening and weekend sales work brought in a few hundred dollars extra, and he felt he could do as well in '54. "But this time the money won't scatter to the winds—we'll know what we're doing with it." Both he and Dot were searching for new economies. Insurance policies, formerly paid weekly or monthly, could be paid quarterly at a slightly lower rate. Heating bills had been high last fall and winter; this year they planned to turn the thermostat down at night, an economy many of the neighbors practiced. Dot was keeping track of phone calls so that no bills would arrive double and triple her estimates to jolt her new stability. The whole experience of runaway debts had been a shattering one, and neither Dot nor Bill ever wanted to repeat it.

I have found that when one is embarrassed, usually the shortest way to get through with it is to quit talking and thinking about it, and go at something else.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

They were braced for another difficulty that might hit. If Bill's checks fell below last year's average, the whole spending plan would have to be revised downward. But Bill was sure that his income, even allowing for seasonal dips, would hold a steady course, and probably head upward.

To Dot, the balanced books and her amazement at finding she *could* handle money brought a fresh supply of assurance in meeting all her problems. As she learned from her study of budgeting, she won't always have to keep penny-by-penny records. Managing money, as any other art, soon becomes second nature. With her new knowledge of what she had available to spend, she would, in a short time, be able to work out of budget envelopes and memory and find herself free of daily recording.

"But I'm not sure," she told Bill, "whether I want to give up the book. It's easy, and I happen to be proud of it. More than that, I have ideas." She turned ahead to the empty pages. "If I clip in pictures of what we want after our debts are paid—a new car, for example—I'll remember what we're working toward. That ought to help me sort out the important spending from the unimportant. When you think that this book cost two dollars and is going to save us hundreds of dollars for whatever we want most"—she viewed it confidently—"it's a jack pot!" Bill didn't look worried either.

END



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

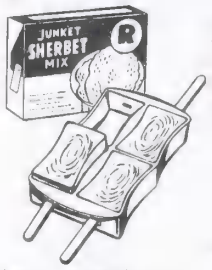
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HERE'S A MONEY-SAVING OFFER you simply mustn't miss . . . a wonderful flexible plastic mold for making frozen suckers at home! It's like *money-in-the-bank* . . . for when you make homemade suckers with "JUNKET" BRAND SHERBET MIX they cost *only* about 1½c each . . . a *big saving* over the price I'm sure you pay for suckers every day! So start saving money right away . . . by getting "JUNKET" SHERBET MIX today and sending for this:



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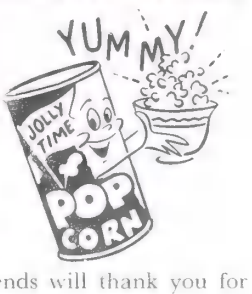
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Children are happiest when firmness goes hand in hand wi

When children misbehav

Contrary to what may see tr there are ways to make children want to be helpful and obedient.

By LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.D.

WHEN I went to discuss Dorothy Canner's special problems with her youngsters, the children provided me, as if by prearrangement, with demonstrations of the conduct that had their mother "on the ropes."

I had found Dorothy in the basement, hanging up clothes. Here, in the huge, light, warm room, so ideal for children to work off steam in, were the freezer into which Dorothy had never put any food, the mangle she had never used, and the play space the youngsters refused to play in.

"If I ever do succeed in coaxing them down into the basement," Dorothy mourned, "Phyllis throws Lynne's and Billy's things in a heap and refuses to pick them up. That just means more quarreling and uproar."

When we settled ourselves in the living room, Dorothy slumped in her chair as though she had no spine at all. She looked exhausted, without the strength even to sit up straight.

"The children have me completely bamboozled," she began. "J. P., the baby, is the only one that's easy to handle. The others are completely unmanageable. They quarrel constantly. They fuss about their food. Bedtime is a horror. Lynne [the oldest girl, 8] has a guilt complex that worries me. Billy [going on 6] will lie and try to clown or kid his way out of it. Phyllis [3] is into everything. She's a poor eater and sleeper. None of them obey. Sometimes I think ——"

It was at this point that the clinical demonstrations began. Billy came in from school with his first reading book, a primer that was the property of the school.

"Let me have it," demanded Lynne. "I want to see it."

"It's a schoolbook, Lynne," Dorothy protested. "Billy must be careful of it. Y alone."

As if her mother had Lynne snatched the book and took it out on the fron othy spread her hands in helplessness, then resumed of her woes and difficulties bors looked down on her had too many children. ground for this belief was mark she had overheard ab woman, who was about fifth child and had no hel been dropped by the neig their card parties. (Thoug very well that this was beca playing bingo three nights wasn't available.) Accordin was hopelessly inefficient by felt that she was in a trap, too much for her. "At tin confused I can't talk stra Dorothy is an excellent h Her house is spick-and-span in order, everything in its scrupulously clean. There i fact that Dorothy was a p tary before she married. S job for two years and got re which doesn't happen to a person.)

Just then Lynne came in primer, torn half to pieces. the ruined book to her mo tearfully, "Phyllis did it. I fault, was it? But I'm so s sorry!"

Here was Lynne's "guilt full operation. Dorothy at to yearn over the little girl dent that she was willing t erything because Lynne felt ful. It was equally evident Lynne used her "gui as a device t mother.

mind if I step in and handle the
e way I think it should be han-
ked Dorothy. She gave her con-
said to Lynne firmly, "Ruining
was your fault. You left it where
d reach it. We'll try to mend it.
your mother needs your help in
able."
girl refused point-blank. Again
y's consent, I put Lynne in her
osed the door. She screamed and
nately for half an hour, then called
was ready to help.
had I let her out of her room than
eyed a command of her mother's
ne three-year-old in the bedroom.
o much for Lynne. She could not
why her mother permitted a strange
sh first her and then her little sis-
ill Canner came home from work,
nne crying in the hall, and Phyllis
screaming and banging against
hich I was holding shut by main
e ran to Bill shrieking, "Throw
t, daddy! He's got to go, he's got
e doesn't go, I go!" One could
ne Bill for being taken aback.
d to Bill and Dorothy—while still
doorknob—some principles of
ology and my theory for the correc-
rbing traits and bad behavior. This
stated simply:
holds on to any pattern of bad be-
the pattern is not rewarded. A
ontinue either good or bad be-
rns if he can achieve the reward he
versely, any pattern of behavior
f it is not rewarded.

ological rewards that most nor-
n want are affection and attention.
like to play-act a big dramatic
remain in the center of the stage.
of bad behavior cannot be
nagging, argument and a mass of
monly known as "reasoning with
Spanking is almost equally ineffec-
arent almost always whips when
and angry. He is likely to feel
osing his temper and more often
els he has to make up to the child
thy and affection, for the pain he
d. The direct opposite from the re-
has been achieved. Bad behavior
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in a room behind a closed door
hild simultaneously of attention,
on and of any display of affection.
conversation with the parent must
mitted, and if necessary the door
oked.
ed to Bill and Dorothy that after I
d Phyllis from her room, I would
opportunity that presented itself to
"I promise you," I ended my little
by the time I leave here tonight,
and I will be friends."
ely, Phyllis' screams soon sub-
he was allowed to come out. Lynne,
y her parents' calm acceptance of
ence, set the table. Then the two of
o put the book back together with
t tape. There was no sign of antago-
worked with a will, and the book
mended by the time supper was
as able to point out to the Canners
en do not carry resentment if the
t is just and consistent. The inci-
nstrated, also, that this little girl
y helpfulness and work if she was
privilege of refusal. Phyllis was be-
. When Dorothy dropped a dish-
three-year-old ran to pick it up and
ck to her mother. This gave me a
praise Phyllis for her co-operation
htfulness. She glowed as children do
l behavior is recognized.
was Billy's turn. He came marching
ving room loaded down with junk
n the abandoned shipyard a block
ere he was not supposed to go. He
he greasy, rusty, dirty conglomera-
on the living-room rug. Picking out
old, rusty saw blades, he took them
er.
ght these for you, daddy," he said
nning smile. "I thought you could
It's a present."

Bill was obviously as disarmed by this approach as Dorothy had been by Lynne's guilt complex. I could see him opening his mouth to acknowledge the gift, and intervened hastily, inasmuch as both Canners had given me carte blanche to deal with the children's behavior.

"Pick up the metal, Billy, and take it outdoors," was all I said to the little boy. But I told Dorothy privately to have Billy return it next day to the place he had got it from, and to go with him. In this way she would see that the loot was returned to its proper place, and also get a check on where Billy had been in the shipyard. This was better than a cross-examination, which might encourage Billy's tendency to lie out of misconduct.

Supper started off as a rough-and-tumble affair, with each child demanding more and more steak and refusing to eat anything else. There was much grabbing, and screams that someone else was being served first and getting the biggest share. I intervened again and Bill Canner quickly took his cue.

"No second portions of steak until the string beans and bread and potatoes are eaten," he said, a new authority in his voice. "No one gets chocolate-ice-cream cake until he cleans his plate." The mob scene stopped abruptly and the youngsters got busy cleaning their plates.

It was heartening to see Bill and Dorothy brighten up and take the situation over. It was almost as if they were suddenly aware that they were the controllers of the children and not their slaves. This gave me a chance to emphasize what I believe to be eminently true: that to be happy, children must be saved from the constant emotional storms that come when they are out of control. Giving in to every momentary whim just leads to unhappiness. Because eventually the parents have to step in, since everybody cannot be served first, and no child can be allowed to eat nothing but steak. Far better not to let a situation get out of hand in the first place.

After dinner, the children and I washed the dishes together in a fine spirit of camaraderie. When the time came for me to leave, Lynne ran up with outstretched arms to kiss me.

Throughout the afternoon and evening I had of course been diagnosing the situation and the leading characters in it—Bill and Dorothy Canner. Particularly Dorothy, for she had been right in saying that the trouble with her scrambled household lay with herself. Her defects naturally are our main concern, since the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL had been called in for the express purpose of correcting them, so we shall look at these first.

The nub of Dorothy's difficulty, it seemed to me, was that she had never budgeted her personal desires, which were whimsical and ran to extravagant and elaborate things beyond their income. When she found herself badly involved, her consequent "confusion" was a way of relieving herself of responsibility. The myth she had developed of being a poor, inefficient manager excused her both for her extravagant buying and for her failure to use the real talents she has for managing.

She was oversensitive, and suffered much unnecessary mental anguish on this account. But she had built up an elaborate mechanism of blaming others and excusing herself while doing exactly as she pleased. For instance, she excused herself for her extravagance about groceries by insisting that Bill and the children would not eat simple, inexpensive foods. Naturally Bill likes steaks and roasts, as who does not? But he had expressed his willingness to eat anything Dorothy prepares, and had told me that beans and a good stew are among his favorite dishes. Children will prefer foods of their own whimsical choosing; but as every mother knows who has ever tried it, if they are allowed to get hungry they will eat any wholesome food set before them.

DOROTHY excused herself for last-minute ordering and catch-as-catch-can meals by saying that that was the way her mother had conducted her household—that it "ran in the family." Yet Dorothy well knew that her mother had done things this way because the father had lost his job, Mrs. Giacone had been forced to work outside her home and was actually supporting the family. Dorothy had no such reason for her failure to plan wisely. This seemed to me just another way in which Dorothy justified her own extravagant tastes.

She tended to be moody. But instead of recognizing her tendency and trying to understand it for what it was, she used it as an excuse for carrying out undesirable impulses, such as playing bingo three times a week.

On the credit side, the Canners had a number of real and fine assets. These included honesty; loving devotion to each other and to their children; good intelligence and the ability to see mistakes quickly when they were pointed out; ability to work hard; a determination to change mistaken courses and follow the wise advice given; excellent dispositions. In addition, Dorothy is extremely likable and it seemed to me was very earnest in her desire to improve her situation.

The children were bright, normal, affectionate and easy to manage. Yes, I mean that last, in spite of the behavior they had exhibited to me and to the JOURNAL editors. Lynne, to be sure, was fresh and impudent. But that could be handled easily, as shown by her helping Dorothy set the table and mending the book, after a brief period of isolation. She was old enough to be a real help to her mother and could easily be made to do household chores, provided Dorothy dramatized her contributions a bit and made Lynne feel important



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when she did her work. The bumptious, unpredictable Phyllis had been tractable and as quiet as a three-year-old can be expected to be after a half hour of isolation in her room. Billy, with his sunny, affectionate disposition, could easily be persuaded to hang up his clothes and help his mother. He would drop his devices for getting excused from wrongdoing as soon as he found they didn't get results.

There was one further thing to be said about Dorothy. She was obviously undernourished—her weight of 109 pounds thinly distributed was proof enough of that—and run down physically. No mother can cope effectively with four lively youngsters when she is operating at only about half capacity. These things work in a vicious circle. To a run-down, worn-out mother, simple problems with her children seem insurmountable and make her nervous and tense. A nervous, tense mother arouses rebellious responses in her youngsters and that makes her still more nervous and tense.

A diet which would help Dorothy gain the weight she needed would add to her feeling of well-being and lessen her fatigue. When this happened many problems with the children would vanish automatically. Dorothy would be calmer and better able to handle any that remained. I believed that her sense of inadequacy so far as her neighborhood was concerned would be diminished when she felt that she had got herself and her home in presentable condition. Along with psychological help, it was plain that Dorothy needed a physical examination, and whatever medical assistance the examination indicated. I also felt that in her depressed state, a weekly conference with a sympathetic doctor would help her morale, and keep her to the regimen which, in my opinion, would soon bring order out of the chaos the Canners had been living in.

(Let me say parenthetically that the doctor to whom the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL sent Dorothy found little wrong with her except malnutrition brought about by her failure to eat proper meals. The treatment prescribed was a good diet and more rest. For breakfast she was to have coffee, egg, toast, fruit; for lunch, a salad, some kind of protein, fruit, tea. For dinner, meat, green vegetable, potato or dessert. Between meals she was to have milk, fruit or juice or gelatin. She was told to sit down and rest for at least fifteen minutes when she took her between-meal snack, instead of eating it on the run. She was advised to get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. No medication was prescribed except vitamins, which were for the purpose of building up Dorothy's depleted body more quickly.)

Now I gave Bill and Dorothy my prescription for the psychological side of their problem. *First*, to stop the continual raiding of the refrigerator, if necessary by putting a lock on the door. Thus the youngsters would be ready to eat, at the regular mealtimes, the wholesome and inexpensive foods that I knew the JOURNAL food editors were advising. I suggested small initial servings for the children, and insistence that they eat whatever was placed before them.

Second, the basement playroom could be made more appealing and serve its function of keeping the children from always being underfoot if each child were given a section for his or her own, where belongings would be inviolate. Any intrusion upon another's space or possessions was to be punished.

Third, instead of putting all four to bed at the same time, to stagger the bedtimes at half-hour intervals, according to age. This would give the older ones a sense of added importance and do away with the bedtime uproar.

Fourth, to have the children take over some household tasks, which I felt they would do willingly once they understood what was expected of them.

Fifth, instead of talking, scolding or spanking when the children were naughty or disobedient, to shut them in their rooms until they expressed willingness to co-operate.

"I'LL put hooks on those bedroom doors this very night," promised Bill.

Before I left, I took Bill aside for a heart-to-heart talk. I told him that his yielding to Dorothy's every whimsical desire was not good for the family. The fact that he adores Dorothy and was willing to do extra work to earn more money was praiseworthy. But his first job was to assume control as the head of the family, even if this meant temporary unhappiness and tears. He mustn't let Dorothy turn to unhealthy methods of escaping her moodiness. Gambling, whether called bingo or something else, is an unhealthy method of escape. Dorothy's place was with her husba dren. When the Canners went ou ning, it should be together, with home.

Bill was forthright and stra "I've enough of the Dutchman i my foot down and take over, do say that's what I ought to do."

During the next few weeks, enc ports came from Dorothy's doct the JOURNAL editors. But I had t interest in this scrambled housewi to see for myself how the progran gested for the children was worki months after my first visit I was in home again.

DOROTHY sits up straighter no color in her cheeks and a sparkle that weren't there before. "I've pounds," she told me. "The minu eating breakfast, I began to fee was calmer. Things didn't look ne Getting up e have a sho I call the fan down to br gether and to get the to school i der. It seeme when I felt self the kids a and that ma better yet! how nervou I had been before."

Bill smiled fectionately. frantic phon ing my work he said. "She me two or a day and sh terical. 'Co Bill, come would beg when I call things are ways get, Bill!'"

The biggest though, was ner youngste friendly, hap going, they have aband urge to seize of the stage, tention by and unman Lynne and B accepted thei suggestion show me hov ment playroom had been porti with separate divisions for Lynne, Phyllis. Each section had someth on and work on, and places for th of toys and other possessions. Like the Canner house, it was neat as Billy and Phyllis had cleaned it tha while their mother and Lynne were

"Since we started this plan, th bring their friends down here," said "The different groups play side by out getting in each other's hair. idea how it cut down on the quarre we made Phyllis respect the possessi other children."

Lynne and Billy accepted cheer mother's suggestion that they stay d and play while we went back ups mother and daddy can talk to Do man." Phyllis was a little fretful woke from her nap, but this can ha any preschooler. The important t that an afternoon nap had becom Phyllis' scheme of life. She was ove fulness quickly and at a word from h went off to join her brother and sis downstairs playroom. As Bill and and I talked upstairs, we could hear t ing happily to one another below us.

"Yes, I put hooks on the bedroo that very night after you left," Bill progress report. "We've done every

FOR AS MUCH AS

By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

"For as much as the pearl is a product which from an inward trouble and from a fault produces purity and perfection, it is preferred, for in nothing does God so much delight as in tenderness and in luster born of trouble and repentance." ***From the Persian.***

Blame not the inward restlessness,
The doubt or even the despair,
Those portions of divine distress
That every spirit elect must bear;
That is the way Perfection grows:
An irritation in the shell,
And, lo, the luminous pearl glows.
This law is inescapable:
Before the luster comes the goad.
Take comfort, for the truth is plain,
For every human being the road
That rounds Perfection winds through pain.



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do. The next day after you were
hy went with Billy to the shipyard,
ested, and where do you think he
stuff? On the docks where he
rbidden absolutely to go because
ll into the Sound! When they got
thy sent him to his room. That
than anything because he wanted
ors with the kids. He hasn't been
ard since.
ks are still there. But we haven't
the kids to their rooms for a long
t took just about a week to get the
to them. It seemed as though they
hen Dorothy and I really meant

ng we notice is that they don't
ision the way they did. They used
n first thing in the morning when
and the first thing in the afternoon
got home from school. Now they
rs or in the basement playroom. I
ite figure out how to put a lock on
tor door, but we sent them to their
they raided it. They stopped that

chimed in. "When they stopped
y were hungry for their meals.
tty good at eating what is set be-
Not perfect, but one hundred per
We find it helps to give our 'budget
names. For instance, when we
we call it goulash, and they love it.
dson gave me a recipe for meat
we have them, we call them Bel-
balls and they make a great hit. The
ve gained weight too. I'm keeping
at, just the way I'm setting down
I spend. Here it is." Dorothy pro-
mall notebook and read from it
Phyllis has gained two pounds,
ounds and Lynne three! They have
ir cheeks, besides.
out their new bedtime schedule—
ly has done away with the rumpus
en we put them all to bed at the
J. P.'s bedtime is seven o'clock,
seven-thirty, Billy's is eight and
ght-thirty. Only we don't do it by
The kids used to claim we set the
ard on them when we did that. In-
one goes to bed at the end of a cer-
tain TV program. Occasionally we make an exception when there's something on TV they'll all enjoy, but we don't do that more than about once a week."

I was pleased to see that Bill and Dorothy had been using ingenuity and imaginativeness, as well as firmness, to make obedience easier and more attractive. A little fillip of incentive had helped, also, to put over the program of household tasks that each child now performs. Phyllis empties ash trays, and picks up papers and puts them in the garbage. Billy dusts the furniture. Lynne makes her own bed and sometimes Billy's, sets the table and often wipes dishes for her mother.

"At first the kids took their jobs as a big joke," said Bill. "Billy woke me up the first morning shaking a dustcloth over my head, on the pretense that he was dusting my bed. But they have learned to take their jobs seriously and to do them without any arguments. Each one gets ten cents a week for home tasks—that's in addition to the regular allowance. If they do their work exceptionally well, they get a bonus of ten cents, which makes twenty cents extra a week. Each one has a separate dime bank for the job money. When a bank has five dollars in it, it opens and the five dollars can be spent any way they want to. The dime bonus is a big spur. The kids check up on each other to make sure it's earned!"

"And do you go out together in the evening now and then?"

Bill and Dorothy grinned at each other a little ruefully. "I suppose what you mean is, have we cut out bingo and 3D movies? The answer to that is 'Yes,'" Bill answered my question. "Our budget allows us just three dollars twice a month for entertainment, which doesn't leave much after we pay a sitter. But sometimes in the afternoon we park the two younger kids with Dorothy's mother and take the two older ones with us to a movie."

I was able to congratulate Bill and Dorothy wholeheartedly on what they had accomplished in two months' time. "How do you feel about it all?" I asked. "You people have revolutionized yourselves pretty thoroughly since I was here before. Has it been worth while?"

Bill answered first. "Well, it's like this," he said slowly. "The way it used to be, we had four kids raising ruction at one time. The only thing we could think of to do was spank. But that hurt us more than it did the kids and we always felt repentant afterward, just like you said. Or else we threatened and didn't do anything. Now we save our breath and act. It's been like being in a dark room, and then somebody turns on a light. The children were in the dark just the same as we were. I think they're a lot happier and I know Dorothy and I are."

Bill chuckled. "I guess the pay-off is that all our friends are using the methods you gave us! The girls in Dorothy's social club were amazed at the change in our youngsters and wanted to know how we did it. Then their friends wanted to know about it. It's spreading and spreading. It seems as though anyone with more than two children has about the same problems."

"And how about you, Dorothy?"

Dorothy said quietly, but with deep conviction, "I feel I've got my dignity back."

"You mean you feel now that you have the respect of the people in the neighborhood?" I asked.

"No, I won't say my relations with the neighbors are any better. In fact, I lost my bingo buddy when I stopped going to the bingo games. She used to call me every bingo day, but I've hardly seen her in the last two months."

"If that's the kind of friends people are, you're better to know it," Bill interpolated quickly with the warm support he always has for Dorothy.

"I think," said Dorothy, "it's more that I realize my home and my immediate family are more important than anything that goes on outside. When you feel that way, what happens outside can't hurt you." This solution for Dorothy's oversensitiveness is perhaps the best anyone could have advised for her.

Definitely, the good qualities Dorothy and Bill started with are winning out. Many a scrambled family could be saved the near disaster of this couple if they would take stock earlier and seek advice and help before they get so deeply mired in debt unhappiness. Fortunately, Dorothy asked for help before it was too late. Now she and Bill are climbing the road to security and peaceful happiness.

ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

ction. "He's a prince among cocker
ls ut I wouldn't trust him near our
H bites."
hen you try to take things away
by will try to take things away from
f s what babies are supposed to do."
h ed the leash to her husband. "I
w t to rush you, but I'm expecting a
vi or."
l nt, Jane." George fastened the leash
bl ly lifted Mr. Duffy from the floor.
d tter say good-by to him now."
e e the dog a lingering hug. "Good-by,
Du . I love you very much. And I wish
ve 't such a sabertooth."
bo at him. It's almost as if he knows
s ng to happen to him."
pt g's going to happen to him," Jane
a few weeks he'll be telling every-
h ever had it so good. You *will* ship
ff st chance you get?"
el said George, starting for the ele-
ou'll be at the hospital at least five

h oes it look like a little pig?" George
sat beside the hospital bed staring
y eaver, aged two days.
s not!" Jane said. "I mean, she
't She beamed at the small pink face
g ut of the blanket. "Amy's a beau-
a ."
h h." George looked again. "Why is
a nny red color?"
c se babies come that way. Don't
ut it."
h worried?" George continued to
ill her ears always stick out like

"George!" Jane cried. "Don't you like Amy at *all*?"

"Sure I do," George said stoutly. He gave the baby a tentative pat. "Good girl."

"Woof, woof," Jane said. "If she had long floppy ears and a black nose you'd think she was wonderful."

"Don't be mad," George said. "This is my first baby. Give me a little time to get used to it. Her."

"Of course, darling." Jane offered the baby to her husband. "You can start getting acquainted right now. Take Amy across the hall to the nursery for her nap."

"Me?" George looked nervous. "Suppose I drop her?"

"Why should you drop her?" Jane handed him the baby.

George took her in his arms for the first time, waiting to experience that surge of love and pride and wonder he had heard about. Instead, he felt merely uncomfortable as he carried her across the corridor. When he returned to the room, an orderly was setting a large basket of flowers beside Jane's bed.

"Look!" Jane held out a card. "From Mr. Duffy."

"Mr. Duffy has impeccable taste."

"Sweet Mr. Duffy." Jane smiled. "I hope he's getting on with the Walkers."

George avoided his wife's eyes. "I haven't sent him yet. Been too busy racing between here and the office."

"But that's awful," Jane protested. "Leaving the poor thing all alone in the apartment."

"He isn't all alone," George said sheepishly. "Matter of fact, I brought him along. He's downstairs with the doorman." He leaned out the window. "You can see him from here."

"I don't want to!" Jane snapped. She waited until the orderly left the room. "George, you've got to stop mooning over that animal. He's a lovely dog, but he's a dog. And Amy is a baby. Our baby. Start mooning over her."

"I take an oath," George said. "I'll ship him to the Walkers tomorrow."

"First thing in the morning!"

"First thing in the afternoon," George corrected. "Mr. Duffy has a sitting in the morning."

Jane stared. "A sitting?"

"For his portrait photograph," George explained. "I want one for over the fireplace."

"Oh, George!" Jane began to cry.

Mr. Duffy's portrait was canceled before George left the hospital that afternoon. And when Jane came home with the baby three days later, only an occasional toothmark in the furniture remained of his presence. But if George Weaver seemed resigned to his dogless state, he gave no indications of warming to Mr. Duffy's successor. For the first few weeks, a curtain of nurses and relatives kept him from having much to do with Amy, and George was content to have it that way. By the time the weeks had become months, he was settled into a pattern. He changed no diapers, gave no feedings, administered no baths. And when Jane sent him to walk Amy in the park, his attention kept straying from his gurgling charge. One afternoon some seven months after Amy was born, Jane found her husband in the park, far down the path from the carriage, bending over to scratch the stomach of a large, amiable cocker. She came up behind him.

"Albert Payson Terhune, I presume?" she said coldly.

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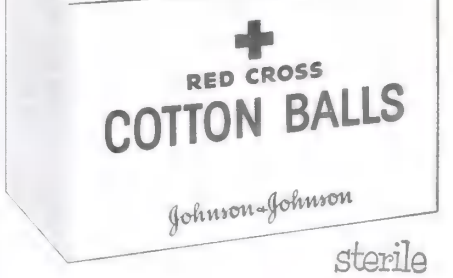


cleaning the diaper area



applying baby oil or lotion

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Johnson & Johnson

No connection whatever with American National Red Cross

George straightened up guiltily. "I just left Amy. She was sleeping like a baby."

"Don't talk to me, you dog scratcher!" Jane thundered. "Amy could be stolen by gypsies and you'd never notice!" George trailed behind as she walked back to the carriage with furious steps. "Look at her!" She pointed an indignant finger. "The sweetest, cutest, happiest, loveliest baby in the whole world and you can't stand the sight of her!"

"I can too," George protested.

"Bully for you!" The exchange awoke Amy and she peered over her shoulder with round blue eyes. "Look at those eyes," Jane commanded. "Did you ever see a baby with eyes like that?"

"I guess not."

"Then why don't you ever say so?" Jane demanded. "You used to go on for hours about Mr. Duffy's eyes."

"His were different," George said. "They were kind of melancholy."

"Amy will have melancholy eyes," Jane assured him. "She's bound to, with such a monster for a father."

"I can't help the way I am," George said, looking injured. "I just don't get much of a message from her so far. And Spock says it's a mistake to force the male parent ——"

"Ho-ho," Jane cut in. "I'll bet that's the only sentence in the book you remember."

"I try to play with her, sometimes," George went on. "But she isn't much fun. All she does is sit there. Or roll over."

"What do you want?" Jane inquired bitterly. "Card tricks?" Amy began to cry and she picked her up. "Isn't it enough just to look at her? To hold her in your arms? To smell how wonderful she smells?"

"She never smells wonderful when I pick her up," George said. He noticed the spots of color in Jane's cheeks. "Let's not quarrel in front of the baby," he said quickly. "According to Spock ——"

"Spock, my eye!" Jane shouted, and looked around wildly. "Taxi!"

In the distance a cab halted and Jane ran toward it, still clutching Amy in her arms.

George trotted in pursuit, pushing the carriage. "Don't you want me to walk her any more?"

"No, thank you!" Jane slammed into the cab and glared out at him. "Why don't you stick around for a while? Maybe you'll find some mutt who wants a buggy ride!"

"Where to, lady?" the cab driver said.

"Never mind where to!" Jane barked. "Just drive!"

Amy was placidly chewing a biscuit in the play pen when George returned to the apartment an hour later. Jane was in th
applying lipstick with quick, a
ments.

"Going somewhere?" George

"Out," Jane snapped. "I'm
walk around the city for a few hou
my teeth. Any objections?"

"No." George looked at his
isn't it nearly time for Amy's bat

"It is, indeed," Jane said. "An
boy who's giving it to her."

"Huh?"

"And feeding her supper. And
her afterward. And when she
you'll change her and put on her
give her a big kiss before she goe
fact," Jane concluded, "you'll be
to her."

"But ——" said George.

"Good luck, daddy." Jane
apartment door. "If you have an
call up Sidney Rosenbloom. H
Brooklyn book, on Flatbush Ave

George followed her to the ele
you at least tell me who Sidney R
is?"

"The cabby who drove me h
said, as the elevator door closed
his idea."

Jane walked slowly back to the
She found Amy in the kitchen,
chair, her face covered with bi
George was on all fours behind h

"I see you!" he told Amy, popp
into view.

"Gung!" said Amy, and began

"I don't believe it," said Jane.

George stood up proudly. "She
supper. She had chicken soup and
applesauce and eight ounces of m

Jane inspected her daughter's c
"So I see."

"And you should've seen her
She kept trying to stand up."

Jane smiled. "I know."

"When I put her in the play pe
she rolled over eight times. Fro
front."

"That's very hard to do," Jane

"And you know what she did jus
I tried to take the cereal dish
her?" Radiantly, George held ou
"She bit me!"

Jane inspected the tiny tooth m
finger. "Incredible."

"She bit me!" George repeated
full of love and pride and wonde
way Mr. Duffy used to do."

"Gung!" said Amy, and bega
again.

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

but when I see dogs shut in cars with the windows up in summer, I tremble with rage. After all, nobody has to have a dog, there is no law. If one chooses to have one, some decent kindness is obligatory. That's all there is to it.

At Stillmeadow, the water dishes are filled every little while all day; and if it is a scorcher, we sponge the faces of the old ladies with a cool sponge. We don't encourage them to play ball either. Holly is pretty lively, but the Irish seem to take both heat and cold better than many breeds. Her appetite never flags either. She takes her feeding dish and bangs it on the floor when she wants an extra meal!

I am glad for the tranquil summer days. "Life's still the wondrous thing it seemed in bygone peace," as De la Mare says. After all, if we are going to experiment ourselves right out of existence with the hydrogen bomb, which I think very likely, it is a good thing to walk a little in the dusk right now and listen to the quietness. I believe we may as well live every day to the hilt.

I like Katherine Mansfield's saying, "Life should be like a steady, visible light." Here in our green valley men have worked the farms and made the earth yield good crops, have established homes, raised their families and worshiped God since this country was founded. How wonderful, I think, if we could be about helping all people live such peaceful lives instead of spending our effort
the fish in the sea and blowing little
eternity!

One could hope for our childr
from anxiety. Jill was taking pict
friend Marcia, who was playin
"wow-wow," as she calls Teddy.
flash bulb went off, her dark solem
on a look of doubt and awe—wh
strangeness? I hoped she would
see pictures of the H-bomb!

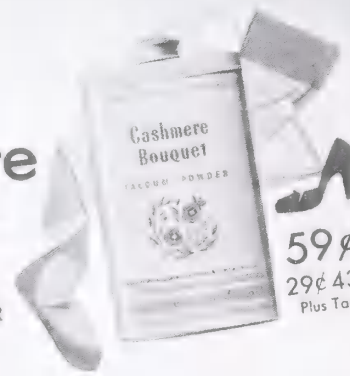
Faith comes, nevertheless, in spit
era, faith comes dropping slow fro
of evening, comes with the dear fam
of George's cows, peaceful on t
way, with friendly voices of neigh
soft breathings of drowsy cockers
One whole perfect precious hour
enough. There is wonder in the w
pines so quiet against the violet
faint delicate note of a bird from s
branch. And in the lamplight sh
houses along the winding country
in spite of all, "some shape of bea
away the pall from our dark spiri
it did in Johnny Keats' day.

The stars are steadfast, serene, b
us to lift our eyes to.

So we light the candles in the
and thankful to God we are for th
day.

this is how you feel...

All over... all day
— wrapped in the flower
freshness of
Cashmere Bouquet



cashmere bouquet
TALCUM POWDER

59¢
29¢ 43¢
Plus Tax

Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Borrow this good-grooming cue from our Conover Career School students! A quick dusting with Cashmere Bouquet Talc smooths hot, chafed skin . . . helps girdles, stockings and shoes ease on smoothly."

Says Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

ke a schoolmaster. I had pre-
ize and sit in judgment. When
me back—as anyone of spirit
one—instead of turning the
nture into a joke which both of
enjoyed, I had pulled my bad
me like a cloak and sulked.
eater part of Friday night with
s, and I found myself very poor
e was only one way out of it—
had been at fault and to ask
iveness. Though I had no basis
at she could, or would, forgive
that I would have no peace
ntil I had taken that step.
ery early and headed for Harry
r shop. I selected the long-
which I knew Gertrude loved.
to go with them: "*Will you be
vening's performance? I should
e and explain.*
f the day there was a telegram
It read:

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

onger side-step the realization
ve.
had been pleasantly content to
ide a compatible, entertaining
o valued her own freedom and
e to enjoy mine. What had be-
ing, lighthearted friendship had
d deepened into something
led recognition. The former
finite *status quo* was no longer
r we must drift apart, or we
rd. And together.
what I had expected or planned.
o marry again, nor to be in love
Certainly not with someone in
ll less with a star of Gertrude's
gnitude.
Gertrude had accomplished in
by her own efforts, by her own
rtitude and intuitive genius. I
chievement so profoundly that
ntertained the thought of asking
her profession to become my

ble to combine marriage with a
hers?

Also, not to be ignored was the matter of money. Gertrude's yearly earnings amounted to a sum which any banker would treat with respect. I was doing well, but I was not in her bracket. I was appalled at the prospect of being married to a wealthy woman, especially one whose wealth was of her own making.

If anything could have put me out of love with Gertrude Lawrence, it would have been her salary and her attitude toward it.

Gertrude's extravagance had become a legend. It was the sort of thing to strike terror to a man, like myself, who had been reared in the Joy and Aldrich tradition that only criminals and madmen ever live up to their incomes. Father had instilled in me at an early age the idea that to let February's bills remain unpaid beyond the third of March was to give oneself a good head start toward ruin. And for some years I had been a banker, an occupation which leaves indelible marks.

Due to her natural exuberance and to the penury she had known as a child, Gertrude's zest for luxury was insatiable. When she found herself with large sums, she spent them with a lavish gesture. Until the Holtzmanns took over the control of her finances, Gertrude had never been able to retrench, even in lean periods. An entry in one of her diaries made when she was playing in London during the thirties records:

"Haven't a bob or an ounce of strength after six days in bed with a temperature. Blood count low and weight 105 pounds. Have a nurse, but God knows who will pay her. Picture doesn't start for a week. But shall find some cash *somewhere* and go off to St. Moritz for a week's sun and rest. Just Pam and me. Funny how everyone thinks I'm so happy and so well, and *well off* . . ."

It was part of her code to keep her chin up. In the strikingly characteristic words of her song in The King and I, she would "whistle a happy tune." That runaway holiday in the Alps was as gay as she could make it. No one would have guessed that she was literally down to the pound below her last. Her diary entry ends rather grimly: "Went to ski jumps in afternoon with Doris Duke (millionairess!). Twenty francs Swiss for her and her boy friend's tickets. I meant it to be Dutch treat but got stung again. Paid hotel bill (one week) 1654 francs with cheque. Fortunately Pam and I have our tickets home."

When she was doing well she left no wish ungratified, and no request for money went unanswered. She had no thought of tomorrow. Today's sunshine, today's fun were sufficient for her. Fastidious in all her personal appointments, she demanded the best and never minded paying for it. When she traveled by train, her maid arranged the stateroom with Gertrude's tasteful belongings. The berth was made up with her blue silk sheets and fine hand-woven blankets. There were her books, her family photographs and cherished possessions. Every room she occupied for even a night or a day was required to be immaculate, aired, scented and filled with fresh flowers. In season and out, her favorite white lilies stood on a low table in her dressing room and filled the vases in her apartment.

This was a duplex on West 54th Street. She had decorated it in a style suggestive of the Arabian Nights. It was the absolutely perfect stage set for a prima donna. I was aware that I was a shocking incongruity in such surroundings. Viewing myself there was like opening a satin-lined jewel box and finding a monkey wrench.

Her Rolls which waited to take her and her escort to supper and dance after the play was as chic in appearance as a Rolls can be. Whenever I took her out I would ask her to send her chauffeur home. We would go in my convertible or in a taxi. She would agree to this sweetly but with unconcealed amusement.

Her chauffeur was dismissed a good many nights that spring. Three or four times a week Gertrude went out to supper with me. She was showing the effects of her play's long run. I tried more than once to persuade her to go directly home after the performance.

"I can't sleep if I go to bed too early," she told me. "I have to run down after a performance."

On other nights that spring, I would drive Gertrude out into the country. It always rested and refreshed her. Sometimes on those drives through Westchester she would say suddenly, "Let's stop at that diner." Perched on a stool at the counter, she would eat ham and eggs or a corned-beef sandwich with great enjoyment. Her favorite stop was at a restaurant where she could indulge her appetite for fried clams.

"This is even better than fried plaice," she admitted generously. "Though I've known many nights when an invitation to a supper of fish and chips would have made my mouth water."

On many predawns I would be sneaking up the three flights to my rooms in the Hobarts' top-floor apartment and would meet Harrison, in his work clothes, starting for his job as supervisor of the early deliveries of one of the big baking companies. He would grin at my tails and wilted carnation.

But it was a kind grin. Neither he nor Barbara asked any questions. Only, more than once, I surprised in my sister's eyes a look compounded of amusement, pity and exasperation. It said, clearer than words, "Why don't you get on with it?"

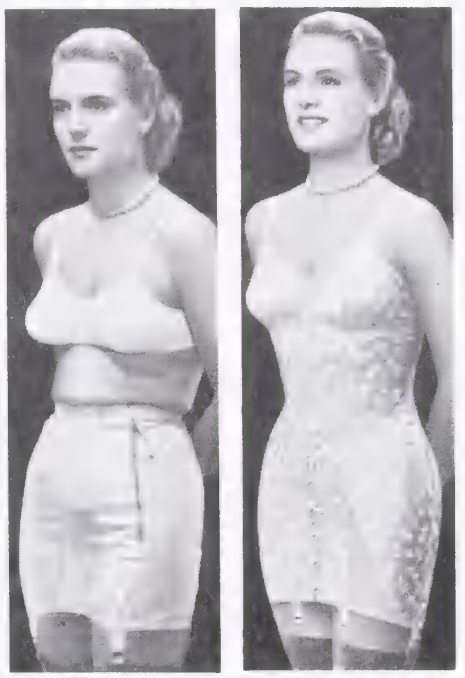
BARBARA adored Gertrude from the moment of their first meeting. She loved her bubbling, infectious gaiety, her childlike absorption in whatever was at the moment uppermost in her thoughts, her quick generosity which included the gifts of sympathy and tolerance no less than material wealth. Gertrude wasted no time or energy on censure, regret or self-pity. As gallantry was one article of her creed, being always at her entertaining best was another. As she expressed it: "All my life I have leaned on myself in trouble or disaster or in any crisis—financial or physical. I just look in a mental mirror and say, 'Come on, Gee, being sorry for yourself won't pay bills. Blaming someone else won't fill stalls. People don't want your woes. And it doesn't do to be too proud of one's 'wells' either.'"

Barbara and Harrison found unceasing enjoyment in the fertility of her imagination and in her extraordinary combination of extreme



IMAGINE . . .

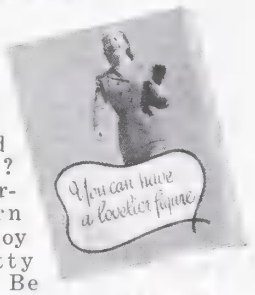
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fastidiousness with an earthy Shakespearean humor which was comedy at its highest.

Gertrude not only loved but understood Barbara, who had met with meager understanding in the family. Until Gertrude enlarged my comprehension I had been arrayed with the elders of our family in annoyed disapproval of my sister's management of her life; in particular of her second marriage.

"What if Barbara does make more with her writing than Harrison makes at his job?" she demanded. "They have an equal partnership in loving; and to them, that is what counts. Women like Barbara and me don't judge a man's worth by the money he offers us. We can get most of the things money buys for ourselves. What we would like from them is something else. Harrison gives Barbara that, and so they are happy and right for each other."

GERTRUDE told me, "Mother had an idea if I would only play my cards right I might have a coronet. Perhaps I might, but somehow or other I couldn't do that." She looked slightly rueful. "I have to admit," she said, "if you've been brought up on Clapham Common to revere royalty and the peerage and all that, you can't help feeling there's nothing like a good title. No matter what doesn't go with it."

"But you would marry?" I asked. "Someone you felt was right for you? If he loved you enough to leave you free to be yourself?"

She said slowly, "I think I would. Someone who would give me what I have never had and what I can't get for myself."

I asked what these were.

Suddenly her quietness was swept away by a roguish impudence which, I was learning, often served as a mask to protect her sensitivity. She began to sing under her breath:

"*I want someone to watch over me. . . .*"

That spring began with the invasion of Norway. All over the world Englishmen were quietly resigning from jobs, going home to fight the Battle of Britain, which loomed closer every week. No one felt this summons more keenly than Gertrude.

"I want to go home and be of use," she said one Sunday at Barbara's. There were just the four of us gathered around the fire in the Hobarts' big, untidy but very comfortable living room. As usual Gertrude had arrived bearing gifts—daffodils and Easter lilies. Her flowers filled the room with beauty and fragrance.

I understood and sympathized fully with Gertrude's desire to serve her country, but reason told me that her emotions were rapidly running away with her common sense. It was high time someone brought her to face reality.

"I shall cancel my tour," she went on. "As soon as my play closes, I'm going. I know I can be of use. I can cook, scrub, sew, nurse, sing songs and be generally useful."

"Mr. Churchill's girl Friday," I said.

She swung round at me, all indignation.

Before she could give vent to it, I continued: "What about Moss Hart's new play? You've promised to do it. As a matter of fact, Noel urged you to—and you always follow the Master's advice, don't you? Then, there's your engagement in Private Lives at the Playhouse for the benefit of the British War Relief. Are you going to cancel that to roll ten shillings' worth of bandages a day? What can you possibly do in England that is worth half as much as this practical financial support?"

"Whatever my King and my country wish me to do," she retorted grandly. "Do you think all I'm good for is to act? I can be a nurse. The Red Cross would take me. I could be a V.A.D. Perhaps I shall join the Wrens."

"And what will you do with Pam in the meanwhile?" I asked. "Do you plan to walk out on her too? Leave her high and dry in this country just at the time she needs you most, and at the first time you and she have been able to be together? How will she live? In any of the services you mention you wouldn't earn the price of your uniforms, which, if I know you, would have to be made by Hattie Carnegie or Molyneux. And where would you live? I doubt if you'd rate a suite at the Savoy."

Gertrude's eyes shot blue sparks. Even Amanda had never been so furious. I saw her glance go to a vase on the mantel. Her hand made an involuntary gesture toward it ——

"Northfield, Northfield, *Northfield*," I warned.

Barbara looked at me as if I had suddenly gone mad.

But it worked. Gertrude stood tense; but still and silent.

"Stop being an actress and start behaving like a human being," I told her. "Think with your head, not with your emotions. Of course you want to do something for England. Well, do it! Go and see your consul. Or better still, your ambassador. Ask him, as your King's representative, what he wants you to do."

"I hadn't thought of that," Gertrude said. "I could get in touch with the embassy."

"Why don't you?" I said, adding that I had met Lord Lothian. "He's charming. And in case it interests you, a bachelor."

She disdained replying to this thrust, changing the subject with the air of offended royalty. When she left, she haughtily declined my offer to see her home.

"You've hurt her feelings," Barbara said. "You have about as much tact as a bulldozer. She'll never forgive you."

Two days passed. Then she rang me excitedly, bursting with pride because her call to the British Embassy had been put through at once to His Excellency. "He treated me as if I were Somebody," she said pointedly. Lord Lothian was coming to New York and had suggested calling on her. She asked me, suddenly humble, if I would be present at the interview. "After all, you got me into this."

The request revealed the shyness which underlay her gamin audacity.

Lord Lothian was so unaffectedly pleased to be calling on Gertrude Lawrence and so interested in her eagerness to be of service to their country that he put her instantly at ease. He spoke feelingly of the usefulness of persons like Gertrude in building good will between the two great English-speaking countries. "There are jobs to be done in the United States which Gertrude Lawrence can do more effectively than one of my assistants. Or even I."

No cause could have made a stronger personal appeal to her than this. Her loyalty to England was fervent, but she also felt a kinship with America which I think sometimes surprised her by its intensity. Gertrude identified herself with our national life. She sought and made friends of Americans. She was an enthusiastic reader of the women's magazines, and after our marriage I discovered that she had accumulated files of clippings on every subject connected with running a home—including thousands of recipes which she intended to try someday.

After her meeting with Lord Lothian she was increasingly occupied with British War Relief. She personally sold thousands of dollars' worth of emblems. Her brief vacation at the Cape that June was used to start a chapter there.

GERTRUDE had leased the Garretts' big old house at East Dennis. She was desperately in need of rest before going on tour the middle of July. Pam chose not to accompany her mother. She professed absorbing interest in her art studies. Gertrude accepted the excuse, though she was well aware that Pam's major interest in town was a young medical student.

Plans for the summer season at the Playhouse were promising. Fran Hart, who, with Murial and the children, was occupying the late Raymond Moore's house, reported that we were sold out in advance for every performance of Private Lives, in which Gertrude was to open our season.

Gertrude left a week ahead of me. She telephoned from the Cape that the Moore rose garden was "as lovely as a dream of England." A small guest cottage in the garden had been reserved for my use that summer. Its surroundings were romantically lovely, but actually the cottage was rather dark and uninviting. At least I remembered it so. When I arrived I found the place transformed by fresh light paint, crisp curtains and other gay accessories.

"All from Woolworth's," Gertrude informed me.

In Hyannis Gertrude had discovered the delight of shopping in her first five-and-ten. Her enthusiasm and her ideas for renovating my cottage ran beyond the funds in her purse. She seldom carried more than two dollars with her. Graciously she told the clerk to charge and send her purchases. The manager's statement that the Woolworth policy was strictly cash-and-carry, and the fact that the rule could not be altered even when the purchaser was a personal friend of the Woolworth family created a dilemma. Gertrude's impulse was to reject the parcels and walk out haughtily. But on the other hand, she wanted the things. She telephoned her chauffeur to drive over to Hyannis with money to redeem her purchases. And she satisfied her dignity by telling the manager she did not believe his store would ever succeed. "How can it, when you don't deliver, or have charge accounts?"

As one perfect June day succeeded another, the horror of Dunkirk broke on the world. The news and its implications struck Gertrude to the heart. She hovered close to the radio, growing anxious and drawn. In those grim days I realized what work meant to her. Tense and anguished as she was, she went steadily on with the rehearsals for Private Lives. Her zeal for perfection increased. "Let's try it again," she would say to the company. "Let's get it right. It must be right." It was her way of keeping up her morale. And the play, when it opened, was as brilliant in its performance as Broadway would have demanded. Never was Amanda so enchanting, so provocative, so deliciously, outrageously amusing.

Before that week was up I knew that I could not let her go off on a four-month tour without asking her to be my wife.

"If only you were not Gertrude Lawrence," I said when we were alone after the final performance, "if only you were not Gertrude Lawrence it would be easy."

"What would be?" she asked.

"I would ask you to marry me."

Her reply was steady and in a voice suddenly low and grave.

"Please ask me, Richard," she said. "Only please don't—unless you are very sure you want me to say yes."

Caution dies hard in a New Englander. Unwilling to trust the good fortune which smiled on me, I insisted on going into details. "You know, Gertrude," I explained, "my income is uncertain. I've had hits before and I'll have them again, I hope. I'll have flops too. But, whatever the future, we'll live as I can afford without regard or recourse to your income. I *won't* be a kept man."

"I wouldn't want you, if you to be one."

"And are *you* willing to be M I asked incredulously.

"Try me!" she challenged, wit We commenced to make plans

"Darling," Gertrude said, "Fr there would be a full moon on th always longed for a moonlight-a ding, so do let's be married on the Fourth of July, a few minu night. And, oh, do let's keep it ve until it's all over."

NOTHING could have pleased r to be spared the glare of publici

Next morning I stopped by to clerk in Dennis about our marri knew I could depend on him to

"Just bring along your birth ce stated, "and divorce decrees, if body will learn about it from m

Greatly relieved, I arranged f to be rushed to me by messeng York. Then I called Gertrude to s

"They are in the vault, darlin

"Can David or Fanny get at t

"No, darling, the vault is in *L*

I took a deep breath. The Bat had just started; London was bombing. Air mail had been h war; even if there were access t would take many weeks for the reach the United States. I hurried the town clerk. He was sympath less as he read me the law of t wealth pertaining to remarriage.

Gertrude took the news sportin her disappointment was keen.

"Don't worry, Richard deare put off our wedding until I ret tour," she said.

"No, we will *not!*" I stated d paced the floor. "Too many thing if we postpone the marriage. Th *some* solution to this legal snarl.

Gertrude laughed. "Oh, if it's snarl we're all right. Let's teleph

I had known Fanny Holtzma cially, through Gertrude. Her an international lawyer was diffic grasp. My idea of a lawyer was p my uncle Samuel Nelson Aldrich cutaway and striped pants. Fan trast, was described by Moss Har delicate, mouselike creature give flopping hats and creating a first i wistful helplessness." She did not picture of a legal adviser; nor wa after her arrival that evening, wh of the town clerk's adamant refu an exception for us.

"Who's the county or probate

"Judge Colin Campbell, in Hy

Fanny telephoned Judge Camp ranged to see him immediately. S an inordinately long time, and we ried. I regretted not having stopp invading the privacy of a Massa ist's home late at night. I was sp the consequences when we heard

"Oh, Fan," Gertrude called, you so long?"

"I'm sorry to have kept you up I've had the most wonderful time bells'. They are such a delightful were celebrating the graduation Peter, who received the highest enters Yale in September. Here's delicious cake Mrs. Campbell bak me the recipe too. She ——"

"But, Fanny," I interrupted, the *marriage license?*"

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you. ahead with your July Fourth wed

"You mean you have obtained to bypass the law?" I asked.

"Certainly not! We must start ceeding to ask for an order that t issued to you."

"Oh," I said, completely let d would only mean more delay."

"Not if you get me a typewriten started," she said. "Judge Ca right," she added.

I understood what Moss Hart he observed, ". . . actually Fanny helpless as Bethlehem Steel."

CALENDAR

Since the invention of credit and interest, businessmen have been struggling with methods of measuring time. Greek thinkers never reached a satisfactory way of counting days, but did establish the custom of having public heralds announce the first day of each month. From their word for "to call," *calends* came to designate the initial day of any month.

Roman military might vanquished the Greek armies, but the victors adopted many customs of the conquered. Among them was the announcement of legal calends—whose position governed remaining days of each month. As commerce grew extensive, it became necessary for the merchant to keep a *calendar*—or list of calends, with the accounts payable on each.

Julius Caesar, doubtless influenced by major financial interests, stabilized the calendar in B.C. 46 by introducing a year of 365 days. Even with leap year attached, the system was vastly simpler than earlier ones. Other segments of society borrowed the idea of the merchant's account book, and the calendar became a standard instrument of western civilization.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

se preliminaries were be-
l to I insisted that legal ar-
be made by which the
s would continue to con-
de's personal finances. I
have anything to do with
. This arrangement re-
orce to the close of Ger-
It worked so well neither
l to alter it. She received a
ly allowance for pocket
I was relieved of worry
t she might do with a

was capable of doing ex-
things was made clear
g my absence at sea, she
he Cape alone to spend a
d Holtzmann placed five
llars to her account in my
ank. He gave her a check-
trict instructions how to
tries. She promised to re-
ok to him when she came
n. She kept her word. The
rned in showed a credit
well over one thousand

l you make all this money
when the Cape is closed
asked. She could not tell
at she had carefully filled
unts of the checks she had
had told her to do.
she was overdrawn. She
the amount of each check
.

ve us her blessing and re-
ew York.
orning of the third of July
that I wanted him and
witness my marriage to
Gertrude asked Dorothy,
d maid, whom she had
er from England, to at-
hers were to be present at
ny which the Reverend
nson, the local Presby-
ter, had promised to per-
liately after midnight.
he wedding ring without
njecture was not an easy
lt it necessary to explain
g—a two-dollar circlet of
ngraved with the Navaho
ymbol—was needed for a
of our plays. It was this
Gertrude wore almost con-
that time on. One morn-
she awoke to find it had
k overnight—as such rings
as sure that this was an
il. Not one to accept fate,
ring platinum-plated to
e return of the omen.
later, I persuaded her to
ore conventional Cartier
n which she had inscribed
and the phrase: "Till
s part." It is this golden
ests on her finger now.

had ordered a cake from
birthday surprise. At the
t the cake was decorated
roses and the figures of a
groom. The bottom layer
ds in icing: HAPPY BIRTH-
p one said: CONGRATULA-
and white roses wreathed
d two miniature flags, the
Stripes and Union Jack,
on either side of the bridal
entiment connected with
d the occasion was for-

preserved the ornament
ental care. The little cou-
en a place of honor in the
et. Not even Noel's slightly
le in their direction when-
isited us could dislodge
their place among Ger-
sured possessions or from
They are still there; brave
ls of that July night when
torm shattered Gertrude's

plans for a moonlight-and-roses wedding. The rain sent us all scurrying into my cottage. There Gertrude and I were married.

After the ceremony Gertrude sent off several dozen telegrams to friends here and abroad. The message was the same to all:

LOVE FROM MRS. RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH. THEATRICALLY KNOWN AS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

My own announcements were limited to a message to my sons and the call to my mother. The boys sent a punctilious congratulatory reply, dictated by their mother, of course. And Helen added a cordial message of her own. From Barbara came another telegram of loving greetings, "in which mother joins."

I passed this over to Gertrude, whose hands were filled with the yellow sheets which boys on bicycles kept bringing to our cottage.

Gertrude read Barbara's message with evident disappointment. She said quickly, "I suppose your mother is writing us. She will want to say more intimate things than she would feel like putting into a telegram."

"Probably," I agreed noncommittally. I could not tell Gertrude about that chill silence which had met my announcement. Or the question: "*Who* is Gertrude Lawrence?" I congratulated myself that Barbara was in Groton and could be counted on to try to break down the family reserve. But all that I knew of my mother's character warned me that if Barbara did succeed in getting her to welcome an actress into the family it



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"Surprise! It has a HIDDEN CRUST! Even between two layers of filling, the inner crust stays tender-crisp."

HIDDEN CRUST PIE

1 1/2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
3/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
3 tbsp. water
Chocolate cream filling for 9 inch pie

Heat oven to 475° (very hot). Mix flour and salt; cut in shortening. Sprinkle water over mixture, mixing with fork until dough clings together.



Divide dough as in picture. Round up larger piece on lightly floured pastry cloth. Flatten into circle. Roll 1" larger than inverted 9" pan.



Ease into pan; trim and fork edge. Prick well. Roll smaller piece into 6" circle. Place on inverted pan; prick well. Bake circle 8 min., shell 10 min., at 475°.



Pour in half of filling; top with "hidden crust." Add rest of filling. Chill. Serve topped with whipped cream and shaved chocolate.

THIS EASY GOLD MEDAL RECIPE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY TESTED FOR EXPERT RESULTS





would be by some extraordinary persuasive powers. Mother was not only a Joy, a Boynton and a Pickering; she had been for forty years the wife of Edward Irving Aldrich. Superimposed upon her own heritage of prejudices was the stern Puritanism of the Aldriches and Stoddards. What father and Uncle Sam would have said, had they not both been safely laid away in Upton, would be sure to color her thinking about her new daughter-in-law.

From Barbara, I later learned what happened in Groton. Any hopes that mother might have entertained of concealing this latest dereliction of mine from the neighbors were promptly dashed. Reporters appeared like a plague of locusts. One intrepid cameraman sprang up in the back yard and snapped away at the house until mother jerked down all the shades as if for a death.

In a back-parlor conclave the three Joys—mother, Uncle Jim and Aunt Alice—decided on a course of action before the world. They would treat my breach of tradition with dignified aloofness. Loyalty forbade condemning my marriage publicly. The early American tradition of burying the dead in the road and tramping over the grave to keep the enemy from knowing their losses still held.

Mother gave as her opinion, "We will not mention it to anyone. Naturally none of the people we know will mention it to us."

In this mother was right. My marriage was almost immediately overshadowed—in Groton, at least—by the enormity of a remark that Barbara made soon afterward at Shattuck's grocery on the day every loyal radio in the county was tuned in on the Republican Convention then meeting in Philadelphia.

"Well, Barbara, what do you think of Taft's chances?" the grocer inquired.

"I'm not interested," my sister returned. "I'm voting for Roosevelt."

The horror occasioned by this announcement spread within the hour. Mother's disapproval of Barbara's Bohemianism welled into an indignant tirade. "It seems as though you and Richard were determined to disgrace the family," she upbraided. "Otherwise, why do you come up here and talk like that? Even if you have no consideration for me, you might show some for your father, over there in Upton, with the Tafts in the next plot."

LEAVING Groton to seethe, and the Cape to lay bets on how long the marriage would last, Gertrude and I drove to New York to the comparative seclusion of her apartment. Pam, having warmly expressed approval of our marriage, declared a total lack of interest in any honeymoon but one of her own. She packed her bags and removed to my former quarters at the Hobarts'.

Gertrude was scheduled to leave for the West Coast on the fourteenth of the month. Meanwhile, daily rehearsals were called. Our time together was short and broken by many obligations. Lord Lothian had sent his congratulations, adding that lese majesty had been committed in not asking him to give the bride away. As His Majesty's representative he stood *in loco parentis* to Gertrude. He asked us both to lunch at the embassy.

I told Gertrude we could not go. There were no planes available for civilians without top priorities. She looked at me aghast. "Darling, we have to go. It's the same as a royal command."

And go we did, by crowded train on one of the hottest days of that July, returning at night as uncomfortably.

Letters, wires and gifts continued to pour in on us. Gertrude scanned each batch eagerly and put the letters down with some disappointment. I surmised that she was looking for the expected letter from my mother welcoming her into the family. But day followed day, and there was no letter with the Groton postmark.

There was a communication one morning from the proprietors of the Social Register. I was informed that, having married an actress, my name would be omitted from their roll of the socially approved. Grinning, I tossed the letter to Gertrude. She read it uncomprehendingly.

"What does it mean?"

"I'm blackballed," I laughingly explained. "That's what I get for marrying you."

"Can they do a thing like that? Who are they anyway? Richard darling, do you mind?"

"Do I look unhappy?" I added that to be married to her was worth being dropped from twenty Social Registers if necessary.

"It seems so silly," she commented. "If I were poor at my job, a miserable flop, or if I were drunk and disorderly, I can see there might be some excuse for thinking you had come a cropper. But I'm not. Debrett isn't fussy-minded. Think of all the Gaiety girls who are in it. And in Burke's Peerage. I would have been in if I had married Eric or one of the others. Americans are very funny in some ways. I find them hard to understand."

And then she said with a wistfulness that struck at my heart, "Do you suppose your mother feels like that? You know she hasn't sent me one word."

"She will," I promised.

SONG FOR A MARRIAGE

By MAY SARTON

Now from all mountains you come down
Radiant after those reaches of despair
Which you climbed once on courage alone,
A footstep's span from the dreadful air.
Now from interminable empty seas
Where the unwavering compass was your hope,
You land at last as radiant as those
Saints who discover a mysterious home,
Where out of conflict the most difficult joys
Like poetry, like love, search and find poise.
You give us a new world. Tenderness flows
Out from your hands like some amazing news.
And in this marriage rooted deep in trust
We bless a legend we had almost lost,
The miracle of balance and of gentleness
That steadfast love may slowly bring to pass.

While Gertrude was rehearsing I put in a call to Groton. To Barbara, who answered the telephone, I said, "I've got to speak to mother. This is important."

Presently I heard mother's preliminary cough and her voice saying stiffly, "Well, Richard?"

It is impossible to recall all that I said or the pressures I brought to bear. Realizing that it was futile to attempt to argue with mother's prejudice against the theater, I did what I had never yet done with her or with anyone: I begged her, if she loved me and valued my love for her, to set aside that prejudice and to write my wife expressing her love for us both and her hope for our happiness.

"You will love Gertrude when you know her," I said.

"That remains to be seen," was her reply.

"But you will write?"

"I will think about it, Richard."

With that I had to be content.

Now I, too, began to watch the mails. I was counting on something in mother which I believed was stronger than what she considered her "principles." This was her love for her only son. Inarticulate as she was in expressing it, even rigidly trained ag might be called effusiveness—as trained me—I had no reason to deep well of love that lay beneath h If I had tapped that as I had mea hoped I had ——

Two days later I handed Gertru velope addressed in mother's old spidery hand. It contained this lett

Groton, Massach
Thursday, July 1

My dear Miss Lawrence: When I Dennis last summer how little I drea should be closely related to you som

I can't realize it at all, but I hope t better and be charmed as everyone s Richard thinks you "very remarka hope when you return to New York come to know you.

I am sure you and Richard, havin interests, will enjoy a very happy and future.

Yours, with my be
MARY P.

"It isn't very warm, is it?" Ge slowly. " 'Dear Miss Lawrence.'. . hopes to 'be charmed as everyon be.' . . . And the signature. Why c have said 'Mother'?"

"Because she's a New Englande "And she is nearly eighty years old attended Lawrence Academy letter posed to be formal, dignified. My f ters to her were signed, 'Your lovin Edward Irving Aldrich.' She would shocked by any other signature again," I advised. "She says, 'Wit love.' Take it from me, if mother she meant it. Up to the hilt. She isn of the people we know who toss er around like confetti. And don't g that because New Englanders seer standoffish and reserved, we don't and love deeply too."

An impish grin suddenly lighted features. "Like those old Cong deacons buried in the Cape Cod c she said. "I explored one of them. old boys had three wives and at l children."

"That should have warned you," "Dear Miss Lawrence, I am sur married me."

GERTRUDE had never met my sons now eleven; David, nine. At my re came to lunch with us at the apartr came dressed in blue shorts, so sc painfully polite, so agonizingly s knew without asking that their m stepfather had drilled them in th considered proper to such an occa Gertrude, whose way with childr broke through all barriers, made way.

The boys were quite different in a and in temperament. David, still c rosy, made friends readily and foun stantly entertaining. He was soo easily about a new pet he had a canary which he had named Henry

To the not unnatural inquiry, " replied gravely, "Because he is my

"Of course," Gertrude breathe is a *very* friendly name."

But though David responded t vances Dick remained miserably alo too tall, too thin, too grave and too sive. He was an embarrassing replic at his age.

It may have been this striking re that stirred some atavistic impul causing me to adopt toward Dick t my father had used toward me. H and unhappy withdrawal from the tion at the luncheon table irritated sonably. I found myself booming Father used to boom at me when h failed to do him proud. When his sh hand could not manage the serving he dribbled chocolate sauce from *iteroles* which Gertrude had ordere cial treat for children, on the table a my annoyance was loud and harsh.

I felt Gertrude step, not too ligh foot.

A few minutes later, Gertrude re pointedly that I had to read a pl the office. Her hint was not too

...e to make friends with the boys. ...et ...ned a furious game of cassino was ...es. After the children went home, I ...ere ...de how they had all got along. ...fa ...ously. Your boys are darlings, ... I ...vid has a twinkle in his eye that ...ve ...re going to have fun together." ...wl ... about Dick? Could you break ...hi ...hyness at all?" ...a ... I are going to understand each ...ry ...ell," she replied. "Bless his stout ...ur ...If you will keep Edward Irving ...ot ...of the picture, everything will be ..." ...ic ...othing more. I left it at that. As ...nt ...n, I became aware that the re- ...tp ...etween Gertrude and Dick was ...na ... strong and deep. She played no ... ...e and David were companions in ...no ...conspirators in adolescent prac- ...es ...layed on the rest of us. But with ...e ...med to have some special under- ... ... he grew older he slipped into the ...er ...cort whenever I was not there. ...ha ... happened that afternoon of their ...tir ... I did not know until twelve years ...it ... fore Gertrude died. ...as ...with me on the Cape during her ...lic ... from her arduous role in The ...d ... We had agreed to have no visitors. ...s," ...Gertrude said. "Us" meant the ... ...urse. Dick had been one year in ... ...ce. He arrived suddenly at The ...fo ... few days' leave before going to ...Or ...ne of the days, I found him in his ... ...ting his private possessions in or- ...as ...t filled with torn-up letters seemed ...atu ... praiseworthy intention to leave ...ni ...ting correspondence behind. ...s? I asked, indicating the closely ...sc ...os. ...e. ...nd Gertrude." ...ad ...written him—during the years he ...Ch ...te and, later, at the University of ...— ...ters which served to give the lad ...ol ...elonging to her and to her busy, ...g ...orld. The letters, fond, merry and ...no ...g of replies, had kept him as- ...h ... love and understanding. ...I everything for me when I was ...in ...until I learned to make friends," ...d ...nply. "You see, she always under- ...at ...was nervous as a kid, and shy. She ...ia ... had always been afraid of loud ...in ...hat when you would shout at us— ...d ... shout a lot, you know, dad; Ger- ...g ... you over it—I became more ...ec ...nd shy and awkward." ...d ...hen Gertrude had discovered this. ...v ... first day." ...h ...old me what had happened at the ...m ...hen I went downtown. ... I ...vid occupied himself with a pile of ...ie ...Dick wandered into the library. He ...no ...g by the desk, looking at a letter ...re ... stamps, when Gertrude came in. ... ... if caught in something wrong, he ...I ... letter and hung his head.

..."...ike stamps?" she inquired gently. ...g ... you those and lots more. I get ...fr ... all over the world. I'll save the ...a ... send them to you if you wish." ...ad ...ried to thank her, but the words ...ic ...ome. In their place came tears. ...e ...It was unmanly to cry. I was ter- ...ri ...ed." ...et ... he felt Gertrude's arms around ...e ... s crying too. Presently she whisked ...o ...e bathroom, and washed his face ...'s ...e found himself telling her about ...o ...noises and all the rest. ...w ...'t tell," she had said. "It will be a ...is ...etween you and me." ...ur ...port then established had never ...I. ... ...ow she's never been one to care ...u ...," Dick said. "When David and I ... ...pate she was always sending us all ... ...ngs we weren't supposed to have. ...ic ...nt a roast chicken, from some ho- ...a ...een delayed on the way and it was ...Ve ...ad to bury it. Another time there ...el ...hone call. She was at the inn in the ...a ... she wanted David and me to skip ... ...ve lunch with her. She hadn't time ...e ...o to the school, because she was ... ...newhere that night. I couldn't find David so I went alone. We had a jolly time. A senior was there that day with his family and he saw us. Afterward he stopped me; he'd never noticed I existed before. 'Who was the slick chick I saw you with?' he wanted to know. I wouldn't tell him she was my stepmother. I said, 'Oh, just an actress I know from Broadway.' I told Gertrude and she loved it."

I remembered her saying to me long before, "Dick and I are going to understand each other."

I saw her off on the train with Jack Potter, whom I had briefed to look out for her; then I returned to the Cape and the problems connected with the imminent arrival of Tallulah Bankhead, squired by a pet monkey. In those familiar surroundings, and with the duties of my job, my marriage began to seem as improbable as a dream.

Gertrude's letters, dashed off between performances, seeing old friends in Beverly Hills, attending war benefits, and selling British War Relief emblems in a department store several hours every week, made me feel that she was on a merry-go-round.

I might have thought myself forgotten in this whirligig, but for an occasional penciled note, "I am missing you more every minute what are we to do? Mrs. A." Or a telegram, "SUCH A GLORIOUS DAY AND I HAVE A MATINEE BUT I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE BEACH AND GET PLENTY OF SUN."

Even more flattering in its implications was the handsome photograph of herself which arrived one day with the note:

This is for your office so that all those producer-struck ootzie-wootzies will know you have the most beautiful and dangerous woman for a wife, so HANDS OFF.

Her concern with the fateful march of events in Europe continued:

Today I am tired and could so easily be depressed. The news is bad. Still, things aren't going as well as Mr. Hitler thought. England isn't France. There is something in good old Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth, I think, about small showers lasting a long time and sudden storms of short duration. Look it up. It's Act II. . . . Bless you for being *you*. Please always be just the same, and love me.

We had been married two weeks and our relationship was still new and in the making. Now Gertrude was gone and I had no expectation of seeing her for another five months. It was very disturbing.

Many a husband has to leave his bride after the briefest of honeymoons, especially in time of war. But then it is the man who goes into a life of exciting variety and action while the woman waits for him to return. In our case the usual procedure was reversed. I remained at home, tied to an accustomed—even humdrum—job. Meanwhile Gertrude entered upon a life of constant and stimulating change; she would renew her old ties of friendship and camaraderie with people I did not know; she would live in a world which I could not share.

It was not the ideal way to start a marriage.

No. The unconventionality of the situation could not but affect me. So, too, subtly and entirely against my own better judgment, did the amused comments on my anomalous status, the raised eyebrows, the questions: "When is Gertrude coming back? Or, isn't she?" The references to "Myth" Lawrence and to my wife's reputed tendency to change her mind without notice came to my mind. I grew irritable and morose.

This condition was not relieved by the knowledge that Gertrude had reached San Francisco, a city which had long ago taken her to its warm, impulsive heart. San Francisco was in the throes of the Fair. It was inevitable that Gertrude should be swept into the publicity and the promotion of the enterprise. A Gertrude Lawrence Day was held, at which she, escorted by the mayor, did the honors.

Worried that Gertrude might be doing too much, I wired Jack to keep an eye on her. His reply:

DOING MY BEST BUT YOU KNOW GEE

did not allay my anxiety.





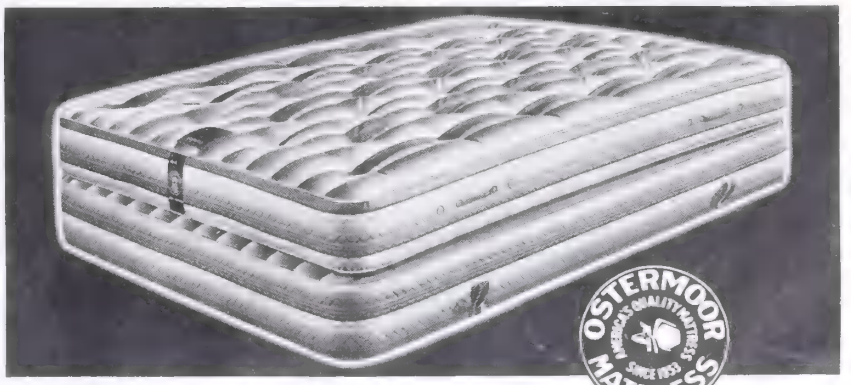
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Consequently when I was wakened one night shortly after three A.M. by the ringing of my telephone, my immediate thought was, *Something's happened to Gertrude.*

But it was her voice that came over the wire. "Are you all right?" I demanded.

"Of course, it isn't me . . . I. It's the children. Richard, you've got to do something," she told me.

I asked what children.

"Noel's," she told me. "Of course they're mine too ——"

I sat down on the edge of the bed and took a firmer grip of the receiver. My wife's voice was going on in a rush of quick phrases:

"We're so distressed. . . Noel has been here with me all evening. . . . We don't know what to do. . . . Those babies can't stay in England, with the blitz. . . . We had planned to evacuate them . . . our arrangements were made till *your* Government stopped it and now everything's tangled in yards of red tape and ——"

"*Gertrude!*" I had to shout to stem the flow. "What is all this? Your children and Noel Coward's? How many children?" I wanted to know.

"Fifty-eight . . . no, only fifty-seven. But, Richard, those helpless babies . . . and the bombs. . . . We've got to save them. I told Noel that you would think of a way ——"

I had never met Noel, but his name figured so often in Gertrude's conversation that I had developed toward him the instinctive jealousy that every husband feels for a man whom his wife knew before she met him. I repeated my query: "What do you mean—your children and Noel's? I want a straight answer."

Ultimately I got it. The children—by final count fifty-seven—were inmates of the British Actors' Orphanage at Chertsey. For a number of years Noel Coward had been president of the Actors' Orphanage. Gertrude was a director and a vice-president. She had never mentioned this to me. No doubt this lapse was due to our hasty marriage and Gertrude's starting on tour. At all events, my wife into my lap fifty-seven orphans

"Richard dearest, promise m wind all that red tape in Wash you tell me you were a Son of Revolution? That ought to hel

Through the ensuing wee "babies" figured predominantly to work. Though we had as y cover them, the necessity of thei Chertsey, close to London, gr imperative. Hourly radio repo kept Gertrude in a state of acu ery night she telephoned. Wha When could the children be put When? When? When?

It was useless to remind her t in England was jammed w *émigrés* waiting for places on the the convoys put out into a sea U-boats.

Gertrude soon infected me anxiety. I could not rest until I v to report that her "babies" wer specified British port of embar the American consul had prom orphans board the SS America ing in the next convoy.

Just as the evacuation of the successfully under way came news that the convoy had been ships had been sunk. Whether American Legion was still unkr

Gertrude was then playing west. Her tour of many one-nig exhausted even her apparently strength. All her letters spoke o realized at once that the news from her, at least until we had mation of the children's fate.

I wired that I would join h I would bring the architect's plar we proposed building on the Ca which she wrote in every letter. Colorado and we spent a ha studying the plans. Naturally I s the reported attack on the conv

One evening, as we came in Palace, I was handed a telegra stood at my elbow. When I ma into my pocket, she demanded, you open it?"

With a sinking heart I tore op envelope and read:

CHILDREN SAFE THANK GOD FA

When I returned to New Yor Coward. He was busily engage tions for the children's recepti appeared exceedingly eager tha should become friends. And eve that he should be impressed tha love match. Talking to Noel, I ob did not know how I could hav trude if things had been different.

He regarded me quizzically. brave man—marrying Gee."

I said, "I happen to love her."

"I love her, too, but she terrif so devilishly clever at getting wants."

I said that I wondered someti had married me.

"So did I," Noel said with frankness. "When I saw her in S I asked her. She said, 'Because I man who never yessed me.'"

He smiled again. "Keep it up you can."

ALEC WOOLLCOTT's wedding Gertrude was a canary, Franklin. admiration of our recently re-elec was intense. With less than one m Gertrude's return from tour and in Lady in the Dark—one week costumes, fittings, hairdresser; th the lines, songs and dances and fo another pet was something we d

Gertrude's dog, Mackie, surve arrival with the dour disdain I fel his power to express. However, David, our Siamese cats, displaye interest in Franklin. They would beneath the cage staring up w gleaming eyes while their tails m back and forth.

BEEN GOOD TODAY? CLAIM THIS REWARD—

Ice cream with Pineapple

Sundaes *topped* with canned Pineapple—like ice cream and sherbets *made* with Pineapple—have exciting flavor. Desserts, salads, bakings and meat dishes . . . the more canned Pineapple in your eating the more you'll like all that you eat. Keep a kitchen "PINEAPPLE SHELF" well-stocked with all *5 forms* of this tropic fruit. Reach often for the flavor Nature stores *only* in canned Pineapple!

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Pineapple Sodas

perk up a party! In each tall glass put a big spoonful of Pineapple ice cream. Fill glass about ⅔ full with Pineapple Juice, mash and mix slightly. Drop in another spoonful of ice cream, then add chilled sparkling water to fill.

PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION, San Francisco

to hand it to Franklin; unruffled, he . The rest of us, however, lacked his ce. After five days of strain Gertrude our nerves by beseeching Barbara to cats home with her; a good turn for was grateful to Franklin.

canary's name caused Gertrude some gs. She was aware that I did not share Aleck's and Barbara's enthusiasm for 's policies and personality.

him something else," I suggested. "I ppose he knows his name."

studied the canary thoughtfully. "I hink we can change his name," she ook, Richard. Who does he make you f? Those very bright eyes. And that ckward tilt of his head. . . . Doesn't he to be looking through pince-nez down gated chin? You'll just have to put up e name, darling," she decided. "After *your* President."

d never occurred to me that one bird look unlike other members of its I could distinguish between a robin hrush, naturally. But that one canary t an identical replica of every other was a new idea. On my way to the hat morning I found myself stopping a pet shop. In the window, canaries d appealingly. One was a large puffy is round, small, beaked head was sunk his shoulders. There was something and aggressive about him which was ned by the bald patch on top of his f his beak had held a thick cigar——

d the shop to deliver the bird to Ger- On the card I wrote, "Call me Winnie." rude was entranced.

look back over the first year of our ge I am conscious of a strong animal In marrying Gertrude I had married s as well as her devotions, enthusiasms r extraordinary capacity for interesting in a hundred different things. Hazel, oted theater maid, expressed it, almost : "I'll tell you about Miss Law- -she's always into something."

o the very opening night of Lady in the hanges were made, scenes cut and re- ; each change necessitating more re- ls. Even after the opening, during the run, more drastic cuts were called for. de's calmness in the face of all these re- , her capacity for work and her vitality, d me. Her constant concern was to play e magnificently, and no amount of work yond her until every scene was perfect. magnificently she played the Lady in rk has become part of the history of the .

r the opening, Ira Gershwin, his mother Gertrude and I got into a car to drive e theater to the Ritz. We were all limp. de had tight hold of my hand. I felt the ng of her body, the quick rise and fall breath. As usual when she was most moved, she was silent.

ll, mamma," Ira exulted, "what do you w? Have we a hit?"

ooks like it," Mrs. Gershwin conceded. stuteness was proverbial. George and d always listened respectfully to Rose's n; especially in the matter of investing how. Now Ira could not resist teasing

d you wouldn't put any money into it. lo you feel now?"

right."

hat do you mean—all right? We have a ven't we? It's good for years on Broad- Everybody will make a pile of money." e made a noncommittal gesture. be."

hat do you mean—maybe?"

you didn't have Gertrude Lawrence, have you got? Nothing. I don't take such risks."

AT with her tour and bringing the new o Broadway, it was February and a full months after our marriage before Ger- and I could be said to have accomplished rocess the British call "settling in."

were still occupying her penthouse on 54th Street, but we had arranged to into another in the same building which ore suited to our needs and within my t. This would not be available until September. Knowing how much Gertrude loved space and country walks and how important these were to her well-being when she was working very hard, I proposed leasing a house on Long Island. The estate was only an hour's drive from town. The trip in to the theater and back each night would not be tiring. And we would have our Sundays and Mondays together, in beautiful, restful surroundings. Gertrude fell in with the plan. The winter on Long Island was to be our belated honeymoon.

Ballybrook Farm belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alexandre. Gertrude had been entertained there with the Duke of Windsor and his party when, as Prince of Wales, he made an American tour seventeen years before. It was a spacious and homelike white house, built in Colonial days, exactly the sort of country house Gertrude loved. The grounds were extensive and wooded, handsome even in winter. Mackie, in the new gold collar from Cartier's which his mistress had lovingly wrapped and tied on the Christmas tree for him, inspected the shrubbery and expressed approval.

The two went for daily brisk runs through the gardens while I pleaded business letters to dictate or scripts to read. Gertrude said regretfully that I was not the hearty, sports-loving type she had hoped for. My size had deceived her. But though she pretended to have accepted these deficiencies of mine with graceful resignation, actually she never stopped trying to turn me into a tennis-golf-squash-playing champion swimmer, skier and surfboat rider.

Another ideal which I obdurately refused to live up to, and which died hard, was that of a leisurely pipe-smoking country gentleman. It did no good to point out to Gertrude that I was not a smoker. In several trips to Dunhill's, she laid in all the equipment calculated to lure me into becoming a pipe addict. Pipes and handsome jars filled with the most expensive tobaccos were placed within reach of all the chairs I showed any tendency to sit in. For years she periodically emptied and replenished the tobacco jars, with pathetic hopefulness. "If only you would become a smoker, it would be so much easier to know what to give you," she would sigh when Christmas or my birthday drew near.

She longed to see me in perfectly fitted tweeds, pipe in mouth, gun under arm, strolling about our estate. Not that she ever wanted any living creature shot; but the gun was an indispensable part of the picture. The stroll over, she would have liked me to lounge in front of the open fire, wearing the needle-point slippers which she was busily making for me, and a Sulka silk dressing gown. I found one hanging in my closet one day as a hint.

She was always trying, openly or by subterfuge, to get me to "eat up." My predilection for ice cream and homemade chocolate cake in preference to French soufflés, hollandaise sauce and lobster mousse she condoned as a hang-over from childhood. But my steadfast refusal to become a morning tea drinker she took as a personal affront. If I discouraged some impractical scheme of hers or failed to share one of her sudden high enthusiasms, she would fling at me, "What can you expect of a man who fills himself up with *cold milk?*"

One part of the estate we both avoided. This was the road leading to a large, empty carriage house. There was a forbidding gloominess about the building which was sufficient to make me shun it even if I had not known its tragic associations. Several years before our tenancy the carriage house was the scene of the suicide of a beautiful actress. But as the tragedy had occurred when Gertrude was in England there was no reason to believe that she might know of it. I hoped none of our guests would enlighten her, and I warned several of them against mentioning it. Apparently none did, because her delight in the estate, her eagerness to return to it every night, continued through the five months of our lease.

Ours was not a selfish honeymoon. Pam would come to see us, sometimes bringing her young Doctor Bill. They planned to be married after his graduation that summer. Gertrude already was deep in plans. Old friends frequently came down. Only matinee days were strictly guarded. Then I went to town early while Gertrude breakfasted in bed on tea with milk and raisins soaked in lemon juice. A vocal teacher had once told her this was good for her throat. Before she left for the theater she might have some yoghurt and honey.

After she reached her dressing room Hazel would telephone Sardi's to send over whatever light food Gertrude wanted for lunch before her matinee. Her dinner, also light, came from Sardi's, too, and was eaten in her dressing room. After the night's work she would be weary and ravenous. At such times there was nothing she enjoyed more than Beef Tartare—chopped raw beefsteak mixed with chopped green onion and a whole raw egg with which the stars of grand opera replenish themselves after an exhausting performance. With this she would drink a tankard of Canadian ale.

I would watch her put away this hearty—and to me repulsive—bloody provender with awe bordering on horror. As I was one of those brought up to regard any meat that shows a tinge of red as unfit for human consumption ("Take it back to the kitchen!" father would roar at the terrified waitress if a single drop of ruddy juice oozed from under the stroke of his carving knife. And to my mother, "Why do we keep that woman in the kitchen, Mollie, except to *cook?*"), it came as somewhat of a shock to discover that the exquisite, ethereal creature which was the public's idea of Gertrude Lawrence could put away a meal I had hitherto associated only with ponderous Siegfrieds and Brunhilds and the drivers of transcontinental trucks.

Sundays were set apart for the family. When we first talked of renting the Long Island place, Gertrude said, "We can have your boys with us. They'll adore it. And it will be so good for them to be in the country."

When I said I would like this, she proposed to meet Helen in town and talk it over with her. So it came about quite naturally that Helen and Gertrude should discuss amicably matters relating to my sons' welfare and happiness. All of us were determined on one thing—the boys should never feel pulled by one set of parents away from the other.

In anticipation of the boys' visits, Gertrude never invited friends for weekends. She planned menus of their favorite dishes, provided games and gadgets to entertain them. Pam and Barbara and Harrison were always welcome, and turned up sometimes together.

MORE than once I caught my sister looking at me quizzically to see if I enjoyed these stay-at-home Sundays which were so different from the life I had lived since coming to New York, and curiously—though pleasantly—reminiscent of our Sundays at Northfield as children.

Though I sorely disappointed her in refusing to play the country-gentleman role she saw me in, Gertrude persisted for a long time in playing the role of devoted little English wife despite my efforts at discouragement. I would find she had spent a morning rearranging the contents of my bureau drawers and my closet. According to her ideas of arrangement, not mine. I would look for a suit or an overcoat and not find it. Gertrude had decided it should go to the cleaners, or to the tailor for repairs. Any man knows this sort of thing can provoke a quarrel out of all proportion to its importance. After a few such experiences I laid down a law: no one was to touch my clothes and personal possessions but myself. I had never had a valet and I had never wished for one. Still less did I want my wife to wait on me.

The order held until I had to go out of town one day on sudden notice. I rang up to tell Gertrude I would be home to pick up my bag and drive to the airport. When I arrived, with fifteen minutes to spare, I found her in a swirl of tissue paper, packing two large suitcases with enough clothes to see me around the world. I hate unnecessary luggage, and tissue paper stuffed into my clothes infuriates me. Besides, this tissue paper was perfumed.

I have a bad habit when I am upset of raising my voice. It was formed in young manhood when both my father and mother became somewhat deaf. It was this—although I was then unaware of it—that frightened Dick and increased his nervousness. Before I could stop myself I was shouting at Gertrude, "What do you think you're doing?"

She started as if I had shot her.

"Why can't you leave my things alone?" I stormed. "I've told you I hate anybody messing around with my possessions."

She burst into tears, and threw herself face down on the bed.

At the risk of missing my plane I sat down and drew her into my arms. Trying to make her laugh at herself, I remarked, "The bed is drenched with your tears. If you cry any more, you'll drown us both in the puddle." As I had hoped, Gertrude began to giggle. Presently she sat up, sniffed, wiped her eyes on my handkerchief and said resolutely, "All right. I've learned my lesson. I'll never do it again."

And she never did.

I knew I was forgiven when in the midst of a business conference the next day I was handed this telegram:

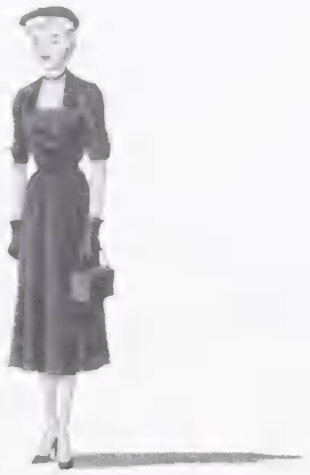
DEAR MR. A WHEN YOU'RE AWAY MY LIFE IS JUST A MUDDLE SO FOR YOUR PLAY HERE'S A HIP HOORAY SINCERELY MRS. PUDDLE

Our quarrel over the gun took longer to heal.

Among the chief delights of Sunday for Gertrude were the newspapers abounding in advertisements. She went through them page by page, scissors and pencil in hand. Whatever caught her fancy—and how easily it was



"I forgot all about our date, Freddy, but if it'll make you feel any better, I had a wonderful time, anyway."



caught—was clipped, and a note made for one of the girls at the Holtzmann office who did errands for her. At first I was appalled by the number of things—gadgets for the kitchen, the garden, the house; a cocktail tray that played Drink to Me Only; boxes and bags for closets; china, glass, linen—she was ordering. Then I discovered that a conspiracy existed between her maid and the Holtzmann office. None of the orders for expensive items were sent to the shops. This was found to be practical because Gertrude seldom remembered after Monday what she had thought indispensable on Sunday. If she did wonder aloud why some object had not been delivered, Dorothy would offer to call up the Holtzmann office and inquire about it. This was always effective in ending Gertrude's interest in the matter.

It was part of her agreement with the Holtzmanns that she would make no purchases, except those paid for out of her allowance, without their O.K. But sometimes she would evade this and order things sent C.O.D. to Mrs. Richard Aldrich. To forestall this, I gave orders that no C.O.D.'s were to be accepted.

One day Gertrude confronted me in a high rage. "Who gave orders that my purchases were to be returned?" she demanded.

She had seen an advertisement of a rifle which struck her as exactly what was needed to lure me into sportsman's tweeds. She wrote Abercrombie & Fitch to send the gun C.O.D., planning to give it to me for St. Valentine's Day. When it failed to arrive, she rang up the shop and made inquiries, only to be told that two attempts had been made to deliver the rifle, and in each case it had been refused.

It took me some time to make her see—longer to get her to admit—that she was quibbling with an agreement which was in existence before our marriage and which she had promised me to observe.

"Well, you've done yourself out of one present and a lot more," she said finally. "Always Right Aldrich."

The name, coined in that moment, became her retort whenever she resented what she felt was my interference with her pet projects.

PRESENT giving was an unfailing delight to her. You could no more keep Gertrude from showering gifts on everyone she knew than you could keep the sun from shining. Every holiday became an opportunity to send messages and presents to those she loved. Until our marriage I had been unaware of Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Halloween, and so on. Now they and the greater feasts were marked on my calendar. I turned up at the Hobarts' one February fourteenth with a heart-shaped box of candy. My sister looked at me with such astonishment that I said quickly, thrusting the box at her, "It's Valentine's Day."

"It's the millenium," Barbara retorted. "I knew Gertrude Lawrence was wonderful, but I never knew how wonderful till this minute. If only Father and Uncle Sam Aldrich could see you now!"

When Gertrude was on tour her zest for giving and sending presents mounted. Every mail brought packages from every city she in. Seeds, plants for the garden, gad the house flowed in until I would send tory wire to Jack Potter to try to ke trude in bounds. Whenever she oper new play she would say to him and t "Don't tell Richard or the Holtzma make a list of all the stage hands a families, particularly the children. grandparents." She kept a list of the b of the stage crew and she never forg When members of their families were their children graduated from schoo was supposed to tell her in order that sh send appropriate gifts.

SHORTLY before Easter that year when driving in to her matinee she saw a baby ducklings outside a market n Queensboro Bridge. She made her c stop while she bought two. She held her lap the rest of the way and then them over to Hazel to care for until s home that night.

I was away in Chicago. As a greetin return Gertrude planned to have th swimming happily in the fountain. U nately, the weather did not play in v scheme. The ducklings were rescued before the water froze fast around the

I arrived at the house late, just bef trude was expected to return from the When I switched on the light in my ba I was greeted by excited quacks and spl The two ducks were very much at hon tub. Someone had thoughtfully arra them a beach of bath towels and pro mass of revolting mushy vegetable ma

"Niggling," she termed my objectio showed a lamentable want of scienti osity. Didn't I want to study ducks?

"No," I retorted, adding that ther comfortable suite at the other end of th dor which either the ducks or I would that night and thereafter. Gertrude c cide which of us was to make the mo

"No rabbits," I adjured her as Eas nearer and her plans for entertaining progressed. "And if I come home an baby lamb in my bed I'll send it to the This business of pets has to stop some I told her.

Despite my protests, the pets increa

First there was Bounder, a half-grow berant English sheep dog, one of a litt Hart raised on his Bucks County far the canaries saved us from one or se Wally's kittens. When Barbara tele that the Hobart ménage now include purebred Siamese, I saw an acquisitiv in my wife's eye. I reminded her quick duty to Winnie and Franklin. Besides she said in persuading Barbara to take that there was a market for pedigreed She wouldn't want to do Barbara o good thing.

"Darling, it was a lovely honeymoon trude said, when we drove away. Her p closed the night before and we were for the Cape for ten weeks' holiday.

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nything you would have had
ked.
." She breathed deeply. "But
at we're leaving Ballybrook, I
as terribly worried you would
ate the place. You know that
e house ——"
retorted, "that I have married
rful woman in the world: one
something and not tell it."

d my mother had met at last.

ing was propitious. The net
ff silence on the part of each
her was mentioned.
as accustomed to make a short
to Uncle Jim and Aunt Alice
Perry Street. The three Joys
g separated for long. Though
ed New York, considering it
Boston, which, in its turn, she
oton, she conceded that it of-
dvantages in the way of con-
d missionary meetings.
to have mother spend the first
sit at Ballybrook Farm, where
ldriches would meet in favor-
ces and—I dared hope—dis-
in each other to respect and
ve. On this occasion, however,
to stay with Barbara.
ested that mother should see
ttince of Lady in the Dark and
age to meet Gertrude after the
ve misgivings about the choice
place. Still, I thought that she
ssed by the regard in which
ld by her audience. With diffi-
to secure a pair of seats in the
ich she was to use with Uncle

, since these were "house
for Gertrude, she learned of
ts a day or so before the per-
ot think that even she was fully
t moment of how much she
her to like her.
on, she became increasingly
t the impression her perform-
ke on her mother-in-law. In
wondered and worried about
n the second act—"Jennie"—
ressed Lady in the Dark loses
ns and sings with the abandon
queen.
Uncle Jim arrived early. She
disapprove. With the best of
d worn her favorite dress and
fixed for the occasion.
se to the stage, the two elderly
dered by the glare of the lights
the orchestra a few feet away.
in went up on a scene which
ast-talking, wisecracking staff
York magazine, mother was
ed. She reacted by fixing her
head with impassive dignity.
lly mystified by these theatri-
llowed suit.

maying picture that met Ger-
she looked across the foot-
an a little upset, she made a
directly to mother and Uncle
nother's face for a sign of ap-
r appeared. Gertrude became
vous. Her usually spontaneous
became subdued and self-

lapping of hands at the end of
made Gertrude realize what
. Her audience had "gone
her futile attempt to get a re-
other, she was disappointing
others who crowded the the-
tion acted on her like a bracer.
woman—even her husband's
red with all those who had
tertained? She could not let

From that instant her mood
again, she became the star in-
ughter-in-law. When the mo-
"Jennie" she slid off her swing
he number with a verve that
nce tingle. The performance
h.

I had hoped to meet mother at the end of the performance, but I was delayed. In my place, Jack Potter brought the two visitors backstage, and the two Mrs. Aldriches, each in her own way equally frightened, met face to face.

Gertrude greeted them and asked, "And how did you like the show?"

Uncle Jim was the first to speak. His comment was, "I didn't hear a word of it."

Gertrude, who prided herself on her diction, hid her disappointment. She turned to look inquiringly at mother. "And did you enjoy the play?"

Mother hesitated briefly before she answered, "The music was pretty but I didn't quite get the play's message."

The conversation was at this impasse—which Hazel was attempting to surmount by offering the guests some champagne—when, fortunately, I arrived. I headed Hazel off and hustled mother and Uncle Jim into a taxi and to tea at a quiet restaurant, explaining that Gertrude had to nap before her evening show.

Away from the strangeness of the theater, mother confided to me that she found Gertrude "quite vivacious." As for Uncle Jim, it was some months before he told me he would like to see the show again. "I didn't hear a word, that first time, because the battery in my hearing aid went dead!"

Kircher, the astronomer, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error. He placed a handsome celestial globe in a part of the room where it could not escape the notice of his friend, who, on observing it, inquired whence it came, and who was the maker.

"It was not made by any person," said the astronomer.

"That is impossible," replied the friend.

"You will not," said Kircher, "admit that this small body originated in mere chance, and yet you contend that those heavenly bodies to which it bears only a faint resemblance came into existence without author or design."

On the following afternoon—Sunday—Barbara had invited all the family to tea. Gertrude dressed with ostentatious demureness in a tailored navy-blue suit and a small plain hat. Her only ornament was the British War Relief emblem which she wore constantly and proudly in those days. A similar emblem was pinned to my lapel.

I saw mother's eyes go to it in the first moment of our meeting. And from it to the gold wrist watch and seal ring which had been Gertrude's Christmas gifts. "What has come over you, Richard?" she asked. "I never saw you before blazing with jewelry."

I started to draw off the ring for her to examine the Joy crest engraved on it. Gertrude had conspired with Uncle Jim to get the design for Cartier's. Mother stopped me. "You are entitled to wear that. But that badge on your coat. It would be better to remove it."

To placate her I unfastened the emblem and was about to drop it into my pocket.

"Richard"—Gertrude's voice rang out—"if you take that off I'll never forgive you." She turned to mother with the mien of an affronted Britannia. In her deepest, most resonant tone she said, "You and Richard may be entitled to wear your family crest. The coat of arms of England is *my* crest, and I wish no other. I wear it with pride. And I expect my husband to do so too."

Mother was effectively silenced. I refastened the emblem. Barbara asked hastily who would take milk and who preferred lemon.

Characteristically, Gertrude instantly regretted the explosion. To atone, she began explaining to mother that the "badge" was that of the British War Relief organization, of which she was an officer. To prove that wearing it in no way contaminated my standing as a Son of the American Revolution, she informed mother that B.W.R. was headed in the United States by Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, "one of your distant cousins."

This remark brought back to my mind a comment reputedly made at the time of our marriage by one of the cleverest of Gertrude's circle of friends: "Gertie got the wrong Aldrich. She thought she was marrying Winthrop." If Gertrude had not known it then, mother was quick to inform her fully at this moment. Though an Aldrich only by marriage, and strongly convinced of the superiority of her own line of Joys, Pickerings and Hartwells to the Aldriches and Stoddards represented by father, mother was too loyal a daughter of the Commonwealth not to share the sentiment of her husband's family, which was that the Aldrich who deserted the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the strict tenets of Puritanism back in 1650 or thereabouts, to become a dangerous liberal with Roger Williams and the Rhode Island Baptists and Quakers, was a renegade whose descendants, no matter how prosperous and illustrious, could not be considered the equals of our simon-pure Massachusetts stock.

THE rapport which I had hoped would be established between my mother and my wife stubbornly refused to sprout. Each of their meetings resulted in a draw. I was relieved when I saw mother off on the twelve-o'clock, bound for Groton. Though she pointedly made no reference to Gertrude, she managed to give the impression that she felt members of her family residing in New York did not do her proud.

Uncle Jim had formed the habit of dropping into my office on his way to or from the nearby Yale Club. His prestige there had gone up appreciably since he became known as the uncle-in-law of Gertrude Lawrence. The climax came when Dr. George Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Institute, warmly congratulated him on the social step upward his nephew had made by marrying Gertrude. He told Uncle Jim that Gertrude was a person of great importance in her own country.

"You might tell that to mother," I said to Uncle Jim.

He took me at my word. When he went up to Groton he expatiated so fervently on Gertrude's intimacy with the great and the royal that it had its effect on mother. She had also been worked on cleverly by Mrs. Henry B. Joy, who made it clear she felt that the Joy family had been honored by Gertrude's alliance with it.

Uncle Jim's barrage was just a little too much for mother's pride to stand without feeling affront. When Gertrude and I drove over to Groton from the Cape, mother had scarcely opened the door to us than she was at pains to tell Gertrude that I had grown up playing with the nicest little boys and girls in Boston. Whatever my connections in New York might be, in Boston and Brookline I knew the Best People. She had seen to that.

"How nice," Gertrude observed. "You see, I never had any playmates, or much time to play. I had to work. Oh, it was work, even if it was dancing and singing in pantomime. And I knew it. I knew the fifteen bob the manager paid me every week meant bread and tea and sausages for mother and dad and myself. At home I was expected to work too. Mother wasn't for letting me get above myself." She held out her strong, capable hands. "I had to do the brights, and clean and black the grate every day. If you think your son has married a fine lady, you're greatly mistaken."

Gertrude may have found the New England character difficult to understand, but quite inadvertently she had said the very thing that could not fail to win its approval. That someone accepted by princes of the blood should also glory in lowly honest labor, and not be ashamed of a humble origin, satisfied mother's ideas of aristocracy which were founded on the ideals of Concord's Sage.

From that moment the thaw set in.

"Let's make it a family summer," Gertrude had said.

Her hunger for a family, for the feeling of belonging to a secure group in which the personal relationships were firmly established,



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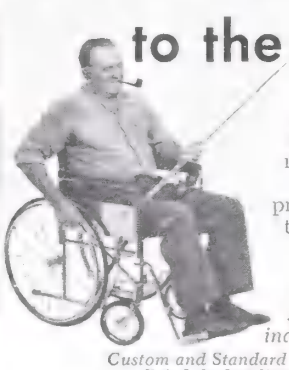
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was strong. It revealed how unsatisfied she was with her former butterfly existence.

I had agreed. We rented the same large house at Dennis which Gertrude had had the previous summer and moved up—pets, servants and two British boys from the Actors' Orphanage.

"I chose the brothers Ernest and Christopher Gifford because they are the same age as ours. It will be good for them to play together and get to know each other. It will be an experiment in Anglo-American friendship. Like our marriage," Gertrude said.

Our first week on the Cape was dedicated to Pamela's wedding. The house was filled with a mist of bridal white, flowers, presents, sentimental music and young love. I gave my stepdaughter away, and Gertrude played Mother of the Bride in silver gray by Hattie Carnegie and a medley of tears and smiles which only April could rival.

Gertrude's love for Pam was never entirely freed from the anguish she had suffered during the child's infancy. Prematurely born and always frail, Pamela had come into the world just when her parents were finding it impossible to continue their life together. An entry in one of Gertrude's early diaries reads: "When the shouting is all over, my child is all I have." A gold-framed photograph of Pamela as a four-year-old with enormous dark eyes, clinging to her mother, always stood on the table beside Gertrude's bed. It went with her wherever she traveled. A duplicate stood on her dressing table in the theater. After Pam was married a photograph of her as a bride flanked each of the others. They were beside Gertrude when she died, the last things her eyes rested on.

OUR neighbors in Dennis were the Hydes—Dr. Fritz and Dr. Harriet. Theirs was the first house I took Gertrude to after our marriage. The warmth of their reception, the generous opening of their family circle to take her in—not because she was a celebrity, but for herself—won Gertrude's heart. It did much to atone for the chill which emanated from Groton.

As soon as congratulations were over, Dr. Harriet demanded, "Now where will you live?"

I said that Gertrude had fallen in love with the Cape. We planned to build a summer home near Dennis. The problem was to find a site.

"We will give you a piece of our land," Dr. Harriet said at once. "It will be our wedding present. Come on, we'll walk around the place and choose a location."

On a low hill overlooking a richly colored expanse of cranberry bog Dr. Fritz said gently, "I've often thought a house here would be perfect."

"Build here," Dr. Harriet told us. "It's yours."

The Hydes generously let us have two and a half acres; which we insisted on paying for. Later we were able to add to our holdings until we had twenty-five acres. Before Gertrude left on tour that summer of 1940, we had retained Howard Blivens as our architect and had deluged him with any number of conflicting ideas of the kind of house we wanted. As it took shape through 1941 Gertrude bestowed on it a number of names, trying them out before we actually took possession. Ultimately, the name that stuck was "The Berries."

The Hydes hospitably gave us the freedom of their beach. There Gertrude swam, sunbathed, ran races with the boys and the Hyde grandchildren. There, every day, she carried her little portable radio and would lie for hours lulled half asleep by the sea wind, the sun, the sound of the waves and the ebb and flow of a succession of soap operas. Her tolerance for this sort of entertainment was extraordinary. It was one of the things about her which I never thoroughly understood. Finally, I put it down to her insatiable desire to help people. I believe she felt that by listening to the recitals of these mournful heroines of the air waves she was actually doing them a kindness, helping them solve their problems.

She was thus occupied one day and sunbathing on the deserted beach with no more than a towel over her midriff when one of the Hyde grandsons arrived at their house for his vacation. He had heard that Gertrude Lawrence was at Dennis and he announced his desire to meet her. It would be something to boast about when he went back to school.

"She's probably on our beach right now," Dr. Harriet told him. "Go down and you'll find her."

The lad departed. He was back remarkably soon, and his face was very red. "Well?" his grandmother inquired. "Did you see Gertrude Lawrence?"

"I sure did," he stammered. "All of her."

Gertrude's adoption of Cape Cod began in earnest during our Family Summer.

The English boys were lodged at a house near ours where they were available whenever my sons came over from Camp Monomoy. If the first ten minutes after the four got together were quiet, that was the only time between daylight and dark that was not full of shouts, laughter, the banging of doors, the barking of dogs and the wails of the two Siamese cats who arrived with Barbara and Harrison to round out the Family Summer.

As I look back to it my keenest memory is of noise. Every morning I escaped gladly to my office at the Playhouse. But Gertrude loved it. The fatigue of the winter dropped from her. Every morning she was the first one up, singing gaily, planning the day's events—a picnic on the beach, a ball game, surprises and practical jokes.

Only one thing caused her to frown—my steady refusal to play baseball with her and the boys.

"But it's so *good* for you," she insisted. "You need the exercise."

Bounder, the sheep dog, was larger, shaggier and more ebullient. His readiness to forgive was not the least of his disadvantages as a house pet. He accepted punishment as an inadvertence on your part which he generously forgave and forgot at once. Whipped for what Gertrude would call "mistakes" on a rug, he would leap upon you with delighted barks and lick your face. This overflow of charity Mackie found slightly sickening.

But it enchanted my young cousin, Bunny Lee, a granddaughter of Mrs. Henry B. Joy, who had begged Gertrude to find a place for Bunny and her dramatic aspirations at the Playhouse that summer. Bunny jumped at a chance and did her share of scene painting, prop gathering, and other odd jobs. She lived with the other apprentices, but she managed to spend a lot of time at our house following Gertrude around worshipfully and falling hopelessly in love with Bounder.

She encouraged him in his efforts to get Mackie to forget his years and his decorum and to play with him. This was bad enough. It was worse when Corinne Turner arrived bringing a particularly obnoxious, badly hennaed Pekingese named Evie, for whom Turner had an affection just short of idolatry. Turner—and the omnipresent Evie—had been added to the household because Gertrude decided Turner would be benefited by a month on the Cape and because, with the enormous number of accidents and illnesses that can happen to small boys, it was provident to have a trained nurse on tap.

Mackie's dislike of Bounder was surpassed only by his hatred of Evie. The Pekingese pursued him with unholy zeal. When, driven beyond endurance and good breeding, he would snap at her, her shrieks echoed across the bog. She would hide under a shrub or wallow deep into the sand in order to spring at him when his thoughts were on higher things. I began to sympathize with Mackie.

BOUNDER took all these skirmishes as a game to which he was invited. He would come loping across the lawn and hurl himself upon the hysterical Evie, rolling her over and over with his huge paws until her cries brought Turner to her rescue. Mackie would seize on this opportunity to vent his hatred of both by sinking his teeth in Bounder's hind leg.

This sort of thing going on almost continually was nerve-shattering. When it moved indoors and took place under the dining-room table while we were supposedly eating a pleasant lunch *en famille*, I asserted myself.

"No dogs in the dining room," I ordered.

"You can't shut Mackie out," Gertrude protested. "He has always gone wherever I go. If you put him out, I'll go too."

"Well, Mackie if you insist," I conceded. "But Bounder goes. And Evie."

She agreed to this. The two outcasts were dragged by their collars out of the room, leaving Mackie looking insufferably smug.

It was no comfort to hear the dry comment of Matthews, the English butler: "When I was in service with the Marquess of Dunbarton, His Lordship never sat down at table without three wolfhounds beside his chair."

The arrival of Barbara and Harrison with the Siamese cats was not opportune. Far from feeling inferior among so many dogs, Wally and David throve on competition. They baited Evie and would stalk her until she shrieked more agonizedly than ever. Between these sorties, they turned their attention to the canaries. Franklin's former dulcet notes and Winnie's low chuckle grew shrill enough to pierce one's eardrums.

I had reason to suspect that the boys egged the cats and dogs on, deriving a fiendish pleasure from the perpetual fracas. A remark dropped by my younger son indicated that the older of the two English orphans, instructed by Matthews, was making book on events.

I issued my ultimatum: "Either those dogs stay out of the house altogether, or I do."

"There is no need for you to lose your temper, Richard," my wife replied with an access of dignity I found infuriating. "It is a bad example for the boys to see. If you have no regard for your own sons, please remember that I am morally responsible for the English children. What impression will they take back to England if you go on like this?"

There came a night of full moon when Bounder set up a wail which pleased him so much that he kept it up. The banshee quaver stirred a Gaelic chord in Mackie and he joined in. Upstairs Evie screamed maniacally.

I leaped out of bed shouting, "This finishes it. Either this wild-animal show moves out of here or I take the next plane." I threw on my clothes, got out [illegible] drove over to the inn at Falmou[th] finished out the night.

Next day at the Playhouse, Bunn[y] into my office. She was beaming. "[illegible] Richard, what do you think?" sh[e] "Cousin Gee has given me Bound[ary]

"Wonderful."

Encouraged, I strolled over to [the] Gertrude lay on a long garden c[hair] triously knitting. A beautiful and[ful] spread over the place like the [wings] gigantic dove. She did not seem [to] see me. She said, "You know you[r] coming the end of this week. Even[ing] be perfect and peaceful. I've told th[em] are not to play close to the hous[e] are to have a picnic lunch on the [beach] day. Harrison and Barbara have [to] look after them."

LIKE A WORN PATH

BY DAVID RIDGLEY

Like a worn path
Dusty and firm between the dry grass patches
Lit dimly by old brightness from the sunset
Is the old recollection I have of you.
Whenever my mind seeks a moment's freedom
I turn without thinking down that path and walk
Until the tall trees suddenly unveil the river
And the river shatters the trees in thousands of leaves.
The long sun blanches the windward slants of the ripples,
Bleaches the old rock ledges carved by the swift water
Slowly with an invention beyond thought,
Makes green the wave shadows and the dark tree shadows
That linger, moiled and allayed, near to the shore.

If I should think, I'd take some other path,
Being ashamed to follow that one still,
But it comes too readily to my feet, being made
Not by my will but love's young helpless feet.

SHE knitted half a row before [she] still in a light conversational tone[,] sending Evie down to board at Do[g] And in case your mother has a pi[ty] cats, the vet here is going to keep Barbara goes back to town."

"So the zoo is reduced to Mac[k] canaries?"

"Poor Mackie," Gertrude si[ghed] scratches himself and his nerve[s] much upset. *Your* Helen Mahone[y] ably been feeding him scraps in th[e]

My Helen Mahoney was the co[ok] had engaged the summer before [Ger]trude was on tour. She was the one [in] the household who was not of G[ood] lection. Gertrude respected her [for] her character, and Helen though[t] "Mrs. Aldrich," but there was [no] doubt that she considered me the [best] was—and still is—a great comfort [to]

"If you would stop feeding ri[ght] Mackie at the table ——" I was [in]terrupted Gertrude cut in: "Exactly, darling[,] sent him down to Doctor Zepp t[o] Evie left an hour ago in the station[wagon]

From the terrace where the birds [were] came Winnie's contented chuck[le] "With no pets around I'm afraid I [shall] going to be lonely for His Lord[ship's] hounds."

Gertrude eyed me. "I had a [talk] Matthews," she said. "I told him [that] mother is here everything is to be [done] *New* England way. He can forget [Dun]barton for the rest of the summer.

"Poor Matthews! How did he t[ake] it?"

"Not too well at first. I had to [explain] him that Poopsie Dunbarton wasn't [coming] to me. He used to have a weakness [for] girls. Three wolfhounds beside his [chair] have been quite restful after what [with] his lap the last time I set eyes on [him] lapsed into Cockney. "A fair cau[se] sie was. In dressing rooms."

"Bunny is right," I affirmed. "[She's] wonderful."

The grin vanished as swiftly as it [came] wife lifted her face. Her eyes [were] bright. "Darling Mr. A. Promise [me] thinking so, forever."

"Everything in the New Engl[and] Gertrude repeated a dozen times [a day] as she made ready for mother's arr[ival]

Mother was to arrive late o[n the] afternoon. Gertrude's preparatio[ns for] visit centered on the Sunday-mor[ning] fast. As she had not taken me int[o] dence, I was as amazed as moth[er] bara when the customary fruit and [cereal] followed by a platter of smoking-h[ot] and another of hot fried cranberry [muffins]

To those who are unacquainte[d with] specialty of the Cape, let me say t[hat] are triangle-shaped and about th[e size] doughnut. Two rich crusts hold [cooked] berries and sugar. The pies are fr[ied] fat and served very hot, sprinkled [with] dered sugar. If you have been out i[n the] hours, two or three cranberry pie[s] come adjunct to a cup of coffee. Bu[t] have just risen from a good night's course following fish balls they a[re] overgilding the lily.

"Where did you get this idea?" I

de smiled sweetly from her end of
"Darling, you told me about them
You said you used to love them when
Dickie's age. And your father al-
them on Sunday mornings."
true that occasionally we had the
special breakfast treat, when we went
pe for a holiday.
don't have to eat them," I warned

ld like one," she replied firmly. "And
sh ball."
t you afraid you'll have indigestion?"
nterposed.
o I can take a soda mint," mother
rtly.
k me that the senior Mrs. Aldrich
g her best to meet her daughter-in-
ay.
reakfast, seeing no papers about, I
atthews whether the chauffeur had
wn to the village for them. I was in-
hat, by Mrs. Aldrich's orders, no
ere to be brought into the house on
I sought out Gertrude in her room,
was dressing to accompany mother
oys to church.
's the idea—no newspapers?" I de-

minded me that I had told her this
at my home when I was growing up.
we want your mother to be happy
lon't we? And she won't be if things
at she is used to."
it's time she got used to some other
," growled.
le regarded me with disapproval. I
she was playing the role of a proper
land wife and daughter.
u coming to church, Richard?" she

er that I would drive her and mother
oys to church and leave them there.
s going down to the village for the
would spend the morning very
reading them in the garden. But as
on to her, I would gather up the in-
g evidence and hide it before mother
from church. I did not add that I
having a conference with Helen
to discover what, if any, bits of local
trude had added to Sunday dinner.
n worked out very well. The garden
tfully quiet. Dr. Harriet had offered
he churchgoers home so I had time
ny papers and to carry them off to
oom before the family assembled for
nner.
ore this was announced, Matthews
with cocktails. I enjoyed Gertrude's
he glanced fearfully at my mother,
ned suddenly.
just another Cape Cod custom," I
ntly. "Like fish balls and the cran-
, no one has to take one unless he
I enjoy a drink before my dinner
sually have one I see no reason for
otherwise."
tulations," Harrison said.

t point dinner progressed happily.
mother sought me out. She ap-
htly shamefaced as she asked me if
I could find her a Sunday paper.
the habit, she confessed, of taking
York Times upstairs with her on
ternoon when she lay down.
your father did not approve of
s on Sunday," she said. "But I have
ttle lax in late years. However, I al-
the church notices first."
the paper and tucked her up on her
t.
d," she said, "don't tell Gertrude,
wouldn't want to hurt her feelings.
ried so hard to make everything
or me. And if she does not read the
s on Sunday there is no reason why
ffend her principles. Too few young
e principles these days."
ertrude has principles," I assured
may not be according to the Groton
t there's nothing wrong with their
wer."
d," she said. "When I first saw her
y I was very much upset. I did not
u could want such a woman as your
now that I know her better, and I
have seen her with your sons, I feel very differently."

I bent down and kissed her. She seemed surprised.

"Why, Richard!" she said.

"Just some of Gertrude's influence," I told her. "Have a good time with your Sunday reading. And if you'd like a tabloid, maybe I can find one."

Gradually the household reverted to its normal ways. Mackie completed his cure at Doctor Zepp's and returned to us. Without Evie to incite him, he was his usual dour self, paying no attention to anyone but Gertrude.

The boys took up baseball practice again and mother was invited to umpire when Dr. Harriet was busy elsewhere. She told me that it was the happiest summer she had known since our summers at Northfield. Nothing revealed mother's fixed intention to get along with her daughter-in-law so clearly as the way she accepted Gertrude's name for her—Mother Mary. To Puritan ears it was somewhat disturbing at first. But mother was determined not to hurt Gertrude's feelings. She grew to cherish the name. In later years, when Gertrude spoke and wrote to her simply as "Mother," she would sign her letters "Mother Mary."

The boys were leaving to join their mother, and Christopher and Ernest returned to their school. Mother went back to Groton. Gertrude and I, for the first time, were alone.

"Isn't it heavenly!" she sighed. "I do love your boys, Richard, but I must say the peace and quiet are wonderful. How do you feel?"

I said that I felt that I could do without the sight of a boy for a long, long time.

We sat quietly waiting for the moon to rise.

Presently Gertrude sighed again.

"The stillness, darling," she said. "Of course it is heavenly. But isn't it a little *too* still?"

(To be Continued)

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LILLIAN BASSMAN

"*Everybody thinks m naturally curly,*" says broth, who gives herself permanent every two The secret? "I use pin-c manents to get a soft curl. Actually my hair straight and coarse." F has her hair cut and By starting with fresh e avoids a frizz. She pins permanent as she or sets her hair, placing t forward curls at temp ears in just the spots wh will be combed out. her hair is cut in layers quires a million tiny cu the front and sides, but is assigned to the back

Beauty Prescription filled by Journal girls

They bring out their best features, cope with the handicaps and brighten every corner of the JOURNAL Workshop. Here are some of their favorite beauty tonics!

BY DAWN CROWELL N
Beauty Editor of the Journ



If your problem is an oily skin, Robinson can help you clear it up. Tl of her routine is that it is a *routine* faithfully no matter what. Here it is: my face each morning with a bland s warm water, rinse with cold, towel d a brisk patting with a cotton pad s with skin astringent. I follow with tip application of a colorless beaut which acts as a protective base betw skin and make-up, and helps preve from clogging. And last, a light film cake make-up applied with an imm sponge." Dottie uses her astringent day freshening, repeats her morning ing routine after work and *again* bef time.

"*I'm a washout without eye make-up,*" admits Joan Metcalf, whose colorless lashes and brows are the "penalty" she pays for her beautiful reddish-blond hair and fair skin. To make her eyes seem bluer, bigger, Joan brushes brown mascara on her upper eyelashes. By using a barely moist brush she achieves a dark-lashed look that fools everybody "except my husband—but he approves!" Eyebrows take shape with the use of a medium-brown pencil which she applies in short, outward strokes. For "evening eyes" Joan draws a fine line of black eyebrow pencil across the upper eyelids close to the lashes. Final touch: the barest blend of flattering blue-green eye shadow.



ist fteen pounds without really diet-
ay Audrey Meredith, who also lost
in her waist and feels better at her
t w ght of 115. She continued to eat
ve balanced meals each day, making
ate for the extra sweets and starches
sit for her excess padding. Her re-
re acements: clear soups and salads
en g sandwich luncheons; skim milk
bl ilk; raw vegetables (carrots, cel-
di es, green peppers) for between-
no s or candy; one pat of butter (in-
f t or three) for her slice of bread *or*
po to. Unable to drink her coffee
A rey is proudest of her twenty-
d ner "dessert"—coffee with a tea-
of igar, a tablespoon of skim milk.





"*I need color to give me a lift*," says olive-skinned, dark-haired Mary Margaret Conte. Pimento reds, clear, sharp greens, plaids with coral or turquoise blue are her favorites. Often she adds touches of stark white: a boutonniere of fresh carnations; shortie gloves; chalky necklace or earrings. She applies make-up with a deft touch, using a lipstick brush to curve the outer corners of her lips into the slightest suggestion of a smile . . . an eyebrow pencil to give a gentle upward curve to the ends of her eyebrows. Hair ribbons, bands or combs draw her smooth hair up and away from her face. For night (and for her husband!) Mary Margaret rolls up her page-boy (two rolls each side, one in back) on five linen hankies in her most becoming colors!

e e beauty tricks that save time!"
ta n Wilson, housewife, mother of
ts commuter. Her favorites? 1—Her
ad ho has a knack for trimming her
d lping with home permanents; 2—
il lish drier that cuts the waiting
t lf; 3—the paint-a-curl prepara-
ta uickly give her Workshop hairdo
v ok (the colors—blond, silver or
co e in liquid or powder form and are
ly n a tiny brush—they all wash out);
r cotton disks, the size of a silver
t come impregnated with cleansing
a skin freshener—a quickie way to
p the middle of muggy days; 5—the
e nd toilet waters that come with
v push-button atomizers and take
se nd to fill the air with fragrance!





A flawless, pink-and-white English complexion is a beauty possession Corinna Cunliffe brought with her to America. How does she keep it dewy fresh despite our seasons of scorching sun, steam heat, blustery winds? "I use a little softening cream or lotion every day everywhere—face, neck, elbows, heels, hands. To keep my skin *clean* I scrub it each night with soap and water, or use beauty grains mixed with water. But I *always* follow with a softening cream." In the morning Corinna awakens her skin with a splash of icy-cold water, towel dries and uses just the lightest film of tinted creamy make-up base spread evenly over face and neck. Next a creamy lipstick, and a cream-base powder.

I dreamed
I was a cigar store Indian in my
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LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD, Los Angeles, California

THE SCRAMBLED HOUSEWIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

she announced gaily, returning. "He always calls me from New York three times a day. When we bought this house two years ago, we had to wait for a phone, and I missed his calls so much I used to walk to the candy store in the next block every day at noon, no matter what, so that I could talk to him at least once."

When they were married, in the summer of 1944, Bill, newly discharged from the Air Force, had no job. "Both his parents and mine kept telling us 'Wait!'" Dorothy remembers. Her own parents are Italian, and her heritage includes the clear, warm-toned skin, silky dark hair—and a temperament that leaps from woe-is-me laments to the gayest of moods, *allegro*. As she went on talking, her gray-green eyes, behind her glasses, sparkled. "Between us, we had six hundred dollars in war bonds, so we cashed those and went ahead. All you need to get married is nerve! We spent our wedding night at the Waldorf. The room cost thirteen dollars, and we walked around examining everything in it like a couple of hicks. Then we went downstairs to—I think it was the Peacock Room, and ordered chicken-salad sandwiches, but we were too excited to eat more than one bite." She added in a pleased tone, "We wasted more darn money that night."

A MONTH later, her husband started work in the responsible job he still holds, and the Canners seem to have been wasting more darn money, both happily and unhappily, ever since.

"But not so much the first year," Dorothy says now. "I went on working as a secretary till I was six months pregnant, and our apartment was only forty-five dollars, and we paid *cash* for Lynne. The trouble started when we wanted custom-made slip covers and draperies that cost a hundred and fifteen dollars. Bill wanted to take it all out of our savings—we even had *savings*—but I said, 'Oh, no, honey, it's easier to pay in installments, just eight dollars a month.' That was our downfall."

As if on cue, there was a violent crashing sound. "*Phyllis!*" Dorothy shouted. No answer. "She'll drink a sip of milk and then toss the glass in the sink. She won't ever eat at meals, then she helps herself to anything in the refrigerator, takes one bite, and throws the rest in the garbage can. Lynne's almost as bad. One day she *loves* peas, the next day she acts like they're poison." She added moodily, "They take after me in their eating habits. I don't have much appetite." (She weighs 109 pounds and is 5′5″ tall.) "It's so hectic around here in the mornings Bill and I never get more than coffee, and the kids eat catch-as-catch-can."

Although the Canners spend $185 or more a month on food, this, too, is on a catch-as-catch-can basis. "I never know till afternoon what I'm going to have for dinner. Then I'll call up and order," Dorothy said. "If I went myself, I'd have to take Phyllis and the baby, and that would be bedlam, and I wouldn't even have the car, because Bill uses it for work." (It's a 1946 sedan that cost $650 secondhand.) "He'd gladly market for me Saturdays if I'd make out a list, but I never get around to it. Anyway, he likes the best cuts of meat, so he's not too economical either. And even if I get to a store, I'm never satisfied to get just what I need, I go on and on buying other things."

Two years ago, they heeded the lure of a "food plan" radio commercial, and acquired the $560 freezer that now sits in the basement like a cold, empty white elephant. "We were going to buy a new car, because the old one's falling to pieces, but I had big ideas about how I'd save money buying food ahead and freezing it. The salesman came to the house, and he said there would be no time payments, that it didn't go through a bank. He said if we didn't have the money one month, we could pay the next. It sounded so wonderful we bought the freezer. That smart, smooth salesman had no figures at all to show us. He just said the girl at his office would type up the papers. But the very next month came the time-payment book, and everything was just the opposite from what he'd said it. We called the company to complain. They said, 'Oh, that was a new salesman. he got a little mixed up.'" Her expres said "Look who got mixed up!" She "I never get the time to freeze anyth

They still owe on the freezer, wa chine and storm windows. Payment $17,500 house have jumped rece $101 to $106, including property tax thy exclaimed, "*I* should be dissatis I have a lovely modern ranch house

Yet when you admire the handson pine cabinets in the gleaming kitche tensely, "But they ought to be wa mark on the spotless pastel-colo throughout the house, and she tells the woodwork needs scrubbing. Bef married I used to be a fuss-pot, but so much to be done that I start on like fixing a sandwich for lunch—th middle of that I stop and clean the says I worry too much about the lit and not enough about the big ones doesn't worry enough about anythin wasn't for his good disposition, w sunk. He almost never gets mad at sometimes about money."

Asked if debts were the chief o their marriage, she looked surpris call *that* an obstacle!" She added "No, *I'm* the chief obstacle. I have zation."

At this point, Phyllis appeared long, silvery train of aluminum re foil. "Phyllis, that costs money!" exclaimed.

"I *know*," Phyllis cooed sympa unrolling another few yards of foil, pling it busily.

Her mother said, "But when she enough to be *quiet*, then Bill and I crazy. No matter what child gets sic of giving it aspirin or something an to see, we panic and phone for the When the baby had a cold recently, one week's house calls was $30. H tion fees ($5.40 deducted from each cover surgical and maternity bene not my teeth! I never just need a f always a hundred-dollar tooth."

Current bills include butcher, g department-store charge accounts, children's clothes. Bill hasn't had for two years. Dorothy bought one $2.98 cotton dress this past year. pairs of shoes for the kids—that seven dollars at one whack," she s school jackets for Lynne and couldn't call that extravagant." She tioned happily that for Lynne's eig day they had bought her "an ext Bill got a good buy through a friend dollars, and it was on wheels. I t would keep the kids out of the li nights, but then we wheeled it int room; and if you ever want real lu ought to have a TV in your bedro can lie back and watch—m-m-m-m

LYNNE, arriving home from St. Lu chial school, in nearby Whiteston you, "Once I got a weekly allowa cents, but not after they gave me m set." She's a sturdy, friendly little taffy-colored hair, who shows yo source of income by wiggling a l tooth. "That'll get me a dime." She's Scout, and in grade 4-B now. "W real ink!"

"Lynne, your shoes are *muddy!*" exclaimed. "How did you get that

"Oh, boys!" Lynne said. "We playing nicely, but boys never like nicely, so they came and threw m She didn't explain how the monstr mud slingers happened to aim o shoes. While she was changing clothes, Dorothy mentioned that L marks semester before last (a 78 av reflected her dislike of school, bu she's adjusted and happy, with B-p Parents must sign each complete homework. "And if Bill says it's

ynne to copy it over, then she brings
nd I sign."
returning, tells you gaily, "When I
me and my friend across the street
e neighbor's mailbox and took the
l tore them open and threw them all

y said, "I came out and there were
checks from the neighbor's bank
flapping all over our lawn! I die
kids do something like that. I feel as
ny fault, as if I'm the one doing it."
ed about her five-year-old son Billy,
first grade at St. Luke's, on a noon-
shift. "He's the most affectionate of
ants you to show you love him. If I
hug, he thinks it's really *something*.
ent to a school entertainment, who
ee but Billy sitting down front in the
n, hugging and kissing the little girl
. I was sort of startled, but I guess
s way of saying 'I like you.'"
ked sad, suddenly. "Five minutes
t them all in bed, I start thinking,
was I so mean to them? Tomorrow
ferent.' Then I wake up tired and
d it's the same thing all over again."
brightened as she described how her
gets up at night with the children.
er about it than I am. And he does
ne shopping for their clothes." She
a pagoda-print slip cover. "He even
this fabric. But he always seems to
t he wants, and I can't ever make up
." As she went on enumerating her
extracurricular chores—doing week-
ry, washing dishes, putting the chil-
d—she looked rather dumfounded.
t I add it all up, I'm amazed!"
ou picture to yourself a drudge or a
den type, the brisk-moving, pleasant-
d Bill dispels this illusion cheerfully.
g on his German ancestry, he says,
n be a stubborn Dutchman." He is
weighs 135 pounds (his top weight
and he has an outsize good humor
ng Canner chaos. "When Dorothy
k about finances, our sessions are
e to Obscurity. But I say why brood?
s been a hustler. I've been earning
s six and sang in the Flushing Epis-
r where my dad was sexton. When
tight I go out and grab an extra job."
nings as an investigator are on a fee
he five to ten cases he interviews and
orts on daily. His semimonthly pay
fore deductions, range from a high
o a low of $107 when business is
h fall. "But instead of planning
he cut, we just don't," Dorothy said.
we start getting calls about unpaid
such moments Bill leaps into the
st year he made $100 selling plumb-
es evenings and weekends; he also
rt time at Macy's through Decem-
arned $125, half of which he spent
rehouse-worn upright piano for
Christmas surprise, her favorite
date. "Every time she'd see anybody
piano, she'd say how much she
one," Bill explains. "So now what
ver? She's forgotten all she knew
ic, and she plays every piece as slow
al march. Me—I play better with
!"

cooks better, according to Dorothy
hildren. His *pièce de résistance* is
The last time Dorothy was pregnant,
whim for lobster and I had to pay
rs and twenty cents for two. In one
is a luxury, but I figured it was a
ical necessity." They got a run for
ney by letting the lobsters crawl
e kitchen, to entertain the children.
d them stuffed, with a butter sauce."
y remarked, "And he puts soy sauce
thing—even on steak. He can't stand
much, he thinks they're too gooey.
I made a beef stew, he even put soy
that!"
g is her pet hate. "But if I were doing
et place, then I'd like it." As she pre-
ner that evening, Lynne and her
blond brother dashed into and out
hen hollering in mutual fury: "He
my program. . . . No, she pushed
away and ——" At almost auto-

matic intervals, Dorothy yelled, "I've had about *enough!* Do you want to be sent to bed?" When the baby, in the next room, roared in anguish, Dorothy called, "Lynne, what's Phyllis doing to J. P.?"

Lynne's voice was casual. "Oh, she just fell on top of him and then sat on his legs."

In spite of these constant distractions, you sit down to Dorothy's own specialty, a magnificent *lasagna:* wide noodles baked in layers with *ricotta*, Mozzarella and Parmesan cheeses, and Italian sausage. It's typical of Dorothy's warm generosity that she'll go to lavish trouble because a visitor has never tasted homemade *lasagna*. You notice she watches her husband's face eagerly as he takes a first bite. "What do you think, honey?"

"Could have sat a little longer," Bill says judiciously, "but the seasoning's very good."

As the four young Canners contribute their own brand of seasoning to the meal, and bedlam seems to hit the ceiling and bounce, Bill says, "Some families call this the dinner hour, but I call it the Ulcer Hour. I work hard all day, I eat lunch at a counter in ten minutes, and I say I'm entitled to one decent, peaceful meal a day." In a softer tone, he goes on, "But I realize it's not easy. Some nights I come home and Dorothy's looking so done in I tell her, 'Oh, go play bingo. Go out and *live*. Live dangerously!'" He and his wife laughed. "But I also tell her it's the stimulus of frustrated women—that silly dumb gambling game."

Dorothy said quickly, "Not that it's an obsession with me. You should see some of the women! They get so worked up we kid them and say, 'Put your guns on the table!' Honest, I think they lose ten dollars a night." She admitted that her husband thinks the four or five dollars a week she herself loses bingo-bango would be useful to help pay bills. "And once he got so fed up he kept going off to Three-D movies, so I *had* to stay home; and anyway, I hate Three-D. We used to get a sitter and go to a movie together, but not since I started bingo." (She started before her fourth child was born.) "When we first dated, we went roller-skating at a rink. My mother had been very strict with me, but after she met Bill, she let me go out all I wanted, and not even get in by ten o'clock."

"So maybe she regrets it now," Bill said, grinning.

"Dope," his wife murmured fondly.

She grew up in Bayside, Long Island, in the hospitable Giacone household that included her Italian-born father and mother, a younger sister and brother, grandparents, and "lots of company all the time." Because of Mr. Giacone's late working hours as a chef (now at the Hotel Hildebrecht in Trenton, New Jersey) he had almost no time with his children. "But Monday was his day off and he'd take us fishing," Dorothy said. "He's the sweetest-natured man you'd want to meet. And what a cook!" During the depression, Mrs. Giacone went to work as a dress finisher, to augment a cut in her husband's salary, and she has worked ever since. "She'd call up and order groceries because she had no time to market," Dorothy said. "She's a very good cook, too, but she didn't want my sister and me in the kitchen. Nothing we did was right. But my mother and I get along fine—when she tells me I'm wrong, I pay no attention. And she always takes time off to keep my kids when I have a baby."

Talking about the strictness, Dorothy remembers, "I wasn't allowed to go to high-school parties, but I was captain of the softball team, and I took horseback riding lessons, and piano." She graduated with B grades. "And maybe the old-fashioned kind of discipline *was* better," she said slowly. "I see young boys and girls now—they smoke and stand around on street corners; already I worry about our kids, hoping they'll never be like that."

It was on a street corner that seventeen-year-old Dorothy Giacone first met Bill, at a neighborhood bond rally. "But I was with my mother, and a girl friend introduced us." Bill had graduated from Flushing High School with B-plus grades, and was working in the Long Island Star Journal's advertising department, at $40 a week. He says, "I was nineteen, smoking a long cigar, making like a big wheel. I asked Dorothy to go to a bar—sophisticated stuff—and I didn't even drink!"

Neither did Dorothy. Mrs. Giacone had tactfully gone home early, but her influence lingered on. "I was afraid she'd hear about it if I went to a bar. When all the rest of the crowd said *they* were going, Bill felt sorry for me, so he took me into a drugstore for a soda."

"And was she aloof!" her husband says now. "I could see she was a nice kid, but I didn't go home that night and moon and moan over her. I slept like a log."

He had, however, taken the precaution of inviting Miss Giacone to accompany him to the Paramount the next afternoon, with a group of friends. "That was a Saturday," Dorothy explains, "and I was working part time at a store besides going to secretarial school, but I didn't want to tell Bill no, so I got my kid sister Rosalind to go with him in my place, because we look so much alike."

"Was I confused!" Bill exclaimed. "I'd thought Dorothy was such a shy, quiet type, but that second date she never stopped talking. She did everything but recite the entire Declaration of Independence!" (Sister substitute Rosalind, barely sixteen, was endeavoring loyally to be as effervescent as she thought older women were, on dates.) Bill went on, "So I thought to myself, 'Maybe the first night was an act, and this is how she really is—heaven deliver me.'" Fortunately, he saw double in time; when he took home the date he thought was Dorothy, the *real* Dorothy met him at the door. "What a night *that* was," Bill wound up, exhausted even in retrospect. "I thought I'd gone nuts."

NEXT MONTH

YOUNG AMERICA
WRITES ITS OWN STORY

Scudder Parker tells about his wife Bets and his four children—about a long search that led to a 136-year-old Vermont farmhouse—and about some unusual livestock named Faith, Hope and Charity. You won't forget

OUR WORLD
IS A GARDEN

By SCUDDER M. PARKER

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES
in the September JOURNAL

From then on until he went into the Air Force, three months later, he concentrated on the older half of the sister act—on and off skates. They were engaged before he went overseas, as a sergeant aerial gunner, to serve in the China-Burma-India area. In the late spring of 1944, he received a medical discharge, after successful therapeutic treatment for an injured arm. During his absence, Dorothy worked as a secretary for the traffic manager of publishers Street and Smith, wrote to Bill every night, and "saved money like a son of a gun," from her salary of first $100, then $140 a month. With part of this cache, after Bill's return, she bought a street-length white crepe wedding dress. "It was really supposed to be a high-school-graduation gown, but that's all I could find." With it she wore a flowered hair bandeau, and a corsage of yellow roses. The small family wedding, on June 17, 1944, was in the rectory of the Blessed Sacrament, "because Bill wasn't a Catholic, so we couldn't be married in the church. It was supposed to be a double-ring ceremony, but the priest forgot Bill was to get a ring too. Finally we reminded him, so the priest went back and did that part over again."

After the ceremony, the Giacones and Canners had a wedding dinner at a restaurant: "Fruit cup and chicken—the usual menu," Dorothy said. Their next stop, the Waldorf-Astoria, was more of a change. They then spent ten days at Maplecrest, a honeymoon resort in the Catskills, and came back to a $51 furnished 1½-room apartment in Flushing. When they moved to the 3-room upstairs apartment in the Giacones' house, their families' wedding presents—dinette set and bedroom furniture—set them up in fine style. "The only big fight we ever had" came a month or so after they were married. "It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon," Dorothy remembers, "and I wanted to go to the beach or something, but Bill just sat pasting our honeymoon snapshots into an album. He wouldn't budge. So finally I said, 'If that's the way you feel, I'm leaving you.'" She stayed away two hours, picturing her remorseful mate pacing the floor, wringing his hands. "So when I got back, there he sat, still pasting! That struck me as so funny. Ever since—we get mad, we raise our voices, it's over in two minutes." She gave her recipe for happy marriage: "Act like you're not married. Bill and I still hold hands."

Lynne announced eagerly, "They lie on the couch together watching TV, and she puts her head on his shoulder. They even kiss in bed."

Bill said dryly, "Your mother and I are very good friends, all right."

Dorothy, smiling, remembered that as a token of friendly esteem Bill bought her a black lace negligee and gown for their first Christmas. "But by then Lynne was on the way, and I've hardly ever worn it yet." They had planned not to have any children for five years. "Because first we wanted a house and car," Dorothy explains. "So at the end of that time we had two kids *and* the house *and* the car!"

The $10,750 house, which they bought on a veterans' down payment of $550, with $80-a-month carrying charges, was in a large Beechhurst housing development. Dorothy talks nostalgically of her neighbors there. "Everybody was in the same boat. We all had kids and did our own work, and we'd help each other out, and keep a pot of coffee on the stove day and night, for friends dropping in." The Canners painted and plastered, to convert the attic into two bedrooms. "But by then we had Phyllis. Every time we'd move to get more room, we'd get another baby and be crowded again."

They sold the house for $13,300, getting almost enough in cash for the $5500 down payment on their current home, which was being built by a contractor-uncle of Dorothy's who owns several lots in the area. While they waited for it to be finished, they lived for five months with Bill's married sister, sharing expenses for food and utilities. "And never one cross word between us in all that time," Dorothy says gratefully of her in-laws' hospitality. Bill talks with equal affection of the Giacones. None of Dorothy's family has ever pressured him to become a Catholic. His wife says, "I'd like it if he did, but he doesn't feel the urge and I'd never force him."

He seldom goes to church, perhaps in reaction to his long enforced child labor as a choirboy. "I'm religious; I say my prayers every night—but at *home*." Dorothy goes to Sunday-morning Mass at St. Luke's, taking Lynne and Billy.

Bill has agreed that all their children will go to parochial schools. Discussing what qualities they most wanted their offspring to develop, Dorothy said in a desperate tone, "Obedience!"

Bill frowned. "Obedience isn't a *quality*. I'd put honesty and responsibility first." He went on, in a baffled tone, "I'll admit we're never consistent in disciplining our kids, but this generation is always supposed to be going through phases or stages. It wasn't like that when I was young. I respected my parents." (His mother died two years ago. His father, now retired, lives with Bill's sister.) "I'd turn over almost every cent I made to my folks. Maybe that's why I give my kids too much, wanting them to have more than I did, but then I get sore when they act spoiled."

Neither Lynne nor Billy has regular chores around the house. "Lynne's too fresh now, she says 'No' or 'I won't,'" their mother said. "Billy's too slow and mopey. He takes hours even to dress. Once they insisted on doing the dishes together, but they both ended up drenched. It's more bother than help." Bill described affectionately how Lynne tries to help in the mornings, by frying her own egg. "And if one third of it lands in the pan, she's lucky!"

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Phyllis heralds the dawn by leaping out of bed in the room she shares with her sister, and galloping from sleeper to sleeper, rousing them to a far-from-good morning. Bill brings his wife coffee in bed, gulps a cupful himself, and is backing out the car by 7:30, to drive the eighteen miles to New York. After Dorothy feeds the baby, she makes a halfhearted effort to get some food into the others. Her husband said, "She buys eight or nine magazines a month, and reads all the articles on child rearing, and once she read that a hot cereal is a *must* for growing bones or something, so she was a demon on giving the kids cereal. That lasted about five days."

"I read so many different opinions I get all mixed up," Dorothy said humbly, looking young and bewildered.

Whatever reading she does is snatched in midafternoon, while her two oldest are still in school. "Sometimes I get a whole hour to sit down, but Phyllis almost never takes a nap." She does two or three loads of laundry a day, in the automatic washer in the basement, and remarked, "Billy's the only one in his class who wears a white shirt, but he's so cute dressed up." Displaying the portable mangle that was a present from Bill, she said coolly, "I never look at it—I don't know why." When she tackles ironing, "then I often have to let the dishes and other things go." She cleans one room at a time, "then I shut the door fast so the kids can't wreck it as soon as I finish." Theoretically, they keep their toys in the basement and play there. "But by late afternoon the living room's a mess again, and then I break my neck to get it neat before Bill gets home."

Bill tells you, "I'm like Dorothy. I believe a house has to be very, very clean and orderly." He cited his wife's conscientiousness about her home and children, and her thoughtfulness, as the traits he admires most. On a tour through the three bright, immaculate bedrooms, he shows you proudly a beautiful hooked bedside rug Dorothy made. His own hobby is painting presketched landscapes in oils. He also painted and shellacked all the woodwork, built an under-the-stairs closet, and hopes someday to partition off the basement, with a workroom to hold his cherished tools, and a playroom with linoleum floor.

His only overnight separations from his family have been a few weekend hunting trips. Discussing vacations, he said simply, "Where could we go with four kids?" He and Dorothy agreed they'd love to go off by themselves, but soon after this Bill said, "Life without kids would be very shallow," and Dorothy added, "Once we left them all with my mother overnight, and Bill and I came home and the place seemed so deserted and lonesome we hated it."

On summer weekends, they play badminton at the Giacones', and take the children swimming. Bill built a barbecue grill in the small back yard, and described genially the family outdoor feast they had there, "with beer, and an accordion, and everybody singing." They almost never have friends in for dinner. Every other Friday evening, Dorothy goes with her sister-in-law to "a club of girls, where we eat from eight to eleven, all kinds of refreshments, and just gossip. But we plan to do something worth while soon, like a charity."

At this, Bill remarked, "Well, you'r ing there on your stomachs."

Along more active civic lines, in th ban community of 4000 population, has gone out fund raising for the Gir and the polio drive, even when she ha the baby along. Bill is a member of Defense; after a disastrous storm at H Beach, he spent all one Sunday pump flooded cellars. "And when we rode rescuing women in a rowboat, boy, w grateful!"

ALTHOUGH it might sometimes look t sider as if the Canners need a bit of themselves, Bill says confidently, "We *real* obstacles." He's enthusiastic at work, and hopes to become manager trict office. He thinks the thing the need most is a budget. (Last year, the up about $1000 in the red.) "But after went on, "we're only family wh trouble with mo raising our kids

"It's most fault," Dorothy again.

Lynne, who ready listened t list of these reproaches, su announced in a ing voice, "My can do anything world. She ca *delicious* thing she can drive th and she takes ca when we're sic she can play and ——"

"She can't piano," Billy with deadly ma

"Well, no," admitted. "B mother can do *else*."

With so much faith behind harassed young of four can lick problems, and m who knows?—e up lifting a pian

And so, togeth psychiatrist Dr. Hohman and making Editor ret Davidson, th ners launched program of Facing facts first time, Doro Bill realized th to trim expenses and for a long before they'd be in the clear. Their jitt their finances had affected their fami tionships. The children were complet of hand, Dorothy was pounds under and did all her housework the hard w Monday, March 15, she and Bill b six weeks' course of lessons in h straighten out their difficulties.

SIX WEEKS LATER P.S. As we go to pr is Dorothy's own latest report on the C New Look: "Things are already *entir* ferent. I'd say they're at least 100 p better! We'd got in such a rut of bad but now that we've been helped on th track—it's amazing what we can do, little system and patience. I don't fly handle nearly as much. I feel so muc energetic, since I've been eating right, even have friends in, evenings. I nev bingo any more—and *I don't miss it* because I'm interested in so man things. The kids each do small jobs the house, and already seem to have sense of belonging. You should see empty ash trays and pick up newspap

For details of this heart-lifting ch and the new bounce in the Canner bu see pages 100 and 102.

STEAM-ENGINE WHISTLE

By MINNIE HITE MOODY

Listen, my grandson—just beyond the hill
It lifts its lonesome voice and wails once more.
A sound with heartbreak in it, tired and shrill;
A sound a million boys have heard before,
And in the nighttime they have raised their heads
Just as you're doing now, and felt a strange
Wonder catch hold of them in their safe beds,
Till the sound sped far off and out of range.
It was a sound to part the buffalo grass
Long years ago; a sound with history in it.
Baltimore, Kansas City, Donner Pass. . . .
Listen, my grandson, listen for a minute,
And then remember always, if you can.
It will be gone forever, when you're a man.

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COMPLETE NOVEL

SHE SHATTERED WHEN SHE WALKED

By VIÑA DELMAR

Was she second choice with her husband?

•

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Journal

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September 1954

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…is a R *for Love* on page 36 that …works—at least it does for the …ne. The author, DREW FROST, operates an antique shop and farm near Wilmington, Vermont. The farm produces hay, maple sirup and cats, she says. She doesn't say whether she herself has used her own prescription for love, but she has a glorious shade of red …that probably necessitates an …ly different set of rules.



…Frost

…r from MORGAN L. KANE, JR., …llustrated VIÑA DELMAR'S novel, *…littered When She Walked* (page 34): "I am an artist by accident. In 1938 a baseball buddy in my home town of Painesville, Ohio, agreed to hitchhike to Cleveland with me to see the Indians play if I would take my drawings to the Cleveland School of Art and ask for a …arship. They gave me one. After …l I spent three and a half years … the Air Force, then got a job … advertising illustrations in Chi… We later moved to Darien, …necticut. My eight-year-old, Jef… and my five-year-old daughter, …ie are my favorite models. Val …een a cover girl six times. I have *…xtremely* charming wife, Kay, …was also kind enough to write …etter."



…Kane

…ROGOW, a man who knows a great …about childbirth (*It Happens All …Time*, page 38), reports he was born in an ambulance in Washington, D. C., in 1919. He is the father of two small children, a boy and a girl, and his hobbies are reading, eating and doing the rumba—"not all at the same time." Other relevant information: "I live …work in a brownstone house on … 78th Street in New York. I … a study painted bright red with …elf full of models of prehistoric …als from the Museum of Natural …ory."



…rogow

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Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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cleansing cuts and scratches

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WRITE US, TOWN & COUNTRY SHOES, EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK FOR NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU.

Our readers write us

Crime-Comic Action

Royal Oak, Michigan

Dear Editors: Objectionable crime-comic books have disappeared from newsstands in Royal Oak, Michigan. Led by the publisher and editors of the Daily Tribune, who were aroused by Dr. Fredric Wertham's article, What Parents Don't Know About Comic Books, in the JOURNAL, this pleasant suburban community decided to investigate. Could the crime comics Doctor Wertham described be found in Royal Oak?

Reporters went to newsstands all over the city to survey the shelves. Their purchases shocked them into immediate action.

Pictures and sequences on the front pages of the Daily Tribune alerted the community. The editors turned their findings over to the Advisory Committee on Publications and notified P.T.A. presidents.

The committee studied the findings and asked the City Attorney's office to draw up an ordinance banning the sale of crime-comic books. In less than two weeks it was presented to the City Commission. One week later it was unanimously passed and took immediate effect.

Royal Oak citizens realize, however, that keeping objectionable crime comics off the stands takes more than a law. It requires the co-operation of dealers and wholesalers. In their area these people were willing to co-operate. However, publishers may change titles and formats to get publications back. This is where local P.T.A. groups function. Besides exerting constant vigilance over newsstands, they ask parents to pledge themselves to censor their own children's reading and make good reading fun.

On the basis of Royal Oak's and other outstanding communities' experiences, here are a few suggestions:

1. Marshal your facts. Don't rely on lurid examples of crime literature some other community has found. Purchase actual samples from your own newsstands. Present the evidence to the entire community. If you cannot enlist the co-operation of a newspaper, take your findings to elected officials, P.T.A. groups, service clubs and church organizations. If no crime comics are being sold in your town, give your local dealer a sizable vote of thanks for voluntarily protecting your children.

2. Investigate local ordinances to see if you already have restrictions on obscene literature. If not sufficient to outlaw crime comics, have them amended.

3. Use existing legal opinion in preparing an ordinance which will withstand the test of constitutionality. Study the report of the New York State Crime Comic Commission and the statutes of other cities.

4. Set up an enforcement agency. And remember that each citizen is responsible for seeing that officials are aware of violations.

5. Support action to suppress crime comics at your state level.

Sincerely,
MARY C. PADGETT
MARION MALONE

▶ *Outstanding work also originated in Johnstown and White Plains, New York; Bentonville, Arkansas (now a state-wide P.T.A.-sponsored movement); Wessington Springs, South Dakota; Brooklyn, New York; Providence, Rhode Island; Hartford, Connecticut; Cleveland, Ohio; and by Mercer County, New Jersey, American Legion; Jewish War Veterans of Massachusetts, Miami Optimists, California Congress of Parents and Teachers, National Council of Y.M.C.A., Texas Baptists, Philadelphia Citizens' Committee on Juvenile Delinquency, Catholic Women's League of Canada, to n only a few of the many movemen under way for fall. ED.*

Message to the Troops

Ashton

Dear Mr. Gould: I like to rere JOURNALS, so I recently ran a letter in the January, 1953, issue "Army Philosopher" and ad "Dear Bruce." It was signed "W His dad liked it, too, so I tho would be a good thing to send youngest son, Billy, who has beer Army just since January. Here Billy wrote about it:

"When I got your letter, n showed the clipping to the first se He read it and showed it to the c our C.O. As a result there is a graphed copy in every barracks."

Isn't that something? Sincere M.

"That's My Daddy!"

Brooklyn, Ne

Dear Editors: My daughter Ju very proud of her father's paintin "That's my daddy," she called t one who would stop on the bri



Mutual admiration.

watch him. I keep a copy of this near the oil painting. Sincere ADELINE S

Speaks Her Piece

Fair Oaks, Ca

Dear Editors: I have a young h who works hard and comes h night tired. I also have three you demanding children, aged one, t five. We live on a small incom little left over for any of the thin sidered "glamorous." Our life use quite hectic, more tears than la with a "tough row to hoe" attitu

I say used to be, becaus Dietrich's article in last Ja JOURNAL changed all that. I read self and then read it to my husba both agreed that she was a pretty cooky. And since her "rules" *based* on material things, as s your readers seem to think, we t we might give it a try. Therefore up a whole new system of living. now "new people" having more living than we ever thought possi

Here is how it works for us:

I jump out of bed with one tho mind: to get at my day's work an done so that I can have time to nice evening for my husband. (the secret: forgetting oneself and ing about pleasing the one you lo getting at my work early I have afternoon free to take a shower ready for the home-coming. I bathe the children after dinner, they get their bath when I do,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

ew! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting... this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—

yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!



This is a *New Drene* formula—

so **Mild** you could
shampoo every day!



A PRODUCT OF
PROCTER & GAMBLE



Your Second
(so much prettier) Skin!

Umm-mmm—what a complexion! It looks all yours—only prettier than it's ever looked before. Because this silk-textured powder clings close as your own skin . . . never flakes, shines or streaks. And there's a Cashmere Bouquet shade that's twin to your skin—whether your basic skin color is pink, ivory, olive or any tone in between!



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

"All our Conover students use this silky Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder," says the Beauty Director of the Conover School. "We teach them to pat it on lavishly, press in well, then brush off the excess for a velvet finish."

Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

7 Cover Girl Colors 29¢ plus tax

cashmere bouquet
FACE POWDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

after dinner it is a simple job to pop them all in their sleepers and into their beds by 7:30. When daddy is home, he is king; it is amazing how well children fit into this pattern once they realize that their daddy is special and needs special consideration after working so hard. Say what they like, a housewife's job is a lark compared with battling the business world for enough to keep a family well these days.

Now a lot of women will be wondering just where and when a little consideration comes in for mother. And I say a mother gets more than her share, not only in seeing her little family running smoothly thanks to her, but also through the fact that one kind deed and bit of thoughtfulness most always gets a return by the receiver. *Somebody* has to start the cycle, and since it has always been the mother who sets the tempo of the house, it is her job to start things rolling in the right direction: toward thoughtfulness, peaceful living and, above all, a happy husband.

My heartfelt thanks to Miss Dietrich. She is a wise woman indeed.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request)

Can You Top This?

Lake Worth, Florida

Dear Editors: Nearly a year ago we had some correspondence concerning Korean children.

I became so interested that since that time I have knitted the following:

3 afghans
12 children's sweaters with sleeves
41 pairs mittens
2 pairs socks
5 baby sweaters (or shirts)
4 caps.

Just thought you would like to know one person's answer to the appeal you made. Sincerely yours,

ANNA E. POLLOCK

▶ ***A recent letter to the Editors from American Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Ellis O. Briggs, stresses that socks for likely-to-be-frostbitten little feet are now most desperately needed of all in coming bitter weather. Reader Pollock has already volunteered, so we dedicate Journal Operation Sock Knit to her. Use any standard children's sock directions. Knit in horizontal stripes or plain, in sizes to suit your supply of wool. Mail to Mrs. Ellis O. Briggs, American Embassy, APO 301, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal. ED.***

Needs Boyproof House

Whittier, California

Dear Editors: I need a "boyproof" house! Unlike "Old MacDonald" on his farm, I have "here a boy, there a boy, everywhere a boy, boy."

We have one nine-year-old of our own, but that's only the beginning. My husband is the local Cub Scoutmaster, with a pack of 68 boys; I am a Den Mother, with 8 little guys in our den. Out of 16 children in our block, 14 are boys! Now, we also have a five-year-old daughter, but she thinks she is a Cub Scout, too, as she is as busy with the hammer and nails as the rest. If I seem to be complaining, perish the thought. I love them, see, and we have more fun than anybody!

However, I also am a woman, and I love ruffly things. A house furnished in wrought iron and linoleum would leave me cold. I go for early American type of furnishing, with lots of ruffles, organdy curtains and gadgets.

So—what, if anything, should I do? If I remain cozy but soiled, the boys won't care; but what will my husband's boss and his wife think when they come to dinner? Sincerely,

MRS. RAY HOLLADAY
(Just one of the boys!)

▶ ***Cubs, consulted, at first felt Journal was a "sissy" magazine. Hearing President Eisenhower had been "written up," they recanted and happily agreed to appear. ED.***

It Wasn't Our Karen

Larchmont, New York

Dear Editors: Our daughter Karen's story appeared in the August, 1952, issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Nearly two years later, we are still receiving letters applauding. I do wish to point out, however, that at no time did we ask for or receive any assistance from the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults.

In order to eliminate considerable misunderstanding, I should like to state also that Karen has never been a poster child for any organization, nor has she ever made any personal appearance or appeared on radio or television.

Sincerely,

MARIE KILLILEA

Time for a Change

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Editors: An attractive, not-so-young, single friend tells me that her mother looked up from her book the other night and remarked succinctly:

"Ruth, whatever it is you've been doing wrong all these years, it's time you stopped!"

Isn't that more or less the theme of Doctor Popenoe's new course—and of our new JOURNAL feature, How to Be Marriageable? Cordially,

E. HORTON COLE

Can't Can Annie!

San Felipe, Chile, S.A.

Dear Editor: Some time ago a fellow clubwoman arrived from the U.S.A. She had been there long enough to acquire an accent for her Spanish and a hundred-word vocabulary in English, in which *yes, no, hot dogs* and *Coca-Cola* were the main courses. Well, she spoke at one of our meetings, and mentioned the cooless lives Americans lead.

This Enlarged Mind went on to say she bought her food canned and heated it before serving, as these are American ways. Now then, where does Ann Batchelder come in? Does one buy the canned Ann Batchelder menu and just uncan it, and there it is, complete with lace mats, candlesticks and glassware? I held my tongue, of course, as I am one of Anita's fans and have cooked many a dinner by her directions—which is, naturally, why I still have a husband who thinks highly of me. In fact, when my stock has no market value, I just fish out any JOURNAL and retire to my kitchen for a moment, so when dinnertime comes and goes—pop! there is my husband in a fur-coat-buying mood again.

Yours sincerely,

MARTA BULUES DE TORRES



Who wouldn't be "boy crazy"?

You'll love the luxury of this facial-soft tissue

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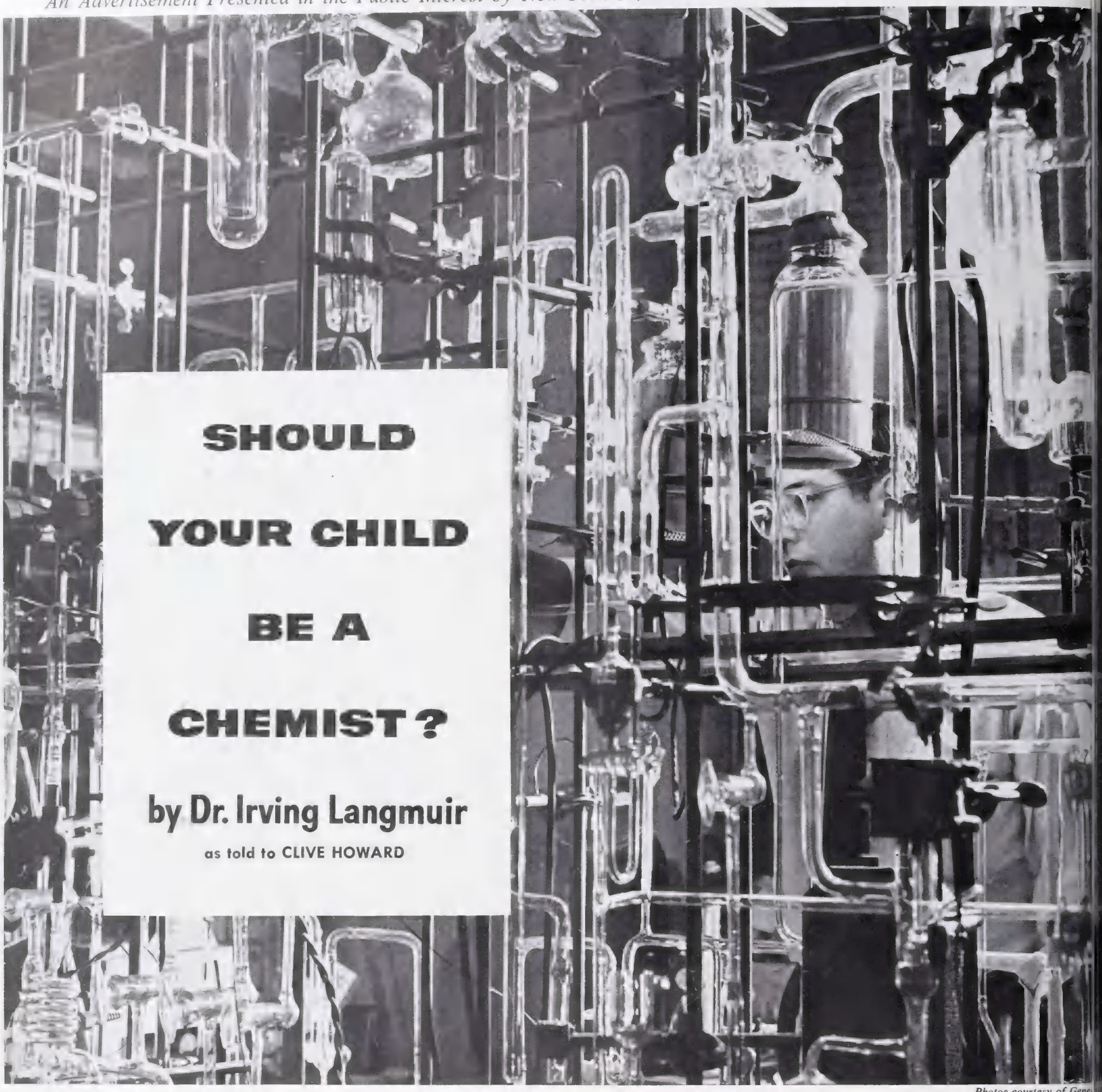
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Softer because it's double

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A CHEMIST?

by Dr. Irving Langmuir

as told to CLIVE HOWARD

Photos courtesy of Gene

WE LIVE in the Age of Chemistry. Looking back over a lifetime as a chemist, I see wonders such as no man dreamed of when I was born. Looking forward, I see even greater and more exciting marvels.

Ask the old chemist what he would like most in the world to be and he is almost sure to tell you: "A young chemist."

The young men and women entering the profession of chemistry today are fortunate persons indeed. They will be close to the hub of all the scientific magic that is conquering and remaking our world. They, as much as anyone else, will be the architects of man's future fate —his life from cradle to grave.

If your child shows an interest in chemistry, you need not even ask that question which bothers some parents, namely: Are there any opportunities left in my child's chosen field? The nation now employs 65,000 trained chemists—and badly needs more of them. The expansion of chemistry has been and continues to be so great that graduates leaving college today with degrees in chemistry are assured of jobs immediately, at about $350 a month to start. They can expect to advance as rapidly and as far as their individual talents and ambitions dictate.

There are two chief branches of the profession. On the one hand there are the "pure" chemists, who specialize in the laboratory work, the research. On the other hand there are the chemical engineers who turn the research chemist's discoveries into the actual machinery of industrial production.

Both these fields have certain requirements in common. To begin, we must ask: Can anyone become a chemist? No; it would be unfair to hold out this hope. Chemistry is no career for the merely average student. It is for the boy or girl of greater than average aptitude —whose record in elementary and secondary school shows an ability to master difficult college work and then continue on through a lifetime of constant l

It is not for the young person who finds alge geometry puzzling or boring. An expert chemist be an expert mathematician, but a good workin edge of its fundamentals is essential. A far m portant test is whether the youngster really likes his knowledge to some problem or other.

What are the other qualities that make for su chemistry? First among them, I would list cu not about people but about things; curiosity ab ural phenomena and what causes them, a drive all there is to know about how a thing is put and how it works and why.

Enthusiasm is just as important. Once the c curiosity is focused on a problem, he will nee siasm to carry him forward to an answer. If he tackle the problem with real enthusiasm, the are he may not find the answer.

nted these basic qualities, young men and women
ny different talents and dispositions can find a
e place in chemistry.

thinker, the dreamer of new things, the young
of daring and independence, may want to become
rch chemist. This to me is chemistry's great ad-
e. It requires the same sort of spirit and self-
ncy that make men climb mountains or explore
ntinents. Indeed, the best research chemists are
plorers and pioneers of our day, the men who find
reatest pleasure in pushing beyond where anyone
er been before. They need courage and patience
great faith.

doer, the "practical" person, the young man who
e pulsation of the industrial plant and the thrill
ally making a product—this person may prefer
al engineering.

nd large, the chemist works in the laboratory,
mical engineer in the plant. But there are infinite
ons in each field, so that no chemist need stay at
congenial task. To understand why, one must
or a moment about the history of chemistry.

in my own lifetime, chemistry has changed and
ed beyond belief. Around the year 1881, when I
rn, chemistry had little effect on the man in the
The old chemical industries, such as those which
oap, paper, glass, leather, paints and ceramics
anged but little for many years. The cement and
es industries were just beginning to show signs
th.

a difference today! In the morning we lift our
rom a foam rubber pillow which was merely oil
round until a chemist transformed it. We shower
mpoo, using a detergent some chemist created,
a curtain of plastic which another chemist in-
We dress in a suit of laboratory-made or labora-
proved cloth—and then go downstairs to eat a
st of food grown with the help of the chemist.

ield of the chemist and chemical engineer is al-
limited; it involves almost everything we do and
ng we touch. The young person entering chem-
day can take his choice of dozens upon dozens
ranches.

ion? It relies upon light-weight aluminum and
ium processed by the chemist, and upon the



y associate director of the General Electric Research ory in Schenectady, New York, Dr. Langmuir has con- serve there as consultant since his retirement in 1949. lies of surface chemistry (as in photo above) won the rize for him in 1932. Dr. Langmuir is now busy on what ders one of the most far-reaching enterprises of his widespread weather modification through cloud seeding.



Here a biochemist prepares bacterial cultures as part of his studies on the chemical damage caused by radiation. Knowledge gained in these studies will find many applications in this atomic age.

high-octane gasoline which he creates from crude oil.

Clothing? Rayon, nylon and all the other new fabrics are products of the chemist. It is chemicals that give cloth its "body" and make it shrink-proof. Chemical dyestuffs—many of them distilled from a black lump of coal—provide a myriad of beautiful colors.

Foodstuffs? The whole fertilizer and insecticide industry, upon which modern farming depends, are the province of the chemist and the chemical engineer.

Medicine? The miracle drugs which have wiped out the threat of so many diseases—sulfa drugs, penicillin, aureomycin and streptomycin—all are products of the chemist. So are the synthetic vitamins which help preserve health. Our present amazing life expectancy comes largely out of the test tube.

Nuclear energy? Our national security, our future power resources and our increasing knowledge in other scientific fields—geology and biology, for example—will depend in large measure on progress in nuclear chemistry. This new and growing science offers the most challenging of opportunities to chemists today and promises even greater ones in years to come.

And so on, almost without end. Most of our modern industry and transportation require the services of the chemist in one way or another. Today's chemical engineer can take his choice of industries. And yet the Age of Chemistry is just beginning—and for the chemist who prefers laboratory research the greatest discoveries still lie ahead.

Many new wonders lie in wait for someone to come along and perform them. Chemistry will create almost countless new materials and vastly improve the old ones. There will be tremendous, earth-shaking discoveries. For all the spectacular accomplishments of the great laboratories, there is still so much uncovered ground that an individual chemist or a small group with simple apparatus can still make important additions to our store of knowledge.

So vast is the field of chemistry, as a matter of fact, that many young people studying it today will wind up in positions far removed from the laboratory or the engineer's slide-rule. Many of the chemical industries and their offshoots are beyond the ken of the non-scientist; they often have trained chemists as executives and in their key office positions, their market research, their purchasing departments and their publications. I know one chemist who was sent to law school by his company, because they had to have a lawyer with a specialized knowledge of chemical matters.

There is also a great need for teachers of chemistry in our universities and high schools. And it is quite possible for a man trained in chemistry to move successfully into another profession. I sincerely believe that chemistry—with its emphasis on logic, on accuracy and objectivity—is a fine education and preparation for almost any career.

True, the road to success in chemistry is not easy. Yet it is not more difficult than in most modern professions. The young person contemplating a career in this field should take a chemistry course in his secondary school, plus physics if possible, as much mathematics as he can and a foreign language. He should then be prepared to study four years in college, for either a Bachelor of Science in chemistry or a degree in chemical engineering. Considering the growing complexity of the subject, he may find an extra year or more in graduate school well worth while.

After college, on any job he may happen to take, the chemist will be learning new things while he works. Indeed the ability and eagerness to learn during all one's lifetime are essential to the successful chemist.

The future of the graduate is boundless. Some of the young people who are today contemplating a life's work in chemistry will become inventors of marvelous and profitable new products. Some will become presidents and executives of the big chemical companies. Some will be the builders and operators of great, new plants.

Yet many chemists find that their real reward is often something more than money. When a man creates an insecticide that wipes out malaria, a fertilizer that bids fair to end starvation, a wonder drug that laughs at pneumonia—or when he makes any of the theoretical discoveries in pure science that make these practical applications possible—or when he helps build the plant that brings these things to the public—then he knows what happiness means.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

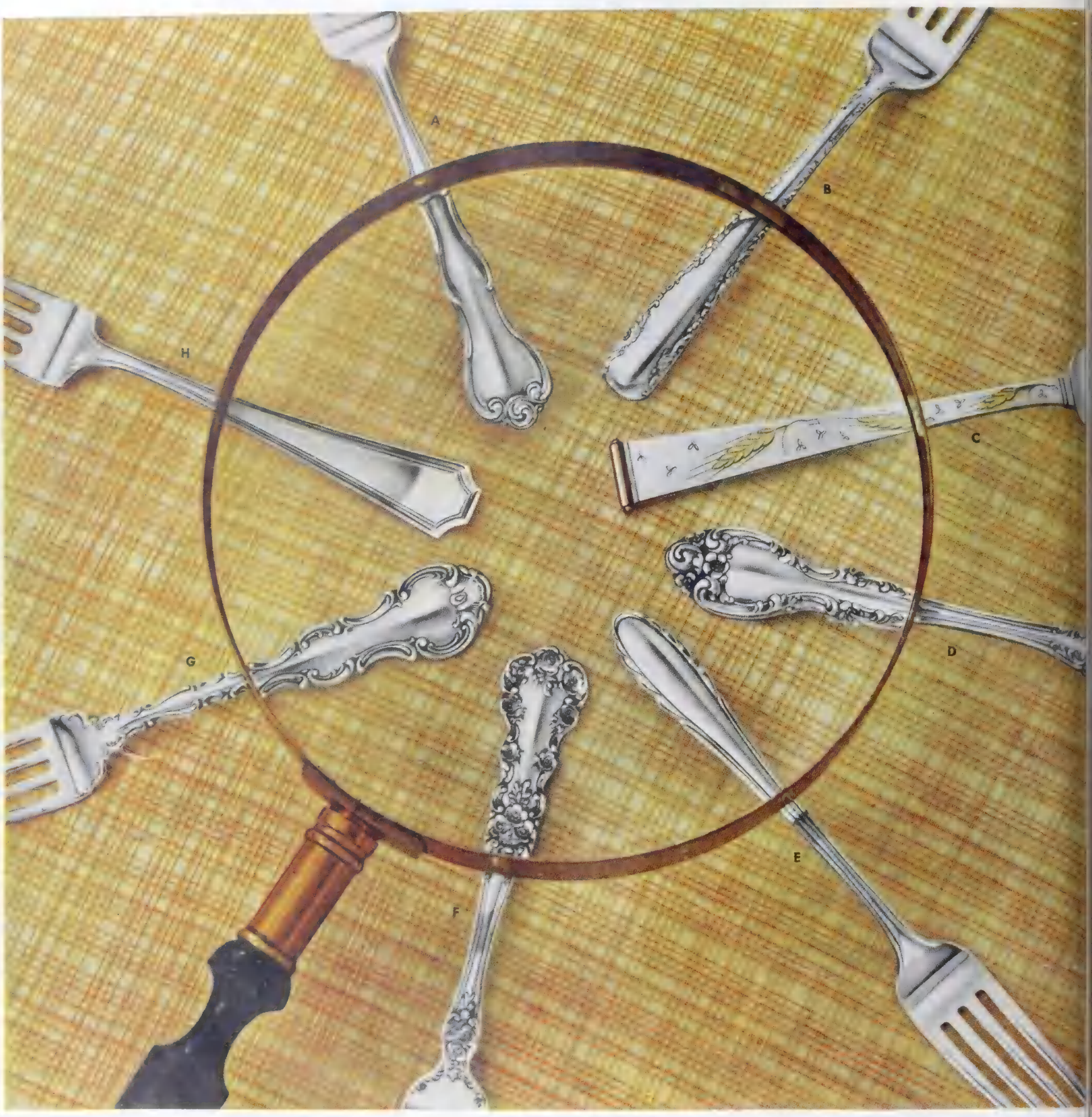
Booklets available on other careers

This article on Chemistry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service *and* Farming. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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There are 18 Gorham patterns to choose from. Shown: (A) "Rondo"* (B) "Camellia"* (C) "Golden Wheat"* (D) "Melrose"* (E) "Lyric"* (F) "Buttercup"* (G) "Strasbourg"* (H) "Fairf

Before you pick your sterling pattern, look under SILVER in the Encyclopædia Britannica

Did you know Gorham* is the only modern manufacturing silversmith represented in the Encyclopædia Britannica? Look under SILVER in the volume marked SARS to SORC. See who's in there with Cellini and his fabulous golden cup, and other masterpieces of the gold and silversmith's art.

Now, why do you suppose the Britannica picked Gorham to show you modern silver at its best? For one thing, you see in modern Gorham the same imperishable deep glow that characterizes a silver chalice, for instance, dating back to the Crusades.

Like the treasures of the past, the glow you see in Gorham comes from deep inside. It's a glow no surface finish can fake because it begins with the fineness of the silver itself. (Fineness, in this sense, means pureness, freedom from foreign matter.) All the sterling Gorham uses is of a fineness that exceeds the Government standard for sterling. Then, this finer sterling is worked to give it solid strength with a deep glow that years of daily use can't dim.

If this suggests to you that all sterling is not the same; that there's more to choosing flat silver than picking a pretty pattern, ask to see this Gorham Sterling with the deeper glow when you visit your jeweler. We believe you'll find it's Gorham you really want to own.

Budget payment plans are available. Pri single Gorham Sterling placesetting of 6 p cluding knife with Gorham's exclusive seamless handle, start at $27.50, Fed. Tax

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SIN

*TRADE MARKS © 1954 BY THE GORHAM CO PROVID

Ladies' Home Journal

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"Water Mill," by Albert Cuyp (1620–91). Black-and-white chalk, and wash, 7¼"x12⅛". Collection: Charles Fairfax Murray.

"There was a child went forth"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years. . . . WALT WHITMAN

In the November, 1953, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Dr. Fredric Wertham, an eminent psychiatrist with much experience in dealing with antisocial children and youth, blasted the reading matter offered in this country to minors, and asserted that it was a chief contributor to juvenile crime, in which the United States has the wretched misfortune to lead the world! He named as chief offenders certain types of "comic" books—"terror," "horror" and "bloody"—depicting crimes in detail.

Doctor Wertham's is not an isolated opinion. State legislative committees are investigating the matter, as is the Federal Government. The FBI had previously come to the same conclusions as Doctor Wertham. But the article in the JOURNAL and the book he later published attracted, I think, the largest volume of national attention to this subject.

Since then individual parents and P.T.A.'s, clergy of all persuasions, the American Legion, clubs and fraternal organizations have called for measures to halt distribution especially to minors of this sort of "literature."

The outstanding fact revealed in the public hearings and debates is the *unanimity* with which the evil is recognized as such.

A great part of the "comics" appealing to violence, lust and sadism, along with "pocket" books of the same character, are displayed for purchase in drugstores. The "drug" store, with its soda fountain, snack bar, school supplies, and often thousands of other articles, useful or amusing, for sale, has become the rendezvous for millions of young Americans. Here, today, in what one might call the chain of national youth clubs, youngsters are able to purchase for a few cents "literature" that is pornographic by any description.

Pictures and verbal expressions calculated to excite lust and the criminal expressions of lust—sadism, prostitution, rape and sexually inspired murder—have always found a market. But this vicious trash's public was formerly limited; it was produced for men and women already in, or half in, the criminal classes, addressed to the already filthy-minded and violent. It was not obtainable in places frequented by the young and innocent.

The National Association of Retail Druggists has gone on record against the sale of any such printed matter to minors. No retailer can be compelled to accept the trash for resale. The new New York State law, effective since July 1, 1954, therefore amends the penal code to prohibit "tie-in" sales, forbidding "any person, copartnership or corporation," to make as a "condition to a sale or delivery for resale of any paper, magazine, book, periodical or publication, matter reasonably believed by the purchaser or consignee to be obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting."

The New York law, passed after extensive hearings and investigations, also makes it a felony "willfully to sell or offer for sale or to deliver to a minor any book, pamphlet, magazine or printed paper principally made up of pictures, devoted to the publication and exploitation of fictional deeds of violent bloodshed, lust or immorality, so massed as to reasonably tend to incite minors to violence or depraved or immoral acts."

Legislation pending or passed in other states indicates that the great majority of Americans believe it necessary to take legal measures to halt the distribution of mental and psychological poison, especially to minors. Such opposition as there is—except from the initiators and profiteers of the traffic—arises from the traditional fear of censorship, apprehension that the strictures may be "an opening wedge" to suppress "free speech" and all works that deal with crime, sex and violence, regardless of their literary merit.

The legal approach does, indeed, pose a problem of CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Main Dish Salads

HEARTY, HANDSOME... AND MIGHTY TEMPTING

dressed by KRAFT

HERE's a group of salads you'll turn to both for family meals and for parties. They are *hearty* salads . . . substantial main dishes . . . and so handsome and delicious that they "make" the meal.

Their goodness, of course, depends very largely on the dressing. But that's no cause for worry . . . you're sure to please your public with dressings made by *Kraft*. Kraft's famous Family of Dressings includes the all-time, unrivaled favorite—*Miracle Whip*. It includes *three* delightful French dressings . . . spicy Miracle Sandwich Spread . . . and the finest of mayonnaise. A really *wonderful* choice!

So pick your salad dressings from the Kraft shelf at your grocer's. No fuss, no bother, and compliments for sure!

Cheese Fluff Salad

Make the "fluff" with Kraft Mayonnaise . . . *and give a choice of* Casino *or* Miracle French *for the artichoke heart and tomatoes.*

Tongue Pinwheel

This hearty meat and vegetable all-in-one gets its zip from Miracle Whip *heaped in pepper rings.*

Golden Glow Tuna

Hard-cooked egg adds the "golden glow"; Miracle Sandwich Spread *gives it "come on".*

Baby Lobster Cardinal

Only true mayonnaise at its finest— Kraft Mayonnaise—*will do for this elegant salad.*



There's a just-right KRAFT DRESSING for every taste...try them all



MIRACLE WHIP—Far and away the most praised, best liked, of *any* dressing for salads is Kraft's original creation, the one and only *Miracle Whip*. See what Miracle Whip Salad Dressing does for old favorites like coleslaw and potato salad!



KRAFT MAYONNAISE—True mayonnaise at its finest—made of the very choicest ingredients mixed satiny smooth in Kraft's own exclusive beater. You will love the delightful flavor and luxurious richness of *Kraft Kitchen Fresh Mayonnaise*.



MIRACLE SANDWICH SPREAD—You're missing a good thing if you've never used spicy *Miracle Sandwich Spread* on salads. Made of Miracle Whip, sparked with pickle relishes, it's a fine Thousand Island type dressing.



CASINO FRENCH—New *Casino* has a most intriguing flavor—somewhat sweet, somewhat garlic-y—especially fine on fruits. It takes *twelve* different seasonings, in most precise proportions, to get that special flavor! Try Casino *soon*.



KRAFT FRENCH—Creamy-thick so it doesn't separate, Kraft's is the most popular French dressing ever offered for sale. If any of your family, especially children, think they don't like French dressing, surprise them with *Kraft French*.



MIRACLE FRENCH—Robustly seasoned with onion and garlic, *Miracle French* is the liveliest of Kraft's three French dressings. Try brushing it on meats before you broil or bake them, and to marinate the potatoes for potato salad.



KRAFT OIL—You who make your own French dressing will appreciate this wonderful *Kraft* "all-purpose" *Oil*. Your recipes will win even higher acclaim because Kraft Oil blends so well with other ingredients for satin smooth results.

KRAFT
THE NAME THAT MEANS
WONDERFUL SALADS

Kraft Salad Dressings are also available in Canada.

"Coffee-break"

with

Mary Margaret McBride



One of the nicest things about coffee is the way it encourages friendliness. The lovely aroma just seems to bring out the best in people. A really good cup of coffee is so wonderful. it's fortunate it's *so easy to make*. Anybody can be a coffee expert—and honestly, everybody ought to be.

The best possible way

to brew coffee is to follow the simple directions of the Coffee Brewing Institute. Use one Standard Coffee Measure, or two level tablespoons, of your favorite brand of coffee to each ¾ measuring cup of fresh, cold water. This makes one serving. Be sure to time your coffee brewing exactly. After you've found the perfect timing for your coffee maker, stick to it. Coffee should never be boiled, and it should be served as soon as possible. If necessary, keep hot by placing the pot in a pan of hot water or on an asbestos pad.

If you don't

have a Standard Coffee Measure already, just write to the General Manager of the Coffee Brewing Institute at the address below. The Measures are made of brightly colored plastic and they're just the right size to keep in the coffee package or your canister. The Coffee Brewing Institute asks that you please enclose a dime to cover costs.

Incidentally, you'd be enchanted with a coffee plantation when it bursts into bloom. For miles. the trees seem snow-covered—and the blossoms smell like jasmine! But they're so fragile that almost any bad weather can ruin the crop. Fortunately, this doesn't happen very often. and we get a beverage that can't be matched. There's really nothing like a cup of *good* coffee.

The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.

551 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

definition and discrimination. But it does so in all fields. The "noble experiment" of attempting to prohibit the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages only created bootleggers and lawlessness. But its strongest opponents never argued that the sale of alcoholic drinks to minors should be permitted. Childhood and youth must by nature be under the supervision and guardianship of their elders and of society. The legal restrictions are both positive and negative. They *must* go to school until a certain age. They may *not* drive an automobile until a certain age. There is an "age of consent" below which they may not marry, and under which the performance of adult sexual acts is a crime if committed by an adult with an underage companion and a delinquency if committed by the underaged with each other.

Such laws are made to protect the young, society, and even the race itself. The premature titillation and excitation of the sexual urge, and its mental association with violence, lechery, filth and obscene speech, are calculated at worst to produce sex maniacs, the terror of any society. Such an atmosphere develops adults whose sexual life even in an apparently "respectable" marriage will never be normal. It divorces the sexual instincts from tenderness, consideration, protectiveness, respect—the emotions which turn sexuality into love. The sexual urge sublimated in love is the most creative force in personal life and human society. Reduced to its primitive and brutal urges and expressions, it is the source of personal and social degeneration.

ADULT values and behaviors are conditioned, often beyond repair, by the experiences of childhood and adolescence, even when these experiences have long faded from consciousness. The unconscious or subconscious plays in most people, perhaps in all, a far greater role than the conscious. The observation which heads this article was known to all the world's great teachers, religious and otherwise. All the great poets, dramatists and novelists, long before modern psychiatrists made scientific demonstrations of its validity, knew this too.

Everything that impinges on the senses of a child registers something consciously or unconsciously, helps form his tastes, interests, ethics, affirmations, inhibitions, social attitudes. The characters of persons and societies are formed by what they instinctively feel to be good, beautiful, attractive, worthy, or evil, ugly, revolting, contemptible.

The susceptibility of children to suggestive sensually received influences is especially acute at puberty and early adolescence. This period is, in itself, one of physical change, sometimes violent, universally marked by personality changes. The previously quiet child may suddenly become animated; the previously gay and extroverted child, secretive and morose. The "good" student may suddenly become unable to concentrate, or the "backward" child suddenly display unsuspected talents. The imagination, during this time, is exceptionally active.

The child at puberty is in the grip of unfamiliar urges that no amount of scientific sex education can, of itself, help him to control. How he (or she) will react depends upon the sensibilities and susceptibilities that his previous education and environment have engendered, and on the influences that come into his life at this time.

If, now, there is put into his hands—by the exchange of a dime, a quarter or fifty cents—a tract glorifying he-man killers, exciting lasciviousness, depicting monstrous horrors, ridiculing decency and honesty, the harm done is incalculable, even if it results in no overt acts, and even if, at last, it is overcome by other influences.

POLICE have records of juvenile crimes committed as exact replicas of those depicted in crime "comics," and often with weapons obtained on mail order from ads in the same books. To my mind the authors, publishers and distributors are direct accessories to the actions they provoke, and should be legally charged as such. And to say that such corruptive literature can not legally be halted without endangering free speech is to admit that our courts cannot exercise sound judgment or act to prevent crime. The publications in question are purely commercial products without the slightest claim to any distinction, ethical, aesthetic or intellectual. The issue is not the right of free speech, but the right to peddle mental marijuana for money. For that matter, there have always been, and must be, restrictions on free speech. It is restricted, for instance, by the laws of libel and slander. It does not include, as a Supreme Court ruled, "the right falsely to cry fire in a crowded theater," or to incite to violence.

And the gentlest of all great teachers, Jesus, spoke the stern and terrible words, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." But He also spoke an affirmative: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Some critics of crusading parents blame the parents for putting the responsibility on the traffic, saying they ought to be able to control the reading of their children.

They can certainly contribute to the alleviation of this problem, but they will not all do so, and all children, including those with irresponsible or even evil parents, must

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171

FAIRY TALE

By DAN G. HOFFMAN

There were giants in those days.
Sheepcotes were enchanted castles,
Dragons snored in every cave,
Dwarfs skulked under thistles.
In the high towers, damsels
Spun, to assuage their solitude,
Robes fringed and crimson-tasseled
For knights. In the dark wood
On stallions all caparisoned
In iron clankery and peacock feathers,
Courageous beyond comparison
They sallied in all weathers:
Forth they rode to smite wild giants,
Behead roused dragons, outwit dwarfs,
All, all their hearts' allegiance
As proof to the towered beauties brought.
I tell their stories in these days
(Gawaine, Sir Kay the Seneschal),
And watch your eyes' wide wonder praise
All those who loved so true, so well;
And when you nod, I close my book
And smooth your coverlet's greensward
And think what trials Gawaine had brooked,
What perilous gantlets dared,
Old scribes had amazed their wits to tell
Such courteous might, such passionate grace,
Had he before the tall tower knelt
To seek love's favors in your face.



Fall Fashions in Food

By Betty Crocker of General Mills

"Hello there!" What do you best about Fall? The crisp weat The smell of burning leaves? maybe you're like an old frien mine who said Fall always remi her of ginger bread baking in the oven and cider cooling on the porch. Guess we had her in r when we developed our Betty Cro Ginger Bread Mix. It's so easy so country-kitchen-good that can bake one up any time.

Take a look across the page at of the many ways you can serve B Crocker Ginger Bread:

1. Just squares of hot ginger bread split and spread with cream chee and chopped ginger.

2. Here's another. Plop a litt mountain of hard sauce on a h ginger bread square, then grate fre orange peel over it.

3. This is one of my favorites- again, just a square of hot ging bread, but in between and on to quick-prepared lemon pudding.

4. These "zoo" cookies are so eas a child can bake them. Follow t easy package directions for roll cookies. Use animal cooky cutter

Fall is "company-coming" t too. When folks sort of move indoors and get ready for a sea of hospitality and good eating. Th when I like to think all of our B Crocker cake mixes are most ap ciated by the homemaker hos because she knows her Betty Cro cake will be perfect—every time. see General Mills uses the same ingredients you'd use yourse Softasilk Cake Flour, fine va flavoring, and rich shortening.

So bake up lots of high, ligh lovely Betty Crocker cakes and h a joyous Fall.



Try these and all my good cake mi

Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food
Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix
Betty Crocker White Cake Mix
Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix
Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix

Betty

PERFECT*? *Yes, we DO mean perfect be the judge. If a cake you make with a Crocker Cake Mix is less than perfect, Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minnea Minn., and General Mills will send money back!*





Four fine ways to serve one fine Ginger Bread





rocker says: I guarantee—

perfect* cake every time you bake

cake . . . after cake . . . after cake!





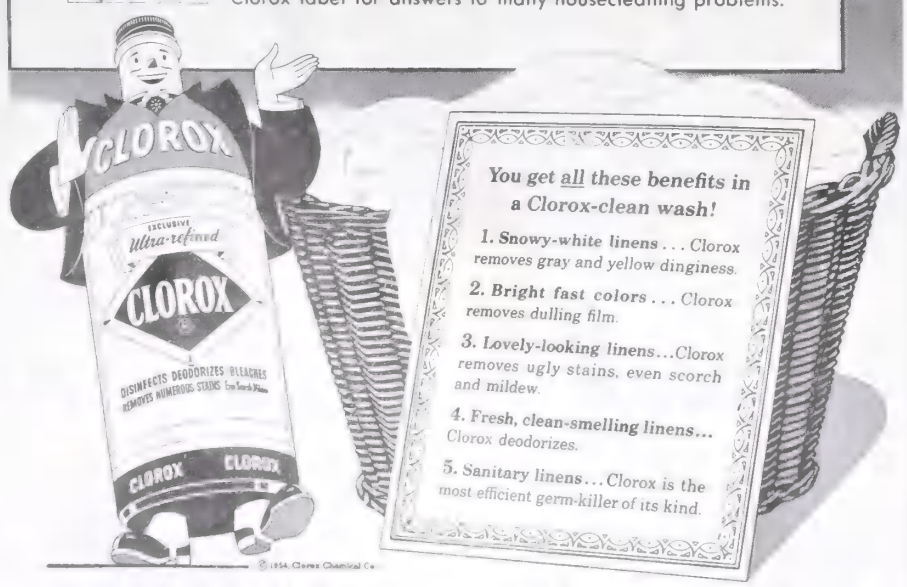
CLOROX® makes linens *more than white*... it makes them *sanitary*, too!

Yes, for real whiteness more women choose Clorox than any other product in its field . . . for Clorox effectively removes dinginess, stains, even scorch and mildew. Still more important, Clorox does a better job of protecting health . . . for no other home laundering product equals Clorox in germ-killing efficiency!

And Clorox bleaches your white cottons and linens, brightens fast colors, removes stains, deodorizes and sanitizes whether you use it in hand laundering, in a conventional machine or an automatic washer. What's more, Clorox, a liquid, contains no gritty particles to damage your washer, or your wash.



Stained sink spoiling your kitchen? Make it bright with CLOROX! Many stains that ordinary cleaning won't remove from sinks, drainboards, and other kitchen surfaces disappear quickly with Clorox on the job. Clorox also deodorizes, disinfects . . . provides a type of disinfection recommended by hundreds of public health departments. See the Clorox label for answers to many housecleaning problems.



When it's CLOROX-clean . . . it's SAFER for family health!

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"I'm so bored! There's never anything to do around this house

A READER of Irish books who has, besides, an Irish name can be reasonably sure of having a fine time in Ireland. Two of us went there this summer and we fell in love with the country and the people. We didn't kiss the Blarney stone or visit the lakes of Killarney, and we didn't hear an Irish tenor the length and breadth of the land. But we did hear the most beautiful voices in the world, and never a cliché. The expected word never comes forth from the lips of an Irishman.

If you've a proper Irish name you should have no trouble at all in finding your kin, for names persist through the centuries in Ireland as nowhere else in the world. The common name on the Aran Islands, for instance, is Conneely. Connemara is the land of O'Flahertys—"from the ferocious O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." Galway is the city of blue-eyed, long-lipped Lynches, and a statute still bears the legend that "the O's and the Mc's are forbidden to strut and preen themselves in the streets of Galway." Westport is the town of Morans; and Louisburgh, of O'Malleys, most of them claiming descent from the famous lady chieftain, Grania O'Malley.

How the O'Malleys should all bear Grania's maiden name we couldn't understand, but we didn't blame them. It was she who swept into the presence of Queen Elizabeth Tudor—it was back in those days—and quite confounded that imperious female. The Irishwoman wore a gown of tawny satin with a train "three ells long," and on her famous knee-length red hair she wore a great black hat. When she removed her furred gloves, she unbuttoned the bodice of her gown, to the wide-eyed amazement of the bewigged English court, "to let all see that she was clad underneath in full plate armor from neck to toe." Grania was taking no chances.

•

When I got back from my travels, the pile of books awaiting me was mountainous. Something was there for everybody.

For humor there's I'D RATHER BE KISSED, by *F. Hugh Herbert*, the diary of a sixteen-year-old gi mother has a lot more sense an standing than my father ab crummy age of mine." . . . "I thi comes a day in a young girl's l she would rather have a sheer than the collected works of Wolfe, no matter *how* good a w wants to be." By the author of *T is Blue*.

Also funny, for any baseball can read and who can take a littl with his game, is THE YEAR TH KEES LOST THE PENNANT, by thor aptly named *Douglass Wo*

For the history-minded there WHITE AND THE GOLD, by *Costain*, which will surely be every literate Canadian and sh read by the many among us in th try who know so little of our nea dearest neighbor.

For biography there's ALE DUMAS: A Great Life in B *André Maurois*, who will rivaling Dumas himself in the nu written works.

An important deeply religio which depends not on inspiratio a closely studied passage of his its interpretation is JESUS A TIMES, by *Daniel-Rops*. As t will be of the most profound sat to all who believe in the divinity so will THE ROAD TO MEC *Muhammed Asad*, be to th believe that "there is no God and Mahomet is His prophet." thor is an Austrian Jew who long came a convert to Islam.

THESE WERE THE WOMEN, *Ormsbee Whitton*, is a colo rade of outstanding American between the years 1776 and 18 necessarily outstanding for thei though many of them were, b significance in their time. Take Griffiths, who ran a shop on wharf, became the mistress o

CONTINUED ON PAGE



PERFECT CHOCOLATE PIES IN HALF THE TIME!

1. Deep, dark and delicious. A creamy chocolate filling in a ladyfinger crust!
2. Takes only minutes to cook . . . and what flavor!
3. Every package of Jell-O Pudding and Pie Filling makes a superb pie . . . enough pudding for 4. Try some. Soon!



Vanilla
Chocolate
Butterscotch
Lemon



Ready for the Big Day

Wherever there are schools, wherever there are children . . . they'll be going back in Stride Rites! And there's a style, size and width for each of them. Let Stride Rite quality and fit . . . known all over America . . . help protect all the young feet in your family. See your Stride Rite dealer before the Big Day . . . he's thoroughly schooled in fitting young feet!

THE STRIDE RITE SHOE

Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

cratic John Hancock, and eventually ran off to England with a Tory. Or Madame Lalaurie, who held black slaves in frightened captivity on the top floor of her very elegant New Orleans home, back in the 1840's. Or Ellen Jewett, mysteriously murdered, whose case was thoroughly exploited by Horace Greeley in his weekly, The New Yorker. There are also Lucretia Mott, Amelia Bloomer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Stone and a dozen others. An appropriate sequel to Mrs. Whitton's earlier book, **First First Ladies**, a study of the wives of the early Presidents.

Paris Original, by ***Alexandra Orme***, a novel about the fashion world in Paris, written by one who has worked in that milieu, quite captivated me. The heroine (like the author) is a transplanted Polish girl, living on an occasional hard-boiled egg and roll in a shabby Paris bedroom. But it is not the grim story you'd think. In fact, it glitters. It has the fashion world to start with, and for good measure a well-rounded all-Slavic love story.



"Sure, it looks French. So does a beret."

There's a slender book of poems by ***Eunice LonCoske*** whose poetry frequently appears in these pages: **These Rugged Hills**, about her own Pennsylvania country.

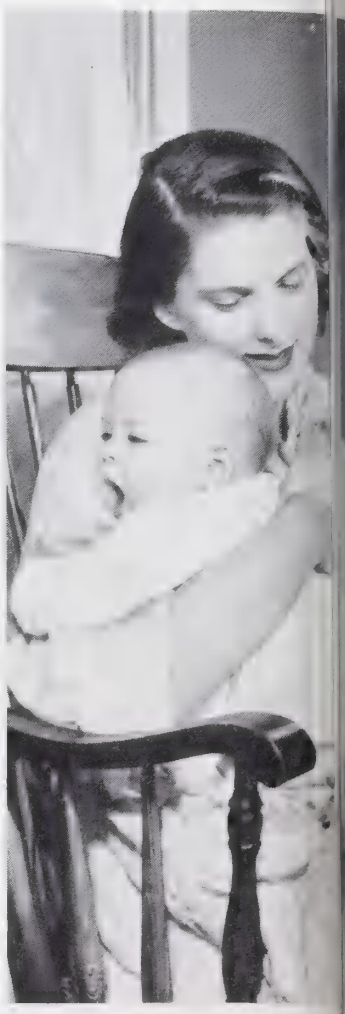
Roads From the Forts, by ***Arvid Shulenberger***, is the new-type Western, historical background realistically treated in the up-to-date A. B. Guthrie and Conrad Richter style. This is the story of two soldiers in the year 1857 who get a seven-day pass from a lonely fort on the upper Missouri, and meet up with two Indian girls. It gives an honest view of the Indians' problems, and makes no attempt to whitewash our noble pioneers.

As exciting as any whodunit is **Finger Prints**, by ***Douglas G. Browne*** and ***Alan Brock***—an account of fifty years of crime detection that you can't put down.

And last of all, for nostalgic New Englanders, **New England Cookbook**, by ***Eleanor Early***. Remember cottage pudding? Scalloped oysters? Sunday-night suppers without any delicatessen supplies?

•

Along with the books, I found on my desk a long-playing-record album, *Sweet Dreams*—ten gentle old songs: All Through the Night, Sweet and Low, Brahms' Lullaby, Cradle Song and others, softly sung by the Norman Luboff Choir. It was designed to put children to sleep, and may well do so. All I know is that I went to sleep first—deliciously.



You both rest easy when he goes Pullman



Ask him to Go PULLMAN

Comfortable, Convenient and



He can have a "Rent-a-car" wai for him if he asks the ticket age

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Hum Time in Carter's



Drowse-about "Sundowns"
from Toddlertown

Yawn-soft Carter cotton knits keep little sleepy-timers cozy all through dream time! Carter's has original Jiffon® necks, and Nevabind® underarms that won't chafe or bind . . . ever. Carter's thoughtful extra: new non-skid plastic soles on "Safety-Step" sleeper make small feet sure. Time-saving for mother, light 'n' gentle "Sundowns" sleepers (like all Carter's knits) stay nursery-sweet without ironing. They're Carter-Set®, too . . . will not shrink out of fit.

Starting clockwise with librarian

ROSEBUD GOWN with elasticized wrists. Pink, yellow, blue on white. 1-6 yrs. $2.95. 8-14 yrs. $4.00. Matching pajama. 2-6 yrs. $3.50, 8-14 yrs. $4.00.

"SUNDOWNS" ONE-PIECE SLEEPER. Snap-fastened. Elastic drop seat. Reinforced feet. Blue, pink, yellow, green, red. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 yrs. $2.50.

JIFFON-NEVABIND GOWN with Handy-Cuffs. White, yellow, pink, blue, green. 3-6 mos. $1.50.

ROSEBUD "HIBER-NATER." Sleeping bag with Handy-Cuffs, Nevabind sleeves. Zipper front. Pink, blue, yellow on white. One size, grows to 3 yrs. $3.95.

"SUNDOWNS" SLEEPER with "Safety-Step" feet. Non-skid plastic soles kept in place with elasticized ankles. 2 pc. with new Snap-Lastetop "Gro-Feature." Blue, pink, green, yellow. 6 mos.-4 yrs. $2.50. Without "Safety-Step"—$2.25.

The William Carter Company, Needham Heights, Mass.

Best Carter's makes fine underwear for the entire family

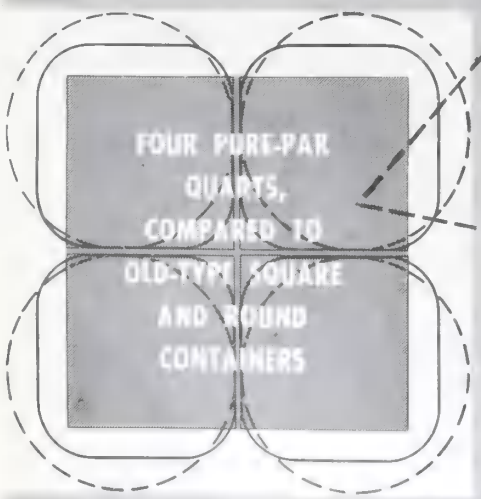
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want MORE refrigerator space

PURE·PAK milk cartons give it to you !

Today's refrigerators are marvels of spacious convenience. You can make yours even more spacious with Pure-Pak milk cartons! Old-type square containers take 36% more space. Round ones take 77% more. With Pure-Pak cartons you can keep larger milk reserves with no additional space. Ask your milkman for milk in Pure-Pak.





Pure-Pak
DETROIT, MICH.
YOUR PERSONAL MILK CONTAINER

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



"I know of no happier sight than a yardful of cockers in the cool sweet evening light." Teddy, Hildegarde and Jonquil.

rain falls with clean driving force, gible wall of dark silver. George s like a deep-sea fisherman as he hes in with water falling in sheets his sou'wester.

's the line storm," he says.

e pond brims to the top of the over, cascades into the brook. The incredibly fresh as we dash out he mail. Beautiful is the color of countryside: dove gray of sky, coal of tree trunks, silver of rain ling into a kind of twilight for the d.

e hearth fire seems especially snug the teakettle whistles merrily. I lly don't think a teakettle ought istle shrilly—I always jump at the ing note—but that is the modern of *knowing* the water is boiling. tea must be made with boiling r, in a freshly scalded teapot. I like steeped about four minutes; and g. Tea well made is very comfort-

ry, very thinly sliced bread and r is the best accompaniment for When counting calories, however, wafer spread with cottage cheese ellent. For a company tea, there gary warm teacake fresh from the or cinnamon toast bubbly with r and cinnamon—or tiny hot bis- with white-clover honey.

nversation at teatime should be uil, I think. Not the time for l problems or controversial issues, time to rest the spirit, remember ant things. Everyone needs such a and a cup of hot tea goes with it. er the storm, the world is polished. ight is so golden we feel we have really seen the sun before. The red zinnias shout with color, the on the dark earth make little of violet and deep rose. We are in spell of perfect weather now, day luminous, every night brim- with stars. Picnics at noon, sup- y the fire at night, a good com- ion.

e fall chores go on apace. Jill s at the pine chest we got from Fox, for it is much nicer to redo rniture in the sun. The chest has blue casein paint on it, which is s hard to get off. A neighbor advised a soda solution before using paint remover, as soda dissolves the casein. I am sunning blankets and airing the fall coats which soon must be used. The kennels need a good going over, the dogs are due for shampoos, the woodpile must be replenished and kindling stacked in the woodshed. There is something so secure about a neat pile of firewood.

I dare say Jill and I seem odd at times. When Jill bought white wool in spring, the clerk wanted to give her a heavy twist. "No," said Jill, "the birds won't like it." The clerk looked startled (nesting material was not her field). And when Jill bought the butterfish and the man wanted to clean them, she said casually, "Thank you, no. It's for the turtles." (The turtle trap was empty.) The boys at the market were surprised at the cartons of peanut butter we kept buying until that one was solved—they just couldn't see how we ate so much. Birds, said we.

Now we ought to explain that the boxes and boxes of soda we keep buying are for that old pine chest!

As summer wanes, we cherish the mild dreamy days, soft with blue haze. Goldenrod and chicory dazzle the eyes, asters and mums bloom, the garden is rich with peppers and eggplant and tomatoes and cabbages. Summer still walks the lanes, but the frosty slipper of autumn is just behind.

Corn chowder ladles pleasantly from the old tureen for early supper. I make it by slicing an onion thinly, browning in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, then add seasonings lavishly, then 1 cup boiling water and 1 cup diced potatoes. This cooks until the potatoes are tender and then I add 3 cups milk and 2 cups scraped corn (partly cooked). When this blends into a good simmer, I add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, paprika, and top the bowl with chopped parsley.

Another favorite is Elizabeth Feldman's onion stew—and this is easy as can be. I make a cream sauce, allowing 2 cups per person to be served, then fry sliced onions in butter or margarine until golden. I allow 1 medium onion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



Make your own drapes!

Decorator Drapery Fabrics

only $1 a yard

Free instruction booklet. Pleating tape, traverse rods, pin hooks available.

Carabao Shantung Weave Fabric $1 a yard (pictured above)

We have sold over half a million yards of this wonderful fabric. Cross dyed to give a dramatic two-tone textured effect, you can't see through it although light comes through. Perfect for panel or draw drapes, can be lined. Grey, Beige, Lime, Rosedust, Turquoise, Cocoa, Gold, Mint Green, Hunter Green, Seafoam, Celadon, Red, Off White. Send for swatches, information.

Carabao Nubby Weave Fabric $1 a yard

A new dull-finish fabric with exquisite texture when the light comes through. Thoroughly tested, hangs beautifully in draw drapes or panels. Subtle decorator colors. Turquoise, Spruce, Seafoam, Lime, Leaf Green, Light Beige, Fawn Beige, Rosebeige, Tearose, Cocoa, Ice Pink, Rosedust, Ashrose, Natural, Straw, Gold, White, Grey. Send for swatches, information.

Carabao Textured Weave Fabric $1 a yard

A monotone textured fabric for draw drapes, panels, one of our customers' favorites. Eggshell, Lime, Wine, Beige, Leaf Green, Grey, Gold, Brown, Celadon, Red, Lemon, Ashrose, Hunter Green. Send for swatches, information.

Carabao Sheen Weave Fabric $1 a yard

An interesting new fabric—please send for swatches to see how lovely it is. For draw drapes, panels. Red, Celadon, Brown, Eggshell, Gold, Hunter Green, Beige, Lime, Wine, Driftwood, Ashrose, Lemon, Leaf Green.

Carabao Metallic Print Shantung Fabric $1 a yard

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Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

Parents have rights, too, and they ought to have a chance to enjoy them. If you let yourself be intimidated by a determined baby, he only becomes more unhappy—and more determined.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

LAST month I talked about the going-to-bed type of sleep problem in infancy, in which a baby learns to stay awake later and later in the evening and makes his mother carry him around all those hours. But the baby with this kind of sleep disturbance, once he finally does get to sleep, usually stays asleep.

The other type of sleep problem in the first year, which is less common, is the waking-in-the-middle-of-the-night kind. The baby with this disturbance usually allows himself to be put to bed, at night and at naps, with no fuss at all. This is fortunate for the parents, who can have a few hours of peace in the evening. But then he wakes, perhaps at ten or twelve, and cries hard to be picked up. When up, he may be satisfied for a short while with just sociability with his parents, or a late snack. But soon he's likely to demand to be carried about, and becomes real cranky if the parent doesn't get busy. Any attempt to put him to bed makes him furious.

The mother is pretty tired and keeps trying to put him to bed every ten or fifteen minutes. However, it's usually an hour or more before he's so fast asleep in her arms that he doesn't wake right up when laid down.

When such a problem is in the early stages, the baby wakes only once a night; but as the months drag by he is likely to develop a second or even a third wakeful period each night. This is exhausting for the baby. He usually doesn't sleep enough in the daytime to make up for what he loses at night, so he's apt to be somewhat irritable all day and may have a cranky appetite. Such a problem is doubly exhausting to the parents, who have no chance to take long naps in the daytime. The parents also get more and more irritated. It seems as if the more they accommodate the baby, the more demanding he becomes. The worst situation is when the father learns to sleep through the night (and is permitted to by the mother) and then asks the mother cheerfully in the morning, "How did it go last night?"

Whereas the going-to-bed type of problem usually develops insidiously out of a case of three-month colic, the waking-in-the-middle-of-the-night kind most commonly starts abruptly. The mother reports that her baby always slept soundly before. One night he woke crying as if in pain. In one case it turns out that the pain was caused by an acute ear infection. In another case she can only guess that the first waking was probably caused by painful teething, since this is one of those babies who suffer all day, too, when their teeth are on the way. Whatever the cause of the first waking, the mother naturally was concerned and comforted him until he eventually fell asleep. The next night he waked again. This time there was less evidence of pain, but he loved the comforting and the walking anyway. As the weeks went by it became clear to the mother that this had become simply a habit of wakefulness and of demanding to be walked. Though she saw that this was the case, the knowledge didn't help her. Her baby was so insistent and angry and noisy about it that she couldn't find a way to break the habit.

These mothers, like the mothers of going-to-bed problem babies, tend to be of the highly conscientious type who would do anything under the sun for their babies, reasonable or unreasonable, and who rarely if ever stop to consider their own needs or comfort.

Such problems are also fostered by living in thin-walled apartments or fussy grandparents' homes, where neighbors or relatives get cross with the mother if her baby interferes with their sleep. Still it's the conscientious, sensitive parents who get into these jams. The thicker-skinned parents don't mind letting the neighbors or the baby's grandparents fume for a night or two while the baby is trained back to not expecting company at these hours.

These problems, like those I discussed last month, can most often be cured in a couple of nights. The mother only needs to be convinced that it's kinder to the baby in the long run to teach him that there is nothing worth waking up for at night. She only needs the courage not to go in to him at all when he starts his usual crying. There's usually twenty to forty minutes of fierce crying the first night, five to fifteen minutes the second night, and then blissful silence all night long.

I've learned not to be discouraged when a mother says she has tried letting her baby cry—even for an hour or two—but that it didn't work. She has usually gone in every ten minutes to try to comfort him with words and a pat on the shoulder. This only makes a baby who's expecting to be taken up more angry.

Failure occurs also when the parents sleep in the same room as the baby. All my experience has shown that you can't make a baby with a sleep problem go back to sleep by playing possum yourself (pretending to be asleep). The sight of the parents appearing not to hear him only stimulates him to yell louder. The baby *must* be sleeping in a room where he doesn't see anyone, at least temporarily, until he has learned to stay asleep. If there is no separate bedroom for him, it may be possible to put him to bed in the kitchen after an early supper for the parents, or in the living room (while the parents spend a couple of evenings in their bedroom), or in an older child's room, letting the latter sleep in another room, or with a neighbor, for a few nights.

Sedatives, which usually don't make a dent on a baby with a going-to-bed problem, may be quite helpful in getting over the hump with a waking-up problem, provided the doctor thinks the justification is sufficient and prescribes the dose.

How can a baby who has been in the habit of having a couple of hours of wakefulness and walking every night, for many months, suddenly learn to stay asleep? I don't know. I imagine that babies, like grownups, half wake a number of times each night, to change position and get more comfortable, and then fall deeply asleep again. When a baby finds that if he wakes up all the way he can always get his parents up and play a tense game of tug of war with them for an hour, I suppose it encourages him to wake up. When he finds that there's nothing but darkness to wake up for, I imagine he can quickly learn that it's not worth while.

Anyway, it's good for conscientious parents to remember that they, too, have their rights and ought to have plenty of chance to enjoy them. If they let themselves, out of a sense of duty, be intimidated by a determined baby, he only becomes more demanding *and* unhappy. And the parents can't love fully such a child. In fact, they can't help actively disliking him at times.

Since parents with a problem of any kind with a child soon lose their sense of perspective (even when the parents are professional people in the children's field) I want, as I did last month, to add some cautions at the end: Before you decide your baby has this kind of sleep problem, or try any of these suggestions, consult your doctor to make sure he agrees with the diagnosis.

I have been discussing a chronic type of sleep disturbance, in demanding babies, under the age of a year. There are other types of sleep disturbance, especially over the age of a year, that are caused by fears and which require a quite different and reassuring type of treatment.

If my baby who had always been a good sleeper suddenly woke and cried at night, I wouldn't hesitate to go in to him to find out what was wrong and to comfort him. I wouldn't begin to worry about a sleep problem until a number of nights had gone by and I saw that a pattern was beginning to develop.

DI PIETRO



Spock says: "The most skilled author can't make up a conversation half as amusing or heart-warming as what any small child says any old time."



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SUITS RUFFOLO BROS

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, P
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psyc

Making marriage work

Try analyzing yourself instead of your marriage. You may be surprised.

Restless Young Wives

THE problem of the confused young wife who after six or eight years of marriage thinks she is in love with another man comes frequently to my attention. Typically, her husband is several years older, hard-working, successful and devoted to his wife.

They have neither financial problems nor serious differences concerning religion or in-laws; her friends consider him a model husband. She admits his good qualities, describing him as courteous, considerate and responsible. But he is also conventional, staid, conservative; she says he isn't stimulating or exciting. The very security of her life removes the challenge she craves, and she is bored.

On the surface the marriage appears successful, but the marriage counselor senses the trouble as he learns more about the wife's personality. Curiously enough, a wife like this is almost always either an extreme introvert or an extreme extrovert. Typically, she has no children or only one; either she has a job or plans to return to work when the child reaches school age.

She says she is moody, nervous, easily hurt and frequently lonely. She and her husband have little in common, and she doesn't find him sexually attractive. She doubts she ever loved him, and is convinced their marriage was a mistake. The counselor is not surprised when she declares she is in love with another man.

Often the key to the situation is that her husband is too undemanding. Through his love she dominates him as she probably did her father. The other man, in contrast, dominates her. The challenge of the unknown, the drama, and perhaps an increase in her sexual feelings (not uncommon in women around age thirty) convince her that at last she is in love with the right man.

If the other is free to marry her, she will probably seek a divorce. If not, the affair is likely to dwindle away, and may soon be followed by another. Whatever the outcome, she will not solve her problem until she realizes that her restlessness and discontent arise within herself. Her husband's yielding and his protective nature, though admirable, have aggravated her difficulties; these qualities have sheltered her from the realities of adult life.

Emotional immaturity is a serious personality flaw shared by many young wives at the time of their marriage. Fortunately, many of them overcome their handicap before it leads to an unhappy climax. If they consciously recognize the problem, they may adopt a corrective program; or they may simply do their honest best from day to day. Either way, success depends on unwavering determination to become a good wife. Every effort and action based on that determination is a step toward the goal. In fact, the attitude itself is a sign of approaching maturity.

The sooner the resolution is adopted, the greater the prospect of success. The wedding day is none too soon.

The restless wife who has the courage, the insight and generosity of spirit to analyze herself instead of her marriage can still hope to avert disaster despite dangerous floundering which has brought her to the edge of destruction. Here are suggestions for expressing resolution in action:

- Fulfill duties to husband, home and marriage ahead of all other; discontinue activities that interfere. Marriage is a career itself; a job does not relieve a wife of household responsibilities.
- Cultivate housekeeping skills. Efficiency will relieve tedium, cut down drudgery and free time for other activities.
- Plan your social life to include individuals and activities adapted to your husband's tastes,

ASK YOURSELF: How Well Do I Know My Husband?

In answering these questions, circle the "?" only if you *can't be sure* one way or the other. Your answers should be based on your personal knowledge and observation.

Do you know positively what:

1. Color he thinks most becomes you? Yes ? No
2. Are his three favorite desserts? Yes ? No
3. He wants to do when he retires? Yes ? No
4. Kind of vacation he really likes? Yes ? No
5. His true religious views are? Yes ? No
6. Trait he likes most about you? Yes ? No
7. Habit of yours most annoys him? Yes ? No
8. First attracted him to you? Yes ? No

Do you know positively whether he:

9. Likes or dislikes your friends? Yes ? No
10. Loves or doesn't love you? Yes ? No

Do you know positively why he:

11. Is fond of his best friend? Yes ? No
12. Likes or dislikes certain relatives? Yes ? No
13. Is or isn't proud of you? Yes ? No
14. Does or doesn't like to talk to you? Yes ? No

Credit two points for each "No," and one point for each "?" answer, nothing for "Yes." If your score is four or less, you either know your husband very well or think you do. A score of five or six is average, but with a score of seven or more either you are not observing your husband as you should or you and he have very poor communication. Spend more time with him, watch his reactions to what you say and do, and you may get better acquainted with him.

as well as yours. Excursions off the beaten path may be hazardous.

Just as every human being is unique, so is every marriage. The similarities are as remarkable as the differences. Every marriage conflict arises from elements present in many other marriages. The circumstances and situations may be bizarre, melodramatic, glamorous; or commonplace and (to the outsider) utterly trivial. Cases unlike in detail nevertheless follow a similar pattern.

If you are restless despite the security your husband provides, the standards he respects and the love he bears for you, you may be bored with yourself. But a man like this will do his best to help and encourage you. With him beside you, you may still grow up to be a happy wife.

Finding a Home

IN looking for a place to live, most people consider the obvious factors: income, space needed, the convenience for shopping, business and schools; and the comfort, appearance and condition of the building. Realizing that they shouldn't spend too much on rent, people don't know what too much is in their budget. Here are some decisions you should make in advance of home hunting:

The rented room. A room for one person should be at least two thirds as large as a room for two. A single room should be at least 80 square feet; a double room, 120. Six and a half feet is the minimum acceptable height. Window areas should not be less than 18 square feet for a couple or 15 per cent of the floor area for each person.

The apartment. Though a one-room unit with kitchenette and bath is adequate for one person, a unit with a separate bedroom is preferable for a couple. Be sure the lease is clear about payment for utilities, responsibility for repairs and maintenance, and renewal terms.

The house. It is usually wise to rent for a year before buying a home in a new community. In buying or signing a long lease consider present and future needs, and the probable trend in property values in that area.

Probably the greatest single mistake made in renting or buying a house is spending too much. Be prepared for unexpected costs; and guard against the natural tendency to spend more in furbishing your own home than a rented property.

No more than 20 per cent of net income should be spent on rent, including utilities and upkeep. In buying, 20 per cent must also cover mortgage payments, taxes and insurance. Fifteen per cent is maximum for a room without cooking facilities.

Do You Agree?

How many children does the average young married couple want today?

Three, in contrast to two fifteen years ago.

Everybody's Talking About...



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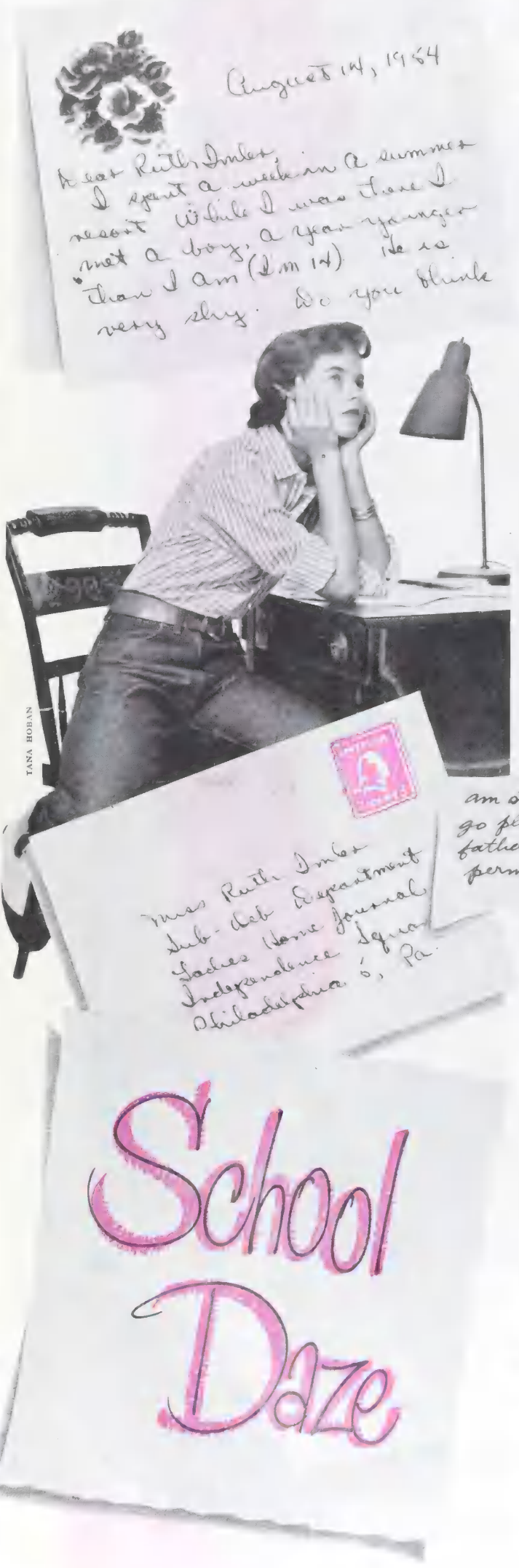
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DEAR Ann, and Mary, and Louise, and Peggy and . . . all of you who write to me about your problems. I'm so pleased that you feel I may be able to help you solve them, and when you write again to tell me that "it worked"—I want to kick off my shoes and dance, and often do! (*Even though I don't really believe in problem solving by mail at all!*) A letter is so frustrating when I'd like to talk to you for hours. But since I'm discovering that most of us have problems that are similar to those lots of other girls have, or *all* girls have, I'm almost reconciled to letters; besides, you're convincing me that *it is possible* to get you *started* problem solving yourself, and that's most important. Fine books, excellent pamphlets and professional people are standing by to help you, too, so ——

Should a girl date a boy who is a year younger? Yes, why not? I also think a girl should date a boy who is an inch or two shorter. For how can a girl tell which boy she's going to like best, unless she gets to know a good many of them? Maybe Fred will turn out to be just another nice guy who thinks enough of her to want to take her out. Good. Nice guys mean nice times, and the more a girl dates, the more she values nice times over height and age. You'll see when you try it!

But suppose you *did* have a date with a dream man and you wonder if he'll ask you out again. What then? Here's a bit of good advice from a Sub-Deb booklet, HOW ABOUT A DATE? "Even if he should take someone else out next week, it's no reason to feel that you didn't click on the date. *One date* doesn't mean you're going steady. And if he has fun on his one date with you, he'll be around for another. Give him the *chance* to ask you out again by being friendly when you see him around school." This booklet also gives good points on what to do if you don't know many boys.

If you're shy (now who isn't?) when you're around boys, or never know what to say, you may want to read HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS and I NEVER KNOW WHAT TO SAY. Both are Sub-Deb booklets.

Dear Miss Imler,
I am 5'4" and ver
thin. I am very self-con
scious about it. I eat
plenty but I don't gain
Is there anything that
nd Although I
am still in grade school, I want to
go places like everyone else, but my
father won't let me unless I beg for
permission

WHAT a perfectly heavenly problem—from a chubby girl's point of view only! Of course it's discouraging to eat a lot and still stay thin. But are you eating the right foods? Foods with vitamins B and D in them are not only good for you but they stimulate your appetite. So eat quantities of yeast, liver, whole-grain breads and cereal, milk, intensely green leafy vegetables, fish-liver oils and eggs. Eat sweets, too, but always *after* meals so that you won't spoil your appetite for the essentials. Then underline this suggestion on your schedule: *get more sleep*. Give your body time to build up in those extra hours of rest.

Worry, tension and frantic living often lead to underweight too. Laugh as often as you can—try harder—and decide not to battle every day. And while you're waiting for the rise in the scale, you can use "tricks" to make yourself look heavier: try wearing clothes in warm vibrant colors like red, orange, yellows and their shades and tints, for instance.

But if you're *too heavy?* Booklets COUNT YOUR CALORIES and FACTS ABOUT FIGURES may help. And if you have *complexion troubles?* Perhaps MIRROR MAGIC or LET'S BE LOVELY will —— You have to wear *glasses?* Look into GLAMOUR FOR GLASSES. . . . Can't do a thing with your *hair?* Then THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAIR is for you. . . . *Clothes-closet blues?* Read CLOTHES CHECKUP!

THE letter writer, who says she's "twelve going on thirteen," unfortunately doesn't list the places she has in mind. To the movies—after dark? To a skating rink or public dance hall—without a date? Or just to go out on dates?

What are the "rights" of a teen-age girl? Should she have to ask her parents' permission to do the things that "everyone else" is doing? I think so. Don't go away furious—reread that sentence. I said *ask*, not *beg*, and there is a difference.

From my years of experience as a daughter I've learned two things. The first: no matter *how old* you are, your parents *always* worry about your reputation, your health, your success and your happiness! The second: a daughter *always* wants the love and respect of her parents! So, whether you are ten or many times that, you'll want to work out a good way of asking them for the very thing they want most to give you: happiness.

If a girl can prove she's sensible—the parents' way of asking her not to cause them any worry—she can have a lot of fun *and* freedom. It isn't easy, but here's a beginning:

A parent's worry: my daughter's reputation. A daughter's solution: 1. Give parents chances to find out how nice your friends are (have nice friends, of course). Invite both girls and boys home after school and/or give a party *before* you ask to go *places* with them. Parents are less likely to object to a party if you plan it yourself, keep it going with good games, and clean up afterward. 2. Work out a get-home time with them and stick to it. (At first it'll be too early, but if you keep a good record you can usually *ask* for another half hour and get it.)

A parent's worry: my daughter's health. A daughter's solution: 1. Don't ever wash your hair just before you go to bed. 2. Get up in time to eat a good breakfast; eat it. 3. Don't make plans for *every* night in the week. 4. Don't *beg* to stay up late to watch TV or do homework that could have been done earlier.

A parent's worry: my daughter's success. A daughter's solution: 1. Develop the sterling quality of being polite to *their* friends. 2. Give parents something to brag about: she takes care of her own room, she irons all her blouses, she manages to save 50 cents a week, she usually does the dinner dishes, and so on.

A parent's worry: my daughter's happiness. A daughter's solution: 1. *Tell* your parents it's important to your happiness to become socially poised, to be active in and outside of school. 2. Take the time to *show* the folks that they're important to you: go to the movies with them occasionally, plan a family picnic, ask their advice on clothes, grooming, studies. 3. Share your happiness with them, as well as your complaints! 4. Hint that you'd be happier if they were more active in the P.T.A. (If they are, they'll learn more about the "new" ways of dating, etc., etc.)

If a girl worked only half as hard as this at decreasing her parents' worries about her, she'd be able to approach them as an adult, not a child, because she's acting more like one. Maybe this sounds too simple to you. It *is* a difficult problem and I hope girls (and boys) with parent problems will also read our booklet ACT YOUR AGE. It'll give you lots of ideas on improving your family relations; and also suggestions for ways to avoid having to "beg favors" of girls, boys, teachers, older people, or *even of yourself.* But that's another entire page!

What's your problem?

No matter how trivial it is—and I hope it is—if it gives you one sleepless night or keeps you from being the fun-loving, busy, growing young woman you deserve to be, you should do something about it. And September is the perfect month to do it: you have a new notebook, new classes, classmates, teachers, perhaps a new fall suit and a new gleam in your eye, so why not be a brand-new person too?

If you think I can help you, please write. Your letter will never be printed, you know. Also, about the booklets mentioned on this page: Send 10 cents* for each one that you want, and request it by name, to Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Write today.

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THE SUB-DEB edited by Ruth Imler

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MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

write an article about endo- ris. There are so many women ora about this ailment. I'm sure ny ould appreciate your help as ch I would."

p ent was a young married woman er e twenties who explained that she se ng relief from a menstrual disturb- over ten years she had experienced rm cycle. Recently this regularity had me oken, the flow frequently being ssi and always accompanied by pain. Ab t this pain," said the doctor. "Is it ve fter the menstrual flow has been bli d?"

No On the contrary, it begins several s b re I menstruate and continues all ug There are about ten days every th hen I am no good to myself—or ne se."

Yo said you have been married four s. I ve you any children?"

No ve never been pregnant although I e a ays wanted children—and have erta n any means to prevent pregnancy."

Tha s about the reply I expected. Now uic ke to make an examination."

he ocedure appeared to require an un- al a ount of time. While he was making exa ination the doctor continued his tio ng:

Bef this prolonged menstruation be- di ou notice any unusual symptoms, a temperature rise, profuse vaginal har or a constant pain in the lower om ?"

No othing like that. I just began to pa ful and extensive bleeding—and it bec getting worse."

Yo re quite positive that you did not a egnancy which was interrupted for cau at all?"

Qui What would it mean if I had, tor

w try to explain it back in the con- ng om."

fe moments later, in the doctor's of- the atient said anxiously, "I hope you not ing to tell me that I have a cancer."

No the doctor replied quickly. "I do nel e that we are dealing with a malig- y. ou appear to have a definite case of me osis."

nc netriosis? I know that the lining of ute is called the *endometrium*. Do you mean that I have a diseased endometrium? My sister had that. She just had a curettement, and it cleared up right away."

"I am afraid this is going to require more than a simple curettement. I made a very careful pelvic examination, and found that your uterus is displaced backward. This is a common-enough condition, but in your case it is complicated because the uterus is firmly fixed. I was unable to move it at all."

"What does that mean?"

"It indicates that there must be dense adhesions holding it fast."

"What would cause these adhesions?"

"The most common cause is pelvic inflammatory disease, which in turn is caused most commonly by accidental abortion which has not had proper care. You have assured me that you have never been pregnant. You would not misinform me, would you?"

"Of course not, Doctor. I *know* I have never been pregnant—I only wish I had."

"You also said that you had not had any of the symptoms ordinarily connected with pelvic inflammation; so we will eliminate that. In addition to the tipped, fixed uterus, my examination indicated more than one puckered nodule deep in the pelvis, together with a single cyst about the size of a walnut on the left side. These, plus the painful and prolonged menstruation, after years of normalcy, point definitely to endometriosis."

"You haven't told me what causes that, Doctor."

"I am just beginning. You know, of course, that normally every month the endometrium is sloughed off from the uterine interior and expelled vaginally. Suppose it did not all follow this route. What would happen? Where would it go?"

"Why, I suppose it would go anywhere it could—into the tubes, perhaps, since they would be the only other openings."

"Precisely. And from there?"

"Why . . . I suppose it could reach the inside of the abdomen."

"Correct again. In that case these would be wandering cells, finally coming to rest, and capable of continuing to function. In my judgment this is the cause of your trouble."

"But what made the cells wander?"

"The earliest theory was that of direct implantation of endometrial tissue by forcing back menstrual blood, containing fragments of endometrium, through the tubes. This theory has never been disproved, although a newer idea is that endometrial cells are spread through the lymphatics. There is a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

rd's new book, The Intimate Problems of taining several chapters which have not the Journal, has been published by Haw- , Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

Bring back the blush with new DuBarry Bloom!

Shades of Victoria—the blush is back! You see this glow-of-cheek on the radiant, new crop of American beauties and think, "how pretty!" Nature? Vitamins? No—DuBarry Bloom!

Bloom is a wonderful new kind of color for your cheeks, so creamy-light in texture that it spreads quickly and softly as a blush! No blotching or streaking. Never any hard, artificial "rouged" look. And the pretty blush that Bloom gives your cheeks is so fresh and natural, no one would ever dream it's "put on"!



Bloom, $1.10 *plus tax*

Sounds like magic, but Bloom comes in just *one* shade and gives *each* her *own* prettiest color glow!



P. S. If you're 30 plus, start using new DuBarry Penetrating Balm with Hormones at night (wear it under your make-up by day) and watch it work wonders in moisturizing and smoothing your complexion. This fabulous beauty treatment is a magical blend and balance of *vitamins*, *hormones* and *lanolin* that works under, through and on the skin to give it the moist, full look of youth. Not the least bit greasy—a perfect joy to use!

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quality—finer leathers and exacting workmanship reflect Vitality's standards and assure exceptional shape-retaining qualities

comfort—many *elasticized* pumps for perfect instep fit; and *all* feature Vitality's famous narrow heel which shapes to *your heel*

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CHIQUITA . . . Perfect choice for those who love the flattery of a sandal! Lovely with full skirts; with dressmaker wools.

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CLARETTE . . . Elegant shell shaped to compleme silks and taffetas. Doubles nicely for street wear *Elasticized.*



NADA . . . One of the smartest tailored shoes you Perfect with tweeds, skirts and sweaters. *Elasticize*



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GARMETTA . . . Beautifully detailed afternoon Stunning with Fall's shimmering new fabrics. *Elast*

Vitality **wanderlust** SHOES
(low heels, flats and casuals)
from $8.95



BARTONA . . . Smart, comfortable low heeled! slip into it for countless hours of at-home or wear! *Elasticized.*

Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

THE first mounted policemen appeared in New York in September, 1904. One of them arrested a woman for smoking a cigarette on Fifth Avenue, even though she was in a car. Candida, running on Broadway with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, started a rage for George Bernard Shaw in America. Tin Pan Alley, impressed with the Wright Brothers' success at Kitty Hawk, came up with a new hit called Come Take a Trip in My Air-Ship.

The September, 1904, JOURNAL, "the 250th number," exhibited a $1000 prize cover by Maxfield Parrish, a poetic-looking boy blowing "castles in the air" with soap bubbles.

"No calls are permissible from a woman upon a man, unless strictly for business purposes," rules the Lady from Philadelphia. "Clergymen are the greatest victims of women who, under some pretext, are constantly frequenting a pastor's study."

This issue featured The Twelve Prettiest Children in America, personally chosen by portrait painter Walter Russell from thousands of photographs submitted to the JOURNAL. The artist traveled to each winner's home to paint the portrait of the lucky boy or girl. Of the twelve handsomest children in the U.S.A., three were from Ohio.

"If your English ivy seems to have lost all ambition, feed it with raw onions," advises the Gardening Editor.

"Autumn Clothes: The amount of material now necessary for a gown is so great that it is difficult and cumbersome to handle, and also expensive. From eighteen to twenty-four yards of taffeta are needed because of the immense fullness of the new skirts, sleeves and bodices."

Writes a reader who calls herself Troubled: "I have just lost an uncle and cannot afford to go into mourning. What shall I do?" Answer: "Wear a four-inch black band on your left arm above the elbow."

Fashion: "For gymnasium work, the schoolgirl wears a loose blouse and full bloomers coming to just beneath the knee with black stockings."

"Ruffles will be worn this winter on coat sleeves."



It wasn't part of her assignment, but Suzanne Szasz (right) had a lot of fun helping Bets Parker (page 148) paint, do other household chores.

ONE reason why all the How Young America Lives people look so natural in their pictures is that JOURNAL photographers always make themselves right at home and become part of the family. Besides helping *Bets Parker*, of this month's family, to paint her fence, with Bet's husband, Scudder, taking their pictures, *Suzanne Szasz* helped with the cooking, did the dishes while Bets changed her clothes, and helped plant potatoes. We asked Suzanne if that was all. "Oh, no," she said. "We stacked wood one whole morning, and I would have stayed to help them clean house, but we decided to go fishing instead."

The President's parakeet has learned to say, "I like Ike."

At the Workshop conference here that resulted in Why Don't They Like Us Abroad? on page 46 of this issue, ***Laura Lou Brookman***, who is a very interesting doodler herself, suddenly became aware of the fact that most of the conferees assembled there were doodlers too. ***Harold Stassen***, she noted, scrawled very large patterns just in lines, of houses, trees, animals—then carefully tore them up. ***Joan Younger*** drew faces. ***Mrs. John J. McCloy*** patiently filled in the pattern on her paper napkin. ***Chester Bowles*** drew melon-shaped figures and filled them in solidly. ***Alfred Max*** drew long jagged lines, like lightning flashes, then blacked them in with clouds. "And what did you draw?" we asked Laura Lou. "Oh, I was so fascinated to see how keenly attentive the doodlers were to the discussion, and how quick they were to come into it, that for once I didn't doodle."

***Louella Shouer** and **Gladys Denny Shultz** were comparing presidential appetites, as observed by them at various banquets they'd attended. **Truman**, Mrs. Shultz had noticed, ate sparingly, while, according to Louella, **Eisenhower** always cleaned his plate. Whereas, once at a dinner in Des Moines, Gladys put in, **Roosevelt** took second helpings of everything.*

Lunching with *Patricia Martin* the other day in Philadelphia, *Janet Whitney* said that while her novel, The Quaker Bride, was running in serial form in the JOURNAL, she'd stood at the ticket window of the bus terminal trying to get the attention of the girl inside, who was deep in a copy of the JOURNAL. At last the young lady looked up. "Oh, I'm sorry, but my JOURNAL just came and I was so interested in The Quaker Bride I didn't even hear you. Are you reading it? It's wonderful!" "No, I'm not," said the gratified author. "But I do happen to know how it comes out. I wrote it." That of course brought on the excited question, "How *does* it come out? I just can't wait to know"—but right then Janet's bus was called.

Alberte Wright was telling us in Philadelphia about a young man of eight over there who retires in injured dignity to his room whenever his plans are frustrated by his parents. Seems he has a sign he then hangs on a hook outside his door which says: DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING. DO NOT EVEN KNOCK.

In the United States, women own about 65 per cent of the wealth, spend 85 per cent of all money spent in a day, outnumber men voters by almost 2,000,000. . . .

Just back from visiting the JOURNAL Sub-Deb Club in Paris, ***Betty Jo Ramsey*** has been telling us about these 12-to-14-year-old daughters of American career Army men stationed in France. One day they met at the American Embassy and were given hot-fudge sundaes, Cokes and two grilled cheese sandwiches apiece. Betty Jo asked them what they liked best about living in Paris. "We can have art classes in the Louvre," one said. "Because our school's official playground is the Bois de Boulogne," said another. One liked it because her family's French maid, who worked weekends at the Moulin Rouge, was teaching her the cancan. And when Betty Jo asked another if she'd been to Versailles, the youngster said, "Sure, that's where the lizard crawled up our art teacher's back!"

American Sub-Debbers in Paris are eager for club news in Journal: left to right—Joan Ridlehuber, Jane Ridlehuber, Jeanine Hiers, Carol Touser.

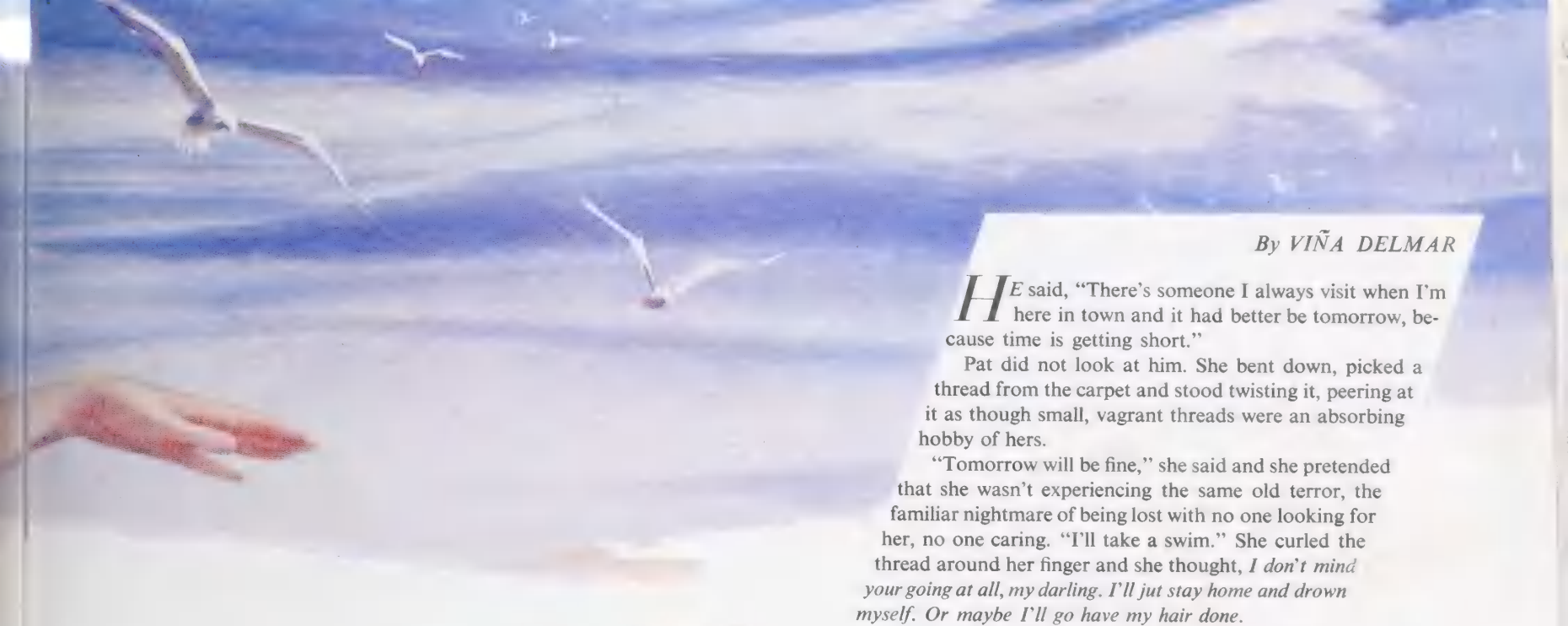


WIDE WOR

Pat looked at the child
of Lisa Kerrigan
and she was stunned by the
thought that came to her.
"Oh, no," she said to herself,
"I'm not that crazy!"

Pat had lost
Bill twice.
First to the legend
Lisa, now to
this enchanting
child.

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN KANE



She Slittered when she walked

By VIÑA DELMAR

HE said, "There's someone I always visit when I'm here in town and it had better be tomorrow, because time is getting short."

Pat did not look at him. She bent down, picked a thread from the carpet and stood twisting it, peering at it as though small, vagrant threads were an absorbing hobby of hers.

"Tomorrow will be fine," she said and she pretended that she wasn't experiencing the same old terror, the familiar nightmare of being lost with no one looking for her, no one caring. "I'll take a swim." She curled the thread around her finger and she thought, *I don't mind your going at all, my darling. I'll jut stay home and drown myself. Or maybe I'll go have my hair done.*

"Swim today," Bill said. "I want you to go with me tomorrow. You and the kids too. . . . What are you so surprised about? Haven't I dragged you all over town exhibiting you to old schoolteachers, senile relatives and anybody else who'd look?"

"This I can't deny," she admitted.

"Then don't think for a minute that you're going to get out of going tomorrow."

"All right. I won't think of it. Not for a minute."

But why did he want to take her? Wouldn't he rather see Lisa Kerrigan alone? Perhaps he wasn't going to Lisa's. He hadn't mentioned Lisa. Lisa had been mentioned only by the small tormenting voice that always whispered a warning when Lisa was in his thoughts.

"We'll go after lunch," he said. "It's not a long ride out there."

"Out where?" It was natural to ask the question, wasn't it? He hadn't said where they were going and it would be nice if just once the small voice hadn't known what it was talking about.

"Names of places wouldn't tell you much around here, honey. You're a stranger in paradise."

"Still I'd like to know where we're going."

"Cherry Hill. There. Does that mean anything to you?"

"No," she said. But it did. She had heard of Cherry Hill. Oh, how she had heard of Cherry Hill!

"Well, I guess I'll go see what the kids are doing," Bill said and he walked out of the room.

I know what the kids are doing, she thought. *And so does he. They're playing catch with his father, and they can be seen and heard from this window. He walked out because he doesn't want to talk to me about Lisa.*

Only once had he been willing to talk about Lisa. She thought back to the night when Bill had asked her to marry him. He had been willing then to speak of Lisa. No, not willing, perhaps, but at least ready.

"In case you're the kind of person who likes a synopsis of what's gone before," he had said, "I'd better tell you that there was a girl back home."

She thought with bitterness of how happy she had been that night, how confident, how half-witted. She had said to him, "This installment has all new characters in it. What good would a synopsis be?" She had been in Bill's arms and she hadn't CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Copyright, 1954, by Viña Delmar

ILLUSTRATED BY Jon Whitcomb

I felt pretty efficient.
Rules 1, 2, 3, 7 and 9 in ten minutes.
This looked like a cinch.

Rx for Love

By DREW FROST

IT had been one of those gray days of April rain in New York, a hard rain that beat down on the pavements, boiling the dirty water in pools at the curbs. I felt cranky, grubby and disheveled, and my conscience was bothering me. It said to deliver the silver chalice Father Bristor had left to be repaired. But the weather said it was a fine night to read in bed with my hair tied back under a pink bow; a plate of apples and cookies on the night table. All along I suppose I knew my conscience would win, because Father Bristor had said he must have the chalice that night.

I got out my old raincoat, tied a scarf over my head and took the bus uptown to 73rd Street. Then I ran under a dripping umbrella to the lighted parish house at the end of the block. Walking in, I found Father Bristor addressing a group of women. He motioned me to an empty chair in the back row. I plopped down and yanked off my boots. I was annoyed to be hung up by a meeting.

"My friends," Father Bristor was saying, "I announced on Sunday that Dr. Kenney Blake would talk to you on Men and Marriage tonight. I am sorry to have to tell you he has been called to the West Coast, but he has turned over his notes to another eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Jacob Pendergast. He should be here any minute."

My word, I thought, *I should have gone to bed with a book. And why does everybody glue the word "eminent" to psychiatrist? Eminent psychiatrist. Utterly charming. Veteran newspaperman. Crack regiment. Vicious circle. High glee. High dudgeon. Utterly fabulous.* The whole darn New York lingo. *Eminent nuts.* I jerked off my damp coat.

Father Bristor took out his watch and looked at it, and while I was thinking how groomed to the teeth everyone looked but me, the door opened and Doctor Pendergast breezed in, pretty groomed to the teeth himself, and, if not eminent at first glance, at any rate a dreamboat.

"This," I muttered aloud, in the back row of collapsible chairs, "is for me."

The woman next to me leaned over and looked at me closely. I smiled and looked at Dr. P., who was laying aside his gray wool raglan topcoat and gloves. Then he reached up and pushed his eminent wavy hair back tight from his forehead. He did it with both hands, and it looked like a characteristic gesture. Then he folded his arms and started to count us under his breath, giving each one a good look, hat to shoes.

"Good evening," he said finally. "I see twenty-six of you have been kind enough to come out tonight in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

All she needed was Ten Easy Lessons, sixty days—and a man.

"ARE you sitting down, George?" Wilma said over the telephone.

"No," said George. "I am floating in midair, as all lawyers do at three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Sit down, George," said Wilma. "Or hold on to something. I have a red-hot flash for you."

"I've fastened my seat belt. Flash away."

"Listen, George," said Wilma. "Do you remember yesterday I suddenly decided I wanted to eat an egg for breakfast and I never before in my whole life could stand the sight of eggs for breakfast? Remember that?"

"How could I forget it?" said George. "There you were, and there was the egg. It was a scene worthy of the brush of Leonardo da Vinci, the great egg painter of the Renaissance. You put a little salt on it. You lifted your fork, and then ——"

"George," said Wilma, "the reason I wanted that egg is that I'm pregnant."

There was silence for the space of about fifteen seconds. Then Wilma said into the phone, "Are you there, George?"

"Gork," said George.

"Are you all right?"

"Harrasch," said George.

"What's the matter, George?"

"There seems to be something wrong with this phone," said George, returning to English at last. "I had the impression at this end that you said just now that you were pregnant."

"Pregnant is what I am," said Wilma.

"This is impossible," he said. "I demand a recount."

"It's true," Wilma told him. "Doctor Franz checked twice. He suspected as soon as I told him about the eggs for breakfast."

"Medical science has certainly come a long way. I suppose if you ate two eggs you'd be having twins?"

"Changes in the body make the tastes change," said Wilma. "Doctor Franz explained it."

"Doctor Franz has a lot to explain," George said. "Now don't start moving the furniture or anything. I'm coming right home."

"Don't worry about me. I feel fine," said Wilma. "I'm just bewildered, that's all."

"Do you need anything?"

"Yes, bring a dozen eggs."

When George got home it was five in the afternoon, time for Polly's bath, dinner, storytime and bedtime. With the sensitive radar of the eighteen-month-old, Polly divined that the two big people in her life were eager to be putting her away for the night, and she chose this particular evening to fight like a panther every step of the way. It was not until eight-thirty that Polly got her last drink of water and her last kiss, snuggled up with her Teddy bear, and closed her lashes over her hazel eyes.

Afterward George and Wilma sat in the living room, side by side on the sofa. Wilma was a big-boned girl, not cover-girl pretty, but she wore her old housecoat with a certain dash, and a touch of lipstick brightened her broad, intelligent face. Now, feeling the need for physical contact with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

by Lee Rogow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON



It happens all th

"I am the only man," said George,
who became a grandfather
without being a father."

One child is
enough,
they decided...
but that was when
they had none

ime

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS "Mrs. A"

By RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH

To them – as to millions – war brought parting and heartache. But it also brought deeper understanding.



"As the bombs dropped closer, Gertrude talked faster and faster about our home on the

IN company with several million other American husbands and wives, Gertrude and I were spending a quiet Sunday afternoon at home when the broadcast report of the attack on Pearl Harbor ended one phase of our life together and rang up the curtain on another.

By the beginning of the new year I had been commissioned lieutenant in the U.S. Naval Reserve and was getting used to the uniform, the service idiom and giving and acknowledging salutes. I had turned my share of the firm's responsibilities over to my partner, Dick Myers, while I reported daily to Headquarters, Third Naval District, 90 Church Street.

I was fortunate my duties permitted me to remain at home for the time being. However, my schedule and Gertrude's allowed little time together. In order to keep hours, I had to be up shortly after six. cordance with her British ideas of a duties, particularly the wife of a man form, Gertrude insisted on getting up same time to get my breakfast. This the fact that Lady in the Dark had re early in the autumn, which meant that seldom in bed before one A.M. Her car was thoroughly heart-warming, but suggested that she could not carry on duous role and her many activities on sleep, she took offense. As a last reso ported that my superiors had instituted fast conferences downtown at which ance was compulsory. After that, G slept while I slipped out of the house

Copyright, 1954, by Richard Stoddard Aldrich



From London, Normandy, the Marianas, she wrote repeatedly, "Be sure to tell me all about everything at home."

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO



Asked how she always looked glamorous, even in marine jungle garb, Gertrude replied, "It's my false eyelashes."



She sang for servicemen at bases around the wor times so near the front her voice was drowned by

eping up my morale."

gstore. And I was seldom home
just before she left for the theater.
uring those months of our Box and
nce that Gertrude took to writing
and leaving them about the apart-
e I would be sure to discover them.
ey were a far remove from the ro-
essages which the young Orlando
o Arden's oaks for Rosalind, they
ertrude—merry, impudent, tender,

t phase of her character was very
e fore. The instant that I appeared
in uniform I lost my status as some-
e care of her, and became someone
welfare she felt responsible. I came
itter-cold evening to find a sheet of
per CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



ting for USO tour, she worked as ambulance
-raid warden, canteen hostess, cranberry picker.

Oceans apart, all during the long war years, Lt. (later Comdr.) and Mrs. Aldrich each carried this picture, taken just before he went overseas.

DOROTHY WILDING



Geranium-red jersey by Hattie Carnegie has the easy-sheath silhouette and open neckline. The cloche is navy velveteen; shoes, gloves, navy suède.



Trend coat in brushed wool by Charles James h fitted yoke, dropped shoulder, pleats in bac

COLOR IS THE FASHION..

Red, the color of a scarlet tanager or a child crayon, is the fashion. A whole palette of blue sapphire and turquoise brings up exciting pos bilities. Mauve to mulberry is in again, day a night. Even the "neutrals" have a new tan smoky grays are worn with other gray tones accented with flame; spice and ginger colors a lovely with topaz jewelry. We are in a fu scale, long-term color cycle. If you'd adore a r dress or suit, think of it as one of your main c tumes, not just an extra. The prettiest dinner dr of your life may be a pastel satin—pink with gray wool coat, blue with a blue tweed. Twe jersey and satin are the fabrics to live in. Suits spare and lithe and their skirts easy to walk Many dresses are softly bloused, have fluid plea The sheath is not strictly fitted. This kind fashion—easy and exciting at the same time- right for the way we live. By WILHELA CUSHM

Fashion Editor of the Jo

ER PRIGENT



Ensemble in spice and bittersweet shades—coat in shaggy wool lined with taffeta, dress in wool jersey, by Samuel Winston. Beaver felt by Elizabeth Marks.

Double-breasted coat dress of gray wool with wide neckline and side width in the skirt, by Ben Reig. Topaz mocha gloves, fur bag by Walter Katten, side-visor hat.



COLOR

IS THE FASHION



Cinnamon-brown wool town dress with leopard ascot accenting the low-cut neckline; leather buttons and belt. By Ben Reig.



Checks and plaids are suit fashion. This scarf suit by
Derby is worn with fur-felt cloche by Elizabeth M



Dress and short-jacket costume is trimmed with Persian lamb, worn with Persian-lamb beret. By Hattie Carnegie.



ethyst velvet dinner-and-theater dress has wide
kle, box pleats, by Christian Dior—New York.

ROGER PRIGENT





Norfolk-jacket suit in true-red jersey with silver buttons and chiffon scarf by Jane Derby, matching beret. Bag by Richard Koret.

Fashion's lovely contradiction—a tweed coat over a satin dress by Jane Derby. Worn with a blue necklace, satin gloves and a little velvet hat.



MRS. JOHN J. McCLOY:
Censorship of our free libraries abroad was a tremendous blow to our prestige.

BRUCE GOULD:
Americans are not unusual, I suppose, in believing that all their actions are for the best.

CHESTER BOWLES:
We don't remember that two thirds of the world is colored.

Why don't the

Is distrust for America increasing?

Why do we receive so little gratitude—
and so much criticism—
for the dollars and industrial
know-how we send round the world?

We see ourselves as the major pleader for world peace, yet other countries fear that we may involve them in war. Why?

Distinguished experts—each with special knowledge of a troubled area of the world—tell our millions of readers some whys of anti-Americanism abroad.

Is there a growing feeling of antagonism toward America abroad? Why do people in Europe and Asia criticize us so severely? Is there something wrong with our personalities—or our policies? What should we do to be better liked and more trusted? Or does it hurt only our national pride if we are disliked abroad?

To try to get firsthand authoritative answers to these questions, the JOURNAL *invited experts on four areas to meet with its editors. Those present were: Walter Elliot, distinguished member of the British Parliament and wartime Cabinet Minister; Harold Stassen, able Director of the U. S. Foreign Operations Agency; Chester Bowles, whose achievement as U. S. Ambassador to India was outstanding; Mrs. John J. McCloy, perceptive and charming wife of the former U. S. High Commissioner for Germany; and Alfred Max, brilliant editor of the French magazine Réalités and head of the French Gallup poll. Bruce Gould,* JOURNAL *editor, opened the meeting; Margaret Hickey, Public Affairs editor, acted as chairman; Laura Lou Brookman, managing editor, and Joan Younger, writer, fired questions during the panel discussion from which this article was condensed by Miss Younger.*

MR. GOULD: Americans
unusual, I suppose, in believin
their actions are for the best.
we feel, that people criticize us
are just out to do good in th
And yet we definitely are gett
very vigorous criticism abro
our friends and allies, as well
our enemies, and so-called
ists." What we want to find
day is why. And what peop
tude toward our country is. A
if possible, some of the thing
do about it.

MISS HICKEY: Let's st
whether our concern is justi
Elliot, you come from a nation
had more than a century
leadership; how important do
world opinion of our actions

MR. ELLIOT: It is not as i
as you think. Everyone playin
ing role like yourselves mus
to be unpopular. England wa
unpopular when she was p
leading role.

You arose to power by an e
land march across this beauti
nent, and occupied the who
Now, negotiating to build air
secure toe holds in other coun



X:
e si there is the Iron Curtain,
th other the Dollar Curtain.

WALTER ELLIOT:
We look upon you as seeking expansion of power.

MARGARET HICKEY:
We don't believe we are out to get anything—except world peace.

HAROLD STASSEN:
It is when we depart from our own ideals that we get into trouble.

ke us abroad ?

nderstand why people don't wel- vo with open arms. We arose to k cking about in ships. We yo can establish and maintain a po ion from a foothold or even no You don't have to occupy ol world so as to be secure in it.

S ICKEY: Is that the way nd es us? No different from the ta s of the British Empire? We f gland then as an acquisitive, al mperial power which was out sc ething. But we don't believe t to get anything at all—ex- o peace. Are we kidding our- t n, in your opinion?

LIOT: Well, I think perhaps x erate the acquisitive char- ti of Britain; but then, every- th ks that other countries are o on them. And it is true, I tl you have no territorial am- nd it is true that England did.

S ICKEY: But you do think th countries look upon us as g pansion?

LIOT: Well, they certainly p you as seeking an expansion ve **You have, I think, got rid of** ol **phrase "Colossus of the** " **hich was South America's way of describing your dominance in this hemisphere — but I think that the fear South America used to have of your power is felt by the rest of the world today.**

MISS HICKEY: How does France feel about this, Mr. Max?

MR. MAX: It seems to me very vital that Americans should be liked if they want to carry on effectively their policies. In Latin—or Celtic—countries like France, people are very emotional and their policies are made up of not only their real interests but also the way they feel about things. A vote can be swayed on the spur of a moment by somebody coming in with a very emotional statement. If at any point the French had a feeling that they did not like Americans or American policy any more, they might become neutrals—or even turn to the other side. It is very important in France that you are liked.

MR. BOWLES: I think a clear distinction should be made between liking individual *Americans* and liking American *policies*. In Asia I found that individual Americans are generally liked if they are likable people—but when the conversation turns to America's *policies* there is often sharp criticism.

MR. STASSEN: This discussion confirms an impression of my own about how the world looks at us—that people abroad tend to compare America to their previous experiences with other countries.

But our country is not trying and has no intention of trying to take the position in the world the British had as empire builders—or the position France had under Napoleon. If you are going to exercise your authority by those methods, it is true it doesn't matter whether you are liked. But if we are able to do successfully what we are trying to do, then it is tremendously important that we be liked.

MISS HICKEY: You think good will is a part of our aims?

MR. STASSEN: I certainly do. **We are trying not to be *the* leader but to participate in a leading role with other free people in what might be called a democracy of nations; we want each individual nation to make its own decisions, but try to have the sum of all decisions moved toward economic progress, toward political stability, toward conditions of peace.**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE PANEL DISCUSSION

PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES LIKE US BECAUSE THEY THINK WE:

- are not class-conscious;
- are honest and direct;
- have "go-ahead";
- want to learn about the rest of the world;
- give every man a chance.

THEY DISLIKE US BECAUSE THEY THINK WE:

- are "overgrown children," noisy, braggart;
- are hypnotized by fear of communism;
- treat them as "poor relations";
- are *against* wrong rather than *for* right;
- draw the color line;
- may drag them into war.

He raised hi

Katherine

By ANYA SETON

IV THE afternoon before St. George's Day, 1376, all Kenilworth Castle, cleansed and garlanded for the festivities, waited for the duke to come. Katherine sat on a sunny stone bench in the inner court, lending an indulgent ear to the shouts of the children as they romped through the courtyards. She was dressed in the gown he preferred: an amber tunic beneath a clinging sideless surcoat of apricot velvet, furred with ermine. A thin topaz-studded fillet encircled her high-arched forehead. Her hair was perfumed with costly ambergris he had appropriated for her in some hastily abandoned castle on his great march through France, three years ago.

That march had been a foolhardy deed of courage, spectacular as any his brother, the Black Prince, had ever achieved, and yet in the end there was loss, not gain. When John returned, his dream of conquering all France and then Castile once more postponed, he found himself the target of an angry, puzzled England. There was unrest everywhere, and dissatisfaction. A new and wilier king sat on the French throne, and the once-great English king was senile.

Yet now there was a truce with France, negotiated by the duke at Bruges last year. The thought of John's months at Bruges brought sharp pain to Katherine, though it was a pain to which she was accustomed. John had taken his duchess with him to Flanders and there Costanza had been delivered of a son—at last. But the baby did not live.

Katherine crossed herself as she sat on the bench in Kenilworth courtyard. *My sons live*. She glanced up to the windows of the nursery chamber. A shadow passed behind the clear tiny panes. That would be Hawise or one of the nurses, tending the infant Harry in his cradle, or fetching some toy to distract little John. Healthy rosy boys, both of them, golden as buttercups with their father's intense blue eyes.

A high, jeering singsong shattered the peace of the courtyard. "Scaredy cats! Scaredy cats!" That was Elizabeth, of course. Katherine jumped up and hurried through the arch to the base court. Though the duke's younger daughter was twelve years old, Elizabeth's reckless enterprises still had to be restrained before they led her and the younger children into actual danger.

This time Elizabeth was hopping on one foot upon the slate roof of the stable and clinging to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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Married at fifteen to boorish Sir Hugh Swynford, Katherine was soon left alone to manage Hugh's impoverished estate, while he—knight in the retinue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster—was away on campaigns. The duke and his lady, Blanche, had come to Katherine's wedding, and she still remembered her strange agitation when the duke kissed her, the bride. Katherine named her first child Blanchette, for the duchess. Months later, the duchess was stricken with plague. Leaving her own household in care of her sister Philippa—wife of Geoffrey Chaucer—Katherine nursed Blanche until her death. John and Katherine knew now that between them was a bond stronger than life itself. She would always love him, but the thought of her child and of her marriage vows gave her strength to refuse him the love she longed to express. She returned to Kettlethorpe, but the duke could not forget her—their destinies were linked. Soon a marriage was arranged between John and the Infanta of Castile, strengthening England on the Continent. John, on campaign in Bordeaux, yearned to see Katherine once more before his marriage. He sent for her, ostensibly to join her husband. Unknown to Katherine or the duke, his servant poisoned Sir Hugh. John took Katherine away to a secluded estate where they could be alone. He gave her his ring, and pledged that, though he must marry the Infanta, he would love Katherine till death. He asked her to become governess to his daughters, thus establishing her in a secure position in his household. Her love for him clouded with bitterness at his coming marriage and regret at loss of her good name, she at first refused. But when she learned that she was to bear his child, she knew that she had no choice but to accept.

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



o gh to strike her.

"What right have <u>you</u> to question me?

Katrine, get out of my way."



There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

What vexes an overstuffed father is to park his dessert in the refrigerator for a midnight snack, and then to look for it later and find his ravenous son and heir has eaten it all.

Some men win heroic and glorious triumphs; I'm content that, after five years of subtle hints, I've persuaded my ladylove to sidetrack her Bryn Mawr-type chignon for a horsetail hairdo.

I'm afraid it'll take another thousand years for motorists to become as courteous on the concrete cow paths as they are in a living room or club. Meanwhile, it's far easier to be courteous on a divided four-lane highway.

"After dawdling diligently with bridge, mah-jongg and canasta," confesses Betty Comfort, tossing two thirds of her morning mail into the wastebasket, "I'm more convinced than ever that envy is the Number Two indoor sport, ahead of any of these three."

A friendly schoolma'am gives me a valuable tip: If you see adults treated rudely or impatiently by modern youngsters, they're the parents; but if the teen-agers are ultrapolite, the adults must be semistrangers.

I've been enlightened by some collegians weekending next door that on the campus "hanging a pin" isn't quite tantamount to an engagement to marry. . . . What I can't quite figure out is, exactly what *does* it involve or signify?

Since I sounded off about teen-agers' illegible handwriting, I've been bombarded with samples of legible handwriting from Oregon, Maine and intermediate schools; 53 examples from Manhattan, Illinois, alone. But usually teacher writes better than pupils.

As summer ends, I find myself conceding that the b.w. produced in her garden iris and columbine as lovely as orchids; peonies and dahlias as exquisite as $6-a-dozen roses. Thus she compensates for costly flowers I once sent her.

This newfangled "demand feeding" for modern babies, I learn, alters sleeping habits of pa and ma. Once upon a time pa said, "You take the two-A.M. feeding and I'll take the six-A.M." Now it's always the turn of the lighter sleeper at any hour who first hears baby.

For a while I was disturbed by a display of pink pants for men at a downtown clothier's. But when I walked my family style consultant past that window one evening, my temptation was quickly allayed. "How ghastly!" she said.

My neighbor in the white brick mansion takes a quiet pride in displaying his son's Exeter Academy diploma in his den. "It covers up the bare spot," he says, "where I never hung the college diploma I never got."

"There are rough diamonds in public life," concedes Peter Comfort, chopping his TV set to smithereens as the Army-McCarthy hearings concluded. "I might endure 'em for a two-day fishing trip, but not in the Senate for six years."

Our town's grads and grooms of 1929 brag because they either (1) graduated from college 25 years ago or (2) got married 25 years ago, or both. "We're the waifs of 1929," they boast, and for their 25th reunions and silver anniversaries they buy the best of everything, even when it's bad for 'em.



"My youngsters have none of the childish traits you mention, but my husband has."

I'm still offering Junior $10 for the first set of tennis he wins from me. He strokes harder than I do and covers more ground faster. But he overestimates the distance from the net to my base line; clouts the ball as if it were 49′ instead of 39′.

"These stamps might be worth something someday," explains the farsighted lady in the house with three porches, who stacks her old letters in the attic. "They might turn out to be the bulk of our grandchildren's inheritance!"

In dulcet tones a big air line offers to fly me to Rome and back on the installment plan, $65.40 down and $54.41 a month. Shucks, most Americans could save the first four installments on souvenirs and the next four by not overeating.

What's become (asks the autocrat of our luncheon round table) of that American hero, the strong silent man? "In the shindig on TV the loquacious American senatorial male," he observes, "made female chairmen seem terse and taciturn by comparison."

I've resurrected my collegiate raccoon coat (complete with leaky metal flask in one pocket) and readied it for the football season. I may even wear it to the Notre Dame game unless my adored one wants to use it as a lap robe.

Friends of ours recently took their eighty-year-old mother (and mother-in-law) to Europe for a jaunt through England and Spain. She's grown old graciously, and I'd wager she was our best ambassador since Ben Franklin.

At our last junior-high lawn fete, I served as field judge for the seventh-, eighth- and ninth-grade high jumpers. Such duty is its own reward, not to mention four kinds of meat loaf and the coconut cake at Home Room 111's picnic table.

I've noticed two cozy traits most foes of the UN or world gov't enjoy in common: they don't travel much and they seldom read a book. Why should they? They know the answers by instinct.

To my chagrin, I found myself strolling downtown in yellow socks, with my pants cuffs a little high. I could see the yellow reflection in store windows and feel startled eyes on my ankles. So I beat a retreat, marveling at the *sang-froid* of teen-agers in white socks.

Egad, another triumph! My ladylove finally admits that cold broccoli and asparagus have less sex appeal than any other leftovers. She agrees to reduce the surplus of these dainties.

We overheard two men at the club discuss their operations and trips to Mayo Clinic. "I've been there twenty-seven times," said one, "and my wife says I'd go there to get my toenails trimmed."

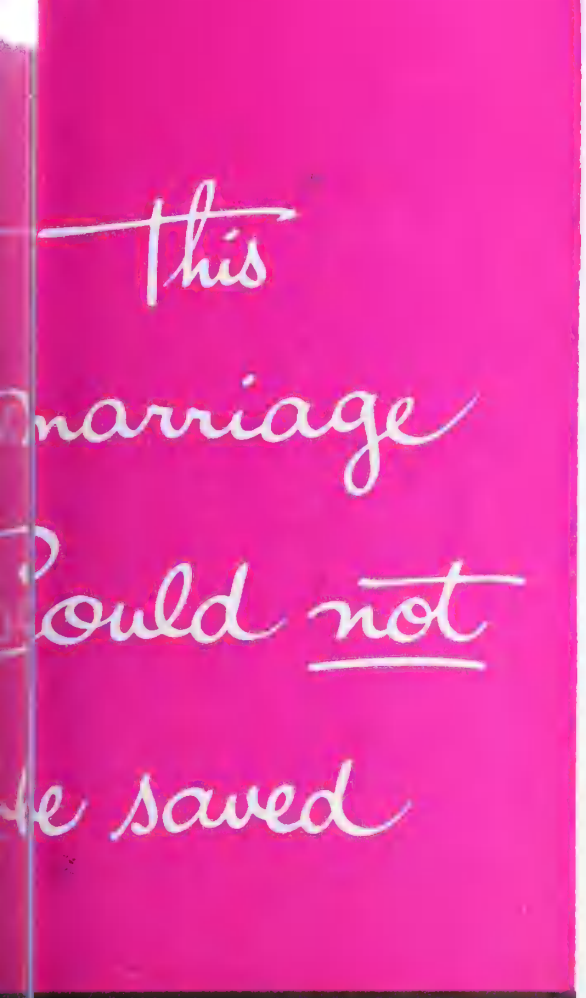
. . . When my daughter concedes that even if she inherits only my red hair that's something,

. . . Or Junior quotes verbatim some silly thing I said when he was only six,

. . . And I discern that our youngest treats me as an equal, if breezily, which couldn't be more flattering,

. . . Or my ladylove reacts like a flattered girl when I tell her she wears slacks better'n anybody else in town,

. . . Then I mourn for America's millions of bachelors and bachelor girls, and hope Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby may organize a marriage agency as part of social security.





ESTHER BUBLEY

SHE: "I want to live with and love a man
who will tell me where to head in. I admire masculinity and force."

HE: "Maybe I am too calm and self-centered,
but I can't turn myself into a character like Dena's father."

Marriage counselors do not persuade anyone to get a divorce, or not to get a divorce. They help the client to think through the subject and see all sides of it. He must realize, as many do not, that divorce does not solve many problems but often creates new ones. Since people who have been married for some years have a heavy investment in the marriage (particularly when children are involved), and since the chance of success in a second marriage, if one can be made, is 50 per cent less than in a first marriage, no counselor will encourage a client to look on divorce as an easy and permanent way to avoid all his difficulties, especially when most of them are in his own personality. Of 25,000 persons who have come to the American Institute of Family Relations for help, most had at least contemplated divorce. We have been able to help 80 per cent of them to make their marriages successful instead. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Carolyn Sichel. PAUL POPENOE, *Sc. D., Director.*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

DENA TELLS HER SIDE:

"THERE is another man now," slender, red-haired Dena said to the counselor. Twenty-nine years old, smartly dressed, she nervously tapped her cigarette against the ash tray. "I want to enjoy love and companionship and human warmth before I'm too old to care. I don't want to be like my parents, dragging out the marriage and their lives in coldness and indifference.

"It's true Kevin and I have three children, but I am convinced all three will be better off if their father and I go separate ways. Kevin has no time, no energy to give to a family and a personal life. A man like Kevin—completely wrapped up in his work and his ideas—shouldn't be married at all. Certainly he shouldn't have a wife like me.

"I'm not bitter toward my husband. Nor do I intend to alienate our children from him. My lawyer says the court will grant me the custody of Ellen and the twins, but I'm requesting that Kevin be allowed visiting rights of his choosing. I feel sure Kevin won't visit very often or for very long. Our children will soon drift out of his mind. The process has already started. Kevin and I have been separated since July—he is now living in a hotel—and at first he picked up Ellen and our twin sons early every Sunday morning and took them to the zoo or the planetarium or did something special with them. The last two Sundays he didn't appear at all. The boys—they are only six—were miserably disappointed.

"My husband," said Dena, "is an aeronautical engineer, and his career is his whole existence. Kevin is like one of those machines that walk and talk and perform tricks, if you press the right buttons. When things were going well at the plant Kevin sometimes used to mumble a few words to me and the children. Most of his upper-echelon thoughts, which he seldom attempted to clarify, were wasted on us. I went to college myself, but I majored in music. If I happened to sit down at the piano with the youngsters—I'm teaching Ellen and her brothers to play—Kevin immediately disappeared into his laboratory workshop. Six months ago he put a soundproof door on the workshop so we couldn't disturb or get at him.

"Kevin is neither a good father, a good husband nor, in my book, a good person. Where nice, kind, ordinary people are concerned, Kevin just isn't among those present. My friends and our neighbors bore him and he shows it. His friends congeal me. The only company Kevin considers worth while is that of other engineers—scientific people like himself who live in the stratosphere, not in this world. I'll admit the wives of some of Kevin's friends seem to get along with their husbands all right. Their backgrounds and educations are different from mine. Hortense is a math major; Ruth is a chemist; Sue is an engineer herself.

"Suppose I describe a gay evening I spent last June with Kevin and his crowd. The party was at Sue's house. Two tables of bridge were set up, and since I can play cards I hoped I might have a little fun for once. Directly after the first hand was dealt—I had just bid two spades—Kevin began talking to Tom, Sue's husband, about some improvement he's trying to figure out in the design of an aeronautical switch. All four of the men laid down their cards, got up, left the tables and shut themselves in Tom's workshop. It was Kevin who led the retreat. I was stuck with the other wives, who tried to be polite to me but who obviously would have preferred to be in the workshop themselves. At midnight Sue dragged the men out for sandwiches and coffee. For the next hour all seven, including Sue, Hortense and Ruth, chattered away about performance tests, endurance tests, retooling machinery, and so on, while I ate sandwiches and felt like a zombi. When Kevin and I finally reached home, he remarked it had been a good party. At that point I got hysterical. I assure you my husband had no idea why. He wasn't even interested. He was still thinking about that aeronautical switch.

"After eleven years of existing in a vacuum, I think I'm entitled to start living. Let me tell you about Alex, the man I want to marry." Her brown eyes glowed and her face lighted up. "Alex isn't as smart as Kevin, for which I am thankful. He is a warm-blooded human being! Alex and I have interests in common, jokes to laugh at, a few things to talk about. No doubt we will quarrel and have our differences. It won't matter. At least I will feel alive. Kevin merely tolerates the human race. Alex and I *like* and enjoy people. We are both interested in music, in little-theater work, in community projects. In fact, we met eight months ago in a neighborhood little-theater group. We didn't intend to fall in love; it just happened. Alex is crazy about children—he has a four-year-old son himself whom he misses terribly; his wife, from whom he is legally separated, has the custody—and I know he will be good to Ellen and the twins.

"Martyr's clothes don't suit me," said Dena. "If I stay married CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

*"I've bought my last bushel basket of roses, and
I simply cannot stage a big emotional reconciliation scene."*



Camel hair and wool blended into one of the loveliest coating fabrics and matched to an equally lovely dress weight. Vogue Design No. S-4537, 12 to 40. The slim dress buttons in the back. Design No. 8422, 12 to 20.

THE COSTUME LOOK

in fabrics designed to go together

FABRICS have never been lovelier, never more co-ordinated than they are this fall. In the "dyed to match" group, you will find wonderful dress weights and fleece coatings, lightweight flannels matched to Shetland tweeds. In the co-ordinated group you will find soft muted tweed coatings with lightweight dress fabrics, flecked tweeds with jersey or velveteen to pick up the color of the predominant fleck. Our five costumes show a variety of line and many new and effective details . . . a slightly larger collar, a gently bloused back, and your choice of an easy or a slim skirt.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



Soft muted tweed coating in a slim straight coat, Vogue Design No. 8247. The dress, whose collar goes prettily over the coat, has skirt with easy fullness. No. 8416.



Black-and-white tweed accented by black velveteen in figure-flattering princess coat. Wear over velveteen sheath, top with bright hat. Vogue Junior Design No. S-3588.



Delightfully new version of the gray flannel classic. Gently bloused back is accented by button detail; skirt and jacket button down the front. Vogue Design No. 8371.



A slim flannel dress is topped by a jacket in a dyed-to-match Shetland-weave coating. Lining and collar in beige Orlon fleece for warmth. Vogue Design No. 8404.

PHOTOS BY DERUJINSKY

Other Views, Sizes and Prices are on page 116

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

© VOGUE



The big hat with the floppy brim has a new kind of flattery, by Hattie Carnegie. Worn with golden-fox scarf and yards of pearls and colored stones.



Wear a fur necklace with a wool dress or suit and ca
tweed bag. The suède afternoon pump is gold-trimmed
calfskin one is basic. Blue and amber crystals go with br

ACCESSORY TREASUR

THE TOUC





Bright red silk hat by Mr. John matches the jersey blouse
the lining of Nettie Rosenstein's black wool bolero suit br
with soutache. The pin and earrings are antiqued rhinest

Polished graphite-gray calfskin pumps and a bag to match are new touches w
red costume or with head-to-foot gray. The red suède bow pump for "at hom
about town with red or gray wools. Note: satin scarf, hand-wrought silver jew



ROGER PRIGENT

e ignon hat of tulle with a silk-and-velvet
e. y Hattie Carnegie, for dinner and theater.



The toes of your black suède slippers wear rhinestones or decorated bows. The satin belt is a fashion in blue. Suède bag, rhinestone clasp.



Rose of fashion is on your hat this fall. This velvet one by Lilly Dache is worn with the simplest black dress.

HAT GIVE YOUR WARDROBE

T HAT COUNTS

By RUTH MARY PACKARD

e ump with the easy heel is a city-and-country casual,
te d with a calfskin bag; wool-jersey gloves. Leopard
rf nd purse go with these accessories and wool costume.
ee calfskin pumps combine well with beiges.



e j et is the best-loved hat of the year. This bright angora by Hattie Carnegie
pa hed by ropes of blue beads and blending suède gloves. Worn with black dress.



BEAUTIFU

The JOURNAL has gone shopping for you. Each selection is an importa current fashion that will be as "good as ever" for many seasons. Why? B cause of their excellent fabrics, good workmanship and prevailing simpli ity. You will find these costumes in cities and towns, large shops and smal Every woman will vary them to suit her own needs. BY WILHELA CUSHMA

Fashion Editor of the Journ



In a year of tweeds, this tweed suit is a special delight for its city-and-country wearability, its great fashion and its price, $39.95. The big floppy-brimmed hat by Elizabeth Marks is high fashion, too, for only $8.95. Tweed colors are green, blue and red, misses' and petite sizes, by Vincent Draddy.

ROGER PRIGEN



This suit is a heather-blue wool jersey and you could wear it any where in the world: $49.95, by S. Augstein. Accessorize it with blend ing blues and grays, a velvet beret, $10.95, by John Frederics. Als in heather brown, aqua or gray mixtures, misses' and petite size

This dressmaker tweed suit becomes a dinner costume because of its bare-top matching camisole: $49.95, by Murray Silberstein. The satin beret is John Frederics, $10.95. The suit comes also in turquoise, avocado green, red and gray, in sizes 8 to 18 and junior sizes 7 to 15.

BUYS FOR FALL

A gay worsted-flannel suit is the most universally becoming and useful fashion that exists. This one has a fully lined jacket, is proportioned for misses' and petite (average-height) sizes, also in brown; $39.95, by Vincent Brady. Accent colors are endless. Brushed felt hat, Elizabeth Marks, $8.95.





Satin-collar dress, important one-piece fashion with the two-piece look, in bright red, blue, green or oxford gray, $12.95, sizes 8 to 18, by Henry Rosenfeld. Wear it with a knitted hat, $10.95, by John Frederics, or velvet beret or cloche, big pearls or gold jewelry.

WRITE TO US AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND THESE FASHIONS IN YOUR LOCALITY.

ALL SET FOR SEPTEMBER

A SEPTEMBER DAY—a school day, a workday. Are you with me? Well, Horace, lend me your old stub of a pencil. I'm goin' to copy a few receipts.

Western Meat Loaf

Mix in a large bowl 1 pound ground beef, ½ pound ground veal and ½ pound pork-sausage meat. Add 2 beaten eggs, 1 onion, chopped, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ cup Worcestershire sauce, ¼ cup prepared horse-radish, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 1 ripe banana, peeled and mashed, 2 cups soft bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped celery leaves, a pinch of savory and a pinch of rosemary. Mix well and shape into a loaf in a shallow baking pan. Bake, uncovered, in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes. Lay 6 strips bacon on top of loaf and bake 15 to 20 minutes longer, until bacon is crisp.

Baked Cheese Tomatoes

Select 6 medium-size firm ripe, or nearly, tomatoes. Scald, then immerse in ice water to cool, and off will slip the skin with a little help and no cutting. Cut a slice off the top and scoop out the center pulp. Turn the tomato upside down to drain. Melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add ½ cup finely minced onion. Sauté until the onion is transparent, but not brown. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Gradually add ¾ cup milk and ¾ cup light cream, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard, ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Cook until thickened. Add 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese and ¾ cup soft bread crumbs. Arrange the tomatoes in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle the inside of the tomatoes with salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes with the sauce. Sprinkle the tops with 1 cup buttered soft bread crumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 15 to 20 minutes.

Potato Croquettes

Cook 4 large or 6 medium-sized peeled potatoes in boiling salted water. Drain and rice them, or put them to the mortar-and-pestle ordeal. Anyway, get them whacked up so they wouldn't know themselves in their own back yard. There should be 3½ to 4 cups. Whip them up with 3 tablespoons hot milk or cream, and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a touch of nutmeg. Taste to see about the seasoning. Spread the potato mixture out in a shallow pan or tray. Chill the potato mixture until very cold in the refrigerator. Shape into thin finger-length croquettes, not quite as fat—but fat enough—as a chicken ditto. Roll first in fine cracker crumbs (need about 4 cups), then in 3 beaten eggs, beaten not too much, then in crumbs again. Chill until ready to fry. Fry in deep hot fat, 370° F., a minute or two, until golden brown. Drain and keep hot until ready to serve.

Zucchini with Garlic Butter

Wash and slice 1½ pounds zucchini. You know what *that* is. Dark green with light stripes—about six or eight inches long, like a lawful trout. Cook in a small amount of boiling salted water until tender. If you aren't in a hurry, steam it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

By ANN BATCHELDER



STUART-FOWLER

MENU

Western Meat Loaf
Baked Cheese Tomatoes
Potato Croquettes
Zucchini with Garlic Butter
Mixed-Vegetable Salad
Homemade Rye Bread
Chocolate Velvet with Coffee Cream
Coffee

(Planned for 6)



Someone you love lov

so *Campbell's* make 4 g

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN GUMBO

Here's downright good eating. Chicken with a Southern manner, accented with tomatoes, okra, celery and feather-light rice. Like vegetables with your chicken? Then do buy Chicken Gumbo!

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN NOODLE

Noontime, nighttime, schooltime, playtime . . . here' that everyone loves. Oodles of noodles and chunks in golden chicken broth—that's our good Chicke



hicken...

icken Soups!





CHICKEN GUMBO | CHICKEN NOODLE | CREAM OF CHICKEN | CHICKEN WITH RICE

CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF CHICKEN

l how a good soup when you sip it. This one's smooth with
country cream, blessed with tender chicken, crisp celery,
gh ully seasoned. Yes . . . it's a superbly satisfactory soup!

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN WITH RICE

It's a gentle, soothing sort of soup—tender chicken and fluffy rice, slow-simmered in a golden, good-for-you broth—a soup you'll buy for baby and for grandma and everyone in between.

EAM OF CHICKEN

CHICKEN WITH RICE

Simply wonderful—wonderfully simple . . . any time Campbell's Soup

By ANN BATCHELDER

Line a Day



JOERN GERDTS

Country road beside a flower-strewn hill.

1 Cold hors d'oeuvres will come as endlessly marching in a parade as "twinkle, twinkle little star"; and as you search out a little number when the tray comes around, you just as easily wonder "what they are." And one often overlooked is a bowl of chopped hard-cooked eggs in a sauce of ⅔ mayonnaise and ⅓ heavy cream, whipped, beaten together. Add chopped parsley, salt, pepper, grated onion and a wishful thought of fresh thyme, chopped fine. Spread on thin rye toast.

2 Another spread for crackers or toast worth reaching for: To a 3-ounce package of cream cheese add 1 tablespoon cream, 2 teaspoons bottled meat sauce, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons poppy seeds, salt and pepper to taste. Make it ahead of time so the poppy seeds have a chance to show off their flavor.

3 Brisker weather calls for bigger and better breakfasts. The youngsters have their minds on arithmetic. You can put two and two together, too, and come up with an answer to what's new for breakfast.

4 *Read on.* Try this on the Johnnies and Janes: Cook farina with bottled apple juice instead of water. Add a little sugar and butter or margarine before serving and watch the future vice-presidents go for it.

5 Two soups are sometimes better than one. In this case they are for my taste, and I hope yours. Heat together 1 can condensed tomato soup, 1 can condensed onion soup and an equal amount of water. Serve with grated cheese and toast, if it pleases you.

6 Roast leg or shoulder of lamb has always been improved in flavor by the presence of garlic, that you will agree; and I think you will agree with me, too, that this treatment of the proverbial roast lamb lifts it into the top-drawer class:

7 Crush 2 cloves garlic. Mix to thin paste with 1 teaspoon curry powder, ⅛ teaspoon ginger and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Rub into the roast, which has first been rubbed with salt. Into the oven with it to roast to a succulency.

8 To make herb butters to season fish dishes or to serve with broiled or sautéed fish, choose either one or a marriage of two pleasant leaves. For instance: parsley and basil, or thyme and marjoram. Second verse now:

9 Having ½ pound butter or margarine, softened but never melted, work into it with a fork the chopped and stemless leaves, until the taste is revealing and intriguingly satisfying. Herb butters are to a superior dish what a summer rain is to a lagging fountain.

10 Fresh or dried tarragon is the most versatile of all the herbs. Like the boy who can play most instruments in the band, tarragon can play ensemble, solo, or take any part. And give its name to a special vinegar besides. You can buy tarragon vinegar, but you can just as easily make it by adding 4 teaspoons dried or 1 cup minced, fresh tarragon to 1 quart heated cider or red-wine vinegar. Let stand 10 days. Don't overlook it and don't snub it.

11 They make this orange compote in Spain, in the orange country. Quick and easy, and as good. Peel and slice into rounds 6 large oranges of the eating kind. Place them in your best bowl. Shred the rind of 1 of the oranges (be sure all the pith is scraped off).

12 Simmer shredded rind for about 20 minutes in 1 pint water and 1 cup sugar, with a few drops of almond flavoring added at the last. Put a spoon in the bowl. Pour this sirup hot onto the bowl of the spoon, letting it flood over the oranges. Why the spoon, Katie? So your best bowl won't crack. Cool before serving. Bring on the cooky jar. Dunking is permitted. Or is it?

13 You'll be having fresh peaches and melons every way imaginable while they last, if I know you as well as I think I do. Here's a new way dreamed up for each: Melt ½ cup mint or currant jelly. Cool and fold into 1 cup sour cream. Cool and serve with sliced peaches. Don't sugar the peaches.

14 If you're melon-minded, you buy several kinds at a time. Don't get in a rut, Mabel. Not all melons are cantaloupes. Scoop a few balls from generous wedges of cantaloupe or Persian melons. Do the same with honeydew. Make a switch. Put cantaloupe balls in the honeydew pockets, and vice versa. Serve on bed of green leaves. Pretty, I say.

15 Now who would ever think that nutmeg would be good in angel cake? Well, I did; and believe me, it's right at home there. Mix 1 teaspoon nutmeg with the flour-sugar mixture before folding into the egg whites.

16 With nutmeg still on my mind, I want you to know how they serve asparagus in a swank New York restaurant. Good it is too. I can vouch for it. Serve hot asparagus, canned or frozen now, sprinkled with buttered bread crumbs and a light dusting of nutmeg.

17 When the children whoop home from school—there are still numbers who prefer mom's cooking to the school cafeteria—tempt them with this luncheon hit. Bake each of them a potato.

18 But don't stop there. Slice off top, scoop out the centers, mash with a fork, stir in 1 tablespoon milk and 1 of cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon minced onion and 1 teaspoon minced green pepper—for each potato, that is. Season with salt and pepper, and don't forget the butter or margarine—plenty of it—before refilling the shells.

19 Garnishes should please the eye, but not only. Not like passementerie on a rocker, just to be seen. They ought to be good to eat. For salads and cold meat, and for fish dishes, little jellied molds, or stuffed olives and hard-cooked eggs cut as fancy comes to you, will brighten the corners. Look elegant and are good to eat.

20 I haven't room for many dessert garnishes, but like the lace on a Victorian petticoat are such finishing touches as *marrons glacés*, bonbons, preserved and candied ginger, stuffed oranges, crystallized fruits and nuts. Don't forget them.

21 One more word about basil, sweet basil. So many times I have written its lovely name, so this is only a "remember me"—meaning your herb, not your Annie. Remember that it is a wonderful thing in a salad, and the tomato dish without its basil is as flat as a mute string on a fiddle. Don't forget it's easy to grow in pots all winter.

22 Making a salad from that leftover whitefish, or any kind of fish? It's indicated, as the M.D.'s say of their powders and pills, it's in the cards to mix some celery seed with the mayonnaise. It glorifies that everyday salad into a tour de force.

23 Jellied fruit salads abound on luncheon tables like the loose strife along the roadsides. They don't always, *but should* have some attention given to their dressings. Mayonnaise from the jar is all right, but is more right if you add a little lemon juice and some of the lemon rind for tang.

24 Some of you tell me that you're on a lose-weight campaign. With a new fall suit in mind. Always willing to give a hand, I heard about some wonderful ready-to-use low-calorie diet dressings—one an herb dressing, the other cheese. Tried and liked.

25 *A beauty of a salad:* Marinate chopped hard-cooked eggs and drained canned peas in some of the diet cheese dressing. Fill peeled chilled ripe tomato cups with the salad mixture. Dress with lettuce and you've got a whole-meal salad at little cost in calories.

26 Where there's fire and a broiler on the grill, there's liquid smoke—the latest barbecuing fandangle. Brush each broiler half with 1 teaspoon of this smoke out of a bottle. Let stand 20 minutes. Brush with butter or margarine. Broil as usual and season.

27 If you're not a chicken-in-the-rough fan—like yours with gravy—try a Southern trick. Stir 1 tablespoon peanut butter into each pint of gravy.

28 Almost the last fling for a cold-soup starter, so you might as well make it a good one. Fold chopped cooked or canned cleaned shrimp into a jellied madrilene. Top with sour cream spiked with horse-radish.

29 Remember the rainbow-ice-cream idea I gave you several months ago? Here's another build-up arrangement that goes over big and is easy to do. Spoon a layer of vanilla ice cream into a bowl. Cover with canned crushed pineapple, then a layer of orange sherbet, and top with crumbled dry macaroon crumbs. Dig deep.

30 *Answer to query:* You are quite right in trying to use truffles, Maria, but they are *not* used in such dishes as omelet, soufflé, *crème brûlée*, or fancy desserts. They are used in cheese dishes, with chicken and many other French dishes. But I'd forget the sweet things, Maria.

YOUR ANNIE.

In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced"... open to trouble:

Dryness . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness



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A member of two distinguished Philadelphia families—Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is noted for her casual elegance, her lovely complexion. She says, "The instant I finish washing my face, I reach for my Pond's Cold Cream. What a difference these quick creamings make in my skin! And every night, of course, I give my skin the thorough, *deep* Pond's Creaming."

Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin—

Some signs of skin "un-balance" show up as soon as you dry your face:

A stiff, drawn-tight feel to your skin
Flaky little roughnesses

These are the more *obvious* signs of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hour period that Nature takes to re-protect skin, much more distressing problems can take root. Tiny dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away. Outer skin "shrivels." Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

Should you *avoid* washing your face? "Of course not," say leading skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It *restores* skin elasticity. Combats dryness, flaking, and shriveling. Clears the pore-openings, and keeps skin texture fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" under make-up.



A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides this 7-second "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough clearing at night. A *deep* Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant, stubborn dirt from the pore-openings. Keeps your skin looking glowingly fresh, young, vibrant.

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KATHERINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

the weather vane. Tom, Blanchette and the three little Deyncourts were all cramped into various positions on the slippery slates as they tried to climb to the taunting figure above them. Blanchette was crying while she teetered on a window ledge.

"Elizabeth!" called Katherine sharply. "Come down from there at once!" She ran to rescue Blanchette, holding her arms up to the child, who dropped thankfully into them. "Little simpleton," scolded Katherine, kissing her. "When will you learn you *cannot* and *must* not do all Lady Elizabeth says?" She ran on from Blanchette and pulled down the Deyncourt children.

But her own Thomas turned a sulky face and said, "Let me be, lady. I shan't go to the roof, but I shall get down as I please"—which was typical of Tom at eight. Never openly disobedient, but a headstrong boy who reminded her often of his father, Hugh.

A stableboy brought a ladder and soon had Elizabeth safe on the ground—safe and defiant. "I wasn't scared, my lady."

Katherine wasted no time in dispute. Elizabeth was forever getting into pickles from which she could not extricate herself. She went off to the castle, scuffing her feet.

Katherine walked back toward the inner court, while Blanchette skipped happily beside her. *She will be prettier than I could ever be*, thought Katherine, rumpling the silky curls that were bright as new-scoured copper. The little girl's eyes were gray, too, but darker than Katherine's. How strange that Blanchette, begotten by an unloved father, should still be the dearest of all her children. Was it that Blanchette was a girl and Katherine saw there her own childhood, or was it that because of John's arrival that morning of her birth, Blanchette had seemed like his own child? No use to question the mysterious alchemy of the heart.

"Here comes Lady Philippa," announced the child.

Katherine looked up to greet this elder of her two ducal charges and felt, as so often with Philippa, a touch of exasperated pity.

"Good even, Lady Katherine," Philippa said, curtsying and speaking in her whispering little voice. "No sign yet of my lord father?"

"No," said Katherine. "Didn't you think to wear the new crimson gown he sent you?" Philippa was swathed in a dun-colored robe that spared none of her bad points, the flat chest and clumsy waist.

"I—I didn't ——" said the girl, fingering her girdle nervously. "I feel so discomfited in crimson. Will he be angry with me?"

Katherine smiled reassurance, knowing that Philippa feared her father as much as she admired him. But he would not be pleased, and she would have to protect the girl from his annoyance.

KATHERINE might have insisted that Philippa go back and change, but she hadn't the heart. The ornate red dress was even less becoming than her ordinary garb.

"You're so beautiful, Lady Katherine," said Philippa wistfully. "He's never angry with *you*."

"Ah, but he is"—Katherine laughed—"at times. One must wait until it passes; it soon does."

Philippa pulled from her reticule a square of samite, part of the altar cloth she was embroidering. She was shortsighted and, bending her long, serious face close to the gold thread, said without rancor, "Aye, for he loves you."

Katherine started. Philippa had never said anything so frank, though a girl of sixteen could be in no doubt as to the situation; still, it had been tacitly ignored.

In the beginning the lovers had been very discreet. For little John's birth, Katherine had gone to Lincolnshire. And, the exact date of Hugh's death abroad having been left uncertain, they had fostered the assumption that this was Hugh's posthumous child.

No such assumption was po
tle Harry was born. It was pla
Lady Swynford had no hush
duke, welcoming his new son,
all pretense and bestowed on
one of his territorial titles—Bea
in Champagne, long since lost
unlikely ever to prejudice the
legitimate heirs.

Katherine had been glad whe
of their relationship was no l
and relieved that at the two
where she chiefly stayed with
Kenilworth and Leicester, al
continued to treat her with obe
But there were times when son
the tough shell she had grown,
calm statement filled her with

SHE glanced at the girl, then
who had wandered off; she s
mind, Philippa?"

"Mind what, Lady Katherin
father should love you? No. F
you myself. You've been good
father put us in your charge.
moistened her thin lips, looke
Katherine, then away.

"But what, Philippa?"

" 'Tis mortal sin you live in
father!" she whispered. "I'm
you. I pray for your souls."

Katherine was silent, then s
hand and touched the girl's p
She walked across the courty
gate that led out to the mere an
where she
rected the p
flower beds
hand on the
then turned
Clear on the
came bugle
rumble of g
She starte
the entranc
herself, walk
ing heart to stand quietly, as w
to Philippa on the first step
staircase that led to the hall.

For in what does barbarism consist, if not in the failure to appreciate what is excellent? —GOETHE

Lancaster herald cantered fi
arch and saluted them. The c
jostling, shouting horsemen.
had accompanied the duke. I
Katherine noted only the cleric
robed priest, vaguely familiar,
ite, Walter Dysse.

The duke's favorite hounds
ing through the arch. They l
greeting and she patted thei
heads while she waited.

At last she saw him on
thought him comelier, more
ever. Though he was now thi
grown no heavier. His hair h
gold to sun-bleached sorrel, b
as ever; and while the squire h
John jumped down from Pal
easy grace of his youth.

He walked to the stairs while
Philippa curtsied. The duke
daughter; his eyes passed ove
a faint frown, then, resting
widened in a private signal of
look well, my lady," he said so
her hand, bore it to his lips.

"I am, now that you're here,"

"Henry," the duke called ov
"come along and pay your
Swynford!"

The duke had brought his he
nine-year-old Henry of Bolin
vored his grandfather and nan
Duke of Lancaster, rather tha
parents, yet from them he hac
from Blanche, a sweetly cou
from John, ambition and a
controlled. From them both he
consciousness of rank.

Katherine smiled as the
bowed before her. She seldom
lived at the Savoy in a separat
own retinue of squires, tutors
officers.

e mounted the grand outer stair-
hall which he had partially rebuilt.
on arrival at Kenilworth his first
be inspection of the work done
ast visit; but today Katherine saw
matter was disturbing him. She
r than to question. They would have
until late that night.
ired to the White Chamber with his
e in attendance. The guests were
ith drinking in the hall. Katherine
irs to fetch the keys which would
spice chest. In her solar she found

had come back into her service be-
John was born. Hawise's present
equal to the Pessoners' yearly in-
the fishmonger marveled at this,
his daughter had such good for-
cularly as her husband, Jack Mau-
turned neglectful of his looms and
aipse off after the Lollard preachers
back full of heretical mouthings
monks, the bishops and God's
an of rich and poor, lord and com-

ke is concerned about something, I
Katherine, gesturing for Hawise to
he bunch of keys from beside the
'Tis perhaps that the Prince of
orsening and may not live the sum-

more like 'tis this matter of Parlia-
week," said Hawise, who had been
to see her husband for Easter, and
much angry talk. "The Commons
age mood." She had checked her
ly for the hateful things he repeated
, but this she did not tell her mis-

e nodded. Inclination as well as
kept her from interest in national
was no Alice Perrers, whose greed
and money was all but wrecking
o they said. Katherine's only desire
quietly, to keep herself and her
om public scrutiny, and receive
he came as any lady would her
dded lord who must be often absent
s.

ant ignoring a great part of his life.
eant ignoring Costanza and that
of his at Hertford Castle—Cata-
nza had heard of Katherine's exist-
doubt, through Philippa Chaucer.
had appointed Katherine's sister as
waiting women to his duchess, and
a handsome annuity of ten pounds.
d been delighted and looked upon
tment as just reward for the dull
ardship at Kettlethorpe. That she
windfall to Katherine's peculiar
with the duke she accepted with
sm, though seldom alluding to it.
d judge of a bargain, Philippa con-
t the manifold benefits now enjoyed
herine's family nicely balanced off
lms. And she frequently thanked
Hugh had died so opportunely, "or
have been shackled till doomsday
umbling ha'penny husband, Kath-

's attitude had hurt Katherine; at
d felt her love cheapened by it, and
me mention of Hugh gave her dull
emorse, strangely mixed with anxi-
at was in the beginning; now, when
t of Hugh, there was nothing but a

ght when the guests had all retired,
lay waiting for her lord to come.
e was no sin, she thought stoutly, if
truehearted. A hundred romances
her this and, since no strict con-
rted her, she no longer felt the sense
other Walter Dysse, the Carmelite
ed with placid indulgence to her in-
onfessions as he did to the duke's.
ent to Mass only as an example to
n and the castle folk.
m grew chill in the April dawn be-
came. "What is it, my dear heart?"
red. "The Blessed Mother forfend
t displeased with *me?*"
—lovedy." He drew her tight against
e would not speak, lest the baffled
rage which fermented in his soul should sound like fear.

"My dearest, what *is* it?" cried Katherine again.

"Nothing, Katrine, except I shall deal with my enemies! The hellish monks and the ribauds of London Town—do you know what they think, Katrine? They think I have no loyalty to my father and my brother. They think I plot to seize the English throne. The curse of God be on the fools!"

He shut his mouth, scowling. His father and his brother—the idols of the nation, both feeble, ailing and at loggerheads. The Prince of Wales, frantic to conserve the kingdom for his son, little Richard, and to soothe the dangerous unrest of the people, had called this Parliament and caused it to be known that he would back the Commons in its attack upon the corruption around the doddering king. The prince from his sickbed looked to John for support in this. The king, too, looked with childish faith to John to spare him discomfort and uphold the divine rights of the crown. *Mediator! Scapegoat!* John thought violently. *I bow my head to obey them both, to fight for what they each demand, and hear myself called traitor for my pains.*

He breathed deeply and, turning to Katherine, kissed her. "By St. John, my love," he said in the light, tender voice he kept for her alone, "I've been tilting with a phantom. I'll cease my folly."

She understood nothing of this, except that his dark mood had passed and that in her he found comfort.

St. George's Day was a happy one at Kenilworth. The duke was his gayest, his most charming. He jousted with his knights and at night, in the Great Hall, he danced with all the ladies.

For two days and two more nights John and Katherine knew poignant joy, poignant in that it must be so brief; then on Friday morning the horses were again assembled by the keep. Lancaster herald blew a long plaintive blast of farewell. Katherine, standing on the stairs, bade them all Godspeed.

They had all mounted before the duke turned to her. She was holding out the gold stirrup cup.

"God keep you, my love," he said very low, taking the cup and drinking deep of the honeyed mead. "It'll not be long this time, I swear it by the Blessed Virgin."

She turned away and said, "Do you stop now at Hertford?" This question had been gnawing at her heart, and she had not dared voice it.

"Nay," he said gently. "I go straight to London to be ready for Parliament. You may be sure the Queen Costanza's no more eager for my company than I for hers."

She did not know whether he lied to her, out of kindness, but her heart jumped and she looked at him in gratitude. He kissed her quick and hard on the mouth, then, mounting Palamon, cantered through the arch.

On the twenty-ninth of April the king opened Parliament in the Painted Chamber at Westminster Palace. He seated himself on his canopied throne while his sons disposed themselves according to rank on a lower level. But the Prince of Wales lay on a couch. The prince was a shocking sight, swollen with dropsy as his mother had been.

King Edward held himself erect at first, but gradually he drooped and shrank into his purple robes of state. His palsied fingers slipped off the scepter.

The Duke of Lancaster sat on a throne, too, emblazoned with the castle and lion, for was he not—however far from his kingdom—the rightful ruler of Castile and León? Next sat Edmund of Langley. On the king's left his youngest son, Thomas of Woodstock, scowled at the wall. Thomas was never consulted by his father or brothers. He resented this, but bided his time in gaming and quarreling with his wealthy young wife, Eleanor de Bohun.

The morning opened with the expected speech by Knyvett, the chancellor, who droned on for three hours exhorting the Houses to grant the kingdom a new subsidy; money urgently needed, said the chancellor, for the



Why the lady's ALLERGY suddenly vanished . . .

Doctors who treat allergy frequently encounter cases that have all the elements of good detective stories.

Consider, for example, the case of the housewife who had asthma and hay fever every summer. Strangely enough, her doctor found that pollens—which usually bring on these disorders—did *not* cause her trouble. Tests showed that she was sensitive to feathers, particularly those of the sparrow.

In tracking down clues to this case, it was discovered that outside the patient's bedroom was a vine in which many sparrows nested. When the vine was cut down and the sparrows departed—so did the patient's asthma!

Allergies may be caused by an almost endless number of substances which, to the average person, are entirely harmless. The person sensitive to one or more of them may develop skin rashes, sneezing attacks, digestive disturbances and other allergic reactions.

Most allergies are mild, and only occasional attacks occur. However, people highly sensitive to such substances as feathers, pollens, or dusts may have attacks so severe and persistent that both physical and mental health are affected. Whether the allergy is mild or severe, it is important to find the cause of the trouble.

In doing so, the doctor asks many detailed questions which may quickly reveal the trouble-maker. When and where do the attacks occur? What kind of furnishings are in the home? What chemicals or medicines were used recently? Are pets kept in the house? What foods have been eaten lately?

Allergies due to an obscure cause—or more than one cause—generally require detailed diagnostic studies, including simple skin tests. These usually reveal the cause of the allergic condition. Once found, complete relief may follow simply by avoiding the offending substance.

If treatment is necessary, the doctor will prescribe in accordance with the nature of the patient's sensitivities. Generally, a series of immunizing inoculations are given. These may greatly relieve allergic symptoms in over 4 out of 5 of the cases *provided patients maintain close and continued cooperation with the doctor.*

Whenever recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, itching eyes, skin eruptions, digestive upsets, headache, or "wheezy" breathing occur, medical attention should not be delayed. For early treatment brings best results—especially for "hay fever" and other seasonal allergies.

While medical science as yet has no "cure" for allergy, this disorder can usually be controlled and distressing symptoms greatly, if not entirely, relieved.

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peace of the realm, defense against possible invasion and resumption of the war in France. As Parliament was invariably called for like reason, the speech held no surprises and those on the dais and the benches muffled yawns.

The Commons were ominously quiet. At the conclusion they asked permission to retire for consultation. The king, who had been drowsing, sat up and quavered happily, "I knew there'd be no trouble. The people love me and do my bidding." He rose. He wanted his dinner, which would be served him in a privy chamber with Alice. His two elder sons looked at each other; John walked over to his brother's couch.

"Let him go," whispered the prince. "He'll not be needed now." He fell back on the cushions, gasping. "John, I know your loyalty—whatever they say. Conciliate them—hold this kingdom together for my son!" Tears suddenly spurted down his cheeks and a convulsion shook his body.

The convulsion ebbed into one of the swoons which had afflicted the prince for months. They carried him from the Painted Chamber and took him home by barge to Kennington.

Very soon the Commons began to show its mettle. A delegate requested that certain of the lords and bishops join them in conference in the Chapter House. The duke agreed, nor was surprised that among the twelve men named were two of his bitterest enemies—his nephew-in-law, the Earl of March, and Bishop Courtenay.

The earl, still at twenty-five undersized, had never forgiven the slight Lancaster had put upon him after the Duchess Blanche's death, when he had been kept cooling his heels in the Savoy.

Courtenay was more formidable, the most powerful prelate in the country after Canterbury. The duke's well-known views on episcopal wealth and his association with Wyclif had long ago incurred Courtenay's hatred.

In the ensuing days, the Commo attack became clear. The first mine w with the election of Peter de la Ma Speaker. De la Mare was the Earl o steward. He was also a fearless yo who wasted little time in presentin the chancellor's demand for a subsi he asked, had become of the mon granted?

The people were dismayed at the corruption in high places. They w guilty parties brought to justice.

The duke said, "Indeed if this people are within their rights. Who whom you would name, and what alleged crimes?"

The smaller fry were dealt with fi toms collector; and the London r John Peachey and Richard Lyons, extortion, monopoly and fraud. T were tried, found guilty and sent to

Then the Commons went for Lor They accused him of having helped twenty thousand marks from the ki purse and of treason in Brittany.

John lost his calm and spoke ou for Latimer had been his friend, a quite probably guilty of malvers duke considered the accusation of be outrageous. It was thereupon w but Latimer was found guilty on charges, and the duke made no fur to save him.

The indictment of Lord Latimer expected, the identity of the next q not. A collective gasp rose from t benches as De la Mare called, "Lo of Raby!"

"What's this!" cried Neville, jum feet. "How dare you churls quest premier peer of the realm?"

Eighty pairs of eyes stared back fiantly. The duke hesitated, then seems that we must hear, my Lor what they would say."

The Speaker launched forth at Commons' charges of illicit commis trivial, a matter of two marks a sac wool transaction which Neville fu nied, but he could not sustain his The next accusation, that four yea had produced an insufficient numb to serve in Brittany and then allo men to conduct themselves licentio awaiting shipment, Neville conte refused to answer.

Commons, considering that th were proved, requested that he b from all his offices, and heavily fined

This is ridiculous, thought John; *insult me that they attack Nevill* tightened his jaw and held his peace. for the next accusation and was reli object of their final and most viruler Alice Perrers.

THERE was truth in what they saic that she was rapacious, venal and influence on the king; that she brit forged signatures, and helped herse funds and jewels.

John had Alice summoned to th came soberly dressed and demure hidden by a veil, her head meek which did not prevent her from cast tuous, imploring glances sideways a

He had her sentence softened ment from court, and they forced h on pain of excommunication and of all her property that she would n go near the king.

"Now," said Lord de la Pole to th the day that Commons finished de Alice, "I think we're out of this sharp-toothed De la Mare's jade there's no more bite in him."

They were interrupted by a mess rushed into the Painted Chamber a ing himself to his knees before the du out urgent words. The duke rose a hand out to still the hubbub. "Lords moners all," he said, "we must ad Princess of Wales has sent from K This time there is no hope of his rall

Edward of Woodstock, the Bla died on the eighth of June in his year. The king and the duke knelt b

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to those two he confided the care of Joan, and the nine-year-old Richard. e bishop folded the warrior's hands he still breast, John left the bedside ked into the antechamber. Princess lt beside her little son, holding him hn sank to one knee before the child. "I, John, King of Castile and León, Lancaster, do swear allegiance to hard, who art now the heir of Eng- The child's round cornflower eyes wn at his uncle's bowed head.

D turned, whispering to his mother, oes my uncle of Lancaster kneel to

se you will be King of England some- e looked at her brother-in-law, and blurred eyes were beseeching. "God ohn," she said. "Who is there but you protect us, now that my dear lord

e vowed to protect you, my sister," told her, "and Richard shall be ever me and before my own son."

lieve you," she hrist and His other guide us

OLD AND NEW

By MARGARET G. MIELKE

So long I have prayed, New-Testament-like,
"Lord bless my soul";
I am abruptly swung to pray the Old:
"My soul, bless God."

Jet planes have shown that giving out is filled
With power unguessed.
The time has come for us to praise, instead
Of being blessed.

The new has been completed.
Close the Book.
Open on Page One.
"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and praise the soul
Of His great Son."

or Katherine, the me months were d heavy with gin Kenilworth, ree days' jour- fro London, was iso ed. Messengers t h k and forth to Sa y, and Kath- e d the comfort orie etters from the e, t she did not hin arl ment sat on un- nid ly. There were m itude of duties a angements re- ant om the Prince Wa s' death. And ki was ill, had en o his bed at ver -at-Bower. The e s virtually re- t of ngland.

he months passed, K erine lived for rec ing and writing ette . At last, at the inn g of Septem- a ssenger arrived n t Savoy and bore ful ws. The duke wrote that he could not re ndon, but it would not be improper he, governess, accompanied his daugh- of he occasion of the annual obituary vice r their mother, the Duchess Blanche. dir ted that she leave her Swynford chil- n a the two Beaufort babies with their ses nce the London air was not so health- for tle ones as that of Warwickshire. Kat ine, the two ducal daughters, Hawise a ore of household servants journeyed Lo on four days later. The Duchess nch s Requiem Mass was to be held on ter er twelfth. A week at the Savoy sec a delicious haze. Taking their cue m t ir lord, the courtiers showed no rec- iti of Katherine's actual position, but re s an undercurrent of indulgent ap- val f the lovers. Except for a few of the es no were jealous of her beauty and uld ave liked to enjoy the duke's favors ms es, she was treated with respect.

t w a happy week. One day they held a *ch apêtre* in the famous gardens. On an- er orning the duke ordered out his ge All seven of them, garlanded, and can- ed h tapestries, started down the Thames De ord. The duke rode in his great barge sta with his two daughters, a half dozen nis ntlemen—and Katherine. She sat on a hic oeside the duke, and dreamily watched L don banks stream by. Above the lec ouses the church spires pierced the let y like arrows, and the music of their is rly drowned out the gay songs from m trels' barge.

r w her last day of merriment.

That evening they returned as the Savoy chapel bell rang for vespers. Katherine saw at once that some new company had arrived, but she thought nothing of so usual an occurrence, except for a pang because the arrival of important guests would postpone the hour when she and John might be alone.

Suddenly her arm was clutched and she looked down at her sister. "Philippa!" she cried, staring at the plump face beneath the white coif. "What do you here?"

"My duty, naturally!" said Philippa. "The duchess is here. To visit her wedded lord. . . . Faith, Katherine," she added, patting the girl's hand, "you're white as bleached linen. You'll have to make the best of it. Show me to your chamber. I dare say I can sleep with you?"

Katherine turned and silently led the way to her chamber, where Hawise was drowsing by the fire. Hawise and Philippa greeted each other in the offhand manner of long but tepid acquaintanceship.

"This'll not be easy for my lady," said Hawise, glancing at Katherine.

"Bah! She needn't fret." Philippa hung her mantle on a perch and bent to adjust her coif in Katherine's mirror. "The duchess hasn't come for bed sport, that I'll warrant. Since she gave birth at Ghent last winter an infirmity has gripped her in her woman's parts."

Katherine turned slowly. "Then if this is true, she will but hate me the more, as I know I would."

"What whimsey!" Philippa had no use for morbid speculations. "I dare say she never thinks of you at all. By the rood, Hawise—can you not keep your mistress' gear in better order? This coffer's like a pie's nest. Hark—there's the supper horn. You must hurry, Katherine."

"I'll not come down," she said in a muffled voice.

But to such folly Philippa would not listen. Her common sense, though devoid of imagination, was not untinged with sympathy. Katherine was here, the duchess was here, sooner or later they must meet. Best to get it over.

Katherine, hastily attired by Hawise in the splendid apricot velvet gown, accompanied Philippa to the Great Hall where the chamberlain seated each according to rank. Philippa went to the long board by the door where were fed the mass of commoners. Katherine, no longer entitled to her usual seat, since all room at the high table was pre-empted by the Castilian retinue, was put among the knights and ladies. She slid quickly into place but could not raise her eyes from her pewter trencher, staring at her untouched food. At last she raised her head and looked at the high table, at the high-backed golden chair beside the duke which had always been empty till now.

MISERY washed over her. The duchess was small and young; she was not ugly as they had said. The duchess was dressed in somber gray. Katherine could see no jewels except her crown and a long sparkling pendant at her neck, which must be the reliquary she wore always.

Katherine looked from the glossy black wings of Costanza's netted braids beneath the golden crown to the dark eyes below. Even at this distance, one could see that they were large and brilliant, and they seemed to gaze out with brooding intensity from the long narrow face, even when the little head tilted toward the duke.

Katherine, watching in anguish, saw that they spoke but seldom. His face that she knew so well in all its moods was set into the stern



mask which she passionately told herself always hid boredom. But she could not escape noting another quality she had never seen in him—deference. The duke and duchess ate from the same gilt salver, drank from the same hanap, and Katherine saw that he held back from each sip and morsel, so that Costanza might partake first, and that every motion of his body and the carriage of his head showed obeisance.

Her fingers ripped a hunk from the soft white bread and kneaded it like clay.

"You eat nothing, my lady?" said the old knight on her left. He looked at her curiously, perhaps with sympathy.

"Nay, sir. I—I have a touch of fever." She seized her winecup and drained it. The thick, heady vernage burned in her stomach.

KATHERINE sat and waited for the moment when she might be released. So deep was she in her turmoil that she paid no heed to an announcement by the herald. She caught its echo only because of the buzzing of the people around her. The duke had commanded that all those who had not previously been presented to the Queen of Castile should come up now as their names were called.

This, too, she thought—*he wishes to humiliate me*. And she steeled herself in anger. One by one lords, knights and their ladies were summoned by the chamberlain.

Then she heard "Lady Katherine Swynford." She walked stiff-kneed down the hall, her cheeks like poppies. She reached the duchess' chair and curtsied low, touching the small cold hand extended to her, but she did not kiss it. She raised her eyes as Costanza said something quick and questioning in Spanish, and she heard the duke answer, "*Sí*."

The women looked at each other. The narrow, ivory, long-lipped face was girlish and not uncomely but, seen close like this, one felt only austerity. The black eyes glittered with a chill fanatic light. Again Costanza spoke to the duke.

He leaned slightly toward Katherine, saying, "Her Grace wishes to know if you are truly devout, my Lady Swynford. Since you have the care of my daughters, she feels it essential that you neglect no religious observance."

Katherine looked at him then, and saw behind the sternness of his gaze a spark of amusement and communion. Her pain ebbed.

"I have tried not to neglect my duties toward the Ladies Philippa and Elizabeth," she said quietly.

The Castilian queen understood the sense of this. She shrugged, gave Katherine a long enigmatic look, then waved her hand in dismissal.

Katherine quitted the hall, walked slowly across the courtyard. *I wish I hadn't seen her*, she thought. *Yet he doesn't love her; I know that. It's me that he loves, and it does her no real wrong—yet. I wish I had not seen her.*

The Duchess Costanza that night announced to the duke that she wished to make pilgrimage to Canterbury at once. It was for this that she had come to London. Her father, King Pedro, in her dream had directed her to go, and also told her certain things to tell the duke.

"He reproaches you, my lord," said Costanza to John when they were alone in the state solar. "I saw my father stand beside me—groaning—bleeding from the hundred wounds that traitor made in him. His voice cried, 'Revenge! When will Lancaster avenge me?'"

"Aye," said John bitterly, "small wonder he cries out in the night. Yet twice I've tried—and failed. The stars have been set against us. I cannot conquer Castile without an army, nor raise another one so soon."

"*Por Dios*, you must try again!"

"You need not speak thus to me, lady. There's nothing beneath heaven I want more than Castile!"

"Swear it!" she cried.

"I swear it by Saint James." He made the sign of the cross. "But the time is not ripe. The country is weary of war. They must be made to see how much they need Castile. They must," he added lower, "regain their faith in me as leader."

She was not listening. "Now I shall go to Canterbury," she said more quietly. "My father commanded it. It must be that since I am in this hateful England, an English saint is needed also for our cause."

The duke inclined his head and sighed. "May God grant it, lady."

In the first years of their marriage she had not been so unpleasing. There had been moments when she showed him tenderness. Since the birth and death of the baby boy in Ghent, she had become like this, indifferent to all things but her religious practices, her strange dreams and her consuming nostalgia for Castile.

The Castilian duchess left the Savoy next morning with six of her own courtiers. She was dressed in sackcloth, her head was powdered with ashes, and she rode upon a donkey, for that was the humble beast used by our Blessed Lord.

Katherine from her chamber window watched the pilgrimage move through the gatehouse to the Strand. Her eyes shone with happy tears as she turned to her sister. "She's gone again! God be thanked she didn't stay for the Requiem Mass."

"The duchess cares for no past but her own," said Philippa dryly.

Later that morning, the Lancastrian procession to St. Paul's Cathedral was led by the duke. They were all dressed in black and all afoot. Katherine's position was between Elizabeth and Philippa, behind little Henry, who followed his father.

When our hatred is too keen, it places us beneath those we hate.
—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

As they marched across the Fleet bridge and entered the city, the Londoners made way respectfully. Many uncovered, many of the women ducked a curtsy as the duke marched slowly past. There were cries of "Lancaster" and "The Duchess Blanche, God rest her sweet soul!"

John felt a contented glow. He thought that his poor brother had been right to counsel moderation in the handling of the Commons. "The Good Parliament," the people called it now. And the sacrifice had not been too great, barring the whimperings of the old king, bereft of his Alice. The imprisoned merchants doubtless had deserved punishment, the Lords Latimer and Neville too. The new Privy Council, which Commons had appointed to the king, was harder for John to stomach. Yet here, too, magnanimity might be shown. For little Richard's sake it might be possible to conciliate and work with even such enemies as the Earl of March.

His mellow spirit deepened as he walked down St. Paul's immense nave through the choir and to the right of the high altar, where he knelt in Blanche's chantry beside her marble tomb. His retinue filed in.

THE priests in black and silver chasubles commenced the celebration of the Mass. "*Introibo ad altare Dei —— Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam ——*" The candles shimmered before John's eyes, a soft forgiving peace flowed over him, and with it a certainty that all would go well from now on. His enemies would melt away, success would come in war, in peace.

"*Requiescat in pace ——*"

The Mass was over. John felt exalted, cleansed, much as he had felt long ago during the sacred vigil before his father knighted him.

He walked down the nave. Throughout the vast church his people rose from their knees to follow. He stepped out to the porch, and stood blinking in the sunlight, not comprehending why there was a great crowd in the walled close. Again he heard "Lancaster," and threw his head up to smile at them, thinking they came to do him honor. He checked himself, seeing there was no answering warmth in the upturned faces.

"Make way—make way!" cried Lancaster herald, bustling out of the church and brandishing his baton and trumpet. "Make way for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



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Mrs. Curt Gowdy is seen selecting Avon Cosmetics with the help of Mrs. Mary E. Deverix, her Avon Representative.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

John, King of Castile, Duke of Lancaster, and for his meinie!"

The crowd did not move. From the midst of the rapidly swelling throng a voice shouted, "Fine-sounding titles! But tell us why we should make way for John o' Gaunt, a Flemish butcher's son!"

John stood rooted to the pavement. Katherine, with the ducal daughters, had come out on the porch and at first she was puzzled like the others. Then she saw whom the crowd was warily watching, like a great collective beast of prey. And the duke stood as if witchcraft had turned him to stone. Katherine instinctively moved nearer to him as the vanguard of his retinue began to trickle from the church.

"Aye," cried the taunting voice, "John o' Gaunt seems wonder-struck! He's not yet read the placard nailed on yonder door. Will ye not read the placard, m'lord? 'Tis on Paul's door behind ye. It tells strange tidings o' a noble lord what holds his head so high!"

Katherine's heart began to pound. She noted something familiar in the voice and stood on tiptoe to peer into the crowd. *'Tis Jack Maudelyn!* she thought. She glared down at Hawise's husband with some confused idea of quelling him, when Lord de la Pole rushed out of the church crying, "What's ado here? What's this mob?" He drew his sword, shouting, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster! Come forth to your lord!"

There were startled answering cries from those who were still inside the church. The great doors were flung wide. The duke's knights and squires came running out, fumbling at their sword hilts.

The crowd wavered, then as though a cork had been drawn they poured, stumbling, scrambling through the churchyard gates, and fled.

"Shall we after them, your Grace?" cried a young knight.

The duke made no answer. H moved while his retinue surrounded

De la Pole sheathed his sword. said to the knight. "'Twould not here or on this day of mourning. Th no harm ——" He faltered as he g direct look at the duke. "My lo not been wounded?"

The duke's face was gray. Kathe him crying, "My darling—why d like that? They were but silly jape called out."

He shoved her aside, and walki the church door, shut the half hi opened. On the door, dangling fr nail, hung a square of parchment. slowly:

"Know, men of England, how y wickedly deceived by one who in plots to seize our throne. The Du caster is none of royal Edward and blood, but a changeling. For ye that once in Ghent, the Queen's Gr livered of a son that a nurse overlay her lord the King, the Queen did s another infant the same age. It was son, and he whom ye now call John This secret did the Queen confess to of Winchester, on her death bed."

The duke drew his dagger from sheath. Its hilt was enameled wit and leopards, tipped with a ruby r caster. He thrust the dagger through ment and left it there.

He turned to his bewildered co face became one only his fightin seen, as his lips drew back in a ter "They shall learn whether I am Ed born son."

That night at the Savoy uneasy s hummed. In the kitchens and cell lets whispered together, and the m in their barracks. The chancery cle chapel priests buzzed as unceasingl duke's squires, or the knights and duke had gone to Havering-at-B the king. He had put off his mourn and ordered his fastest horse to be had chosen none of his men to him, nor spoken to anyone; he alone.

All through that autumn the du Havering Castle with the old ki ceived him with delight, clung t mumbled gratitude. For the duke called Alice Perrers. He sent the men-at-arms to fetch her from h banishment.

In jewels and brocades and a wh Alice flounced triumphantly out iot. She raised her thickly painted duke.

"This is different, your Grace," "from that time at Westminster w bow to Commons and send me awa then you could not mean it." H voice caressed him, she squeeze softly.

He withdrew his hand. "Dame has changed since that day and n no man—or woman."

"My lord, I'll do your biddin thing. I've some influence in my o but I—I do beg of you one boon."

He inclined his head and waited.

She breathed sharply, her gree rowed, "I crave the head of Peter I did not like the things he said lord."

The duke laughed. "The Spea Commons already lies in chains ham Castle's dungeon. I shall deci be done with him after I deal with ters. You may go now to the king."

One by one and day by day t Lancaster reversed all the measure reform Parliament had put throug marily dismissed the Privy Counci mons had appointed. The Lords I Neville were reinstated at court chants impeached by Commons w from gaol.

The old king signed whatever son gave him, much pleased that Alice and John were now in agre

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e force of the king's authority and
en behind him, and backed it with
ally powerful Lancastrian feudal-
ons had dissolved long ago. The
d scattered to their homes all over
heir Speaker was imprisoned, and
nd bishops who had given them
v attached themselves to the win-

the Earl of March and Bishop

let the bishop be, for the present.
ed little Earl of March was ordered
country on foreign service. He re-
d he resigned his marshalship and
cade himself in Ludlow Castle.
d of October, the duke attached
Wykeham, the Bishop of Win-
summoned him before the new
il on charges of graft and robbery
funds.

norning the corpulent fifty-four-
shop stood before the king, the
e members of his council, facing
h more bewilderment than anger.
nderstand, your Majesty ——" He
efense to the king, but seeing that
owned head was nodding, he
the duke. "Your Grace—these
y're outrageous! They deal with
years gone."
were *true*, my lord bishop?"
Blessed Virgin, how can I remem-
this time *how* I came by every
impossible, my lord."
your memory will sharpen if you
of the burden of your revenues and
s," said the duke. "Holy poverty
red by the clergy, I believe."
op's voice was shrill as he cried,
ce, why do you persecute *me?*
ays shown me favor before. It can-
you believe I had aught to do with
erous changeling story!"
ll said that you had this secret of
th from Queen Philippa on her
The duke spoke so softly the mem-
ouncil strained to hear.
queen confessed no such thing,
'Tis all a lie!"
now, my lord bishop. But some-
this lie. Your name was written."
Holy Trinity, it wasn't I. You must
sn't I!"
shrugged. "Yet you've admitted
ry is faulty." He glanced at his
he trial will proceed."
ded and soon ended. The Bishop
er was stripped of his rich manors
fers full of gold, though his epis-
even the duke could not touch.
's retinue swaggered and boasted
l's power. Alone of all Lancaster's
on de la Pole had reservations. He
ed them to the duke and been sent
Havering for his pains. On a
morning in his chamber at the
as gloomily letting his squire array
ting costume when his page an-
other William Appleton, and the
in.
w, brother," cried the baron, "I'm
ou. How was it at Pontefract; are
k?"
ne ago," said the Franciscan. "I've
g with my brethren at Grayfriars. I
things of his Grace."
strange!" said the baron, instantly
his duke. "He but vindicates his
ny noble knight!"
said the friar, "that no act of the
nent has been suffered to stand,
peaker is imprisoned, the Earl of
shed."

that the Bishop of Winchester is
virtually begging his bread from
or. The duke's acts are frightening

n sighed. "He no longer cares. He
revenge."
not had enough?" said the friar

hat placard. He knows not who put
wrote it. So he strikes out blindly.
e's shown forbearance. *Mind you*,
here's been no bloodshed!"

"Bloodshed!" The friar smiled faintly. "Blood is all you knights understand. But 'tis not of that I'd speak. 'Tis about that placard. I believe I know who wrote it."

"God's nails," breathed the baron, sinking back open-mouthed in his chair. "Do you indeed?"

The friar hesitated. This knowledge had not come to him through any secrets of the confessional, for if it had his lips would have been as sternly sealed as they were on another matter relating to the duke.

Shortly after his return to London he had been called to examine a sick monk at Saint Bartholomew's Benedictine priory. As he had left the priory infirmary, he had been shocked to hear drunken voices coming from the scriptorium and a bleating laugh like a goat's. He had been about to hurry past the door when the same bleating voice called out, "This one'll hang on Paul's door too. 'Tis better than the changeling ——"

Someone said "Hist!" and there was a sharp silence.

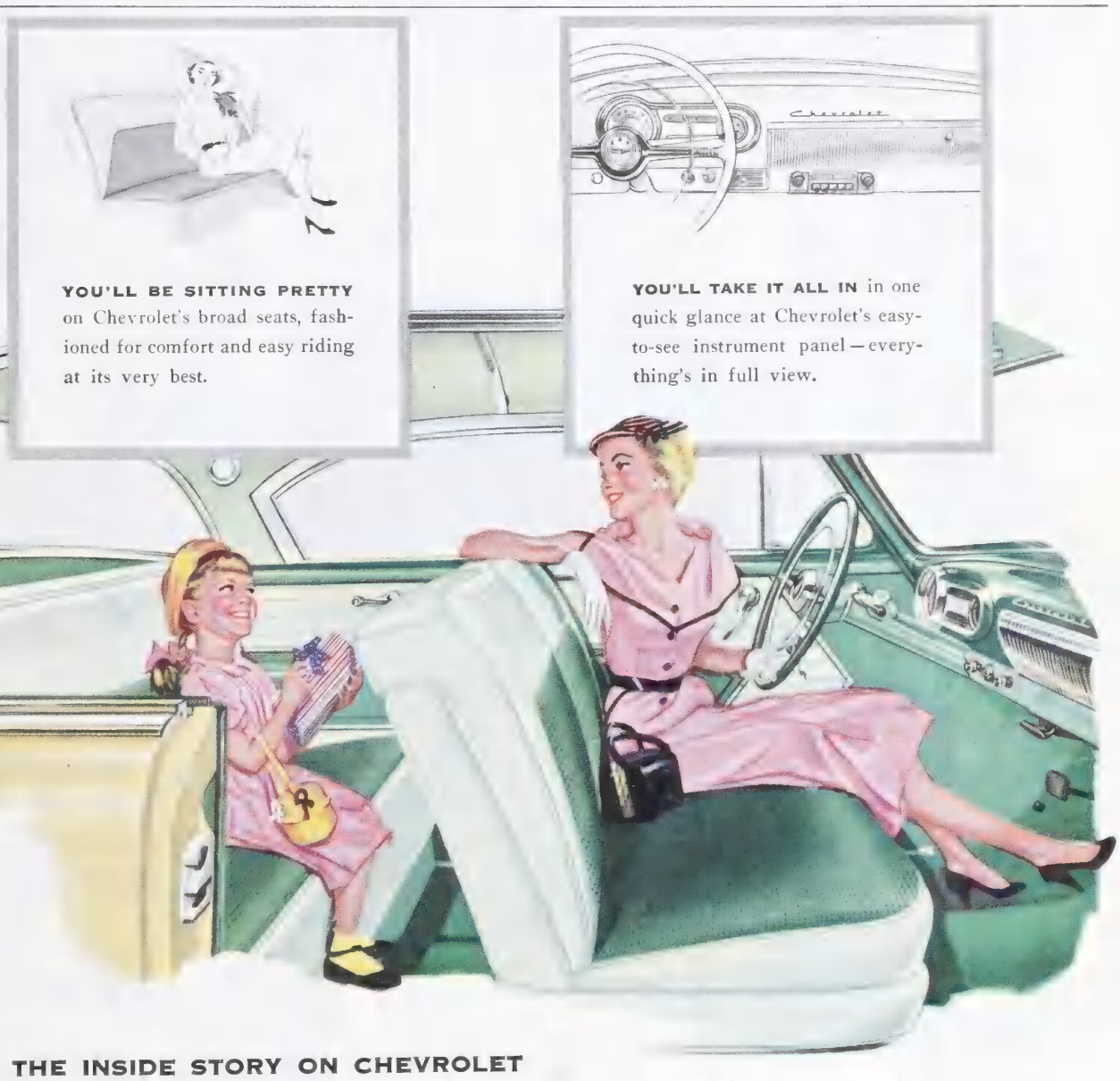
The friar walked into the scriptorium. Two black-robed monks gaped at him blankly. The third man was perched on a high stool at a desk, a quill pen in his hand, a square of parchment under it. His robes and semitonsure showed him to be a clerk. His pock-marked face instantly became bland, but his little eyes fastened on the friar with ratlike wariness.

"You make merry while you inscribe your scrolls?" said the friar pleasantly, trying to edge near enough the desk to see what the clerk had written. "You treat of merry topics, Sir Clerk?"

One of the monks in confusion said, "This clerk is none of us, he but lodges here at the priory. He has lately come from Flanders."

"Nay, I'm an Englishman," said the clerk quickly. "Johan of Norvich. I but spent a time in Flanders."

"Johan?" said the monk in surprise. "We've called you Peter ——"



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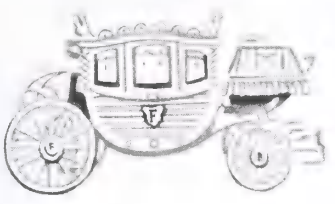
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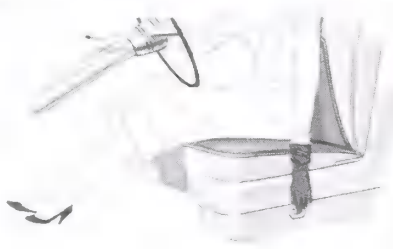
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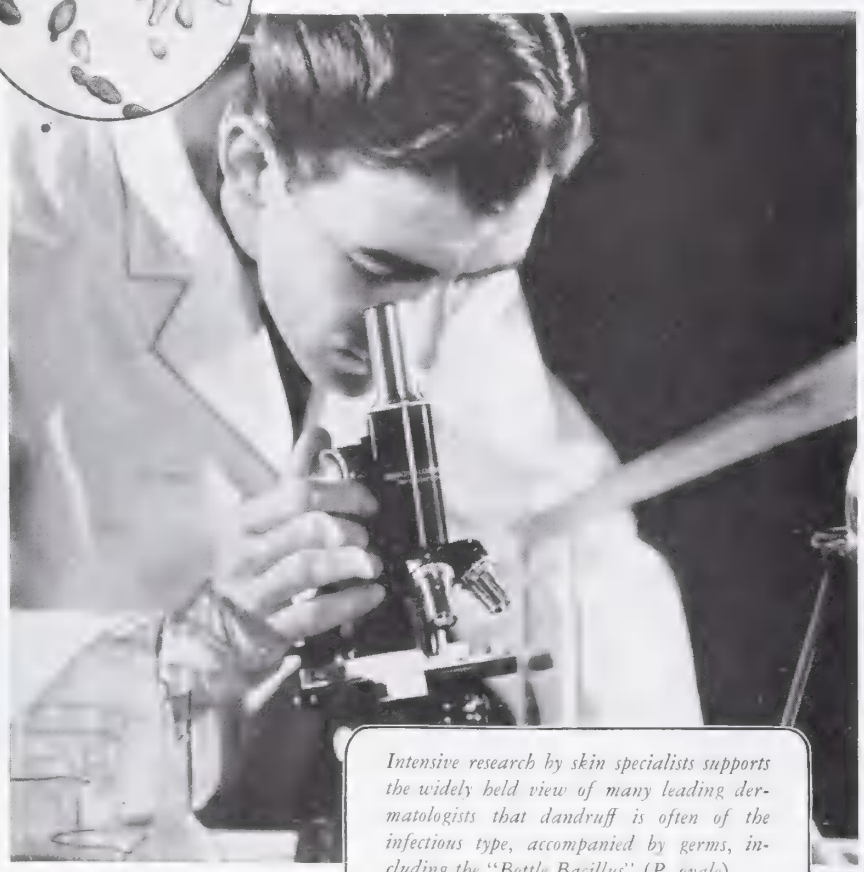
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"Johan—Peter—both." The clerk slid off his stool, and the friar with disappointment saw that the scroll was blank but for two words—"Know ye."

"Is't the custom at St. Bart's that Gray Friars haf right to nose around and question us?" said the clerk to the monks.

The Gray Friar had made some civil remark and gone, but he had been mulling this matter over in his mind ever since. He told the baron, "There's no proof. And there is much that's puzzling. Whate'er this clerk may call himself, he spoke with Flemish accent. And never have I seen malice so pure in a man's eyes. What can he have so harsh as this against the duke? But the nub of the matter is—shall I go with this tale to the duke?"

The baron pondered. "Not now. There's no proof, and the duke may be led to more blind violence. His rage is nearly slaked; 'twill die down—if nothing further happens."

Nodding thoughtfully and with relief, the friar stood up. He said, "How is't with Lady Swynford? What part has she played in all this?"

"None at all," answered the baron. "I doubt he's seen her since it started." His face softened. "Poor fair lass, she moped here at the Savoy for days and then returned to Kenilworth. Yet it seems he loves her dearly when he has a mind for love."

"A vile adulterous love," said the friar grimly, pulling up his cowl and adjusting the knotted cord at his waist. "God will scourge them for it."

Katherine kept Christmastide alone with the children at Kenilworth. The duke sent belated presents, but the accompanying note was stilted and cold, though it indicated that she should return to the Savoy for a visit with the Lady Philippa; there was an envoy coming from Luxemburg who wished to see Philippa with a view to possible marriage negotiations.

HE sent the note and the gifts by a young squire Katherine did not know. She kept rigid control of her face as she read and thought, *Dear Mother of God, he has really ceased to love me or he could not write thus. I shall not go—I'll refuse.* Even as she thought this, her heart began to deny it. His love had been buried, but it was still there despite the evil demon, or whatever the incubus was, that drove him. She must not let her pride strike back at him, since he had summoned her, no matter how coldly.

She turned to the young squire and said quietly, "Then we must make ready to leave for London. What are you named, sir?"

"Robert Beyville, my lady, but mostly I'm called Robin."

"Robin," she said with her sudden smile, thinking him well named. He had alert eyes, a curly brown head, and his tunic w rusty red. Altogether more pleasi than Raulin d'Ypres had been.

Katherine, Philippa and Robin for London on the fifteenth of Fe companied by the usual escort arms, varlets and baggage carts, w and Philippa's waiting women w into a wagon with their mistresse coffers.

Robin enlivened the way by telli ladies all that had been happening Katherine listened eagerly and le about the duke's activities than sh known.

ROBIN went on to say proudly ther was now sitting in Parliam member of the Commons. "For," laughing, "the duke has seen to Parliament shall be packed with h porters, so there'll be no trouble lik last spring."

Katherine spoke thoughtfully, " well with his Grace now? He ha enmities to fight against?"

"I wouldn't say that!" Robi "There's still the bishops!"

Philippa looked up. "Are you a Squire?" she said stiffly. It was onl of piety that Philippa dared diffe father's views.

Robin explained, "I but feel as V and our lord the duke. We've ha preachers' come to our home ir they're good honest men, lady."

"Welladay," said Katherine, uni Wyclif's preachers. "What is it b duke and the bishops?"

"They defy his Grace!" cried R Bishops' Convocation has dared t Wyclif for trial at St. Paul's on Th

Katherine could see no reason vehemence. The bishops were p course, but the duke was omnipote drew nearer to London she began with increasing anxiety what was r beloved's heart, and to suffer a vague jealousy—not of Costanza were plenty of designing ladies at

John was not aware that he ha Katherine. There were times when for her, but these emotions were ov by the obsession which had come t demonstration of power was a he yet continual imposition of his will appease the pain which drove him

This pain smoldered like a hidde breast, and sometimes at night it actual fiery lump. Alone in his grea he would roll in shameful distress his fists and struggling for each brea

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



"What happened to the old Joie de Vivre?"

1954

id you ever?

By LITTLE LULU



Di you ever fish for tissues
with your fingers full of "goo"
And get **too many** tissues – when
just **one** would really do?

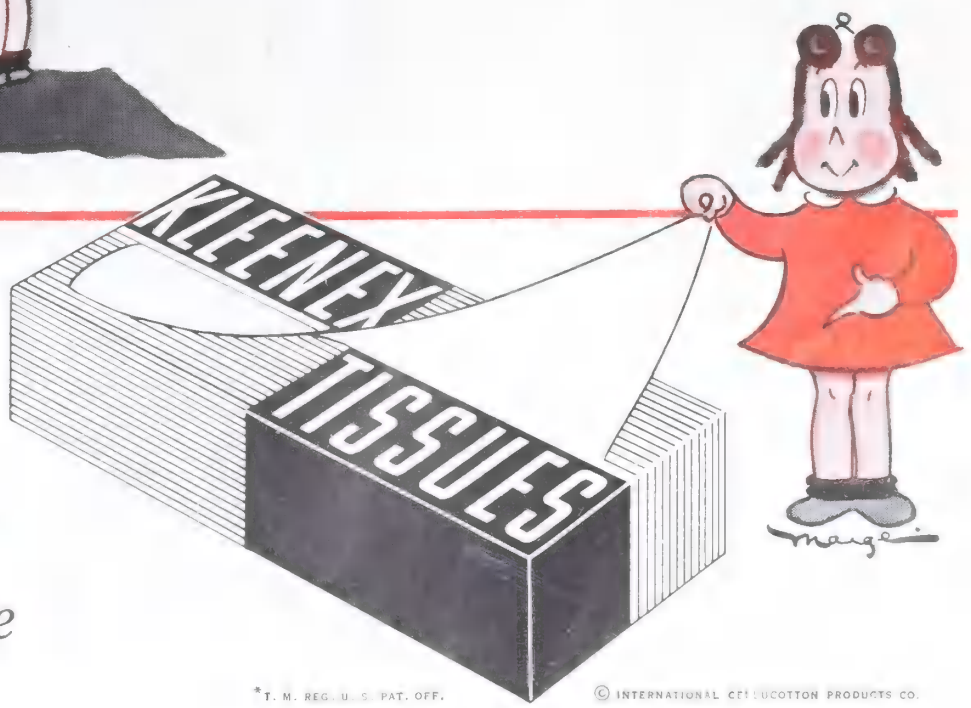


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FLORIDA Grapefruit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

last he fell back exhausted. In the mornings he would awaken with increased passion to outwit his enemies.

On Wednesday, February eighteenth, he rose after a badly troubled night and angrily shouted for his squires. Parliament would open today, and he must hurry to Westminster.

Just as he was leaving the Savoy he remembered to summon the chamberlain, and told him to prepare rooms in the Monmouth Wing for Lady Philippa and Lady Swynford. The chamberlain looked startled. The Monmouth Wing was not where Lady Swynford had lodged before; it was half the length of the Savoy from the duke. The duke caught the flicker in the man's eye, and some realization of Katherine's feelings pierced his preoccupation. But nothing on earth would induce him to let anyone see him in those humiliating nightly attacks.

He flung himself on his horse and, pursued by two of his squires, galloped along the Strand to Westminster.

After the day's session, he dined in the hall with many of the lords. Later that afternoon the duke and Lord Percy rode into the City, bound for the latter's town residence. This mansion was but a few hundred yards beyond St. Paul's, and it had been decided to use it for headquarters.

En route the duke stopped at the Savoy to pick up certain of his men and Brother William Appleton. The Franciscan was to be one of Wyclif's advocates.

A bleak wintry drizzle began to fall and the streets were nearly deserted. They entered St. Martin's Lane, and the Gray Friar suddenly saw three figures in the gloom ahead. Startled, he stood up in his stirrups. There was still light enough to recognize two black-habited monks and a third shorter man in a dark cleric's robe. The three figures paused when they saw the horsemen approaching. Brother William caught the flash of something white being thrust into the clerk's sleeve.

"My lord," cried the Gray Friar, "we must catch that man!" He kicked his mule and clattered past the astonished duke. The two monks swiveled and, hiking up their robes, pelted as fast as their legs would take them toward Aldersgate. The clerk limped frantically behind, searching for cover.

The friar overtook the hobbling figure as it was about to dart into an alley and, swooping down a long arm, collared a handful of cloth.

The duke galloped up. "What's this, Brother William?"

The friar had flung himself off his mule, and plunged his hand into the clerk's sleeve. He brought out a roll of white parchment. "This is the man, my lord, who wrote the placard on St. Paul's door."

The duke started. "Bind him," he said in a strangely quiet voice.

A SQUIRE jumped forward with a leather thong and tied the clerk's wrists behind his back.

"Take him to my inn!" cried Lord Percy. "We'll deal with him there."

The clerk was rushed down the street to Percy's gate. The duke and Percy followed. The courtyard gate closed behind them. They dragged the clerk into the house and flung him on the floor of the hall.

"We'd best flog him afore he's put in the stocks," said Percy. "What's he done, by the way?" He looked at the duke, who was standing six feet from the clerk and regarding him fixedly.

The duke held his hand toward the friar without answering, and Brother William gave over the parchment.

"Bring me a light," said the duke. A varlet ran up with a torch. The hall grew still while they watched the duke read, until he raised his head and said, "This time it seems that I—John of Gaunt—for reason of my base birth am therefore without honor, so have made secret treaty with King Charles of France to sell him all England."

The duke took the torch from th bending down, held it near to the "Let me see your face!" S reached out and yanked the clerk's his stringy throat. A jagged whi from the jaw to the Adam's apple. *is* you, Pieter Neumann," said the "You still bear the mark a boy m thirty years ago at Windsor."

"I don't know what you mean, I am Johan, Johan Prenting of N scar is from a vound I got in Fra not what is on the parchment, it wa at St. Bart's wrote it, I've done no

"He lies, my lord," interrupt William solemnly. "I myself saw on the parchment."

"He lies," said the duke. "As lied."

"We'll hang him!" cried Lord P him out to the courtyard!"

"Wait." The duke held up his h him to some privy place, put him i I would talk to him alone."

PERCY'S men hustled the clerk where there was a small dungeon. wrists and ankles were clamped in in the wooden stocks.

The duke had followed. He wat sively while the prisoner groaned Then he said, "Leave a torch in and go."

Percy's men obeyed. The duk shut the iron door, leaned against

"You suffer now, Pieter Neu said. "But you will suffer far more die, if you don't speak truth to have you bee yourself since t Windsor Castle did steal your purse and ran a

Pieter's eyes a heap of rusty fetters and he s "In Flanders."

"What broug London?"

Pieter considered quickly. He ha Flanders after stealing a gold chali abbey church, landed in Norfolk an way here, knowing there would be for his talents. He had not been dis "I longed to see England again,"

The duke's breathing quickened. has paid you to write these placar He clutched the skinny shoulder.

The clerk whimpered and twis gasped, "Courtenay."

The duke straightened up. "By said under his breath. "Would even of London stoop so low?"

"If you set me free, my lord, I another placard," whimpered Piete say that you're no changeling, tha broke off and screamed, "Ah—your nay, nay don't!" Plain in the torchl seen murder leap in the duke's eyes.

John folded his arms and le against the dripping fetid wall st you think that the king's son wou as you hung there trussed like a spit?" he asked. "Nay, 'tis not s shall die—though *how* you shall d yet decided." He opened the iron going out, banged the door behin shot the bolt.

Though I believe the moon is inhabited, I live on civil terms with those who do not.
—BERNARD DE FONTENELLE

Katherine and her companions the Savoy that afternoon. The c informed them that his Grace wo there this night; he was staying wit of Northumberland in the City.

Katherine followed the chambe Monmouth Wing with a dragging banishment to a part of the Savoy were truly a symbol of the way he be between them, why had he sum here?

Next day she sent Hawise to f and told him that she wished to trial in the cathedral and asked company her. She felt that she mu again, no matter what the circumsta

Robin assented blithely. His ey at the thought of escorting her any particularly to a spectacle which

tement. Hawise was grimly disap-

rrived early at St. Paul's, but it was mmed. The largest nave in England aul's, but it would not hold all the s who wished to see their bishop uke of Lancaster.

shoved and coaxed and threatened got Katherine nearer to the Lady hey waited a long time, and the w restless; there were stampings of mpatient whistles; then high in the l's great bell began to clang.

ne craned forward and saw William , Bishop of London, appear ma-

jestically on the choir steps. He held his crozier at arm's length, and stood like a Roman general, awaiting the homage of a conquered people.

Then she heard shouts at the great door. A stocky man in armor covered by a surcoat embroidered with blue lions waved a white staff and shouted, "Get out o' the way, you scurvy knaves."

"Who is it?" Katherine whispered.

Robin answered, "Percy, with his marshal's staff. The people won't give way for him."

The Bishop of London descended the choir steps and called out angrily, "What entrance is this you make into the house of God!"

Katherine did not hear the answer, for behind she saw John. The duke strode forward and hurried to the choir steps. She could hear nothing that was said, but she saw that he shouted something to the bishop, who shouted back. The duke plunged again among the muttering people and led forward Wyclif and four friars. The priest walked sturdily with downcast eyes and the crowd fell back, for many of them had listened to him preach and many admired him. It was not Wyclif whom they feared.

Wyclif entered the Lady Chapel and the people surged forward again. Katherine's view was blocked, but not her knowledge of what was taking place, for those in front called back to others. "The duke demands a seat for Wyclif! Our bishop will not allow it!" . . . "Now Percy shakes his fist in the bishop's face." . . . "The archbishop seems to plead and try to calm them, but no one listens." . . . "*Now* by God's body—Lancaster ——"

"Oh, what's happening?" cried Katherine in an agony, shaking Robin's shoulders.

Robin cried, "I cannot tell. Sweet lady, I must get you out from here."

A fellow in a leather jerkin called out, "The duke threatens our bishop. He's drawn his sword—Lancaster would kill ——"

"Kill—kill—kill ——" Like the repetitions of a nightmare, a thousand voices bawled the word. There was a sharp crack of wood from the Rood Screen as the mob heaved against it. The tapers rocked in their holders. A woman screamed.

"Quick!" cried Robin. "We'll try for that door." He scooped her up and, holding her tight in his left arm, edged backward to a small recessed door. He pushed Katherine through. They were in the cloisters. From there a gate led to the churchyard and through the gravestones onto Watling Street.

KATHERINE had obeyed her squire blindly, so frightened by that roaring mob that she could not think. But on the street she clutched Robin's arm and cried:

"What will happen to him? We can't leave here like this."

"No harm can befall our duke," cried Robin fiercely. "I must get you to safety—'twere madness to stay in there."

"Yes, yes," she cried. "Take me to the Pessoners in Billingsgate—'tis near. Hurry, Robin—so you may go back ——"

He nodded and they ran together until they came to the fishmonger's house on Thames Street.

"Lady Katherine!" cried Dame Emma in amazement as she opened to their frantic knocks.

"Let me stay here," panted Katherine. "Robin, run back and see—then tell me ——" She sank onto the settle and struggled to catch her breath.

Dame Emma was too wise to question yet. She went to the stillroom for a bunch of dried sage, prime remedy for nervous upsets. She crushed the herbs and poured boiling water on them. When the brew was cool enough, she brought it to Katherine and made her drink it with the same kind firmness that Hawise had inherited.

"What's ado, m'lady?" she said then. "Is't some trouble at Paul's?" she added, for her husband Guy and Jack Maudelyn had gone to see the trial.

Katherine explained quickly and Dame Emma shook her head. "I pray me goodman keeps his wits, though I've scant hope o' Hawise's Jack—sore as a bear on a chain is Jack."

Katherine did not answer. She twisted her hands together and looked continually toward the window, hoping for Robin's return. She sipped the sage brew, she wandered about the cheerful low-ceilinged room, presently she wandered to the window again. "Robin's coming!" She opened the door and flew out to the street.

They came back in together and Katherine cried to Dame Emma, "All's well with the duke! . . . Tell—tell what happened, Robin."

The young squire laughed. "When I got back, his Grace and Lord Percy had already left the church with Wyclif. With the turmoil and the shouting, the folk got confused. Then the Rood Screen tumbled down and frightened them so they rushed back into the nave. The duke and my Lord Percy simply walked out through the dean's door, mounted and rode off toward Cornhill where they are to sup with Sir John d'Ypres. Percy's squire said my lords were cool as spring water and very tickled at the breakdown of the trial."

"There's amany won't be," said Dame Emma, frowning. "God's nails, 't sounds a disgraceful brawling all around."

Katherine slept that night of the riots at the fishmonger's. She awoke when St. Magnus' bells rang for prime and hurried down to the

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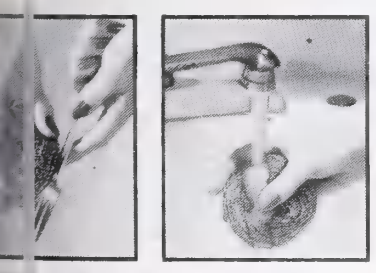
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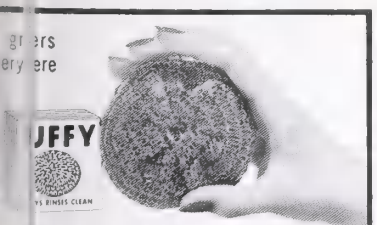


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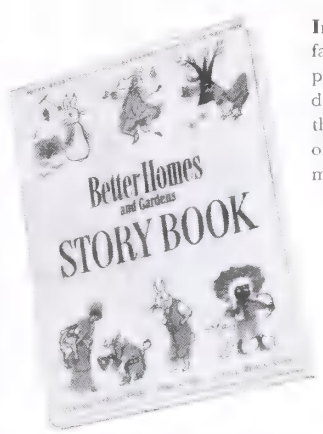
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kitchen. The Pessoners told her the latest tidings. Bishop Courtenay himself had finally berated the mob leaders. So, one by one, they had slunk off to their homes.

"I'm glad no harm came to the duke," said Guy, donning his leather apron. "'Twas a good night's work, in especial that we let loose the wrongfully held prisoner from Percy's inn. The marshal'll not try those tricks again."

"What prisoner was that?" asked Dame Emma.

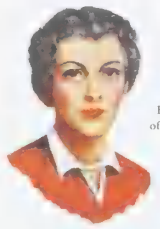
"Some fellow from Norwich. 'Twas said he was in mortal fear o' the duke. The instant he was freed, he hared it off for sanctuary in St. Paul's."

Dame Emma sighed. "Think'ee, chucklehead, that this is the end o' London's trouble? D'ye think the duke will tamely smile and thank ye for this night's work?"

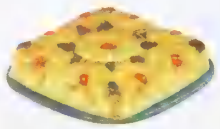
The fishmonger thrust his lip out and said stubbornly, "He should not 'a' tampered wi' our liberties. He should not 'a' set himself against the commons."

The goodwife sighed again. "Aye, commons've no friend at court these days." She bustled over to pat Katherine's shoulder. "Ye don't eat, my lady?"

"No," said Katherine, rising. "Forgive me, but I can't. I must get back to my duties at the Savoy."


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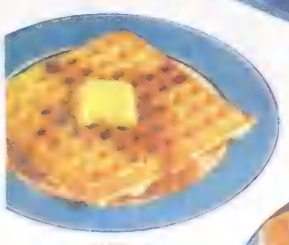

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Emma said, "Ye canna go alone. Go wi' her, Guy. She'll be safe wi' you."

The fishmonger grumbled that a load of herring awaited him at the wharf, but finally took off his apron and mounted Katherine behind him on his great bay gelding. He was a goodhearted man, and he admired Katherine's fair face, but he was increasingly convinced that Hawise's devotion to this woman was unfortunate, even dangerous.

He rode in gloomy silence until they had crossed the Fleet bridge. Then he said, "How long d'ye look to be down here, m'lady?"

"Not long," said Katherine with a cold vehemence. "I shall see to *that*, Master Guy."

"To Kenilworth, then, or Leicester?"

"No," she said, "to Lincolnshire, to my own home."

Guy twisted his fat neck around to stare at her. "Will the duke allow it?"

"I believe the duke will not hold me," she said, sitting stiff and straight on the pillion.

"Welladay!" cried Guy, thinking the riot had very properly frightened her into caution. "'Tis a sensible plan."

That afternoon, unable to rest, Katherine went into the Savoy gardens. It was chilly, the clipped yew hedges and shrouded rosebushes were drenched in gray mist, but she had flung a warm squirrel-lined cloak over the gray woolsey. Nor would she have felt the cold in any case, while she paced the deserted brick paths and thought of her decision.

She would leave here tomorrow. Back and forth she walked between the frosty yews and thought harsh practical thoughts. She would keep the wardships and annuity he had given her, for she owed it to his children. But she needed nothing more. She would be invulnerable again and alone, with this wicked unwanted love walled out of her heart.

Suddenly she looked down at the ring he had put on her finger in the ruined chapel in the Pyrenees. Betrothal ring. She stared at the round translucent sapphire—the stone of constancy.

Nay—I cannot, she said after a moment. She slipped the ring into her purse and sank down on a carved stone bench. The mists grew thicker and downstream the pale lemon light faded over London. One by one from its churches the bells clanged out for vespers.

The bells drowned the sound of approaching oars on the river until a barge appeared quite near the pier. An eager voice called out, "My Lady Swynford, is it you?"

She turned and recognized Robin's feathered cap and rusty tunic.

The youth jumped to the pier and cried, "I've been sent for you, my lady, to come to Kennington."

"No," said Katherine, unsmiling.

Robin was dismayed. "But, my lady—you are *summoned* to Kennington Palace. The Princess Joan commands in the name of Prince Richard that you shall come at once."

"Whyfor?" said Katherine. "I've never met the princess, what could she want of me? Robin, is his Grace not at Kennington too?"

"Aye, he *was*—locked into a chamber with Percy, I believe. Lady dear—I beg of you to hurry, the princess was most anxious."

SINCE there was now no queen in England, Princess Joan was sovereign lady and must be obeyed. Katherine reluctantly let Robin help her into the waiting barge. The oarsmen bent their backs and, pulling sturdily against the current, moved their craft upstream. They landed at the Kennington pier.

Robin led the way through a courtyard and upstairs to the Princess Joan's bower, where a waiting woman admitted Katherine, then left her alone.

The princess entered in a rush of pink velvet and a wave of heavy scent, crying, "Welcome, Lady Swynford." She held out a fat dimpled hand so loaded with diamonds that Katherine, as she curtsied, could scarce find space to kiss.

"I have come, madam, as you commanded," said Katherine.

"Take off your mantle and sit down, my dear," said the princess, while she settled her billowing hips into a canopied cha
something to ask of you, Lady S
'tis a delicate matter ——"

"Perhaps I may save you emba
madam, by telling you that I inter
the duke's service tomorrow," said

The princess' eyes grew round
Sainte Marie!" she cried. "Did y
asked you here to beg you to give up
Great heaven, child, it is quite the

"What!" cried Katherine sharply
you are jesting."

"Nay, listen," said Joan. "Don
me with those great angry eyes. I
need your help." The princess rose
ing to Katherine, cupped the girl's
hand and gazed down earnestly.
really love my brother of Lancaster

KATHERINE looked away, and her
"He loves *me* no longer," she said
"He's had no thought of me in mon

The princess sighed. "I believe you
she said, "and for two reasons. I li
years with his brother and in many
are like as two cockleshells. Edw
ceased to love me and come back
yet when the dark violent fits were on
She shook her head and sat down a
the other reason is this. Three wee
held a Christmas mumming he
Richard. John came, of course,
others. Late that night when we
tired I could not sleep for missin
dear lord and fearing for the fut
little son. Then I heard a strange r
State Chamber which is next to
where John slept. I opened the doo
meaning to sho
guard. Then I kn
was in the gri
frightful dream.
and panted and
out your name
Katrine!' I we
and woke him,
angry with me a
get out. We did
of it again."

To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble.
—MARK TWAIN

Katherine said with a faint sm
something to know that he think
dreams. But what is it you would h
madam?"

The princess, gripping the chai
lently, cried, "Go to him! Go to
make him stop these dreadful
planning. Christ's mercy! I think h
mad ——"

The girl got up and ran to kn
weeping princess. "Dear lady, he is
but he would never listen to me. N
told me aught of his plans ——"

The princess clutched the girl's
morning I pled with him. Richard
pled. I even summoned the old ar
John would not see him. Do you
he means to do?" She shuddered.
to muster an army, his own
Percy's from the north, to march on
Civil war! There'll be no England l

Katherine sank back upon the
heart beat heavily and her thou
confusion.

"And this gathering of an army
cried the princess. "He proposes t
violate sanctuary—to seize some p
has fled to St. Paul's, to drag hi
the altar ——"

"No!" cried Katherine in horro
rilege seemed to her the worst of
princess had said. The right of sa
God's most sacred law and to viol
damnation.

"Aye," said the princess wit
"*every* man's hand would be a
then—John will be killed and th
others with him."

"This prisoner. Who is he?"

"Some knave who did write pla
the duke." The princess spoke wi
patience. She thought this a fooli
indeed when the welfare of her sc
land was at stake.

But Katherine's intuition grew
some way the prisoner held the k
unreason.

The bower door opened and a c
in, a lad with curling flaxen hair.

cried the princess, holding out
ome to me, love. Here, Lady
e said as the child stood by her
land's hope." She looked at
pleading.
tarted from her thoughts and
ard bowed to her in a courtly
said, "Mama, my lord Uncle
—he's on the stairs."
ie!" cried the princess, jumping
not go. If he leaves here ——
n you stop him?"
whispered the girl. They went
d down to the courtyard.
n brass helmet and full armor,
iver gate shouting instructions
opped and stared as Katherine
—"
ne of his new plans that at first
lid not know her. Beneath his
face was haggard, his eyes the
he had always feared.
lord," said Katherine, looking
his face, "I wish to see you

me folly!" He jerked his mailed
ord hilt. "I'm off to the Savoy.
thering, and I've other work to

rawn off frowning. The prin-
oy stood watching by the castle

ew herself high, her chin lifted.
ait until you've talked with me.
my lord."
"
aid, unflinching, "by reason of
ne." From her purse she drew
ing. "This is the first thing I
of you, my lord."
t the ring, and then at Kath-
ed impatiently to Percy. "Go
w shortly. Now, Katrine, what
me?"
s saw that the first battle had
came forward hastily. "There's
te Chamber, my lord. You can
Swynford there. I'll send food
ou, for you've not eaten all this

ed, but he walked over to the
comment. The women followed,
cess pulled Katherine a little
help you, child," she whispered.
ntered the State Chamber and
d sharply on her. "What would
Katrine? I've little time."
gh to rest a bit, though, my lord.
alk to a man standing in full
ghtening." She gave him a gay
though her heart beat fast.
and sat down on the wide oak
t to him and quickly unhooked
is brass helmet and lifted it off

an't eat in these," she said, un-
straps that fastened his mailed
ere comes Robin with wine—
him take off the rest of your
be quickly donned again when
ve."
quire had entered with a flagon
t wine to be found in the prin-
varlet followed bearing a silver
with eel jellies, and a steaming
e gestured to Robin, for still
speak.

ing a great weariness that had
when he sat down. He had not
ghts. He suffered Robin to un-
her sections of his armor and
h his great sword. Then he took
ne Katherine brought him and

oped, it cleared his head. "What
at Kennington?" he said. "Why
t at the Savoy?"
considered quickly. Robin and
e gone and she was preparing a
She had never lied to him, nor
t she knew that she must choose
with care.
lways so easy to see you at the
d," she said. "Nor for *me* to see
late." She smiled, with no hint
nd sat down close to him on a
stool. "You look very tired; won't you eat, please? 'Tis only Lenten fare, but these oysters are well roasted."

He started to protest hotly, but instead, and to his astonishment, he said a very different thing.

"Why don't you wear the ring I gave you, Katrine?" She had dropped it back into her purse.

She answered evenly, "Because I thought that it had lost its meaning."

A quick dull flush mounted his thin cheeks. "Nay, how could you think that, lovedy! I have had matters to think of, but these matters had nought to do with women."

"Aye," she said, filling his cup, "I believe that *now*, my lord."

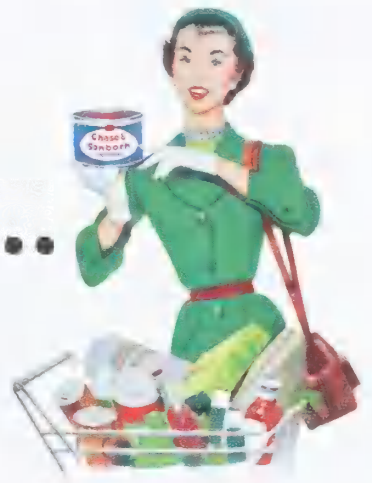
She brushed against his shoulder as she put the flagon back on the table, and he smelled the warm, flowery fragrance of her skin. His arm lifted to slip around her waist, but she moved away before he touched her and sat down again.

His arm dropped. He drank and then spooned up the oyster pasty, for he found that he was famished and this the first food in weeks that had had savor for him. While he ate, he felt a quality of rest and lessening of strain. He resented the thought that this easing came somehow from Katherine, who sat quietly gazing into the fire. He had forgotten, too, how very fair she was, nor did he wish to think of it now.

He picked up the gold-handled table knife and cut a slice from the bread loaf, pulling his mind back toward his purpose. They were massing at the Savoy—men-at-arms from his castles in Hertford and Hatfield. They'd be there now, since he had sent messengers at dawn.

Katherine saw that he had lost awareness of her and his surroundings. In his eyes, as they stared at the knife, the pupils had dilated so that there was no blue. She felt a shock of recognition. Somewhere there had been a child

Even a tiny difference in FRESHNESS...





makes a big difference in FLAVOR!

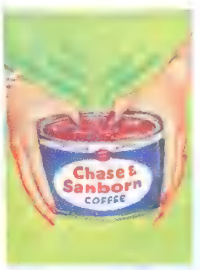


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No matter how they're packed, *most* coffees are fresh *some* of the time. But for the extra freshness that makes such a *big* flavor difference, there's only *one* coffee you can *count on* —Chase & Sanborn!

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BUY-LINES
by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

YOU'RE SURE TO SUFFER SOCIALLY if you're "faced" with complexion problems . . . so resolve right now to do something about it. And the *best* thing I can suggest is that you get this:

FREE SAMPLE of CUTICURA SOAP . . . for I promise if you use it *regularly* and *correctly* you'll have a softer, smoother skin in just 7 days! That's because CUTICURA is the *only* leading soap that's *superfatted* . . . and it's this excess of fats over alkalies plus mild medication that deep-cleanses, supplements the natural oils of the skin . . . keeps your skin *soft, smooth, supple, satiny* and *healthy!* And to be sure you are washing your face correctly, I'll also send you a FREE booklet called *"7 Days to Lovelier Skin"* . . . which shows the medically recommended way to cleanse your skin. Just check OFFER #1 in box . . . and I'll send you both.

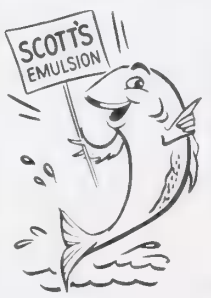


I also recommend the use of emollient CUTICURA OINTMENT at night to soften your skin and help clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples . . . and that you use "invisible", greaseless CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID under your make-up during the day. It speeds healing wonderfully!

COLOR ATTRACTS . . . so make your hair truly *attractive* by using a MARCHAND'S Rinse! That's what any beauty-wise woman *should* do . . . for MARCHAND'S makes your hair look so flower fresh . . . so a-glow with shimmering color and sparkling lights. It comes in 12 exciting *nature-matched* shades, too (including "specials" for lovely white hair!) . . . so whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead, one is certainly *made for Y-O-U!* And they're all safe, *temporary* Government-approved colors and wash out easily . . . leaving no tell-tale stains around your hair line. What's more, MARCHAND'S Rinse removes soap film and leaves your hair a darling to manage . . . while it blends in gray streaks and banishes dullness. In other words, after a MARCHAND'S Rinse your hair shines with colorful beauty . . . the kind men admire and other women envy. Yet it takes merely *minutes* after your shampoo . . . and costs just 25c for 6 Rinses. 10c for 2. At all Drug and Variety Stores.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure . . . which is why the wisest mothers I know are starting *now* to give their youngsters wonderful SCOTT'S Emulsion *every day!* You see, SCOTT'S helps build *stamina* and *real resistance* to colds and other Winter ills . . . because it's a powerful food-tonic nourishment that supplies natural A & D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil factors . . . *plus* added minerals that are often lacking in the diet! And SCOTT'S is a real *body-builder*, too . . . actually helps youngsters grow up with strong bones, healthy teeth and sturdy bodies. Furthermore, it's *4 times easier to digest* than ordinary cod liver oil . . . another reason so many doctors recommend it. So I urge you not to put off giving *your* children this important protection *before* Winter infections set in . . . for I consider it the very *best* "health insurance" you can buy! Get a bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion today . . . and "serve" it *every day!*



DON'T BLAME THE MAN OF THE HOUSE if your beautiful table lighters aren't working . . . get some RONSONOL Lighter Fuel and *fill them yourself!* You can do it easily even if you are an "all thumbs" girl . . . thanks to the revolutionary new patented "*Switch-Spout*" which the Ronson people have developed for the RONSONOL can. You simply flip and pour . . . flip! . . . it's closed! There's nothing to pierce or cut . . . no messy top to screw off and on or lose. And I can assure you that RONSONOL Fuel is the very finest quality lighter fuel made . . . for it *lights instantly, burns cleanly, lasts longer* and is pleasingly scented. It still costs only 25c . . . so if I were you I'd get two cans at a time . . . then you won't be annoyed or embarrassed by lighters that don't light. And to further insure the good behavior of your lighters, get RONSON *extra-length* flints, too . . . they're 40% *longer* than ordinary flints and give 500 *more lights!*



WANT TO BUILD HOTELS . . . own railroads . . . buy a bank? Well, you can when you play "*Monopoly*" . . . the fascinating PARKER GAME. Players make fortunes, go bankrupt and get rich quick all over again . . . as they buy and sell "real estate"! It's really one of the most exciting games I've ever played . . . so much so, in fact, that your cares and worries completely fade away in the thrill of exchanging land and utilities. That's why "*Monopoly*" is such a wonderful game for the family's at-home evenings and festive weekends . . . as well as a perfect formula for assuring the success of any party. But *all* the PARKER GAMES are marvelous . . . so I advise you to "build" a PARKER GAME shelf for yourself . . . starting with "*Monopoly*", "*Sorry*", "*Clue*" and "*Keyword*" (the best crossword board game ever!). And send for this:



PRICELESS BOOKLET . . . *"How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games"*. It's packed with tips on entertaining . . . with suggestions for special party themes and refreshments. See OFFER #2 in box.

Write Nancy Sasser, Dept. P-5, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for:

☐ OFFER 1 . . . FREE SAMPLE of CUTICURA SOAP and FREE BOOKLET *"7 Days to Lovelier Skin"*.

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who looked like that, an uncomprehending terrified child. She searched for the memory, and when it came it seemed so incongruous that she rejected it. The reminder was of her little John. Last summer he had wandered into the cow byre at Kenilworth, and a playful calf had galloped at him, knocking him down. The child had believed the calf to be a werewolf, fitting it someway into a horrible tale a serving maid had told him.

Katherine had reasoned with her boy, had made him pet the calf, and got him to laugh at his terror, yet a month afterward the child had had a nightmare from which he awoke to scream that the calf was after him with the fangs and blood-red eyes of a werewolf, and still when he saw a calf he trembled and grew white.

It were folly indeed to make comparison between the thirty-six-year-old Duke of Lancaster and a four-year-old child—and yet in both she had seen the same intrinsic shape of fear.

The duke stirred and put down the knife. "I—I must go," he said. He stood up and glanced toward his armor.

Katherine rose, too, and took his hand in hers. "Why must you go, John?" She looked up solemnly. "Is it to kill the man who is in sanctuary at St. Paul's? Is it to do sacrilegious murder that you must go?"

He snatched his hand from hers. "How do you know that?" he asked. "And if it were, what right have you to question me? Katrine, get out of my way ——" For she had backed up so that she barred the way to the armor, and the door.

Her wide gray eyes fixed on him with compassion. "Of what, my dear lord, are you so afraid?"

He gasped, and raised his hand as though to strike her.

"No, dear," she said. "To hit me'll do no good. All these months have you not been striking out, and has it eased you? You know that it hasn't. I believe that to *speak out* might ease you. I love you, John. Trust me."

He listened, looking at her and then away. "No man or woman has ever thought me a coward—and now, you, who say you love me ——"

"Dearest—you're no coward," s
"I know well how you lead yo
battle, and how you've risked
thousand times, and yet there *is*
that you fear."

The angry force drained from h
shoulders sagged, and he said i
voice, "Witchcraft . . . witchcraf
must die this night, for he has ca
monstrous spell." He made the
cross and, turning, walked to the
banquette, slumped down and rest
in his hands.

Katherine, too, crossed herself.
John and sat beside him. "Who
that you fear?" she said gently.

"Not him—I don't fear him," h
nor seemed aware that he contra
he had just said.

"What, then, is it that so troub

"Katrine, for God's sweet sake!
what they've done to me. They seek
lie and slander, they doubt my—r

"Aye," she said, hesitating, "th
terrible things to you, but it is b
are afraid—and you have made th
are the strongest, the most powe
England, my dear lord, so can
merciful?"

He looked at her strangely. "
that—when we vowed in the chap
did not keep *her* vow."

She tried to quiet her panic. "I
questioned as steadily as she coul

"Isolda Neumann—my foster m
having said it, he added, "In all
I've never spoken her name." He
the flagon and his crystal cup, pou
rich golden wine splashed on the
drank.

Katherine was amazed. She gues
was circling nearer to the answer
not question too much.

The courtyard clock had struck
ago, though he had not heard it. I
night out, and if he would but sta
wine took full effect, she might y
him to the rest he so badly needed

John spoke again. "The man yo
the one I shall kill, is Pieter Neu
was Isolda's son."

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

ONE teacher, at the beginning of a new school year, says she feels like sending parents the following note: "Thank you for giving me your child to love and teach."

A pet can be parted with much more easily before it is named, but the moment it is christened, though it be only Sweet Nose, it becomes incorporated into family affections.

PARENTAL PROBLEM NO. 1

When the ruts have been taken out of the road, the bumps out of sitting and sleeping, the coldness out of winter, the hotness out of summer, how is a modern child going to experience a few of the bruises and discomforts which are the girders of a strong character?

Exact words of a six-year-old to her mother: "I am inclined to believe that little children should sometimes be permitted to do a few of the things they would like to do."

By the time a woman can pay a fancy figure for her clothes, she doesn't always have one.

An adolescent is usually well informed about anything he doesn't have to study.

Every family needs a listener: member who, in the wee small h hears an attic window blown op cat to be let out, a comforter slip from a child.

"Under new management" may a baby has just been born.

From a sea captain's will: "If m wants to marry again that's her ness. I never did like to cruise with mate and I guess she would not li either."

Husband: the one on the right during the wedding ceremony an the right side ever after.

Young boy, asked if he ate e thing: "Well, yes—but some thin eat more slowly than others."

The man who wonders where next meal is coming from probably a wife on vacation.

As impersonal as most letters ma personal.

Whenever I try to recall that long first day at school only one me shines through: my father held hand.

herine breathed. "And he in-
ther in some way? And you,
y much, have not forgiven?"
"Yes," with a peculiar quickness.
is it." He had glanced off from
knew.
p suddenly, swayed and caught
Late," he said thickly, "must go.
ur eyes—Ka-Katrine. Gray eyes
k vows —— She said she'd never
she did—she vowed something
owed Pieter had lied ——" He
d back and forth as though to
ght, and stumbled a few steps.
ran to him and flung her arm
"Here, dear love, you must rest."
ed again, and by wedging her
ath his armpit she got him to the
rone on the coverlet.
had never seen John drunk, for
re temperate, but she had had
nce with Hugh, and she thought
er he would be very sick or sink
stupor. But she was wrong.
to speak in thick disconnected
e leaned over him and listened
art pounded with her desperate
erstand. At first she thought he
that she was there, but his eyes
e looked at her with recognition,
eech was so slow and heavy that
rcely follow the words.
he chapel at Windsor, broken
d it over and over. Isolda had
.
rling?" Katherine whispered.
betray you?"
away that night, though she
never leave me. She died," he
nter voice. "She died of plague."
struggled up on his elbow and,
Katherine's white face, said with
etness, "So perhaps she lied when
hat Pieter said at Windsor."
ter said?"
g," he muttered, and fell back
w.
up onto her knees and, crouch-
, she cried, "And you believed
ere nought but a butcher's son?
believes it now! It is for this that
ve to England—to yourself ——
me!" She took him by the shoul-
ook him. "Wake up and listen!
sh frightened child in you that
As your son believes that a play-
erewolf!"
up bewildered. The mists cleared
his mind.
d you the truth!" she cried. "Oh,
ho are most like the king of all
could you doubt your birth?"
ned his lips and drew a harsh
d not know that I doubted it—
" His hand moved gropingly and
of her skirt, then fell limp, and
d.

lept nearly the clock around.
ace bells rang for morning Mass,
knock on the door of the State
atherine opened the door and
r to her lips.
ss stood in the passage. "Is all
nispered.
so, madam," Katherine said
sleeps."
hanked," said the princess. She
old beads on her wrist, for she
way to Mass, and she kissed the
dear, if you *have* brought him
fits of mad revenge, God will
do." She went down the passage
chapel, thinking it was a black
Katherine could not have been
of Castile instead of that cold
er at Hertford Castle.
ay Katherine stayed in the State
tching over John as he slept.
ught food and drink to the door,
a little. And she thought long
out this secret thing that had so
bled him. She thought of the
r of a lie, of all evil—and she
er own children, and how she had
elf capable of guiding their lives
e glanced toward John as he lay
love for him had grown tenfold
since he had trusted her last night with a glimpse of his naked soul. Yet yesterday she had been swamped with resentful pride, even with the hatred that seemed welded like the obverse of a shield to love. What then *was* certain? What was there that would not shift and veer at the mercy of the winds of feeling?

Then she forgot her painful questions and ran to the bedside, for John stirred and said, "Katrine?"

"My lord," she whispered, bending over him.

His eyes were clear and vivid as the sky of Aquitane, and the smile he gave was one she had not seen in long. He reached up and, pulling her down, kissed her hard on the mouth. Then he sat up and said, "Sainte Marie, what a sleep I've had." He looked at the curtained windows. "Is't dark still?"

"Again!" she answered, smiling. "You've slept the day through."

"And did I then?" He scooped his tawny hair back from his forehead and stretched prodigiously. "It seems that I was drunk last night—it seems to me, too, that I babbled much nonsense." He quirked his brows and looked at her half laughing.

"You don't remember what happened?" she said softly.

"Nay—only that you were near me, and most patient. And that I love you, sweetheart. I shall prove it soon—but not in this dismal room. We must get back to the Savoy."

He got up and walked into the garderobe. She heard him whistling, and the splashing of water. "Send for food, lovedy," he called to her, "I'm famished."

Neither Katherine nor the duke ever mentioned the night at Kennington Palace, though it had an immediate effect on their relationship. His need for her deepened, he talked to her more freely about his concerns, and he kept her with him constantly. At the Savoy, her

The Best Cooks way to QUICK MEALS

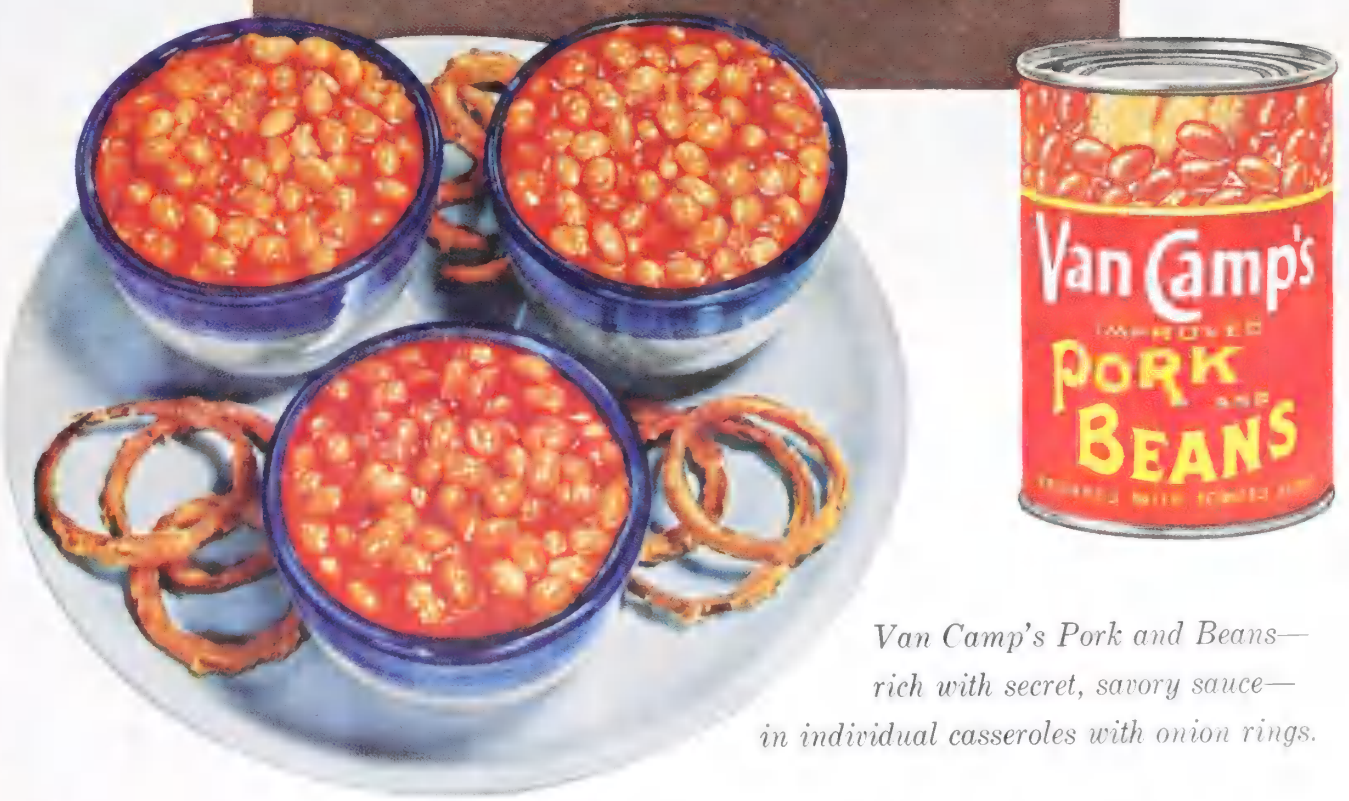
2 QUICK-TO-MAKE DISHES *made more delicious with*

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS



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Van Camp's Pork and Beans—rich with secret, savory sauce—in individual casseroles with onion rings.

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How would you rate this dipper gal?

☐ *Shy* ☐ *Fun* ☐ *Dracula's daughter*

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*... doesn't chafe!



To lengthen a stubby neck, you need—

☐ *A noose* ☐ *Careful planning* ☐ *Ubangi collars*

No use sighing for a swan-like look! To "stretch" a stubby neck takes *planning*. Mind your posture. Keep your head high, hairdo short—and choose scooped necklines: shunning scarves, strangle-bangles. Certain days, too, call for careful planning—to be sure of the right-for-you sanitary protection. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. See which size suits you exactly; gives the *complete absorbency* you *need*.

Are you in the know?



Just met—what's your chatter cue?

☐ *Take over* ☐ *Proceed with caution*

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope *he* doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can always be *confident* (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent embarrassing outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ *Romeo & Juliet* ☐ *Kotex & Kotex belts* ☐ *Moon 'n' June*

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two ... *for a change!*

lodging was changed. She was given the duchess' small solar adjacent to the State Chamber. At the high table in the hall her seat was shifted to one next the duke, and though decorum was observed by the vacancy of the duchess' place to his right, it pleased John to order made for Katherine a chair no less magnificent than his own.

These elevations naturally set many spiteful tongues to wagging, but they wagged in secret, not only for fear of the duke, but because the Princess Joan treated Lady Swynford with marked favor.

To the duke's close friends, such as Michael de la Pole, the princess did not hesitate to attribute the duke's new restraint to Katherine's influence. This, De la Pole inwardly doubted, but he was pleased to see that his lord had reverted to his normal temperament and handled the aftermath of the riots with justice.

The duke had received the frightened London deputies, and after listening to their apologies had exacted mild-enough punishment—a public penitential procession to St. Paul's—and had ordered that the unnamed instigators of the disturbance should be excommunicated. When these orders had been obeyed, he saw to it that the obnoxious parliamentary bill to curtail the City's liberties was dropped. When the people demanded a fair trial for Peter de la Mare, this was granted. In the course of some weeks the Speaker of the Commons was released and rode in triumph back to London.

Katherine was interested to hear of these various clement measures. But in the matter of Pieter Neumann's fate John would not speak to her. She ached to know what had been done with him.

She found out at last in Eastertide. The duke came to her and said, "Shall we visit the mew, sweetheart? We must see how your little merlin does."

Falconry had become a passion with Katherine, and she was as eager as the duke for her merlin to be trained, so that they might ride out to hawk in Moorfields.

Arnold, the duke's head falconer, met them at the door of the mew with the sad tidings that Oriana had some puzzling ailment. The great white northern falcon had drooped upon her perch for days, she refused raw meat.

John, instantly concerned—for his royal gyrfalcon had no peer in England—had framed a question as to her medication when he was interrupted by Brother William Appleton.

THE Gray Friar on his mule had trotted through the gatehouse and dismounted. "My lord," he said gravely, "it is done. The ship sailed from Pevensey Monday. He'll not trouble you again."

"And the Benedictine monks?"

"Have been stringently disciplined by their prior."

John sighed. "Good. You've done well, and I thank you." Turning to Katherine he said, "Wait here. I must see Oriana, but 'twill disturb the birds if you come too."

He entered the mew with Arnold. The Gray Friar made as though to leave, but Katherine cried out, "Brother William, I beg you!"

The friar paused. "What do you wish, Lady Swynford?" he said with emphasis on her surname.

She felt in his gaze some deeper meaning than the abhorrence of an ascetic friar for the sin of unhallowed love. He frightened her, but she persisted urgently. "This man of spoke to the duke, is it Pieter Neu a right to know," she added sharp

The friar said curtly, "It *was* mann, deported on a ship bound where he'll remain in exile—if he s voyage."

"But he was in sanctuary."

"And stayed there the allotted answered the friar. "All was don regard for the laws of sanctuary. I present at his hearing, and have ju the sentence of banishment was e

"God in His mercy be than Katherine. She spoke with sim more to herself than to the friar, William was softened.

HE spoke in a tone he had not since the night of Hugh's death. " he said earnestly, "rouse yourself too late. I believe you have the str

"Rouse m asked.

"Give up and this unc he told her.

"Aye, t earthly love' she said bitt threaten me fire, I suppo be so—but lieve it. I h she said, loo defiantly, " only in mys love."

He shook and looked sadness. "V foolishly, L ford. Disaste to teach y Nor do I fire, but in disaster!"

He stared the paving face half hid cowl.

"God be he muttered and walked a the chapel.

Katherine she waited f that the Brother W aroused in melted in spring suns ently she wa ward the barge house the water ga

TRUE VISION

By M. M. PARRISH

"We got Miss Meade," said
our second-grader;
"Gee, but she's pretty! Us
guys wouldn't trade her
For all the others." How soon
they begin
To exercise their masculine
Discrimination—I thought,
amused—
With deeper merits ignored,
refused.

I met Miss Meade; her face
was one
Of the plainest I'd ever looked
upon,
And a bit severe; but when she
smiled
I saw with the gaze of a
trusting child;
There was nothing stern,
nothing commanding,
But only the love and
understanding
For little lost children *she*
might have had.
Oh, the X-ray eyes of a tiny
lad!

see an arch-shaped bit of the Than sapphire beneath the blue of the rooks cawed and wheeled toward in the elms across the river. She w to the landing.

When the duke walked up behin pier she had a lapful of violets a absorbed child, was flinging them i to watch the little purple specks away while she sang in her sweet "Oh Lenten is come wi' love to to sing hey!"

He laughed and kissed the top "Moppet," he said. "Has forgot of years and many children?"

Katherine giggled and, rising, arms around John's neck. "Mar my lord, but not yet a full bevy, pered.

The duke looked startled as h meaning. "Is it so, my Katrine? darkened and he looked down iously.

"You are not pleased?" she ask

"Aye, I shall welcome it," he tol know that. But you were sorely lovedy "

"Nay, but all will go well this said quickly. "I'm a fruitful woma bear you *another* brawny *son*."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8







Your hair is romance...

ep it sunshine bright with *White Rain*

ou'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair
your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves
soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion
ampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . .
ou'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI



SPAGHETTI SAUCE with MEAT BALLS

2 pounds ground beef
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. French's Oregano
¼ tsp. French's Black Pepper
⅛ tsp. French's Garlic Powder
1 egg, beaten
2 tbs. shortening, melted
5 cups canned tomatoes
2 6-ounce cans tomato paste
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. French's Oregano
½ tsp. French's Crushed Red Pepper
2 tsp. French's Onion Powder
2 tbs. French's Pepper Flakes
¼ cup French's Parsley Flakes

Mix together first 7 ingredients. Shape into balls. Brown in shortening. Add rest of ingredients; simmer 2 hours; remove cover last hour. Serve with spaghetti and Parmesan cheese. Yield: 8 servings.

French's Flakes put a "vegetable garden" on your pantry shelf!

FRENCH'S SEASONINGS
do something wonderful
for Spaghetti Sauce!

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- French's Onion Flakes, Parsley Flakes, Celery Flakes, Sweet Pepper Flakes—and Mint Flakes, too.

FRENCH'S SPICES AND EXTRACTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

He drew her tight against him and they stood silent on the pier, watching the quiet Thames flow by.

On the twenty-first of June, the old king died. He was in the sixty-fifth year of his life and the fifty-first of his reign, and most of his subjects felt that both had lasted too long. The king died alone, except for a friar. His sons and little Richard, now the King of England, did not reach Sheen for some hours.

England mourned courteously. Edward's funeral procession and burial were conducted with doleful pomp. But everywhere eyes turned with hope to the fair boy who would be crowned on the sixteenth of July.

On the Feast of Saint Swithin, July fifteenth, Richard's procession from the Tower through the City surpassed in magnificence any civic celebration ever seen.

KATHERINE viewed the procession from a tier of wooden benches which had been erected for the accommodation of privileged ladies. The Princess Joan sat on a dais, flanked by two of her sisters-in-law, Isabella of Castile, and Eleanor de Bohun, the great heiress, Thomas of Woodstock's bride. Eleanor fussed so loudly over some matter of precedence that Katherine could hear her acid complaints from where she sat at some distance from the royal ladies, with Philippa, Elizabeth and her own Blanchette. The Swynford children had been brought down from Kenilworth for this extraordinary occasion.

The lesser earls and barons had passed by and Richard's uncles, led by the duke, appeared at the curve by Chepe Cross. In cream velvet trimmed with silver and riding a snow-white horse, John gleamed as immaculate as an archangel. His brothers, the pale Edmund and swarthy Thomas, seemed to Katherine a couple of nondescript rustics by comparison.

She had no opportunity to admire John as she wished, for as the little king approached in a blare of heralds' trumpets and the rattle of drums, the ladies surged to their feet amidst cheers of "Long live Richard!"

The ten-year-old Richard was pink and white and delicate as an apple blossom. His shoulders seemed too slight for the vast white and brilliant-studded mantle they had draped on him, albeit he sat his horse sturdily.

"By corpus, he looks like a maid," cried the irrepressible Elizabeth. "I trust he'll cease to be such a mollycoddle, now he's king!" She had scant use for Richard, who was poor at games.

"Tomorrow he will be God's anointed," said Philippa severely. "You must not speak like that of the king's Grace."

Elizabeth subsided, faintly awed.

The two Hollands came cantering up at the tail of the procession. These two young men were the Princess Joan's sons by her first husband and, beloved as Joan was, no one felt that they did her much credit, except apparently Elizabeth, who, pointing at the younger Holland, said, "There's a comely-looking man! 'Tis Jock Holland. He picked up my glove when I dropped it t'other day at Westminster. Nan Quilter," she added, "says he has more paramours than any other man in London."

"Elizabeth, you're disgusting!" cried Philippa. "Must she forever tattle servants' gossip, Lady Katherine? You must find some way to refine her tastes."

Before Katherine could speak, Elizabeth tossed her dark curls and said, "In truth, 'tis not my lady here should chide me that I speak of paramours."

Katherine felt herself go crimson and heard a little gasp from Blanchette.

"This is not the moment to discuss your rudeness, Elizabeth," Katherine said, mastering her voice with difficulty, "but I must remind you that whatever your opinions may be, your father's Grace has put you in my charge."

Philippa shook her head and said gently, "I ask pardon for my sister." Her pale eyes rested on Katherine with sorrowful affection.

"God's blood, what a fuss about nought!" cried Elizabeth. "I meant nothing." She looked up through her lashes at Katherine. "'Tis too joyous a day for long faces," she said coaxingly. "Oh, my dear lady— mayn't we buy some of those comfits beth's giddy eye had caught sight o vender.

Katherine silently drew some si her purse and gave it to the page, w after the vender. Elizabeth had beer certainly, yet bitter it was for Ka realize that she could hardly be pu stating a simple truth.

But what of Blanchette? Could know the meaning of "paramour" she gasped only because she saw tha way Elizabeth was attacking her mo

Even the duke's influence was not to procure for Katherine a good vi actual coronation ceremonies in the A pregnancy was not yet obvious. bu standing or kneeling were an ordea would have begged off from attendi that the duke wished her to be t wanted her to share with him, no m imperfectly, in this tremendously occasion.

But there was another reason b condition which had made her relu a gilt-and-velvet throne as splend Princess Joan's sat the Duchess of L holding, by right of her claim to the of Castile, a small lion-head scepter.

The duchess had arrived at the S night. In her coronation robes, a jeweled crimson and ermine, the du a handsome woman. She seemed im a dark slender majesty that domi other royal wives, even the princess peared to be an enormous mounc winkle blue surmounted by an orang hair.

Katherine's eyes filled, the peopl her wept as the glorious singing min the exultant organ and the Abbey w with beauty of sound, enclosed by t of stone.

She could see very little of what tc but in the suddenly tense, quiet ch heard a quavering boy's voice r coronation oath and when the a turned to the people and asked if th have and hold Prince Richard for t she cried joyously with the thousa voices, "Aye, we will have him!" spine tingled.

The ceremony progressed: the Ven the Litany, the Collects. Then the anointed with the holy oil and investe the ceremonial robes and the regali he was crowned and installed upon h The archbishop commenced the ment Mass, and the first of all Richa jects, the Duke of Lancaster, knelt b child to do him homage.

Richard's reign started with bright Only the most superstitious tho omened two small occurrences.

THE little boy had gone very pale Mass and homage were at last ove walked down the steps and the tra quit the Abbey. He swayed gidd stepped into the North Porch. His Sir Simon Burley, swooped the child arms and ran with him toward the h Richard still must endure the banqu Burley lifted him, one of the king's consecrated slippers flew off and n been seized by some knave in the crowd, for it was never seen again.

And at the banquet in Westmin the child complained that his he dreadfully from the weight of the cr Cousin Henry sat opposite him in hi place, since the duke and other lc riding their horses up and down t Hall, keeping order.

"Feel the thing, Henry," said pushing at his crown. "'Tis heavie iron helm."

Henry curiously reached across t to try the crown's weight, but the March intervened and snatched th from Richard. "*I* will hold it for you said the earl, "so that you may eat fort."

Henry shrugged and returned to peacock, of which he was very fond. a frightfully stately banquet, no dog

table, and nobody to talk to but
was half asleep.
y-hung gallery at the far end of
l, the Princess Joan ate with the
nd a few selected peeresses. She
n up making conversation with
duchess, who responded in
llables.
erefore thunderstruck when the
ing her huge black eyes, said
Sweenford—*es vero que* zat she
in?"
her experience, did not know
his, and her instinct was to pro-
e. She answered, "Why, I know
it, duchess." Though she did.
ave the princess a shrewd stare
er thick white lids. Beneath the
her thin shoulders sketched a
not *inquietarme* about hees . . .
he said, "*excepto* ——" She
ously searching for words. She
idly, "La Sweenford she make
He forget Castile!"
good thing, too, thought the
began to get the drift of this
as Costanza's dark glance moved down the hall and rested on Richard's little golden head. Joan had no intention of using her influence to take up the cudgels for Castile.

Costanza understood enough to realize that here was not the ally she had hoped for; a curious blankness like a mist obscured her brilliant eyes.

Poor lady, thought Joan. She was not introspective or given to moral judgments. But it did occur to her that, whether Costanza really minded or not, she was being increasingly wronged by this flagrant affair of John's with Katherine. Spurred by her ever-alert watchfulness for Richard's safety, she viewed John's liaison with sudden alarm. It would be wiser for him to be more discreet in regard to Lady Swynford. Not cast her off, of course. He could send her to one of his northern castles. There people would forget her and he could visit her in secret.

Joan decided to take up this matter tactfully in a day or so, and she had no doubt that John would see the wisdom of her advice.

(To be Continued)

TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

pot sis which is too complicated to
to plain to anyone without a medi-
grou d.
us l ve the mechanics of the process,
side what happens to these wandering
nich are usually deposited within a
ativ limited area involving the in-
nerive organs, although some may
fa as the navel. They come to rest
y co tinue to exist amid the ovaries,
ner which hold the uterus in posi-
d th region of the rectum."
the cells are so small. Why should
use trouble?"
for that these
act ated every
by e ovarian
es ven in their
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is c aracteristic
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f e ometriosis
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ct are all
su ct to this

om iosis is fairly common. It gen-
qu s a number of years to bring
ea ain and disability, and is usually
v nen above the age of thirty, al-
oc ionally in women as young as

th been the cause of my not being
pec ne pregnant?"
pr able. Sterility is the usual story in
ses
t i ne treatment I must have?"
nec sarily operative," the doctor told

ldr I have X ray or radium instead?"
d.
ou not be efficient. In the first place,
b f no use unless used in sufficient
c pletely to destroy the ovarian
, v ch we shall hope to avoid. In the second place, those adhesions require surgery. I found only one lesion of notable size, and it may be possible to remove that and the few smaller ones without going further. I know you want children. You are not yet thirty, and any competent surgeon would be conservative in dealing with such a case, even though it might mean another operation later. Should the involvement prove to be a great deal more extensive than my examination suggests, radical surgery could be indicated. It would be necessary in order to rid you of a condition that could become crippling."

"If my trouble should prove to be so extensive, Doctor, could you promise a cure by radical surgery?"

"My dear young lady, I would not *promise* a cure of *any*thing. In medicine and surgery there is nothing which can be *promised.* I will say, however, that I could come as *near* promising a cure as I could with almost any condition you might name. The continued development of endometriosis depends upon the presence of ovarian secretion. When the organs which produce this secretion are rendered inactive, the cause is eliminated and the lesions atrophy. This holds good whether the menopause is reached normally or surgically."

"And you are sure that endometriosis is what I am suffering from?"

"As nearly certain as I can be without a surgical examination. I know that you have a fixed uterus and a cyst. These in themselves require surgery if you are to have relief. What I would like is for you to leave the scope of the procedure to me to decide at the time of operation. I promise that I will exercise my utmost skill and intelligence to retain the procreative ability for you. If you feel that you can confide in me to this extent, I suggest that we proceed as soon as arrangements can be made. If you feel that you cannot, I think that you should look further for some surgeon in whom you can thus confide. Whatever you do, please do not neglect or postpone some action."

"I shall not, and I want you to go ahead."

"Very well. I think you are acting rightly."

Another article in this series by Doctor Safford will appear next month.

MODERN MIRACLE

Columbus, Nebraska

Dear Editor: After learning that Tell Me Doctor would feature the problem of being *un*sterilized, I could scarcely wait. After my second Caesarean section in 1944, my tubes were not only tied but a piece was removed from each. I had been told it would be a definite risk to have any more family. Now the mother of a daughter *and* a son, what more could I want?

The next five years were indeed years of "regret and remorse," as Doctor Safford states. My husband and I became convinced, through great faith and much prayer, that an attempt should be made to undo the previous "mutilation." With only my description of what had been done, a skilful small-town *family* doctor consented to operate, providing he would not be held responsible for success, which he doubted. The delicate surgery, by which the tubes were reinserted in new locations, took place. The joy of our doctor was second only to our own happiness when, eleven months later, an eight-pound girl was born—a modern-day miracle.

(Name withheld by request)

HOT DOG TOASTIES

8 frankfurters
8 slices sandwich bread
Melted butter
French's Prepared Mustard
Toothpicks

Pour boiling water over franks, let stand 8 minutes. Spread bread with butter and mustard. Place frank cornerwise on bread, fasten opposite corners together with toothpicks. Brush with melted butter, broil until toast is golden brown. Serve with French fried onion rings.



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FRENCH'S MUSTARD
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*City*_____ *State*_____

"When I Entertain"

Mrs. Vincent Villard

tells her philosophy of entertaining

to Nancy Crawford



The beef goulash here is filling (no need for a first course), the noodles buttered and dusted with paprika. "Salad mimosa" is topped with crumbled egg yolk for a mimosa-blossom look.

STUART



Mrs. Vincent Villard is an ingenious hostess who combines volunteer work for New York's Yorkville Youth Council and the English-Speaking Union with a busy homemaker's life. A loving cook, she also has a loving hand with flowers; here, arranges tiny rosebuds and daisies in an antique two-tiered glass centerpiece.

"IT always seems that my parties begin at least one whole day beforehand, because that's when I begin cooking, and getting into a party spirit. 'Do things ahead' is my formula, as it should be for anyone who wants to be able to concentrate her attention on her guests, and not on the casserole in the oven."

Katharine Villard—Mrs. Vincent Villard, of New York City—is a charming, quietly humorous person who feels that the most important qualities in successful party giving are friendliness, a love of good food, an attractive, comfortable home which seems to invite company, and a sincere desire that guests have a good time. "Dinner parties are the thing in our family; we like to have friends in and spend the whole evening with them." The Villards' dining room is large, with the dining table in the center, and three smaller tables placed at intervals around the walls. "Our dining table seats fourteen. Recently, at a party for fourteen to introduce a distinguished young painter friend visiting from Europe, I worked out what I call the three-table buffet system. The dining table is completely set up with linens, silver, ice water in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

For a buffet for fourteen, Mrs. Villard serves a delicious chicken-and-sausage casserole, saffron rice with crumbled chicken livers, a salad of tomatoes and greens tossed with curry French dressing.





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Now honestly, is there any excuse for you to be silver-shy another day?



A product of The International Silver Company

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

goblets. On each of the three small tables around the room, I placed one course of the meal. One table held the first course: minced oysters in individual scalloped silver shells, all on an electric warmer to keep hot, with the plates to go under them. On the second small buffet went dinner plates, a chicken-and-sausage casserole served in the dish it was baked in, a bowl of saffron rice, and a mixed green salad tossed with French dressing and a dash of curry powder. On the third table went dessert and coffee—a casserole of *crème brûlée*, nesting in cracked ice on a large platter, the coffee keeping hot in an electric pot—with dessert plates and coffee cups. In this way, the meal is completely set up ahead of time. I didn't have to make one trip back to the kitchen, once dinner had started. After each course, guests take empty plates back to the buffet table, to be removed by a helper, and go on to the next.

"For the centerpiece of the dinner table, I used a shallow crystal bowl filled with some pretty shells I picked up on the beach in South Carolina, and some lovely pieces of rose quartz, with light green leaves arranged in with them here and there. (Often, for parties, I use the same shallow bowl, float two camellia blossoms in it, surrounded by a few of the leaves. Three full-blown roses with the stems cut off, or gladiolus blossoms removed from the stalks, float prettily too.)"

With three children—a son and a daughter in college, and another daughter of school age—Mrs. Villard still finds time to keep up her active work in the English-Speaking Union: she puts up overnight a steady parade of visitors from England (recently, it's included students and part of a visiting cricket team), giving them an opportunity to get to know an American family. "We have plenty of room," she says. "Often, when I get up in the morning, I've lost track of how many faces I'll see at breakfast—it could be as many as eigh They all make their own breakfasts, their own dishes, and it works smoothly." Mrs. Villard also devotes work for the Yorkville Youth Counc operates five youth centers in crowd Manhattan.

"I'm helping them compile a c which will eventually be published, going to the council. Essentially, thou says, "I am a 'private person,' in home, family and friends take up mo time. We give a small dinner party o erage of once a week. Recently, for a d eight friends, I pushed the dining ta against one end of the room, to be buffet, and pulled two of the small si out to the center of the room. I set th tables up for dining, to seat four ea pastel green cloths and silver. For littl pieces on each table, I used a cryst plate, arranged with pieces of old sil fruit that belonged to my mother, a real tangerines and plums. Guests themselves at the buffet. The main beef goulash—simple, and filling, wit serole of buttered noodles. For salad salad mimosa, which is a party fav mine because it's so pretty—crisp greens, tossed with slightly garlicky dressing, with bright yellow crumbled sprinkled liberally over the top, like blossoms. Dessert for this meal was raspberry-and-pineapple compote (a kirsch is good, if you like the flavor), s a shallow silver vacuum ice bucket. good trick, I've found, as it keep sherbets and ice creams icy cold. Th running to the refrigerator to get desse the ice compartment at the last minu can go on the buffet table at the same the rest of the food.

"To decorate the buffet table pushe the wall, I like to arrange a small b laurel leaves in a low bowl, and wire red wax flowers here and there along th The effect is very pretty, and the wax may be used again and again. Or anoth I will take three bunches of grapes, or one red and one black, and arrange th short branches of eucalyptus leaves. very look of the grapes and leaves to wonderful.

"Hors d'oeuvres? Frankly, I don't b going to much trouble. They should good—but easy. If we are having just six for dinner, I serve hot hors d'oe little squares of pastry with a piece of cheese rolled up inside, and baked til and crisp. Or I work cooked bacon into pastry, and bake rounds of this with grated Parmesan cheese, on a sheet. If there are more than six, t d'oeuvres are always cold. For instanc set up with rounds of miniature rye bowl of sour cream and a bowl of re napkins, and bread-and-butter knives spread their own. Sometimes I make sautéing thin pieces of calves' liver till thoroughly, chopping them finely wit minced onion and enough cream to spread easily. This is good on sm bread rounds too. And all our friends love raw cauliflowerets, celery an strips with a dunking sauce made with mayonnaise, two tablespoons of hors and a tablespoon of prepared mustar

Now we'll have the recipes for M lard's party menus:

MINCED OYSTERS

Drain and chop 2 quarts oysters. In skillet melt 2 tablespoons butter garine. Add the oysters and ½ cu chopped onion. Season with 3 teaspo ¼ teaspoon pepper, dash cayenne, spoon nutmeg, 4 tablespoons lemon tablespoons Worcestershire sauce an spoons thyme. Cook slowly, stirring twice, until oysters begin to curl, minutes. Add 2 cups soft bread crum eggs, slightly beaten. Remove from h well, and spoon into individual rame a saucepan, melt ½ cup butter or ma Add 3 cups soft bread crumbs and he ing crumbs, until lightly browne ramekins with browned crumbs and

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…ven, 350° F., 25 minutes, or until …14.

…E-AND-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

…e easiest with chicken bought in …whole chickens cut into serving …st as nice. I like to allow about 2 …pieces of chicken per person, so …d need 28 parts, breasts, thighs …ust the chicken pieces in a mix…up flour, 4 teaspoons salt and ¼ …pper. Brown well in skillet con…blespoons melted butter or mar…6 tablespoons salad oil. Trans…to a 6-quart casserole. To juices …d ½ cup flour, and mix. Add grad…s canned chicken broth, stirring …h. Add a good pinch of tarragon, … crushed, and 4 cloves garlic,

…hicken in casserole add about …e onions. Add two 7-ounce cans …ocktail sausages. If you want …he sausages, sauté them in the …ppings before making the gravy. … over chicken, onions and sau…er, and bake in moderate oven, … 1 hour. At the end of this time, …l mushrooms, sliced, and bake 20 …ger, or until chicken and vege…ender. Serves 14.

SAFFRON RICE …TH CHOPPED LIVER

… a saucepan 2 cups raw rice, 4 …, ¼ teaspoon saffron, 6 table…er or margarine, 2 teaspoons salt …poon pepper. Cover and bring to … turn heat low and simmer for …inutes, without stirring, or until … liquid is absorbed. Meanwhile, …d chicken livers in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Toss rice lightly with ⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese and the sautéed chicken livers. Serves 14.

CRÈME BRÛLÉE

Scald 1 quart heavy cream in top of double boiler. While it is heating, beat 12 egg yolks until they are very light and foamy. Add to them ½ teaspoon salt and ½ cup granulated sugar and beat again until sugar is dissolved. Pour the hot cream slowly over the eggs and stir well. Return the mixture to the double boiler. Continue to cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until the mixture coats the spoon. Then remove from the heat, add 2 teaspoons vanilla and pour the custard into a shallow heatproof baking dish. If you do not have a large shallow baking dish, use two. Chill, uncovered, in the refrigerator for 5 to 6 hours or overnight.

About 15 minutes before serving, sprinkle the top of the *crème* with 2 cups light brown sugar. Place under broiler about 6″ from the heat. Broil until the sugar melts. Watch it to see that it doesn't burn. The job should be done quickly so that the *crème* remains cold. After broiling, set it in refrigerator again until crust hardens. Serve with fresh sliced peaches. Serves 14.

BEEF GOULASH

Dust 4 pounds beef chuck cut into 1″ cubes with ½ cup flour, 1 tablespoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Brown the meat in ½ cup butter or margarine in a large saucepan (5 quart). Sprinkle 3 tablespoons paprika over the meat as it browns. Add 5 cups sliced onions, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, ¼ teaspoon meat paste and 2 cups water. Cover and simmer until tender—about 2 hours. Just before serving, stir in 4 tablespoons thick commercial sour cream. Serves 8.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

…er distinctive handwriting propped …se of holly in the hall. It read:

…ot-water bottle in your bed.
…n't remove green spread as room will …tonight when you open the window. …on stove. Remove glass top from …u will find milk in silver flask inside. …go out early to photographer. Come … I am awake before you leave. Bless

MRS. A

…raph of her in a leather case to be …n inside pocket was on my bureau …e's Day with …:

…se you have an … they will know …an you are. Bye, … Thanks for the …int 'arf a bit of

To live with women may impair a man's usefulness. To live without them, on the other hand, is bound to result in his being of no use at all.

—MARMADUKE DIXEY

…mmunications, … of her letters, …ark of special … heart pierced …rrow, followed …re. Gertrude was never one to do …alves.

…s to friends and to me were only … demonstrative in tone than her …ther, to whom the sight of a tele…early as ominous as a crape on a … became accustomed to communi… Western Union beginning "DAR…ER MARY." I do not think that it …ed to Gertrude that the messages … and read by a number of strangers … reached the person to whom she …hem. She never forgot a holiday, a … an intimate anniversary of any …ing the anniversary of our making … first falling out at Northfield, and …ly the dates of all our other recon…fter major quarrels. She felt that …se merited a special greeting and …ft.

…likely ever to forget the face of the … saluted—ironically, I suspected a …er—and handed me a telegram one February morning when I was at my desk at 90 Church Street.

No Navy wife was more acutely aware of the war than Gertrude. But for all that, she was hardly the girl to let February fourteenth get by without wigwagging in my direction. What she did not realize was that all wire and radio communication with a naval headquarters, whether personal or official, is handled by a central communications office. Except for reasons of security, the message is delivered on an open-faced office form. Thus on this morning I received this message:

AHOY THERE SAILOR ON THIS DAY MANY VOWS MAY COME YOUR WAY BUT SHOULD YOU TO OTHERS STOOP I STILL WOULD LOVE YOU CAUSE YOU'RE MY OLD POOP. REMEMBER ME I'M THAT GAL YOU MARRIED. MRS. A.

And, in the appropriate place along the margin, the telegram was littered with scribbled initials—and not a few exclamation points. My valentine had been cleared through all the proper channels.

For some time I was referred to on occasions as "Lieutenant Poop."

With the United States' entry into the war, Gertrude increased her activities to include a course in first aid, regular attendance at the Red Cross workroom several times each week, and frequent appearances at the Stage Door Canteen operated by the American Theatre Wing of which she was a founder. At the first call for volunteers for civil defense, she signed up as air-raid warden and took the course, being tremendously proud of her official helmet and badge.

She kept up her work for and generous gifts to Allied War Relief. Parcels of necessities and little luxuries in the way of sweets, tea and clothing went regularly to old friends and former retainers in beleaguered England. Later, when I was sent to England on duty, she gave me a list of "people I love" to look



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"Hello, Homefolks— Have you heard the news? There's a new mix on the market—our Betty Crocker Brownie Mix. And it's just what your letters ordered—the easiest, quickest way to make the chewiest, fudgiest, good-eatingest brownies you ever tasted!

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Do buy your first box today!"

Betty Crocker



FILL UP THE COOKY JAR! EACH BOX MAKES 36 BIG FUDGY BROWNIES!

up "and see if they need anything." The list was an indication of Gertrude's wide friendships and total lack of snobbishness. It included teashop waitresses who were among her devoted fans; a marchioness, a celebrated theatrical producer, a stage-doorman, two ultrasmart Mayfair hostesses and her stepfather—Dad, as she called him.

She never felt less than kindly toward Dad. In one respect, she and Dad were alike: both refused to make a poor mouth no matter how bitter the provocation might be. For years she had supported him. Now he was old, frail and lonely. She was tormented by thoughts of his being bombed out; perhaps maimed, pinned under fallen beams in some cellar in which he might have sought refuge. But Dad survived the blitz and the buzz bombs. He died in his sleep from natural causes about one month before V-E Day.

In June, Gertrude's play closed its New York run. She was free until autumn when the company was to start on "that familiar three-thousand-mile trek." Leaving me in New York, she went up to the Cape to supervise the last touches to The Berries, which was now ready for occupancy. Whenever I could snatch forty-eight hours' leave I traveled to Dennis to be with her. Meanwhile she and Helen Mahoney, with a handy man, had their hands full of exactly the sort of work Gertrude reveled in.

How she loved a house, and especially setting one in order! Her flair for this sort of thing was amazing, considering the other facets of her temperament. Give her a room to clean and she would roll up her sleeves, tie up her head in a kerchief and get to work with pails of water, scrubbing brush, rags and polish, singing gaily as she scoured and shone everything in sight. She could clean a room quicker and more thoroughly than any three servants.

Watching Gertrude attack a job about the house—and in the course of time she tackled nearly everything from papering a room to shingling a roof—I was often reminded of her boast, made soon after our first meeting, when she spread out her strong capable hands and said they would earn a living for her, if her acting did not. It was part of her nature to loathe incompetence, ineffectuality, dilettantism in anything. She never undertook a task, however humble, that she did not give it her undivided attention and try to do it expertly. She was never less than a professional.

Early in the war she joined a home-repairs class given by the Women's Volunteer Services. Thereafter, no portion of the house's anatomy was safe from her. She could, and did, splice electric wires, take apart sockets, putty a window sash and even straddle a gable of the roof to clean out a gutter. I accused her of clogging up the kitchen sink in order to display her plumbing skill to Helen Mahoney and me. Her denial was not convincing.

She was most dangerous when she got hold of a brush and a can of paint advertised as "quick dry," but seldom coming up to the pledge. After one or two unfortunate experiences, I learned never to step into any room in the dark. I was likely to find that she had created a happy surprise for me by installing new draperies in the Harvard colors and repainting my long-suffering furniture to match. I never could tell when she would change all the furniture around and forget to inform me until after I had scraped my shins.

She was always thinking up improvements in the way of decoration and comfort. As when she had the black-and-white-tiled floor of my bathroom in the apartment covered wall to wall with red velvet carpet. This brought about a scene, and for several days after the carpet was removed she was exceedingly haughty. She made several remarks about the disadvantages of being married to a man without a taste for beauty and luxury.

SHE had a poor idea of my usefulness about the house and often shook her head over my clumsiness with tools and refusal to improve myself in that direction. In consequence she always insisted that I did not, and could not, value the work she and our various helpers did around The Berries. "Richard is simply not a homemaker," she complained in a letter to David Holtzmann. "Like most men, he thinks the flowers grow because God planted them. He thinks the house is clean because it's in the country and not in the dirty city. He thinks things get done at The Berries because we have ladders and paints and tools, and the pixies do the jobs in the night."

Needless to say, she enjoyed herself immensely. Perhaps she felt a little ashamed because she was having so much fun while I was serving my country in the stifling city, because she never failed to tell me in the course of our daily telephone calls, "Darling, I miss you calling *Gertrude!* all over the place."

The new house was not her only concern that summer. Before she left town we held a consultation in connection with the Playhouse. My Navy duties would make it impossible for me to manage it. I regretted giving it up, but I anticipated that, in any case, it would prove to be one of the casualties of the war. I had advised the trustees against operating the theater. They, however, felt that there would be a great demand for entertainment during the war, and kept it going through the summer of 1942, at a loss.

The Playhouse remained dark the next summer. During the spring of 1944 when I was in Southampton, concerned only with my duties in preparation for D day, I received a cable warning me that the Playhouse trustees could no longer hold the theater for me [illegible] about to lease it to someone else.

Nothing was further from my mi[illegible] time than a summer theater. My ar[illegible] curt: "Please don't bother me. And [illegible] trude to have nothing to do with it.

Gertrude, however, was unwilling[illegible] by and watch the Playhouse that I [illegible] up fall into other hands while I was [illegible] overseas. Threatening to pawn her [illegible] necessary, she arranged with her l[illegible] allow her to put up the money to [illegible] husband's business until his return [illegible] war.

I received the news that my instruc[illegible] been disregarded with mingled em[illegible] was proud of Gertrude's loyalty to [illegible] little overawed at her technique [illegible] what she wanted to do in the face [illegible] position.

THAT summer at Dennis, the Gertr[illegible] rence Branch of the American Thea[illegible] was organized, dedicated to the ente[illegible] of men in the coast defenses and vari[illegible] ing camps on the Cape.

She became Doctor Harriet's eager[illegible] lieutenant in all that woman's patric[illegible] prises, a warm, friendly relations[illegible] lasted through the war. Every week t[illegible] bazaars, lawn parties, clambakes, co[illegible] rallies and auctions to raise funds. It [illegible] auctions that Gertrude outshone he[illegible] merely as a bidder-in, but as auctio[illegible] always returned from these jaunts wit[illegible] of purchases which no one else w[illegible] money for. The Berries broke out in[illegible] wooden windmills, sailor weathe[illegible] braided rugs, ships in bottles, han[illegible] shells and clamshell pincushions. Bu[illegible] pointed out when I remonstrated, [illegible] cause."

For all Gertrude's numerous act[illegible] behalf of American war causes, she [illegible] stanchly loyal to England. She wa[illegible] ingly touchy over any criticism of h[illegible] land, either open or implied. She f[illegible] took violent exception to some com[illegible] read in the papers and had to be r[illegible] from dashing off a letter of explosi[illegible] to the editor. A guest who made a no[illegible] fied remark about the British part[illegible] Brussels sprouts was confronted by G[illegible] stony gaze, and the dictum, "I like[illegible] sprouts."

"But they *smell*."

"I like the smell of Brussels sprou[illegible] trude contended stanchly.

"How can you? They smell like c[illegible] protested the visitor.

"I *love* the smell of cabbage."

She might have been extolling the [illegible] of Devon violets.

At the Playhouse, Bunny was a[illegible] trude's adoring Girl Friday. My yo[illegible] in's passion for the stage showed n[illegible] abating. She was back among the ap[illegible] but minus Bounder. To her intense d[illegible] had been made prop girl, a job whi[illegible] sitated driving around to the houses [illegible] ous and long-suffering friends and p[illegible] furniture out from under them to [illegible] stage. When she was asked to doubl[illegible] sound effects during performances sh[illegible] talking gravely about her career. M[illegible] came alarmed. But her fears were gr[illegible] Bunny was no more immune to wa[illegible] mance than most of her generation.

She dashed into The Berries early [illegible] ing waving a telegram and shouting f[illegible] in Gee." She faced the dilemma of h[illegible] young lieutenant in a Midwestern [illegible] camp had been ordered to repor[illegible] Francisco for embarkation to the S[illegible] cific. Unless Bunny could manage to [illegible] in Chicago, where he expected to sp[illegible] days, the chances were that the Ja[illegible] get him before she could stake a clain[illegible]

"Oh, Cousin Gee," she wailed, [illegible] do?"

Gertrude was already thumbing [illegible] phone directory for the number of th[illegible] station.

"Do?" she demanded. "Go, of cou[illegible] we'll see if we can get you a sleepe[illegible] cago. Then we'll call your mother [illegible] Hill and ask her permission."

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ob!" Bunny's voice grew anguished. happen at the Playhouse? There props for next week to get. And telephone bell that has to be rung in the second act tonight."

y on for you," Gertrude said as call to the railroad station.

usin Gee! Would you? *Could* you?"

," Gertrude said solemnly. Seeing still looked dubious, she added, e to go through the script with me leave, and give me the cues."

ht and for six successive perform- rude took her stand in the wings lls on cue. When Bunny telephoned he had just seen her young man off t Coast and glory, and that they ed, she finished, "We wanted you rst to know, Cousin Gee, because it would never have come off."

's congratulations were cut short anxious inquiry: "How's my job?" for you," Gertrude replied. "We cided, Bunny darling, that nobody ell as you do it."

usin Gee, really?" came ecstatically ire. "Just wait till I tell Bill you

e road from The Berries stretched g—wild, sweet-scented and colorful ch moors. When Gertrude learned turesque but apparently waste land marketable and profitable crop of she was ecstatic and immediately o buy as many acres as possible. year our purchase of nine acres ted. Gertrude immediately joined al co-operative and set about win- r with cranberries. Bunny's pride inging was exceeded by Gertrude's Falmouth Enterprise spoke of her e of your front-porch growers. nes to cranberry picking, the glam- Lawrence wields a mean scoop."

e took out some of the bitterness ard the enemy in fighting the blunt- hoppers and other pests that threat- op. When I went up to the Cape leave I was welcomed by a sun- atched and mosquito-bitten wife, ight resemblance to the "Goddess" inson had called her in his review

rice glamour?" I inquired. Which l with: "Glamour is as glamour d."

uniform saved me from being in- her land army along with the two ys, the household staff and all unwarily accepted her hospitality. ne was exempt.

oltzmann's experience was typical. sooner arrived and had not yet unpacked before Gertrude presented her with a scoop and orders to join the bog party. Fanny, a child of the city, demurred: "It's not in my legal retainer."

"It's part of your duty as a citizen to help the war effort," Gertrude retorted. "Come on. The berries are ripening and must be picked."

FANNY obligingly got into the regulation costume and joined the gang, following faithfully behind Gertrude with her wooden scoop. Presently the sight of her distinguished client pausing to scratch various parts of her body, and a pricking on her own ankles and calves, gave her an unpleasant idea. She said, "There's more than cranberries in this bog of yours, Gee. There's poison ivy."

"Of course there is," Gertrude replied.

"Well, doesn't it make you itch?"

Gertrude reached an arm around her bent back and dug viciously. "Of course I itch. But is that any excuse for not doing a job that has to be done?"

"It's excuse enough for me," her lawyer said firmly. "I'm going to find a doctor and get some shots."

Gertrude disdained to argue the point and Fanny left the ranks. When Gertrude returned to the house she found an empty guest room with a note pinned conspicuously to the pillow. It read:

Dear Goddess: Being only mortal, I am leaving your poison-ivy Olympus.

Win the war with cranberries if you must. Personally I'd feel safer in the blitz.

FANNY.

Whenever Gertrude had guests for lunch it was her custom to serve Dubonnet as an *apéritif*. Mother had gradually accepted this and the serving of cocktails before dinner. When she was with us two glasses filled with tomato juice would be on the tray; one for her, the other for Gertrude, whose courtesy made her choose to drink what mother took. On one of my visits I noticed the absence of tomato juice. All the glasses on the tray were filled with liquid of the true Dubonnet hue. Mother had taken one and was sipping it with every evidence of its being no novelty.

To my interested "How come?" Gertrude informed me, "It's my own invention. Blackberry and cranberry juices mixed. Isn't the color perfect? Mother Mary feels much less conspicuous. Besides liking the flavor better than tomato."

It was not only that she felt less conspicuous, I discovered when she visited us in New York during the winter and Gertrude continued her home brewing. At one Sunday luncheon at which Aunt Alice and Uncle Jim were guests, mother took her glass from the tray with complete nonchalance.

"Why, Mollie!" her sister gasped. "What would Ed Aldrich say if he could see you?"



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Mother sipped her *apéritif* before she replied calmly, "Ed was first and foremost a businessman, Alice. He would have thoroughly approved of supporting a family industry. Didn't he always insist that all of us should wear Hood rubbers and overshoes? As long as Richard and Gertrude raise cranberries for sale, it is my duty to drink cranberry juice. And you and Jim and anyone else may think what you please."

Uncle Jim drew me aside to speak as man to man. "Something has come over your mother," he said. "When I think how severe she was with me when I told her I had been at a dinner where cocktails were served and that I took one and held it—not drinking it, of course—not to cause comment, she wanted to know what had happened to my principles. She actually preached me a sermon on the text 'Abstain from every appearance of evil.' What's become of her principles? It certainly has every appearance of evil. And what's more, it's meant to."

I told Gertrude later that Uncle Jim thought she was leading mother astray. "First it was that crimson silk shawl you gave her and then the black velvet dinner dress. Now it's drinking, or pretending to drink, cocktails. I can imagine Uncle Jim and Aunt Alice asking each other what that actress will do to Mollie next. They probably expect to find she's dyed her hair the next time they come to take her out to Sunday church."

"They are just finding out things about your mother that have been true all the time," Gertrude said. "Who told me that she always loved a bit of bright color but had never dared wear it since she became a widow? She did. That's why I got her the shawl. She doesn't want to drink, but she does want to be a part of our lives. If cranberry juice will make her feel that she is, then I'll drink it to the end of my days. Do you know what else she told me? When Uncle Jim was at Yale, his roommate, George Vincent, invited her to the Junior Prom. The family made quite a to-do about it. No girl of the family had ever done such a thing. They were willing she should go, but she must not let a young man put his arm around her waist and tempt her into the polka. She sat out all the dances because she was afraid to break the family tradition."

"You aren't planning to teach her to jitterbug?" I inquired. "I wouldn't put it past you."

"Swing isn't her style," Gertrude said, and she was not laughing. "But I was thinking, after this war is over, and you open the Playhouse again, and there are lots of young people around, and Dick and David bring their friends, we could have square dancing. She would adore watching it. It would help make up for that beastly Yale prom nearly seventy years ago."

As everyone who has served in the U.S. Navy knows, a lieutenant is very small potatoes. And a lieutenant's wife, when admitted to the company of the wives of full commanders, captains and an admiral, is expected by unwritten protocol to show herself unobtrusive, quietly respectful and as shy of the limelight as an oyster of the sun.

Would Gertrude be able to do this? I wondered. Could she forget Gertrude Lawrence the star and become merely Lieutenant Aldrich's wife, sinking into the background with the wives of my fellow officers whose coat sleeves displayed no more gold braid than my own? My worry proved needless. As a matter of record, she attended several cocktail parties with me without anyone but a few of my close friends such as John Lodge and Tom Dewart, who knew her and were on the lookout for her, being aware she was the star whose singing of "Jennie" was the delight of Broadway.

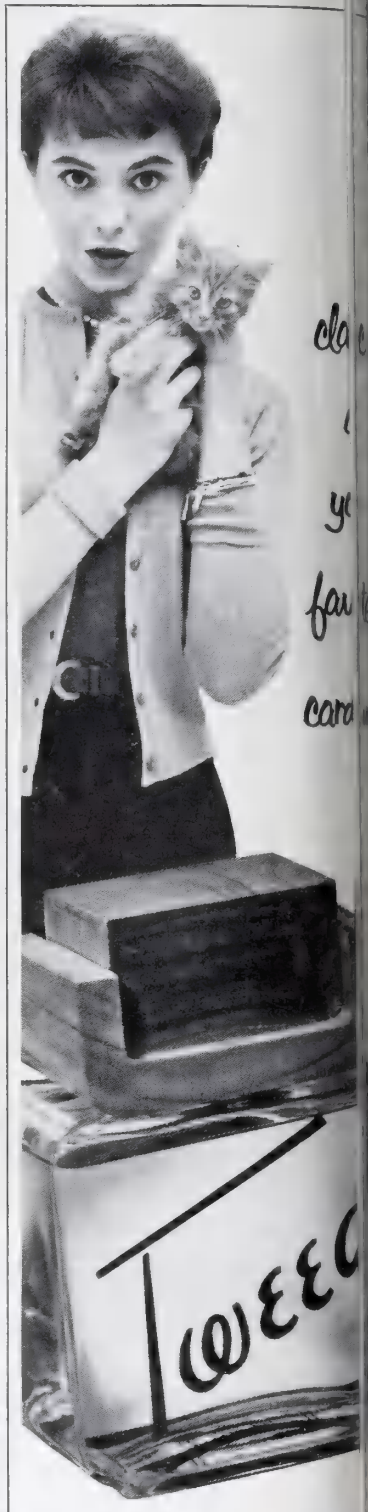
Eventually, of course, her identity became known, but this was not Gertrude's doing. She had set herself to play the role of little wife and she played it consistently and, I think, with considerable enjoyment. We both realized that the era of incognita was up when we were invited to the admiral's party, an honor above my rank. The Old Man was exceedingly gallant to Gertrude even to the point of adding to his compliments on her acting a commendation of me as an officer.

"Oh, but Admiral," I heard my wife exclaim, in the tone that wooed and won thousands of fans, "Richard doesn't want to spe
at a desk job at Ninety Church Str
proud to have a husband who lo
duty."

She conveyed the idea that I was
Nelson champing to lose first an ar
life on the bloody quarter-deck. Se
in the course of the party I caught t
eying me speculatively as if conside
ticularly hazardous spot to put me

"What are you trying to do?" I
of Gertrude when I got her alone
the world's most glamorous widow

She chose to be offended at what
my levity and a shocking want of



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me spirit, she wrote me from
fter V-E Day that the struggle
g won, I should pull strings to
t to the Pacific, where the heat,
and the malaria would be "an
erience" and where I would
se so many of your friends are

been purely coincidence, but
r remark to Admiral Andrews,
detached from the work I had
0 Church Street to enter upon
ard the new destroyer, USS

mptly adopted the ship and her
Maddox was still in Brooklyn
e skipper invited Gertrude to
after which she inspected every
estroyer from gun turrets to

"All right, you're next." Gessford beckoned him forward to the mike. "Don't be nervous. What's your name? . . . Sennett, did you say? . . . Oh, Sinnott." He led the boy out to the audience. They were met by tumultuous applause and a few unnautical feminine squeals.

The commander's face grew stern. "Give the boy a chance to sing," he pleaded. When the room was quiet, he announced, "Mr. Sinnott here will sing a little song."

The audience reacted to that with inexplicable laughter. Quickly Gertrude made her way to the platform. She took over the mike and announced, "Our next singer needs no introduction, except to the Master of Ceremonies. Commander Gessford, I'd like *you* to meet—Frank Sinatra!"

Next day, the Maddox put to sea, going into the silence which cloaked ships in those dangerous days. When the silence lasted too long, we began to entertain fears—which unfortunately proved to be justified. One July morning at five A.M. when the Maddox was engaged in the invasion of Sicily, she was caught squarely amidships by a string of bombs. In sixty-five seconds the ship went under; and of the hundreds of men whom Gertrude had helped to entertain a few short weeks before, only four officers and thirty men survived.

Weeks later, Gertrude was still receiving delayed letters from boys who had gone down with the ship, thanking her for the wonderful party and telling her she was the pinup girl of the Maddox, with her photograph on nearly every bulkhead and a "blowup" of her in the wardroom. The fate of "her" ship saddened her more than any one other single event of the war. It had brought the war very close.

Gertrude's war activities did not cease when she went on tour. She had made many coast-to-coast tours, and she had friends in all the major cities en route. Everywhere she was in demand for benefits, bond-selling drives, special broadcasts, launchings and official visits and presentations to airplane plants, arsenals and shipyards. And, of course, at the servicemen's canteens.

"WERE you up in time to hear the broadcast?" she wrote me from San Francisco. "It was for the Red Cross blood bank. I see a possible 10,000 pints or more, plus my own measly one. I gave on Saturday, and I feel wonderful, though at the time I was terrified that I would not be able to fill the bottle. But it came out beautifully, a deep, dark American-beauty rose. . . ."

San Francisco, she reported, was "like an anthill . . . millions of people in steel helmets going on and coming off shifts all the time. . . ." The industry of the shipyards amazed her and commanded her respect. ". . . Just think, they turn them out at Sausalito one every seven days. One launched at 6:30 last night, and the keel for the next one was in the slips at 6:30 this morning. I toured one today which goes out in five more days. Real tankers with the lines of a battleship. . . ."

Perhaps to keep me from feeling neglected, she added a postscript: "They could do with a man like you out here."

She was now 100 per cent Navy.

FOR KATE IN SEPTEMBER

By HELEN S. WHITE

Summer fading on her face,
school-bound,
Plaided and brushed, the sea-
shore strap mark hidden,
Her voice still water-washed, she
joins unbidden
The leaf and bird parade, the
twitter sound
Of all September streets. Lightly
she goes
So soon accustomed to the
wired sky
I wonder at her readiness, who
knows
She left unclaimed wide
treasures that her eye
Cherished and held, and brought
only what hands
Could take from beaches, though
the infinite sands
Promised a golden yield. I
watched through air
Leaf-scattered, window-framed,
in mother's prayer—

May sun-companioned skin
protect the bone
And warm her growth for winter
faced alone!

new someone in the manage-
Waldorf and was able to get the
for the evening. Gertrude made
e, responsible for the entertain-
tent to stop there, she also took
all the arrangements—music,
tions. Word went around that
"a really bang-up affair," and
came practically every member
x's crew turned up at the Star-
what was becoming known as
rence's party.
was not misapplied. She and
"Doug" Gessford took turns

ang, danced and told stories;
r turns at the mike she danced
n from the ship, from the skip-
posed for photographs, signed
oks and pictures of herself which
ed for.
of Gessford's turns as M.C., he
m, inconspicuous young man
e behind stage, apparently wait-
d on to entertain.
ou do, sonny?" the commander

sed to sing a couple of songs,"
n said shyly.

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*PLUS TAX

"I must fly, Angel, because I am lunching with Admiral and Mrs. Nimitz. I've been asked to christen a ship next Tuesday . . . the first time a British actress has had such a privilege. Aren't you thrilled? Now I'm becoming a real sailor's wife."

I was thrilled. But I wished I could have felt sure that she had not blithely advised Admiral Nimitz that he needed me to help him do his job.

On this tour she began the custom which she continued of sending my mother an appropriate gift from every city she played in. The gifts were always choice and chosen with a sensitive feeling for mother's tastes—the red shawl, a fichu of old Honiton lace purchased at a War Relief sale in Ottawa, a book of memoirs, "which I thought would make gentle reading for you," a piece of Sandwich glass for mother's collection, a water color, a first edition of one of the poets she admired and read.

What these remembrances meant to mother was revealed by the care with which she kept them all. Her replies, most of them written during the years I was in service abroad, and all of them meticulously preserved by Gertrude, are full of appreciation: "Always I thank you for something lovely," mother wrote a few days after Christmas that year. "Do you realize that all my pretty gifts come from you?"

Gertrude had tried to persuade her to come to New York and spend the holidays with her, but mother gently refused: "Not until Richard returns." She wrote wistfully of Dick and David, who were in Virginia: "I wonder if I will ever see them again. I don't see how ——"

The correspondence and my absence revealed the two Mrs. Aldriches to each other. Mother wrote:

My dear Gertrude: I feel an urge to write to you this morning before I go to the post office. Do you think I shall get a letter from Richard? I always hope so for the time seems so long. I have had two. In the last one he said, "I have a wonderful wife, and she loves me." Isn't that a comfort? It means more than words, too, for we New Englanders are very undemonstrative and find it hard to express our devotion. I am so used to depending on Richard that I feel lost and can't decide many things myself. You must feel the same. Yours with much love,

MARY ALDRICH.

Gertrude's tour in Lady in the Dark ended in July of 1943. She went at once to the Cape, where Helen Mahoney had the house ready for us. I had obtained leave to spend that weekend at Dennis. Both of us were glad that, in this first meeting in several months, we could be by ourselves at The Berries.

Much as we enjoyed our Fifty-Fourth Street apartment—our real home and domicile in New York, where we lived and earned our wherewithal—we had a special sentimental attachment for the white-shingled house on the Cape. "Let us know when you are going up to Dennis," Gertrude would add as a postscript to her letters. "Be sure to write me *all about EVERYTHING* at home. . . ."

All the religious leaders, however far apart in time and place, and however impossible it was for them to communicate and compare their thoughts, have arrived at the conviction that there is a divine purpose in life. This conviction springs as naturally from a devout mind as an oak tree springs from an acorn. It is a result of the spontaneous flowering of human thought. The seed has an instinct to grow into a plant. And man has an instinct to blossom into faith. . . . He is born, as every religious teacher has observed, with an impulse to make himself useful to his fellow men.

—HENRY THOMAS

Not only was the garden rapidly acquiring a personality but the house—new though it was—already had the look of being lived in by an active and thoroughly extroverted American family. Mackie so far forgot his thirteen years as to caper the minute he was let off his leash on the lawn of The Berries. He ran round in circles, chased butterflies and buried bones in the rosebeds. The canaries expressed their delight in getting out of the city by singing and chirping their heads off.

Our weekend reunion was the first time Gertrude and I had been together on the Cape when there was no Playhouse to engross me. It was closed "for the duration." In the village, cleared now of sight-seers and vacationists, the Yankee face—long, lean, unpertu wry—was in evidence. Several t my two-day stay I caught Gertruc me as if she were seeing me for th

She said, "I'm discovering some are your people; you belong to th to you. You're a piece of New E the characters in O'Neill's plays."

My leave was short. I had Sunday-night train in order to r Church on Monday morning. I l tucked up in bed with her little her, tuned low as she liked to have She always said she felt better for music or a voice close by when sh denly in the dark.

"Try to come soon again," she t we said good-by. "I miss you drea will never know how precious you

I asked her if she would like t New York and stay at the apar shook her head. "No. Even witho is home. The Berries is more our thing we can ever have in New I'm not Miss Gertrude Lawrence Richard Stoddard Aldrich. When that helps a lot; I adore it."

New York was stifling under a humidity. The train was late, whi could not apartmer shower an longed for glass of mi Central a like thousa rabbits, in row of the ride downt desk.

When I identity ca guard at th of 90 Chu thought h from it to name mea thing to glance was cious. If i seemed rid think it, I called it pi same look, intensified, I surprised of a tight little knot of my fello They stood together by an open win ing earnestly in low tones. When I knot broke apart. The conversat abruptly, to be resumed in a falsely I had the definite feeling that they talking about me. It occurred to me whether they had advance knowle was to be transferred. Or demot martialed, perhaps?

I felt awkward and apprehensive

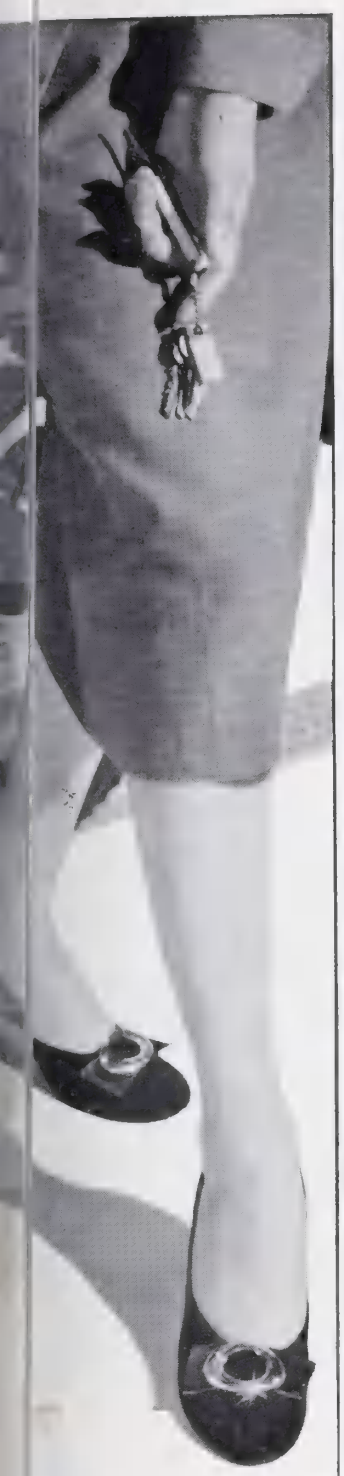
I sat down at my desk, where the already was making insistent dem pressure of the day's business took over everything of a personal natur phone continued to ring and my me out of my office a number of ti the morning. Coming back from o absences, I found the message th Massachusetts, had been trying t Also that David Holtzmann had ca times. He asked me to ring him on personal importance. I planned to to call Gertrude in Dennis as soo free time.

At noon John Lodge, who had b class at Harvard and who was now brother officers, stuck his head in th asked if I wasn't going out for a bi told him I couldn't get away just th Say half an hour."

Instead of going on, he came in, cheerful face rather grave. "Wha doing for dinner tonight, Dick?" "I'll meet you at the club any time

I said I'd be glad to dine with would have to be late. Still he mad to go. I shot a glance at him. He lo bled. "Anything wrong, John?" I a

"Well, I don't suppose you wa about it," he blurted. "And I do you. But I want you to know we al a shame."



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"What is?"

John was too intent following the course of his own thought to stop to enlighten me. "It doesn't make any sense. We like you, and of course Gertrude has always had top rating. Francesca can't get over it. She rang me from Westport last night the minute she heard it. It's something neither one of us thought would ever happen. Not to you. We'd have bet on it."

"*What?*" I demanded. "What's happened?"

John's jaw dropped. He asked, "Do you mean you don't *know?*"

"Know *what?*" I shouted.

I was aware that several officers had stopped at the door and were crowding around my desk. Tom Dewart laid a hand consolingly on my shoulder.

"We think it's a rotten deal, Dick," Tom said. "Somehow I never thought Gertrude would do a thing like that. I thought she had too much sense. And she always seemed like a straight shooter."

I pushed back my chair and stood up. I felt better on my feet. I looked at the ring of faces—kind, concerned, showing that instinctive, if frequently inarticulate, sympathy which unites males, even of quite different types, when confronted by the enigma of woman. "Look," I said. "All this is just so much fog to me. But Gertrude is my wife. If it's anything to do with her, tell it to me straight. And quick."

Tom said, "We're talking about the divorce, Dick. About Gertrude divorcing you to marry some rich Californian."

I found myself looking from one face to the next, seeking confirmation of Tom's incredible statement. The others nodded. So I had heard aright.

"Where did you hear this nonsense?" I shot at Tom.

John spoke up: "It's in one of the morning columns. Jimmy Fidler had it first. He broadcast it last night. That's how Francesca got it."

Before I could reply, my telephone rang again. It was David Holtzmann.

"I've been trying for hours to get you, Dick," he said. "So has Gertrude. She's fit to be tied."

"Oh, yes?" I snapped. "Tied to whom?"

I could think of at least three wealthy Californians, any one of whom might, conceivably, be a man Gertrude might marry. None of them had ever been at pains to hide his devotion, and Gertrude had enjoyed accepting this. She had even encouraged it. I knew that each of these men (and several others in both America and England) had a large photograph of her, especially and lovingly inscribed. I had occasionally teased her about these, calling her an outrageous hussy.

"BUT, darling, it makes them happy," she had said. "So why not? And they are all perfect dears. Besides, they are all so wonderful to me whenever I play in their cities."

I had believed in the innocence of these flirtations of hers chiefly because she was so open about them: not hiding them from me; but boasting about them, like a seventeen-year-old girl flaunting her dates. Twice she had asked me to stop in at Mark Cross and buy a leather frame to hold one of these inscribed photographs destined for a man's desk. With shameless practicality, she had said my taste would probably suit the man better than hers.

But suppose these affairs were not as innocent as I had thought them? I was under no illusion about my own powers to charm and hold a woman of Gertrude's volatile temperament. I had been through one divorce. My hopes of holding Gertrude lay in my determination not to attempt to hold her, any more than I would clench my fist around a hummingbird. Before our marriage I had promised her that she should never lose the sense of being free.

If she had turned from me to another man who offered her more than I could give, how could I blame her? During the two days we had just spent together she had been tender and loving—everything that a man could want of a wife. But might this not nave been her way of making me happy? The echo of her query, "So why not?" sounded in my mind.

To David I said, "Tell me, who is Gertrude supposedly divorcing me for?"

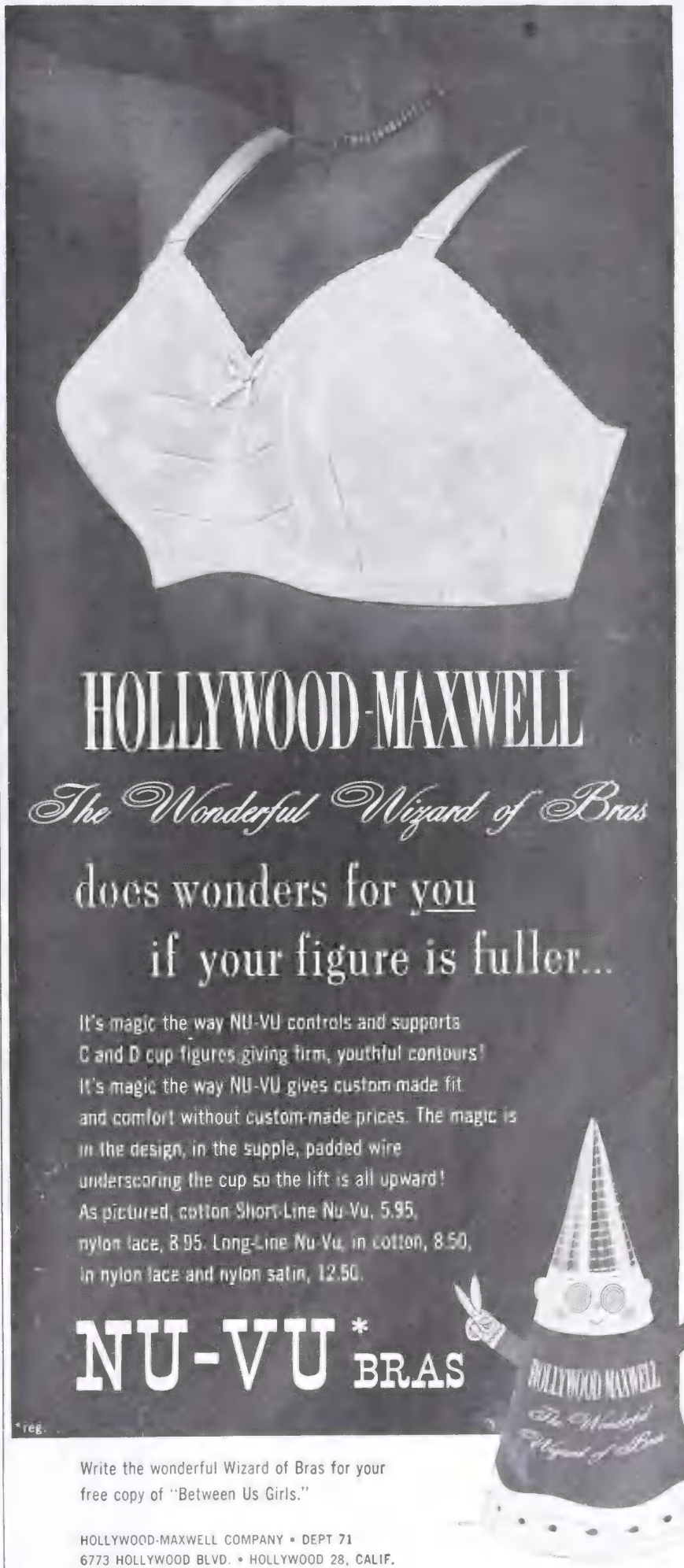
John's voice prompted me: "A Pasadena businessman."

"Divorcing you? *Nuts!*" David shouted in my ear. "Snap out of it, will you? I've had enough with Gertrude ringing me every fifteen minutes, without you going off the beam too. She's been wild since she heard the broadcast last night. There's no foundation at all for the story. When she couldn't reach you at the apartment this morning, and you weren't in your office when she called, she was sure you had heard it and were 'keeping away from her.'"

I was beginning to feel exceedingly foolish even while my resentment against the gossip-mongering mounted. I put my hand over the mouthpiece and turned to my gaping friends. "It's all right, boys," I assured them. "There is no Pasadena businessman. And take it from me, there will be no divorce."

"The American Broadcasting Company are as upset about it as we are. At least they should be," David said grimly, "after what I've just said to them. Anyway, they have offered to put on a special broadcast tonight refuting what Fidler said and apologizing to Gertrude and you. They are not going to wait for their regular hour next Sunday. They are making time available tonight."

I could not fail to accept this formal apology. But there was a further *amende honorable*



which was due Gertrude from me for those thirty seconds in which I had doubted her. Before joining my would-be consolers in the restaurant, I rang a florist and ordered two dozen white roses delivered to Mrs. Richard Stoddard Aldrich in Dennis, Massachusetts. The card accompanying them to read: "*With all my love, Richard.*"

Not that a message of any sort was needed; the flowers would speak for themselves. After our first falling out at Northfield I had sent Gertrude red roses, and from that occasion red roses had come to have a special meaning for us. They marked the end of a quarrel. After we were married I learned that Gertrude loved white flowers better than any others, and I grew into the way of sending her these when I wished to express how deep was my love, and my approval and admiration of her. She used to say, "Your white flowers always tell me when I'm being a very good girl."

Would she understand their significance at this time? She might. She was exceedingly astute in all the delicate phases of human relationships. Silently, I thanked God that her astuteness was more than equaled by her generous forbearance. She never expected human beings, even the human being who was her husband, to be perfect in all ways at all times. She could always allow for a human failing; believing, as part of her creed for living, that this usually was compensated by an abundance of some other virtue.

As she expressed it in her favorite phrase: "What you lose on the swings you make on the roundabouts."

Dick and David had gone to Virginia the fall of 1941 and could not be with us. They loved the Cape as much as we did and wrote longingly of the good times they had enjoyed there. Their bats, balls and books, along with the boxes of rubbish that all small boys accumulate and treasure, were there. Gertrude, in all other regards a meticulous housekeeper, would not permit anything of thrown away.

"What else do we have a store she would demand.

If anything was needed to bri and mother together, it was Ger tionship to my sons.

Curiously, Gertrude had in h mother had—the makings of a mat sensed and saluted this quality i Mother's potential matriarchy ha trated by her children's marria vorces. Now Gertrude was adroit the texture of our family life.

The relationship between the Aldriches progressed and deepene summer of 1943. Mother spent Gertrude at The Berries. The boy for some time every day. I went them whenever I could get leave.

Gertrude had again enlisted un ner stoutly upheld by Doctor Ha she was at home and not working bog, she and mother knitted stea that Gertrude needed more re seemed willing to take, mother, at me, promised to read aloud to he hours every afternoon. Gertrude a offer with alacrity. She loved be and this, I had found, was someti way to get her to relax. Though re was something I did not particula had formed the habit of readin times until she would drop aslee hours later, refreshed.

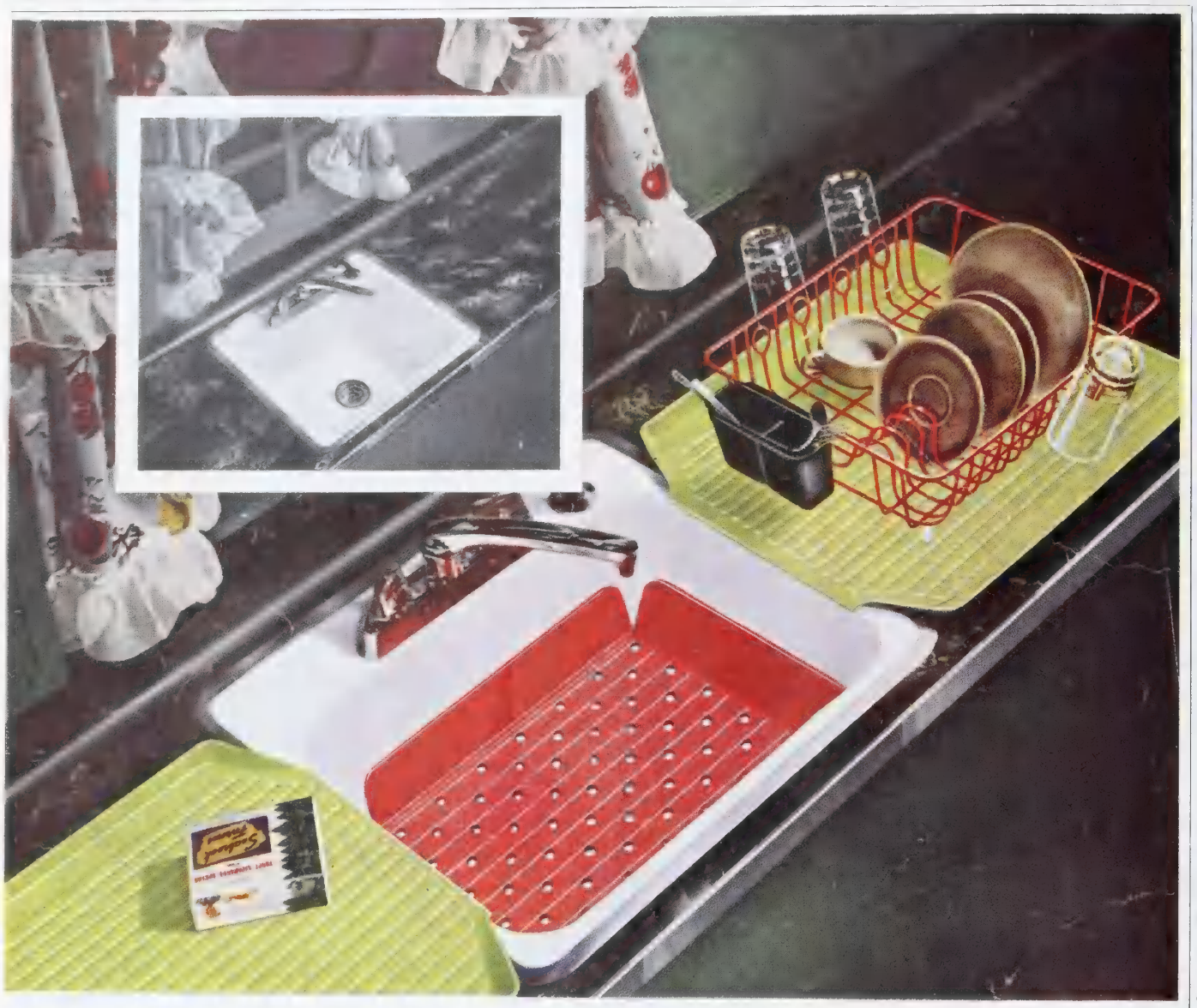
Mother, like so many of her gen an experienced and adept reader. mer, at The Berries, she read to Ge the books which had meant muc her life—the great Victorians, Brown worth and the New England wr sunset glory had illumined her ow One or two of them she had known of meeting "Mr. Emerson" at a and treasured some books, includi of Longfellow poetry, given her by the "Edith with golden hair" of Th Hour. As a young matron in Bos belonged to a Browning Circle w bers read, explored and discussed t of that obscurantist's verse. It was therefore, that she should read s shorter poems to Gertrude: "*O England now that April's there* Prospice, and My Star. Inevitabl Gertrude's sensitive ear and quic memory should seize and hold fa the lines.

YEARS later, when Gertrude wa wood for the filming of The Glass I flew out to spend Christmas wit evening we drove away from the lig hectic holiday mood of the motion- ony into the desert. There the air clean, dry and pungent; the sky ab and deep blue; the stars hanging with a light that seemed about to rocket.

Gertrude's head was on my sh had been silent, deeply moved by beauty. Suddenly I heard her reci herself than to me:

> "*All that I know*
> *Of a certain star*
> *Is, it can throw*
> *(Like the angled spar)*
> *Now a dart of red,*
> *Now a dart of blue,*
> *Till my friends have said*
> *They would fain see, t*
>
> *My star that dartles the red and th*
> *Then it stops like a bird; like a flo*
> *furled:*
> *They must solace themselves with*
> *Saturn above it.*
> *What matter to me if their star is a*
> *Mine has opened its heart to me,*
> *I love it.*"

I had not heard the lines since Copeland (Copie) read them to us a Schoolboys' lines, I had thought even when delivered in his spellbin But now, spoken by my wife, they w I, had the gods made me a poet,



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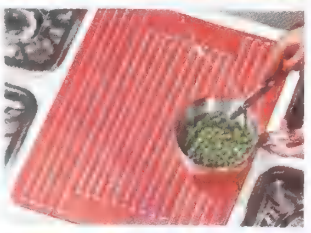
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bout her, and about our mar-

is, adding, as a sop to the self- that nearly always overcame empted to express my deepest ds, that Browning's "star," like ve furnished her husband a good s of eye-winking bewilderment. without Papa Barrett, Elizabeth n a bit on the exotic side for ," Gertrude observed. "And initely neurotic. Spaniels often recious old Mackie." Her voice t always did when speaking of t, who had died some six years

thinking of Mackie always sad- rought the conversation around of our own marriage, which was on its tenth year. I called on her we had successfully rebutted all d given us at most two years ing post to Reno.

n a miracle from my point of can't say it's been dull, either," "Or can you?"

t "dull" was the last word which o me to describe our marriage. n too many red and blue darts

u glad?" she sighed. "I'll tell g now that I never quite dared before. When we were first mar- fully disappointed in you for a when I started a quarrel—and egan nearly all of them—all the e added proudly—"you didn't You were like a log of green fire. Absolutely no blaze. I al- d of you. I said to myself, 'If he's like that forever, I don't think I But you got the idea. You caught must admit, we've put on some rows in our day. Regular rousers, m. Like that time, in Fanny's hen you made me so furious, a lecture on my manners and off my hat and threw it in your ber?"

s not likely to forget it. In her lar, that had been "a regular

difficult time immediately after I n service overseas and Gertrude from her tour of the Pacific bases, when we very nearly fulfilled Jimmy Fidler's prophecy concerning us, was a period I did not enjoy in recollection.

"The best part about all our fights has always been the making up," Gertrude went on. "You're always so sweet afterward. And I feel so purged and relaxed. And so eager to fall in love all over again. Darling, I think it would kill me if after one of our rows you were to stamp out and slam the door, the way you always do, and never come back. I would *die* if there were no red roses the next day."

I had long believed that she was not above promoting a quarrel with me for the sheer excitement it afforded her, and the chance to go into a big scene. Now I accused her not only of this but of doing it for the delight of making up.

"But, darling, of course," she admitted with a shamelessness that took the wind out of my sails. "I'm a woman. As well as an actress. And you can't tell me you don't enjoy it yourself, Mr. A."

I could not.

But there was another, quite different and very striking sense in which the lines Gertrude had quoted applied to her. It has to be understood for its bearing on those other, more spectacular and easily discovered qualities of her character which led many people to think her a gay, frivolous extrovert to whom society was the breath of life. The fact is that she was never willingly a member of café society. Her sorties into it were all made, so to speak, in the line of duty. Her appearances in certain smart places, with the smart set, were, to her, part of her job.

SINCE it was a job, she dressed for and acted out the role as she would any other. She played it so well she deceived all except those who knew her intimately. They knew that, without this role, she could be shy and silent.

She was happiest in a small, intimate circle, or among young people. Otherwise, she needed a stage, a part to interpret and, above all, a goal to achieve.

Knowing this, I occasionally lured her into a pleasant social evening by playing on her readiness to co-operate if this would help someone else—in this case, me. By making her feel that she was going to a dinner as my wife and as a favor to me, she would be willing and eager to go. Once there, in her effort to do

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me proud, she would be her most charming, gay, warmhearted self.

As a result, everyone enjoyed her, fell in love with her, and she discovered that she liked them. Thus close friendships were developed with John and Francesca Lodge, Junkie and Dorette Fleischmann, Cassie and John Mason Brown, Mary and Os Lord, and Ellie and Tom Dewart.

She would be especially shy when she was among intellectuals, or people who spoke of world affairs. So great was her reverence for learning, that it was just such people that she longed to meet. One of her unfulfilled wishes was to meet Prof. Albert Einstein.

I am sure that the basis of Gertrude's shyness among people not of the theater was her awareness of her own total lack of formal education. Yet, although she spent no more than a few months in any school, and grew up, so to speak, backstage in variety shows and musical comedies, Gertrude had a fluent and beautiful command of the English language that would put the majority of American college graduates to shame.

Her handwriting had great distinction. She could express herself in a note, even to a stranger, with a clarity, a feeling for words and an unaffected warm sincerity that came close to genius. She made no mistakes in grammar, and her misspellings were limited to a few words which she consistently spelled in her own chosen way. Like sense, which she preferred to write "sence."

Her eager spontaneous interest in and curiosity about whatever was new to her sent her to books on an extraordinarily wide range of subjects. Everything, from conchology to cooking, engaged her at one time or another. When she was teaching a class in the Drama School at Columbia University, at the same time that she was appearing in The King and I, she had a habit of going to the campus at least a full hour before her class was scheduled. Availing herself of her instructor's privileges, she would drop in on some lecture or browse in the library.

One afternoon, I found her at home in bed, reading a thick volume of archaeology. She looked up excitedly as I came in. "Did you know there are places where you can dig history right out of the ground? Iran. And Crete, and places like that."

I admitted to this knowledge.

"Darling! You've known all this time, and you never told me? We must go and see those Greek isles, just as soon as we can!"

Not all the reading mother did was classical. One Sunday—it was a previous summer when the boys were at the Cape—a chill northeaster swept in from the Atlantic. I had put in a good part of the day going over some papers upstairs in my room. The afternoon was well advanced toward dusk when I finished. The house seemed unusually quiet; I would have thought everyone out-of-doors but for the rain and the assaults of the wind. Yawning, I went downstairs to see what was what.

Halfway down the flight I found myself looking into the living room where a log fire blazed. On the floor in front of this Gertrude sat cross-legged, with Dick and David sprawled beside her. At one side of the hearth, under the reading lamp, mother sat, book in hand. Her voice floated up to me in words that took me back nearly thirty years:

"This is the story of a bad boy. Well, not such a very bad, but a pretty bad boy; and I ought to know, for I am, or rather I was, that boy myself. . . ."

Did a stair tread squeak? Or was it Gertrude's acute sensitivity that caused her head to turn? She smiled and beckoned silently. I tiptoed in. Surprised, but I was happy to see not displeased, the boys made room for me to drop down beside the three in front of the fire.

Mother alone paid no heed to my appearance there except—or did I fancy it?—that a smile played with unusual tenderness about her moving lips. Page after page she led us through familiar Rivermouth with young Tom Bailey, Pepper Whitcomb and Sailor Ben, with Captain Nutter and Miss Abigail.

I WAS well aware that mother had not opened the volume without delivering a little introductory talk to let the boys know that the Bad Boy and their own Great-grandfather Aldrich had been cousins. And that she had crowned this triumphantly with the announcement that on his mother's side *the Bad Boy was a Pickering!*

Watching my sons being made aware of this part of their heritage, I thought how strange it was that they owed their enlightenment, not to me, but to the Englishwoman I had brought into the family. It was she, first regarded with a reserve bordering on distrust as coming from an alien world, who had welded that quiet, close group before the fire, and had brought me to sit with her and my sons at my mother's feet.

It does not come easy to a man like me to admit these things, even to himself. As for admitting them to Gertrude, thank God, there was no need. Understanding—quick, warm, complete—passed between us as our hands clasped.

Our plans for putting up a united family front at Thanksgiving were canceled by orders from the Navy Department. In October I was ordered to overseas duty with th forces based in England.

Gertrude was then with me i She had no play for that season, down several offers, hoping that would be made for her to go t entertain the troops, British a Meanwhile she was working re Red Cross and at the Stage D She had also signed up for a six- radio program.

She made no bones about he "luck" in getting into the Euro of Operations ahead of her.

"I HATE being a civilian," she She was sitting in the sunny bo our apartment living room sewi on my clothing, a task she had s to let her maid take over. "I kno a Navy wife," she said proudly, needle through the cotton of a with a vicious jab. "But I think me to be left high and dry on th you sail away to all the excitem my homeland you're going to."

She extorted from me a promi Dean—who was arranging show and who was one of her oldest f from her appearances as a ch mimes he directed—and "Mak the red tape and get me acros possible."

My retort that the Navy was s help stage a war, not to meddle tainment of the troops, and it that I would see or have any o contact Dean, she disregarded c

"It's being that always she said.

Gertrude h which probabl her adolescenc a diary whenev difficult, or w depressed, lon fle afraid. He vented her fr her low feeling It insisted on keeping the chin u a smile to the audience no matter were suffered inwardly. No num sang in any show was as near the own character as her song Happy Tune," in the opening scen The King and I.

A diary afforded a safe vent f It was secret. Alone at night, be bed, she could pour out on its her anxieties, her hopes and in revelations without embarrassm being misunderstood. Among th pers and cherished personal eff least five diaries, each dating fro strain, and each ending sudde when her life became too active, successful to require this kind of i

One of these, a small crim bound volume with gold tooling, on the title page: MY LIFE WITHO Pasted below is a small photogr the age of six wearing a blue sail a Buster Brown haircut, and an such unhappiness that only a wife capable of the sentimental sometimes displayed, would h from the wastepaper basket.

Wednesday, October 20, 1943 [s 11:30 A.M. this day my dear one left the homes we have made together a other millions, he and I may not be wife again for longer than either of to imagine.

It was a hard and bitter parting, lowed to go with him. But I dro and stole a look at the ship and better. She is large and very seawo looking. There seems evidence of a I came home, tried to eat, was viole then went out for air.

I shopped for this book which I i day by day while Richard is overs

I returned and asked my teleph if there had been any calls for me. Sh "No, but Lieutenant Aldrich is up

At last I reached my door, and s ing it could be true, I called his na opened and there was Richard

To make anyone believe himself good is to make him, almost in spite of self, to become so.
CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

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…other closer than ever before, laugh-
…g at the same time. At that moment
…oodness of God's mercy—Richard
… thirty minutes ashore to dash to
…ld so easily have missed seeing him
…and led me back home in time. We
…ooked at each other, and this time
…him as far as I dared. Now he has
…e strength has been given me from
…nute reprieve. . . .

…7:15 P.M.

…ttle down in any room. No more
…, just the low cry of the boats from
…each one sends a knife through my
… to love to hear such sounds, now
… be the signal which means Richard
… I long to dash to the pier yet dare
… house lest he should call me. . . .
…ple, in such a splendid world to per-
… misery and heartache. . . . Rich-

P.M

…ere in my room, just sat doing noth-
… Richard is putting out to sea. I wish
…own to try to see him go but the
… probably have turned me back. . . .
…hoking me . . . I'm cold and oh, so
…happy, and yet I'm supposed to be
…cky ones. . . .

… entries continue faithfully for
… Then there is a silence of seven
…— gap which the diarist bridges
…teristic nonchalance:

…tainly is some time since I wrote in
… the truth is, I have no life without

… is more literary than literal. Far
… no life, Gertrude had been up to
…o many things that winter she had
… for the solace a diary offered. It
… she did not miss me, I am sure.
…f her almost daily letters breathed
…nstitutionally she was no moper.
…ive way of meeting any problem,
…roblem of loneliness, was to do

… letter Gertrude expressed her
…o to England. This was not solely
… as stationed there, and as she re-
…id, "We could have some days
…She had received from Basil Dean
…ng her to come and tour the camps
…Entertainment National Services
…). The difficulty was to get a prior-
… the crossing. In those weeks of
…ing, being disappointed, and hop-
…he returned to her diary.

… space in one flight while I awaited
…Richard what to do. He cabled not to
… would arrange everything, and for
… immediately. So I reapplied for the
…ich goes today. I have said good-by
…y, sent everything I possess ahead,
…ything, dismissed the maids, cut my
…w I am told by ENSA that they can-
…tee everything. As the law now
…ld not leave the U.K. and my priority
…e through, so as the plane leaves to-
…nce more grounded. I have been wait-
… trip since Lady in the Dark closed
…lmost a year. Richard, meantime, has
…ted, bless his heart, and moved into
…e which he now commands. I haven't
… idea where they have sent him and
…itten because he thought I was on my

…e ban will be lifted later, and then I
…e but as things are it would be mad-
…over for twelve weeks and find myself
… the duration. It would mean no pay,
…om with another girl or staying as a
… friends. But if that is what Richard
… shall go by the next plane.
…could keep my sense of humor about
… feel utterly frustrated.
…ela and her husband came to have a
…ncheon as they are leaving for Cali-
…y seem so happy and complete, and
… I realize how lonely I am and have
…lways will be until Richard is with me
… Tomorrow I shall go up to our home
…gland. I can manage to keep myself
… . . .

…ays, activity overcame loneliness.
… no entry in MY LIFE WITHOUT
… for ten days. Then she wrote

May 16th

Sudden call . . . mind made up, shall take my chance and make the trip no matter what consequences later.

Leaving for Baltimore 4:30 and for Great Britain at the stroke of midnight.

Give my regards to B'way. Piccadilly, here I come.

My first intimation that she had arrived was a trunk call from London to our base at Southampton. She promised to take an early train from Waterloo the following morning, a Saturday. We could have as much of that day and the next together as my duties as C.O. of the base would permit.

My quarters were at the Star Hotel which had been requisitioned as H.Q. for the U.S. Navy. I could not take Gertrude there as it was out of bounds for civilians. Finding an empty room anywhere in Southampton just then, when the top-secret preparations for the invasion of Normandy were engaging the Army and Naval forces of Britain and the United States, to the exclusion of all else, was a formidable task.

After much telephoning and resort to official pressure, I was able to get the promise of a room at the Dolphin Hotel. It had no private bath and was at the head of the stair landing, with the W.C. a long way down the passage, but under the existing circumstances, I felt we were fortunate.

I went to the station to meet the nine-thirty from Waterloo, which was the train Gertrude had said she would take. The nine-thirty had been canceled. There was nothing unusual about this, train schedules in those days being highly uncertain. The next train would be the eleven-thirty from London and I settled myself philosophically to wait.

In due time it arrived and let through the gates a horde of servicemen—British, Canadian and American—and a small quota of civilians. But no Gertrude. I tried not to think of a bomb dropping on the Savoy the night



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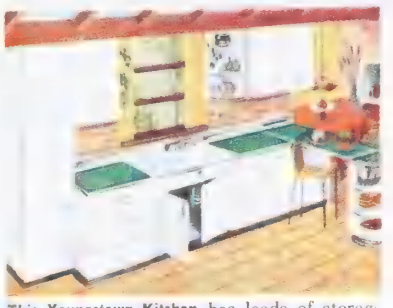
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before. Much as I longed to see her, I could not help wishing her back in Dennis with the wide Atlantic between her and constant danger from the air. The one-thirty from Waterloo was my next hope. Meanwhile, Saturday was slipping out of our grasp. It would be teatime before I could expect Gertrude.

I was back at the station in time for the London train. This was even more crowded than the preceding ones. As soldiers, sailors and marines—all, it seemed, burdened with bulging duffel bags, heavy packs and other equipment—jammed through the gates I began to believe that my luck had failed. I'd been thinking, with some embarrassment, that I was the only American officer in Europe whose wife had come to see him. Now, with anxiety overwhelming expectation, I would have exchanged what had seemed my extraordinary good fortune for the assurance of Gertrude's safety.

These thoughts were interrupted by a series of shrill whistles and unmistakable wolf calls from the troops milling about the gate. Over the craning heads I saw my wife in her American Red Cross Motor Corps uniform making her way through the mob with considerable difficulty.

At the same time she saw me. "Richard," she called, and started to run. I ran too. Amazed, the crowd of servicemen made way for us. As Gertrude flung herself into my arms, I was conscious but proudly defiant of the stares, grins and long-drawn whistles from all parts of the station.

The Red Cross uniform, Gertrude explained later, had been an inspiration born of the desperation of finding herself at the end of a long queue of civilians waiting for places on the earlier train. Realizing that she had practically no chance of getting on as a civilian, she had hurried back to the Savoy, pulled her Red Cross uniform from her luggage, r Waterloo and inserted herself into of uniforms then lined up for the or

"It's a good thing I didn't wea plane coming across," she said brought with her a dozen fresh egg ent for Evie Williams, her former her excitement at her first glimpse she had bounced in her seat, break the precious eggs carried in her Hemingway, who sat next to her or had helped her mop up the mes grinned broadly to see her jerk her back to front, hiding the egg stain fur coat, in order to make an imp trance at Croydon.

Her time in London had been t her to have seen much of the dama the air raids. The devastation of So as we drove to the Dolphin, sh sobered her. "And you've been thr she said, several times, almost inc I told her she was liable to go thr of it herself that night or fairly so ampton was getting a lot of hamm days. Perhaps the Jerries suspecte were almost ready for the Big P tiliously, Gertrude avoided asking tions about my work or about my p with D day just two weeks off, the t mounted to such a pitch it seemed could be in the United Kingdom t hours without feeling the imminenc thing tremendous.

I took Gertrude to dinner at o wanted her to see and meet the r command, and I wanted them to don't think I'd ever been prouder that night. It wasn't exactly her be conventional sense of classically p tures. But she had something far m ing and more unforgettable than b word that comes closest to it is radia

Our accommodation at the Dolph and pleased her. It seemed the right a reunion in the midst of war. She and was interested in the blackout chambermaid had "done" before upstairs. When I came back from a the passage, I found Gertrude half in the voluminous heavy blackout ing to open the window behind then

"Here!" I exclaimed. "You can'

"Why not?"

"Because if you do, you'll hall death."

I explained that an important par ampton's defense against enemy the hundreds of smoke pots plante out the city.

"There's no smoke now," she sniffing out the window.

"No. But there will be if they c

"But, darling, we can't possibly s room without any fresh air."

"You'll have to."

"But I can't. You know I alwa have the window open."

I KNEW; as most husbands know going to have our time together bickering, so I gave in. "Have it way," I told her. I told myself m would give us a night off.

I don't know how long I had b when I was awakened by Gertrud me. She was sitting up in bed, cough fumes were pouring into the room.

"Oh, Richard, get up and shut the she gasped.

"You see," I told her, padding worn carpet on bare feet to strugg blackout. I banged down the wind perhaps you'll believe me."

She looked up at me with strea "Always Right Aldrich," she whee

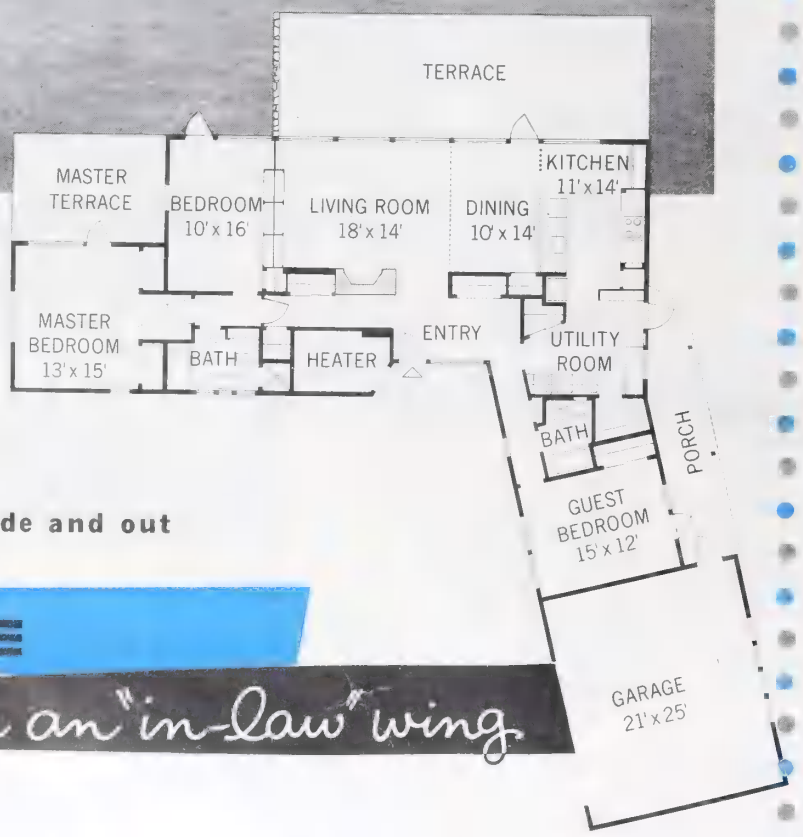
I fetched her a glass of water an the paroxysm subsided. "I am a o ing my own way, aren't I?" she contritely.

"You are."

But I spoke perfunctorily. The sm enemy planes. Of course they migh us bound for targets inland. And might not. I told Gertrude what w pect and asked her if she wanted t to the hotel cellar where the guest would take refuge. She said no. "N

ARCHITECT: MALCOLM GRAEME DUNCAN; PHOTOGRAPHER: RUDOLPH E. LEPPERT, JR.





A house for the whole family, apart and together, inside and out

HOUSE with an "in-law" wing

By CAROL L. MERCADO

MANY houses serve three generations under one roof; few provide as much comfort for the entire family as this small home. Three "apart" zones permit privacy for the separate activities of children, parents and grandparents; the living area is for the family's "together" times.

Zone 1 is the parents' bedroom with its terrace tucked in next to the children's room. The terrace is shielded from view by the house itself. *Zone 2* is the children's domain. Their room has a long wall of built-ins for clothing and collections; the window wall faces their play yard. A door from children's room to yard keeps traffic from other areas. The children have a direct route to the bathroom too. *Zone 3*, the guest or "in-law" wing, has its own outdoor area, too—a screened porch, away from the noise of children's play. On rainy days, the porch is a sheltered path from garage to the utility-room entry. The family area—living room, dining room and kitchen—has a terrace running its full length. Terrace meals are simple to serve through the dining-room entry.

In this basementless house, the oversize garage accommodates bulk storage; laundry, freezer and pantry closets are in the utility room. The heater room opens to the outside for easy servicing, and has ample space for garden tools.

r take our chances aboveground
ogether."
uld, too, so we waited.
ne that landed—I figured it fell
docks and the gasworks—shiv-
hin's stout old timbers, but with-
e damage.
ame closer into my arms. She
ainst my shoulder, "That sound
so much I'd rather forget—the
d the night Pamela was born.
d awfully black just then. I was
the fact that my marriage was all
n't the ghost of an idea what to
ng, this is a thousand times bet-
happens, we've had nearly four
iness. I've loved every minute of
——"
hat we had a lot of time ahead of
ident of it.
s not waste a single minute," she
lly. "This is better than sleeping,
ly oceans to tell you. First, about
ou'd want the latest news about
ung Dick. David's doing well at
h he says he gets high marks only
time off for play. And Dick is
s tall as you are—but he's thin
sort of quiet."
st growing boys passed through
thing for them both," Gertrude
uld be to run wild on the Cape
nths. I'm trying to sell our cran-
or. We don't use it, now that we
nners, Inc. If I can get two hun-
for it I'm going to spend the
ng out and putting bunks in the
use, then the boys can camp out
can work in the bog and run on
d Helen Mahoney will see that

e details about The Berries. She
Mackie's ashes there and buried
rose garden. The little dog had
ew days after I had left the pre-
er. Of all our menagerie of pets,
remained.
get another dog until the war is
are settled again," Gertrude said
of course there'll never be another
Darling, do you remember him
?"
I could not forget.
nearly bit your father's friend,
ster." She began to laugh. I did

together, laughing. Jerry took
drop another; this one was closer.
gan to talk very fast.
ving The Berries empty," she said.
ch a waste when it's so lovely at
The garden has come on a lot.
Harrison will go up, they prom-
t your mother refuses to leave

out mother; Gertrude had spent
her just the week before. "She is
e seems just a tiny bit older. She
t you, naturally. But she's terri-
you. She has your photograph in
her desk where she writes her
been looking up all your English
d where they came from. She told
e who was so enormous that when
ar in the forest the bear was ter-
an away. She asked me to walk
the cemetery in Groton to see the
nd the beautiful white iron fence
n. She doesn't like the idea that
buried beside your father, in Up-
t among her own people in beau-
."
had been one of mother's worries

ted Upton one day this spring,"
formed me, "and she had an awful
e strange person has got herself
ldrich property. No one seems to
she is or how she got there. But
. 'The intruder,' Aunt Alice calls
is terribly indignant about it. She
that such a thing couldn't happen
Because of the fence, I expect."
se you told her I would straighten
ntured.

"Of course, darling," Gertrude said seriously. "I promised her you would attend to it the minute you came home."

I did not like all this talk about cemeteries and to divert her I said I was sorry mother had been so depressed. "The visit could not have been very much fun for you."

"On the contrary," Gertrude said quickly. "She told me those things and she took me to see the graves because she feels now that I *belong*. It was a tremendous compliment. You're the head of the family and I am your wife. She unlocked her desk and showed me the letter your great-grandfather James Joy wrote to his wife Sarah Pickering when he knew he was going to die. It is her most sacred possession."

I realized that Gertrude was right about mother. She had taken Gertrude into the family's inmost sanctuary. I could see that the two Mrs. A's had had a wonderful time together.

"She was so very sweet, trying to comfort me about your being away," Gertrude went on. "She offered me a helpful thought to repeat in the lonely moments: 'This too will pass.'"

I remembered the quotation well. Mother summoned it up invariably in times of crisis.

"This conversation is rather like a chorus girl's tights," Gertrude said. "It touches everything and covers nothing." She began to speak of her proposed tour for ENSA. Hers was to be called the Gertrude Lawrence Unit. She had no idea where they were to go—their destinations were to be kept secret from day to day—but they would tour Great Britain for eight weeks, giving two shows or more a day and motoring from place to place. Some of the shows would be given in war plants, others for the troops.

She was interrupted by sudden heavy firing. It sounded close.

"Richard, what's that?"

"The rocket guns." I did not add that these were usually not fired unless they could be



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aimed directly at the target. It meant the planes were flying low overhead.

"How about going down to the shelter?" I asked quietly. Inwardly I cursed the eagerness to see her which led to her coming down. I should have made her stay in London. "I really think we ought to go."

But she refused. There would be all the others.

"I want us to be alone. Especially when we have so little time." Her hands held me tight but her voice was determinedly gay. I realized that she had accepted the role of sustaining me, fortifying me against fear. While the guns kept up their firing, and now and then a bomb exploded, she chattered on about a multitude of things—future plans: "Darling, when this is all over let's have a theater of our own. We shall call it The Commander and make ourselves some steady rentals."

She talked about people we knew—Doctor Fritz and Doctor Harriet; the Goodspeeds, who own the grocery in Dennis; and the auction held for the local church at which she had acted as auctioneer. She had made friends with Bill Stone's mother on the beach. "Do you know, darling, I wouldn't be surprised if Bill were to come round and let us have some of his beach front one of these days. He's definitely mellowing."

She interspersed these anecdotes with jokes. It was really a magnificent performance. I was sure that in the course of it Gertrude convinced herself that she was keeping up my morale, and I let her. It was a long time before we slept, and the housemaid's rap came all too soon. After a hurried breakfast I saw Gertrude off on the train back to London.

"Well," I told her, "you've had it. How does it feel?"

"For some quaint reason it seems nothing new," she replied. "Only, darling, I don't want any more when you aren't there to share it with me."

I was to see her again several times during her stay in England. We were within a few days of D day when I came out of my quarters one afternoon to find the town plastered with bills announcing the arrival of the Gertrude Lawrence Unit at Southampton's Guildhall next day. No sooner was the news out than my office was besieged with requests for leave to see the show. Very few of those who asked knew that Gertrude was my wife; this was something I had thought best to keep secret. It was known only to my superior officers and to the few men of my command she had met at mess.

I managed to catch the show and the party which the top British brass put on for her unit afterward at the Polygon Hotel. This was reserved for VIP's. Gertrude and her company were billeted there. We were very circumspect throughout the party. Dutifully, I let the admirals, captains and generals dance with her without cutting in. None of these suspected the presence of a husband. After the party, I bribed a discreet hotel porter to let me up the back stairs to Gertrude's room. I left very early the next morning by the same route.

"Just the same, that porter wasn't so discreet. Or you didn't give him enough," Gertrude told me later that day when we went for a walk down by the docks. "There was an unmistakable look in the faces of the hotel staff when I came down. The gossip is going around that Gertie and the tall Yankee commander are having an affair."

It was our private joke which we enjoyed while she remained in the Southampton area. We kept it up when her unit did a show aboard HMS Collingwood at Portsmouth. When she came on to sing "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" she nearly missed cue when she saw me seated among the top British brass in the front row.

"You nearly lost your false eyelashes," I teased her later, when we had a moment together.

"If they were to go I'd jump overboard after them," she said. "They're the most important part of my make-up. I can tell you, trying to be glamorous in this ENSA uniform takes some doing. Fortunately, the eyelashes take up no room and are quickly put on."

SHE put them on in a great many strange places during that tour which took her from Portsmouth to the Orkneys, from Cardiff to Canterbury. "If anyone ever again mentions this *tiny* little island, I shall scream," she wrote later. "Its vastness is one more of the wonders of the world when one is routed by ENSA. I am never told where we are going until I open my orders in the car. I do two shows every day, one at twelve-thirty, the other at night. Once we played to eight thousand of all the services of all the allied nations. . . . With all this motoring I now have a gait like a permanent drunk. And oh, the beds. Sleeping in one is like trying to relax on a charging camel. But boy, am I tough! When I get home I'm going to live a life of ease, smothered in perfume, soap and decent lavatory paper. Darling, I have read the latest headlines in the oddest places. . . ."

At the conclusion of the tour she spent several days in Salisbury. This was near enough our base for me to run over one evening and we had a few hours together. She was weary but determined to go on to Normandy to entertain the troops who had made the landing there a month earlier and who

fighting their way toward the Beig

I did not approve of her going in

which was still dangerous and wher

conditions were not only uncomfo

unsanitary. No resistance I could p

hold her back. She crossed wit

ENSA unit to go into France, r

crossing in an LST.

Her letters to me were as slow

through as mine to her. Twice I

Channel and was within thirty kil

her, but had no idea where her u

whither it was routed. No one

know. Gertrude went on, into

Brussels and eventually to Antwerp.

in that city when it was still "the

when the firing nearly drowned he

spite the excellent amplifiers whic

mans had installed in the enorm

palast and which they had left behi

their retreat.

"THE men are marvelous," Gertr

"Many have been in all the major b

Tunis. All are terribly tired. There

be any applause to equal what th

Ever. It's better than all the gre

Night successes rolled into one. . .

In October, just two months afte

left for France, one of my fellow of

"I think I ought to tell you, Dick

rumor going around that Gertrude

has been taken sick and is being br

to England."

I verified the rumor by telephone

headquarters in London. Yes, a

The unit was exp

that day. Miss

had been taken

werp. How ill s

what the illness

person on the

unable to say.

I went straight

miral and asked

eight hours' lea

the first leave

quested, and it w

I was able to co

a staff car from the motor pool an

top speed to London.

Inquiry at ENSA brought the in

that Gertrude was at the Savoy. I

the hotel and phoned Gertrude

lobby. There was no answer in her r

The desk clerk, to whom I was, o

stranger, was understandably reluc

me go up to the room. I appealed s

to Charles Hofflin, managing direc

Savoy, who got a boy with a pass

company me to Gertrude's room.

It was fortunate that he did.

Gertrude on the bed, just as she had

self when she came in. She still h

worn, faded ENSA uniform and sh

semicoma.

I telephoned downstairs for a d

nurse. I was told no nurses were avai

While waiting for the doctor, I

Gertrude, bathed her and got her

She seemed to accept my presenc

natural; true to her nature, she ac

me feebly not to worry. "I'm not ill

Only so terribly, terribly tired."

When the doctor arrived, he confi

He said that Gertrude's condition

sult of a recent attack of dysenter

mandy, plus the shock effect on

nervous system of battle-front cond

the wearing grind of the tour itself

Gertrude a sedative; soon she was a

For thirty-six hours I did not

As the hours passed, I was immense

to see her condition improve, alth

was still weak and was drowsy

medication.

My immediate concern was to f

one to look after her when my leav

Gertrude seemed to catch some of

In one of her short wakeful periods

pered, "Get hold of Evie, Richar

She'll know what to do."

Evie Williams was a former se

Gertrude's in England, who later t

her in Susan and God. After Evie r

London, Gertrude had kept in cons

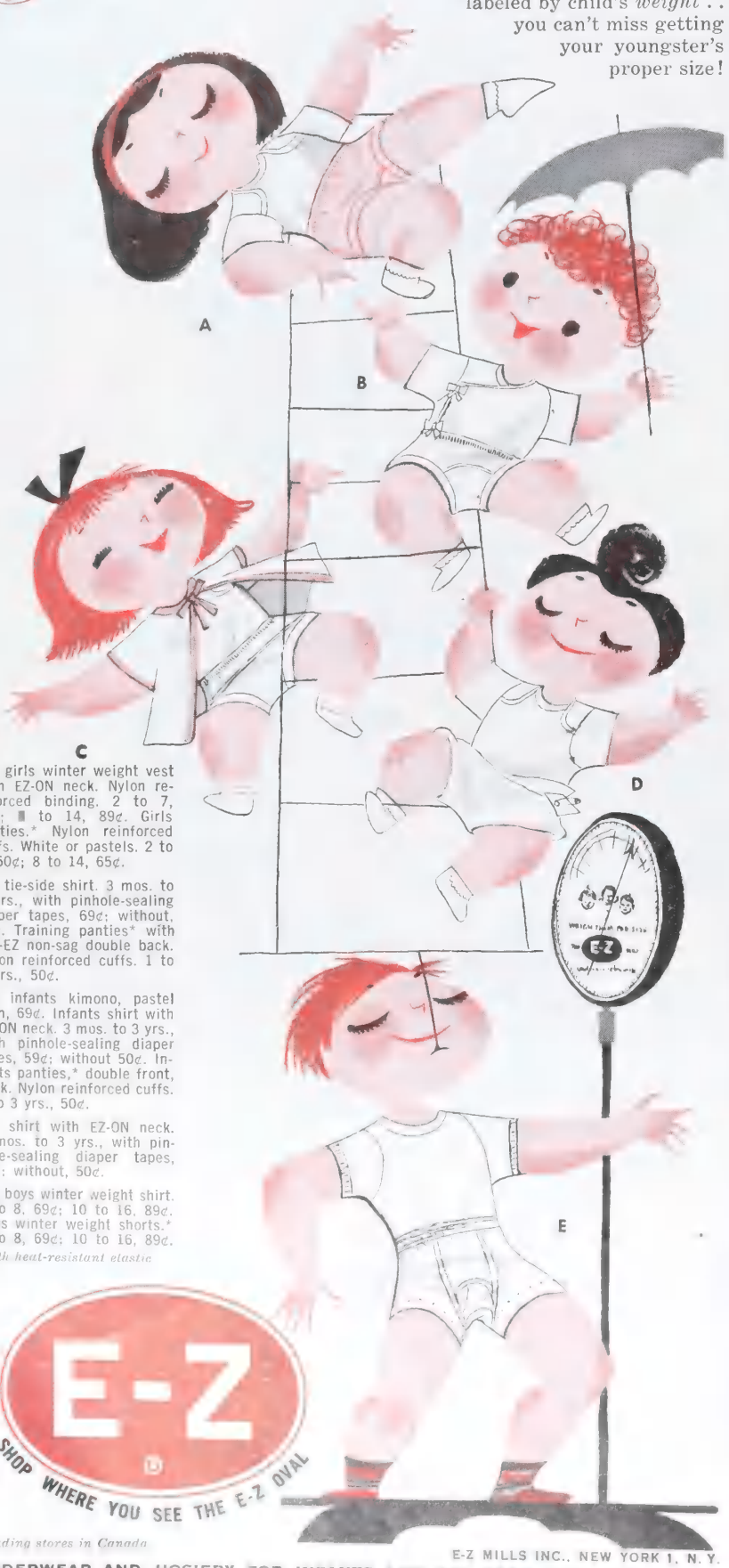
We are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another for points on which we agree.

—COLTON

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B. E-Z tie-side shirt. 3 mos. to 2 yrs., with pinhole-sealing diaper tapes, 69¢; without, 65¢. Training panties* with FIT-EZ non-sag double back. Nylon reinforced cuffs. 1 to 3 yrs., 50¢.

C. E-Z infants kimono, pastel trim, 69¢. Infants shirt with EZ-ON neck. 3 mos. to 3 yrs., with pinhole-sealing diaper tapes, 59¢; without 50¢. Infants panties,* double front, back. Nylon reinforced cuffs. 1 to 3 yrs., 50¢.

D. E-Z shirt with EZ-ON neck. 3 mos. to 3 yrs., with pinhole-sealing diaper tapes, 59¢; without, 50¢.

E. E-Z boys winter weight shirt. 2 to 8, 69¢; 10 to 16, 89¢. Boys winter weight shorts.* 2 to 8, 69¢; 10 to 16, 89¢.

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iting her regularly and sending

ress in suburban Teddington
ted in Gertrude's small red ad-
sent a hotel porter out there with
rought the reply that Mrs. Wil-
urry to Gertrude as soon as she
the necessary arrangements to
e take over her civil-defense
uld not, however, be before the

g by Gertrude's bed, one eye on
r it was getting close to the time
have to drive back to Southamp-
ading the prospect of leaving

Gertrude to the already overburdened hotel staff, when there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find myself staring down at a gentle-looking little woman of indeterminate age.

"I'm Lou Hollis," she said. "I've been one of Miss Lawrence's fans ever since she started on the West End. I heard, in a roundabout way, that she was ill. I came to see if I could be of use to her."

Gertrude moved restlessly in the bed. I stepped out into the corridor and closed the door behind me. I suggested to Mrs. Hollis that we move down the corridor in order that our voices should not disturb Gertrude. I realized I owed her visit to the working of the grapevine of Gertrude's fans, one of whom might have seen her arrive at the Savoy or learned of her return through someone connected with ENSA. This was my first appraisal of the extent and importance of a British star's fan following.

I told Mrs. Hollis what I knew of Gertrude's condition, my plans for her, and my hope that Mrs. Williams would arrive to nurse her the following day.

"I'll stay until she comes," Mrs. Hollis offered. "And afterward I can come every day for a few hours after my work until Miss Lawrence is well. Don't worry, Commander. She won't be neglected."

I said that Gertrude should go home to the United States as soon as she could make the flight. I would see to that.

When I looked in the door she was sleeping. I did not rouse her. Lou Hollis had taken off her jacket and seated herself where I had been sitting near the foot of the bed. When Gertrude woke and opened her eyes she would see Mrs. Hollis at once and know that she was not alone.

As I drove to Southampton I began to comprehend, and to marvel humbly at, the almost mathematically precise workings of a Law which, I realized, operated consistently in Gertrude's life. All her life long, whenever she was in any sort of trouble, someone appeared unexpectedly and providentially who could, and was even eager to, give her whatever she needed most acutely at the moment. Life had tried her, had tossed her about, had brought her to the brink of disaster. But Life had never deserted her.

If there is a psychological explanation for this it may be found in the fact that she herself was always a ready giver; not merely of material gifts, but of interest, appreciation and affection.

In her giving, her criterion was never merit, but need. She was at once too proud and too simple to be a respecter of persons. I never knew her to expend herself over someone simply because that person happened to be important or rich or powerful. Just as I never knew her to snub or disregard anyone because he or she was not any of these.

But in addition to being one of life's givers, Gertrude had the rarest of all graces—gratitude. She could forgive a slight or an injury. She could not forget a kindness. She never undervalued friendship, affection, courtesy, loyalty; nor did she accept these as her due. She was always touchingly, almost humbly, grateful for what measure of these came her way. Perhaps in consequence, every crisis in Gertrude's life merely provided an opportunity for the emergence of someone who found great happiness in helping her.

Once, when I remarked on this, adding that it was almost uncanny how often this sort of thing happened, Gertrude said thoughtfully, "Perhaps that's what is meant by something my granny used to say when I was a child—'God pays debts without money.' Granny believed one has only to do what is right and kind at the time, without wondering or worrying about being repaid or even thanked. Because you will get it back, with interest, from God; when you need it most."

I breathed easier when I knew she was out of England; easier still when her cable came announcing: SAFE LANDING DEAREST. Things were bad in Britain that fall and steadily getting worse. And Gertrude was never cautious. If someone challenged her courage or her ability to "take it," she would stop at nothing.

Quick on the heels of her cablegram came a letter full of news. She was at The Berries "resting." Later Helen Mahoney told me that Gertrude's rest was as energetic as I feared it would be—climbing up and down ladders, cleaning out roof gutters, painting shutters. Helen's day off was always the signal for an orgy of rearranging the jars and canisters on all the kitchen shelves according to Gertrude's decorative ideas, with total disregard for convenience or for the fact that Helen was shorter and had less arm reach.

She was also, she wrote, starting work on her autobiography. What did I think of this, or that, for a title? She had offered her services to the USO immediately on returning from her ENSA tour. She wrote, "I am thankful for some months in which to finish my book. And then I hope the USO will send me back to Europe to entertain American troops, as I entertained the Tommies for ENSA. After all, I have a double obligation—to your countrymen as well as my own."

Her letter reached me through Lady du Maurier, at whose home in Cornwall I was a frequent guest.

At the time I was stationed at Fowey on the Cornish coast, quartered in makeshift barracks which offered little protection from the penetrating cold. I was particularly grateful to



...how to
ny Tooth
otection
ne Entire Family

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C. E-Z 2-piece sleeper* with EZ-ON neck. 6 mos. to 4, pastels, $1.79; with print top, $2.00. Extra pants, $1.00

D. E-Z infants 2-piece heavy weight sleeping bag* with EZ-ON neck, mitten sleeves. Pastels, $1.89. Print top, $2.00.

E. E-Z infants gown with EZ-ON neck. Mitten sleeves. White or pastels, $1.19. Gay prints, $1.49.

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Lady du Maurier, who, besides her thoughtfulness for the American sailors at our base, offered me not only a hospitable fireside at which to thaw out, but a mailing address at which I could receive letters from Gertrude in less than half the time required to pass through the regulation Navy P. O. Her daughter, Daphne, the wife of General Sir Frederick Browning, and their children were at "Menabilly," a few miles distant. A friendship sprang up in those months which was to result in Daphne's sending me her play September Tide two years later, and in Gertrude's appearing in it with great success in London and the provinces. Gertrude had starred with Sir Gerald du Maurier in his last success, Behold We Live, by John van Druten. She had spoken to me with the deepest admiration of the fortitude displayed by Lady du Maurier, who had gone to the theater night after night to watch her husband playing the role of a cabinet minister unknowingly doomed by cancer, while all the time she knew that the same disease had already marked Sir Gerald as a victim. In this admiration, Gertrude unwittingly expressed her own stoic philosophy.

When I had found Gertrude ill at the Savoy I accepted unquestioningly her assurance that there was nothing more serious the matter with her than the effects of fatigue, and the shock of the sights she had witnessed in Normandy. This was understandable. During the next few months, in my few moments of leisure, a picture of her kept appearing before me. Gertrude's most memorable features were her eyes—large, widely set and emphasized by her high cheekbones. It was these eyes which I saw recurrently on waking or in fitful sleep. But now they appeared to me not brilliant, not mischievously mocking, nor tender, at which time their blueness was ineffable. I saw them clouded over with weariness, full of the sights of the battlefields.

Therefore I was increasingly determined to exert whatever influence I could to keep Gertrude from accepting an assignme would again overtax her strength. V wrote me that she intended signin USO, I replied opposing the idea. I o my opposition until I heard that Jol radt, now known in motion picture Hoyt, would be in command of th knew John through our mutua Joseph Reed, and thought very highl

I then gave my consent, but under plete misapprehension (for which I blame the pressure of my own duties. USO tour would be confined to ca hospitals in the United States. Gertru continue to think so up to the very troupe set out. Her heart was set on to Europe, something which I had v

Had I stood out against the tour fiedly, would she have abandoned not sure she would. She might still h trived a way around my ban, making her cleverness in getting what sh while making this appear what I wa

Ten days after Gertrude delivere publisher the manuscript of A Star (she air-mailed me an advance cop book, calling my attention to the ded "For Richard"), she was on a plane USO unit, bound, not for a swing ar United States nor for the ETO, bu South Pacific. I learned later that up t moment of the take-off she did not destination of the unit, which besi trude and John consisted of Nancy accordionist, and Georgie Tapps, da

Gertrude's letters from the Pacific very informative. Neither the climat exigencies of a six-week island-hopp playing two shows a day, were con literary expression. I would have kn or nothing about her weeks in the Pa Theater but for a diary which she kep lously during her tour. This was st other private papers, and I read it fo time after her death.

Her comments on her experiences taneous and characteristic. She wro first day, consoling herself for the di ment of being sent to the Pacific:

But this is the Army, Mrs. A. Pam, H David saw me off. They are all very and quite sure I shall return looking hatma Gandhi. . . . Dearest, I love much today up here in the sky. Please feet on the ground. . . .

This is April 19th and we are in a on the thirteen-hour hop to Hickam o to Kwajalein—fifteen A.A.C. men, the our unit. We are now about to con glasses of water each in case we a down. . . . The briefing at Hamilton cluded lectures on first aid, on how to life raft in case we have to ditch the another on tropical diseases. We were that none of the shots we had taken w any good if we were bitten by a mos that a plane seldom survives a ditchin the officer asked, "Any questions?" I n "Yes. Where can I phone and say I'v my mind?". . .

Kwajalein. Well, now I am all con having crossed the International Date now the day before yesterday. . . . W Japs surrounding the island, Kwajalei danger zone. From here we take off f and then by shuttle plane to Guam shows begin. . . .

Guam. April 22. We gave our first sh to a battalion of Seabees—1500 of th outside theater. Very efficient. Our se at 8:30 was about half an hour away to noisy Seabees (72d Battalion). Here the very poor, the stage enormous; we scream, and we were feeling the heat

From Guam the unit flew to Tinian . . . hence no shade and boili day, but cool at night." Here, as o the intense heat, humidity, insects, a ginning of the rainy season added the difficulty of giving performances air stages. "We are constantly u pressing and packing. . . ."

Gertrude's experience in Norma taught her that the troops were si sight of uniforms; they wanted to tainers in costumes that were pretty cut down on her personal luggage to her three complete changes of stage For each show she dressed and m

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...s for an appearance on Broad-...ntrived flower-decked hairdos, ...g bracelets and earrings; never ... indispensable false eyelashes, ...l but dissolved by the humidity ...on which bathed her as she sang ... in tents . . . no covering on the ...ts scuttling about. Suddenly it be-...t can rain only out here. The crude ... awash. I was wet and steaming. ...moved from the soaking clay hill-... them our full show. Halfway ...nerator broke down, but the men ...ashlights on us and we carried ... she appeared the men clamored ...ted a problem. The directors of ...sored this song from Gertrude's ...stent demands for it from sol-...rs who had seen her in Lady in ... her to the resident USO direc-...e. The calls for "Jennie" were ...e shows. ... hemming and hawing, she was ...t sing the song, provided she ...umps. ...ys like the bumps. They yell for ...rgued. They did indeed. They ...es declar-...nie" with-...as as flat ...hout salt. ... have to ...r Depart-...ldom told ...ltimately, ...issued the ... Lawrence ...mps, *pro-...them side-...aordinary ...s and de-...ccupy the ...while fight-...ar.

...ithi the ... south to ...nds of the

... 8000 men ... in Petelini ...0. Score is ...ar we have ...re 168,700

WHO LOVES SHALL BE BETRAYED

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

We come to light through darkness,
To wisdom in like fashion:
The one who trusts shall be betrayed
And so shall learn compassion.

To love is to discover
The hardest way to live,
For he who loves must suffer
And then forgive, forgive.

in mind as, he has said, he wrote the star part in every one of his plays. She had missed creating the role because when it was ready for production she was appearing in the long run of Lady in the Dark.

The company was billeted at Moana Hotel, next to the celebrated Outrigger Canoe Club on Waikiki Beach. Each morning, Gertrude hopped out of bed, put on her swim suit and joined Duke and Nadine Kahanamoku for coffee at the Outrigger Canoe Club. Duke took her swimming. Finding her a good and fearless swimmer, he initiated her into several new strokes. At her insistence he took her surfboard riding. All John's remonstrances that she was likely to break her neck or be drowned or both, and what would I say, went over Gertrude's shoulder like so much sea water. The excitement of the sport, with the constant imminence of danger, acted on her like a long draught of champagne.

"Darling," John said, "you can break your pretty neck any way you choose, after we get back to the States. Until then, I have a responsibility to your husband. I promised him, God help me, to look out for you. I don't want to have to cable him that your friends have fed you to the sharks."

When these appeals had no effect he reminded her of her professional obligations to the USO. What would happen to Blithe Spirit if she were drowned?

"Think how much better I would play Elvira if I were really a ghost," she said. "Oh, Noel understands me. I would be the most infuriating spirit to have fluttering around. Perhaps Richard was thinking that when he made you promise to bring me back alive. He wants to be sure of being able to manage me."

"If Dick figures he can manage you at all, when you don't want to be managed," John retorted, "he shows greater imagination than any Aldrich on record."

A few days before they were to return to San Francisco, John was sun-bathing on Waikiki when he happened to look out to sea and saw beyond the surf a strange object protruding from the water. He watched it a moment. Observing that it seemed to float about in one spot, it occurred to him that it might be the periscope of some small new type of submarine, and that it was his duty to report it promptly to the Navy guards.

The object had not escaped the watchful eyes of the U.S. Navy. Before John could sound the alert, a plane had been sent to investigate. It circled low and swooped, then rose and flew back to shore. No submarine, the pilot reported; only Miss Gertrude Lawrence floating underwater wearing a glass mask such as skin divers use, to which was attached a two-foot-long plastic tube for breathing purposes. She had bought it at a shop in the town and was experimenting with it.

"With a thing like that you can stay in the water for hours and hours," she said happily. "I was having a marvelous time until you sent the Navy after me."

"Save your gadget for the Cape," John retorted. "Play mermaid there where there are no sharks. Though I'd bet on you to hold your own among the man-eaters. I've lost ten pounds on this tour and most of it because of you." John reminded her of a weekend party at Sam Pryor's place in Connecticut, where the guests had included John and his wife, Gertrude and myself, the Wendell Willkies and Joseph Reeds. "When I remember how we men got together and expressed our envy of Dick, all I can think is: What a bunch of suckers! What Dick Aldrich rates is sympathy, and as of this moment, he has mine."

(To be Continued)

... first visits to the hospitals on ... clear that the time the members ... spent in the wards where the ...n Okinawa were arriving every ... to the greatest advantage:

... to the hospitals I have appointed ...ilman. I take the names and ad-...vounded men's wives and mothers ...s, and write to them giving cheer-...rday I wrote 50 letters, and I have ...do. It is quite a job as it all has to ...ghand, and individual letters, of ...hink those at home will be glad to ... of their loved ones. There's an-...l ship, the Solace, due from ...orrow. Pray God she will get ... Japs attacked the last one, the ... many were killed. . . .

... Airborne again. This time for ...nder what our orders will be there. ...ndance now stands 200,000 men ... Received my Pacific Theater rib-...n General Ross. . . .

... to Honolulu, the company duly ... Maj. Maurice Evans. He wel-...ide's offer to appear in a play at ...Oahu, understanding and sympa-...vith the reason she advanced: "I ...mething that will re-establish me ..."

... lected was Noel Coward's Blithe ...as Gertrude's first opportunity ..., the ghost of the first wife whose ...n disrupts the widower's second ... provides the high comedy of ...'s "improbable farce." She had ...d to appear in the role which ...n the same glovelike smoothness ...Noel had written it with Gertrude



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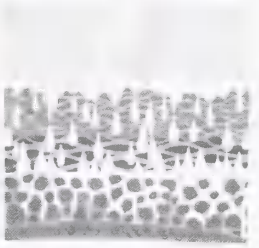
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Choose Carousel — in mix-or-match colors, as you wish — from a full open stock selection; in complete sets to serve eight or more; or start with a Set-for-Four (4 dinner plates, 4 salad plates, 4 cups, 4 saucers) priced at $8.95 (slightly higher Denver and West). At better stores, or write — we'll tell you where.



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"Wherever we traveled, I gathe recipes." Fifth in a series her round-the-world fa

I MET an Armenian by the name of Dikran Kouyoumdjian in London in 1932. He had just arrived from the south of France to write the dialogue for a talking picture of Michael Arlen's book, Lily Christine, which I was to make for Paramount at Elstree.

He told the story of Michael Arlen's presentation to the King of Spain. When a reporter asked Michael how he felt, he replied that he was very flattered—"Though I was much more excited over meeting William Saroyan." asked the reporter. "Well, after swered Michael Arlen, "one ma king every now and then, but w Armenian meets another A that's news." You may take Kouyoumdjian's word for it, Dikran Kouyoumdjian just hap be Michael Arlen's real name!

We were lunching at Boulest off Covent Garden. Michael had his favorite soup:

CREAM OF GREEN PEA AND PARMESAN CHEESE

Mince together 1 medium onion and ½ clove garlic. Sauté in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Add to 1 cup cooked or canned peas. Press through sieve and put the purée in large saucepan. Add 1 cup chicken broth, 1 cup milk and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and heat to the boiling point. Blend 1 tablespoon flour smoothly into 1 cup light cream. Add to the soup. Stir until it just comes to a boil. Remove from heat. Add a little hot soup to 2 slightly beaten egg yolks; then pour back into soup and stir vigorously. Add 6 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Serve hot garnished with tissue-thin slices of salami, cut into matchstick-size strips. Six servings.

Here is something new in a tomato-juice cocktail—the popular American beginner for dinner.

VIRGINIA COCKTAIL

Boil the following ingredients together for 5 minutes: 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 bay leaf, 2 beef-bouillon cubes, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup chili sauce, 2 cups hot water, a pinch of celery salt and a dash of paprika. Strain. Add a dash of Tabasco and the juice of 1 lemon. Serve ice-cold. Eight servings.

Lovely to look at, delightful to eat and something to remember is this dish. Fine for a party lunch or the buffet-supper table.

GREEN CHICKEN SALAD

Mix well together 1½ cups diced cooked chicken, ¾ cup chopped celery and ½ cup salted toasted walnuts and marinate in regular French dressing (2 tablespoons) for ½ hour in refrigerator. Place on lettuce leaves. Four servings. The following dressing is to be serv rately:

DRESSING

Please take this hint: Keep c red wine vinegar. Force 2 tabl baby-food spinach and 1 tab capers through a sieve. Put 1 n sized Spanish onion and ½ cu cress through meat grinder, fine blade. Strain. Keep juice. pulp add 1 cup mayonnaise, spoon anchovy paste and all ing for dressing and force, again, sieve. Add just enough of straine and-water-cress juice for good ency. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ground pepper to taste. Serve th dressing in a separate bowl to b with the chicken salad.

Something new (which has rev ized the cooking of meats) has bee to our household. It is an electr serie broiler—the greatest thi Barnum and Bailey's Circus! turkey, pork, ham, beef, even t hamburger, are raised to unb heights when cooked this simple

A ROLLED ROAST

Have the butcher remove the r a 3-rib roast of beef, roll the m tie securely with a clean stri rolled roast should weigh a pounds. Place the roast on the sp roast is less than 4″ in diameter, low heat 12 minutes to a pound If over 4″, allow 15 minutes or rare. For medium rare, incre roasting time further. Brush casionally during roasting with spoons soy sauce. Cooked on t serie, your roast will be app brown on the outside, tender a within, and the pan juices will delicious flavor.

Editors' Note: Corinne Grif motion-picture star, has collecte in many countries—from famo and hostesses and from obscure perb) cooks. The recipes here are collection soon to be published a

Copyright, 1954, by Corinne Griffith. Corinne Griffith's Cookbook is from her forthcoming book, Eggs I Have Known.

PRESCRIP

CONTINU

you're probably anxious to ge of the weather, so I'll make the as possible. First I want you sses and telephone numbers o paper. Pass it along, please. I'm you to keep in touch with me by week for the next two months. that if you will do as I say, call

o Doctor Blake's ten rules, more you—now listen to this—more ou will be married within sixty more will be engaged."

a happy murmur of approval, by the scraping of folding g eagerly toward the eminent was standing back, arms folded, mpact of his words. I wanted to so he would see me back there, eem advisable.

unched on the lecture. "Now bt you're saying to yourselves, reposterous,' but you are wrong. uinea pigs. Doctor Blake has is sort of thing before. In Bos- rancisco. In Chicago. And with ety-eight per cent success."

iling with such confidence, and ently, winsome, that even I be- Ordinarily I wouldn't have been t a rally like this, but since I was king it, I decided to take notes, ughs. I signaled Father Bristor, ack with paper and pencil, and, lice from my lap, he patted my tiptoed out of the room.

me you know good grooming," ergast said. "You dress with ssume you are normal, happy his start, I'll now give you Doc- rules. Paste them on the mirror sing table. Review them each v. Here we go. *Rule One.* Don't n to come to you. I don't care n the books. Find some proper nally approved method of get- ed with him. *Rule Two.* After m, contrive to make dates with . Men don't like to know they're *Rule Three.* Mother him. Show im and his health. *Rule Four.* At , show him you need him. Men self-sufficient women. I assume l self-sufficient, or you wouldn't *Five.* Be natural. *Rule Six.* Look d praise him. *Rule Seven.* Send t's not in the books either."

p from my notes and started. eyes were resting on me. Or were ked puzzled.

," he continued. "Don't try to ous by talking about other men, ary. *Rule Nine.* Be well groomed, a smudge on your face once in a give the effect of constant primp- . Don't cheapen yourself in any something that might make him r you, but introduce some situa- show him how much you really —how much he might miss you. e him propose.

friends, isn't that a simple pre- s practically foolproof. Here's touch." He gave us his phone d will the young lady in the back th the list of names, please." I thought. And I never looked en after haying on a hot day in be I could come under *Rule 9* not being polished up. Actually, done too badly by me—no parts nothing fouled up—but tonight air needed a shampoo and ch coat hardly framed me in , tonight *Rule 5*, being natural, were a cinch. I stuffed the set of pocket, pulled on my boots and, gy umbrella dangling from my led as smartly as I could over to dreamboat.

I said, "I know you must be day's work and I won't keep you like to ask you something. Are ?"

ing, I looked up and he was just sitting there looking at me.

"Candy," he said, "you look beautiful tonight. You're a really beautiful woman."

I couldn't say anything for a minute. I didn't know what to say. Les used to say I was cute, but that's all. I suppose everyone on earth looks beautiful to someone. Finally I pulled out of my spin and said, "Thank you, doctor."

We got home a little past midnight. I gave Jake my hand and told him it had been a wonderful evening, but Jake knows what he wants. He took that hand and laid it carefully at my side. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. It was just a nice, good kiss. "That's till the next time," he said. He took my key and unlocked my door, but he didn't come in, and I was relieved. I just wanted to come in alone and think about that kiss. *That's a smart rule men could use*, I thought, as I shut the door and waved him good-by—*make one good, with a promise to dream on.* There would be a next time, then. What technique. The genius!



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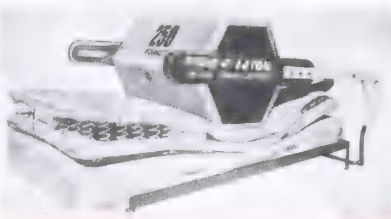
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I MET an Armenian by ...n, *the eternal* Dikran Kouyoumdjian ...lieves *that only* 1932. He had just arrive...*fire. That's all* of France to write th...*sparks the primi-* talking picture of Mi...*t a cold rainy night* Lily Christine, whic...*g a fire.* I went back Paramount at Els...ate, and we had it on

He told the s...he fire.

presentation t...nt to talk about himself, a reporter a...y easy listening. It's funny replied th...r strangers sometimes click—

"Though...ne and me ...s. He told me farm where he ..., and he let me about myself, too, ...n was nice. He asked ... the first intelligent questions about ranch life I'd heard in four years.

The most valuable sense of humor is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at. —ANON.

Well, after the fire had burned down twice I asked him if he'd like to see the shop. The shop means a lot to me. For four years I'd worked about twelve hours a day to make my start. Not much time for fun, and I was only now just coming up for air. We walked around and I snapped the lights on in my two showcases. As he leaned over to study the brooches, rings and bracelets, apropos of nothing he looked up and smiled.

"CALL me Jake," he said. And then, after a pause, "All your own design?"

"Everything I do is my own design," I told him.

"How about diamonds, Candy?" he said, and incidentally he said "Candy" as though it was really sweet. "I have a diamond. Square cut, about two and a half carats. It was my grandmother's. Would you be interested in designing a setting for it?"

That rustle of whatever it was sounded pretty loud. "Sure," I said. "I'll do it. I'll submit a few designs. Man or woman?"

"Woman," said Jake.

Oh, I thought, *why do I always have to fight my way upstream? There is somebody else.*

"Tell you what I'll do," he was saying. "Next Saturday afternoon I'll bring it down about four or so. Then, if you're free, we can go someplace for dinner. O.K.?"

"Wonderful," I said, but I hadn't planned that this was to be a business relationship.

That week I slaved over the designs. Saturday afternoon found me in my navy bengaline suit, high lights in my hair, polish on my nails, and all the rules memorized, with illustrations. Promptly at four I saw Jake's long black convertible pull up in front of the shop. The eminent dreamboat crawled out—he's no pee-wee, over six feet at least. I leaned against the soapstone fire table, trying to look casual.

"Hi," he said, opening the door and setting off the bell. "I brought the stone." He was right down to business, stepping over to the counter. As I laid out a piece of black velvet I watched his long fingers unwrap a fold of tissue from his wallet. A stone that flashed blue spilled out. It was a lovely rock, deep and brilliant. I got out my glass.

Magnificent," I said, and I ...You're sure you want me to set ...ou're sure you like my work we ...This is a beautiful stone."

"Definitely," he said. "I'm glad ...

I'd outdone myself on the desig... two modern ones, then one with ... four-prong shanks, and a fourth th... two visible means of support. I'd ... this setting a year ago, but had n... because I hadn't wanted to waste ... ferior stone. I showed Jake this dra... like saving the point of a piece of ... last bite.

"THIS one is unusual," I said. ... maximum of light get to the stone ... minimum of metal to distract the e... gem itself. The stone would be sur... light with complete safety."

"Um," Jake said, and he laid th... on the proper spot on the drawi... it."

"What size?" I asked. I really ... to know.

"Size?" he said. "What's norma...

I laughed. "That's like saying, ... normal size of shoe?' If you don't ... size, I can make it up and resize i... sizing won't strain this mounting. I... to be a surprise."

"Yes. That's right. Well, put it ... and let's shove off."

"Don't you want the price?" I sa... made settings aren't for free these ...

"I'll trust you to do me right. ... your doctor. Well, I'll trust my je... about a drive? While the sun's out ...

"Let's see ho... den looks," I ... casually. I'd jus... morning hosing ... York dirt off, sc... tables and c... changing the ... pieces on the stea... However, I'd ha... to set all the f... against the boar... that he could ... manly pleasure of setting it all up ... sun was shining when we went ou... liked th... place immediately.

"Say, this is great," he said, and ... around doing manly things with th...

"Coke?"

Jake stretched full length on th... picked up for five bucks at auctio... swank. Wait on me, woman."

Yes, doctor, I thought, *for six ... longer. But why don't you fight clea... what I'm up against. There's nothing ... about another woman.*

We settled ourselves in the gar... the chaise and I in the bright blue ... steamer chair. The sun poured d... like a special floodlight.

"Is it ethical for me to ask how ... five classmates did this week?" I ... they all call you?"

"Sure they called. All but you. H... doing?" He turned and faced me, a... up my glass.

"I just wondered how they're ... said, fencing.

"Well, twenty-one of them said t... a date—of one sort or another. Th... start. Of course in any experimen... human error there's bound to be so... But twenty-one out of twenty-five is ... you?"

"Did any of them need help?"

"Well, yes, three, as a matter o... asked to come in to see me, and tw... to visit them to give them some ad...

"And you went?"

"Sure. They're the laggards. The... a handful who go for the doctor... straightened out now. Let's get do... How're you doing?"

"All right, I think. I don't know ... to tell so soon."

"What's he like?" Jake said, sm... ing at me closely.

I sat there a little stunned, not bei... in a situation, and then, just when ... I'd have to make some giveaway, Ch... who lives across the yard, bless his lit...

e day by throwing one
otes down. I jumped up
note from under the

ng on?" Jake said. "Is
ommunicate in the Vil-
a little angry, especially
d up and saw Charlie
window. Charlie's cute
e. Not too small, not
ather a happy-looking

Charlie Apel. He's an
says to hold our pose
nutes more and then
r for a Coke."
n long?"
r," I replied. "He's
ee illustrations out here
Of course," I added,
uch money in this kind
pay him for it with
et my pictures in the

his drink around and
ands. His face was red.
ought of the book I'd
im on Fourth Avenue
Rule 7.)
I've got something for
s it on Fourth Avenue
unting an out-of-print
I'll get it."
out and handed it to

ter and Smooth," he
ough it. "Never heard
s a find." He unfolded
w England streams in
book and checked the
some of the trips he'd
streams I know, this
y accurate. Thanks,
it on my vacation this
ys either climb or take
Maine each year."
r," I said, and then I
harlie in.
ed nice, especially if
appeals to you. He and
nds and made shilly-
ation over one drink.
said we had to leave to
chester for a table he'd
ft right away, because
Rule 8 here. I certainly
get Jake jealous about
who's a confirmed
never shown a yen
. I got my new benga-
ut that makes you look
and we clattered down
street, Charlie bringing
hen he saw Jake's car
e and winked, and then
ying to glide in, which
ed in, Charlie said,
how about dinner to-
and The Red Shoes?
Art. About six."

as though he would
I didn't blame him. It
harlie not to know the
situation. He'd never
efore; his contributions
sional evening being a
s and a few bottles of
ce while I upholstered,
walls, or polished my
didn't know what to
started the motor.
morrow," I said.
said, "you play hard
e shot the car out from
dn't talk much until we
green grass beyond the
Bridge, and then sud-
d a second and smiled.
e job you're wearing."
is eminence felt better
harlie, the boy painter,
llage.
e took me to in West-
uietly elegant—not the
you run to any old
Jake, picking a place
for keeping special

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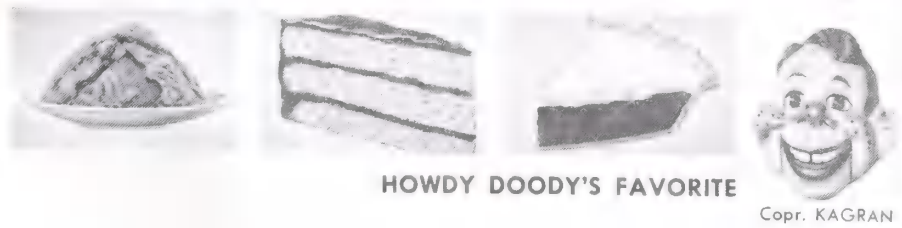
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HOWDY DOODY'S FAVORITE

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After that first date I saw Jake every Saturday afternoon and evening for a month, and he always dropped down after dinner Wednesdays to see the ring. Sundays and Mondays he said he always flew to Maine for his days off.

The first Saturday after the Westchester date we went to see La Bohème at the Met, and then had dinner at a fancy place in the East Sixties. The second Saturday we drove up to Connecticut on a fake junket. I think now he'd called ahead, because we drove into a little side road and stopped at a gem of a small old house.

"What's this?" I said, half hoping he was thinking of buying it.

"My Cousin Larry's. I want them to meet you," he said. I was glad I'd worn my new tweed. It's bluish and does me no harm.

Cousin Larry and his wife, Ann, were fun and easy to talk to. With no urging, we stayed to dinner. They were just my kind of people, and they let me help. We sat in the kitchen while food simmered and roasted, and we danced to a portable they'd built into the kitchen cupboards. Their dog, a sweet no-breed, tore around the linoleum like crazy, and a tiger kitty sat on a shelf near the stove on a red calico pad and blinked and slept. It was all very peaceful and fun.

WEDNESDAY nights when Jake came down we stopped in the shop, and then took a walk around the Village, and afterward home for the chocolate deal, which had become a ritual. Oh, and one Wednesday was May first. The bell rang and when I went to open the door I found a big cellophane-covered basket of chocolates hanging on the doorknob. We used to hang May baskets out West, with mother working with us night after night, making them of crepe and tissue paper on the dining-room table after the dishes were cleared away. This May basket in New York really gave me a thrill, and I ran out. I saw Jake's car down the block and I caught him behind the wheel and hung a kiss on him that drew a little knot of onlookers. It was all perfectly legal, because that's what you're supposed to do if you can catch the one who hung the basket. Incidentally, in the bottom of the basket was a little volume of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, which I'd mentioned once.

Charlie, meanwhile. I went out with him that Sunday night. Here I'd been twiddling my thumbs for four years, and now Charlie was taking me to dinner, opening doors and being powerfully entertaining. I began to wonder if maybe a bird in the hand wasn't worth Jake in the bush, swell as Jake was, because the day when that darned ring would be finished was drawing nigh.

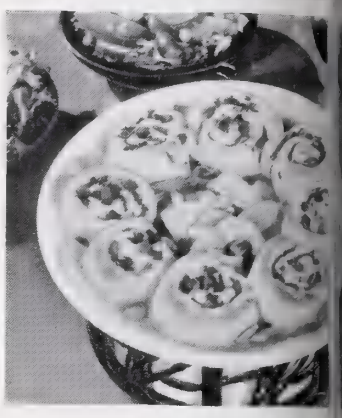
So I was nice to Charlie—even unwittingly used *Rule 7* on him. I ran across an artist's spot at auction and bought it for a bargain. I honestly never thought of using the rules on Charlie, but he was in a tizzy, as though I'd set up an annuity for him. Now I had *him* eating out of my hand, and I didn't know whether to pull it back or not.

Every time I saw Jake I asked about the class, and he said at the end of the fourth week eight of "the bevy" were engaged. It was fantastic. I decided if he wasn't eminent he ought to be. He always asked if I had any questions, and how I was making out. I always said I thought I was doing pretty well, everything considered. And it would seem so to anyone, I should think. Wednesday nights were so pleasant that I began to wonder about the little pearl who was waiting for that two-and-a-half-carat diamond. I decided not to worry too much, and just enjoy life, keeping well within bounds. This was a hard thing to do, if you know what I mean. Jake was a really attractive gent.

Monday morning of the fifth week the phone rang when I was in an unhappy mess—not with the ring, but with a difficult solder job on a brooch. Charlie had stayed too late the night before and had hinted that come fall he would be on his feet, and believe it or not, he was tired of the single life. Nothing definite. Just hints. No proposal. Just hints. You know, the cagey bachelor who is loath to give up what he's got, but still isn't sure what he's missing. I had the unsteadiest hand of my career. I'd just picked up the hot brooch with the tongs for the fourth time, and flipped it into

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Chicken Pinwheel Cass

6 tbs. Meadow Gold Butter
1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
1 med. onion, chopped
6 tbs. flour
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. celery salt
1¼ cups chicken broth
1¼ cups Me Homogeni
1 tbs. lemon
2 tbs. chopp
1 cup sliced partially c
1 cup sliced partially c
1 cup frozen partially c
4 cups diced cooked chicke

Cook mushrooms and onion in bu tender. Stir in flour and seasonings. add chicken broth and milk; cook u ened. Add lemon juice and parsley. In 2-quart casserole alternate layers of chicken and sauce. Bake at 350° for 2 Increase oven temperature to 400°; wheel baking powder biscuits arou casserole. Bake 20 minutes more.



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ttering acid all over my smock, ne rang.

udio," I said, dabbing water on hat smarted my neck.

Maine, calling," said an operator. said, as though he were just up- s the Queen of Diamonds?"

tor," I said, "how nice. How's s was very flattering, getting a call.

said. "I just wondered how the y. Do you think you could have y registered air mail, say on Thursday? I'm staying up this

gainst the cool stone fire table ut at the rain. Maine. So that's e pearl's shell was. I might have

Jake," I said. "Sure. I was tak- n it. I didn't know you were in I'm working on something else, he ring out. You'll have it by he latest."

rush you," he said. "My grand- this week. I want her to see it. w it to my grandmother."

mother, nuts, I thought. *How*

your grandmother likes it," I

u doing otherwise?" Jake said. much. I'm on a country line, out But you know what I mean. .K.?"

aid. "It's pouring down here." he weather at this point.

urself some nd build a

of yourself, , "and good

up and I sat e fire stool t the brooch of the pickle. ame stream- Locking the the shop, I went back to the d lay face down on the sofa, e of the red roses dyed my cheek don't know what I'd expected of sychiatrist's magic formula, but uick end as this. Given a little felt I might have won. Why not? mplete dud, was I? Or was I? slipped up? Suddenly it came to en't the eminent Doctor Jake's ere a Doctor Blake's and Jake ng me as a guinea pig. What a was. There was Charlie, but I'd im to make Jake jealous. Why fight clean? Even a fool wouldn't andmother gag. Why do men lie viously? *Well, if that's the kind nt, I'm better off*. Anyhow, I said the way back into the studio, as lie's potatoes held out I wouldn't hat's more than a lot of girls n't bad company either.

I thought about that girl up in e out in a fresh drizzle of tears. hold of myself and settled down orked until nine o'clock at night embering lunch or dinner. The pped me was Charlie beating on with his umbrella. I let him in. he said, "what're you working on 've been crying."

a mirror. My hair was a sight. e swollen, and I had that red dye k. I sure had a head start on dirty-face one.

out and I'll buy you a dinner," "What're you doing until this ?" Then he saw the diamond in tic box on the bench. "Who," he is job belong to? That, my friend, said.

ne by the arms and faced me to on't think I've ever seen a human ore human.

he said, "dear Candy. I think I re. You're setting this for some- m I right?"

"Yes," I said, starting to cry again. "He's in a rush for it. By Wednesday." It seemed right to be telling Charlie. I knew he'd had a lot of disappointments in his life. Maybe he could understand. "He's in Maine. He called this morning. I guess she is too. Her father's probably knee-deep in paper money."

"Listen, sweetie," Charlie said, picking up the diamond, "put this in the safe."

I did.

"Now wash your face and hands."

I washed. It was good being told what to do. I was sick of holding myself up alone.

"Now go back there and get out of that smock and put some make-up on."

He turned off the gas, pulled the plug on the motor, gave the safe a twirl and then prodded me before him like a child. We went into the living room and I sat down in the red velvet chair by the window. I was exhausted, emotionally and physically.

"On your feet, miss," Charlie said. He came over and, pulling me up, he lifted my face in his two hands and kissed me. "You're dead on your feet and you look a sight. Now go in there and put something on your face so I can take you out. And comb your hair, or put a scarf over it."

I stood there in his arms, not wanting to move. It was so good having someone to lean against. The indoor type has his place too. Maybe I'd built the whole thing with Jake in my mind. Maybe I wasn't in love with him, just in love with the idea of falling in love. Maybe this was love. How could one know?

I went in and sat down before the glass. I looked up and saw the rules, and I started to pick them off the mirror. *Rule 10*, the one about creating a situation, was the only one I'd never used and now I'd never have the chance. I tossed the pieces into the wastebasket.

He who expekts to be praised every time he duz a virtewous thing will soon get tired ov the bizzness.
—JOSH BILLINGS

Charlie rapped on the door. "Get on your horse," he said when I opened it. "You haven't moved. Tie a thing on your hair and get to work."

We went around the corner to a Mexican chili joint and the hot food was good. We didn't talk until the coffee came. Finally I surfaced. "I think I'll move the shop to Topeka," I said. "I'm going to get out of New York and start over. I made it here. I should do it someplace else. People in Topeka must buy jewelry."

"THAT's tonight," Charlie said. "I've felt like that a dozen times, but I'm still here. I couldn't work anywhere else. You'll feel better in a few weeks. Broken hearts mend. Take my word. You can't leave now."

I looked at him and was struck with the thought that maybe he'd fallen deeply in love with me and here I was, in love with Jake. I suddenly saw poor Charlie having to suffer the way I was suffering, and I didn't want to be the cause. I felt bleak, sunk, confused and lost.

Charlie took me home, kissed me good night, and I went right to bed and slept for twelve hours. When I awoke, Charlie's last words to me flashed through my mind, "Don't worry, girl. Your old Uncle Charlie is always just around the corner." Old Uncle Charlie, was it? His heart was still intact, or he'd have got down to brass tacks on the subject of love last night.

On Wednesday I mailed the ring. It was the most beautiful piece I'd ever done. I had it photographed at Nick's before boxing it. Somehow, when you love gems for their eternal beauty, you're inspired to do your best, and this one had fired me. I was proud but heartbroken to pack it up and never see it again. I sent Jake the bill at his New York office. It was fair. In fact, he got a bargain. It's tough setting prices for friends.

That was Wednesday. Saturday afternoon, when I was getting ready to fold the shop for the weekend, I heard the bell ring, and in walked the eminent, incomparable Jake.

"Hello, beautiful," he said.

"Hello, yourself." *Hello beautiful.*

"Well, it's good to be back," he said looking around. "Mighty good."

"Take a good look," I said.

"Why? Something new?"

"No," I said. "I'm going to fold my tent and move to Topeka. Next month. How was the ring? Did it fit?"

I hadn't gone to greet him. I sat down on the fire stool and looked at him. He had on a light gray summer suit and cool dark blue tie. It was awful to know he was for somebody else.

"It's the most beautiful setting I've ever seen. We all thought so. The whole darned State of Maine. I came right in from the airport to have you size it."

"Today?" I said.

"Right now." He put it on my finger. It was a perfect fit. I started to cry. "It's for you, Candy. You should have guessed."

"You've been mean to me," I said. "I've never been so miserable."

Jake kissed me. "You thought all that work was for nothing? Even through *Rule Ten?* You're a star pupil. Didn't you know Doctor Blake puts out a set of tripe for men too?" He picked me up and carried me out to the living room and tossed me on the sofa. He was laughing. "There's a whole new set to learn now," he said.

"Oh, doctor," I said, "I've known those for years." END

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By RICHARD PRATT

Split-paling fence, $48; 5 steel posts, $7; secondhand paving, $32; incidentals, $12.

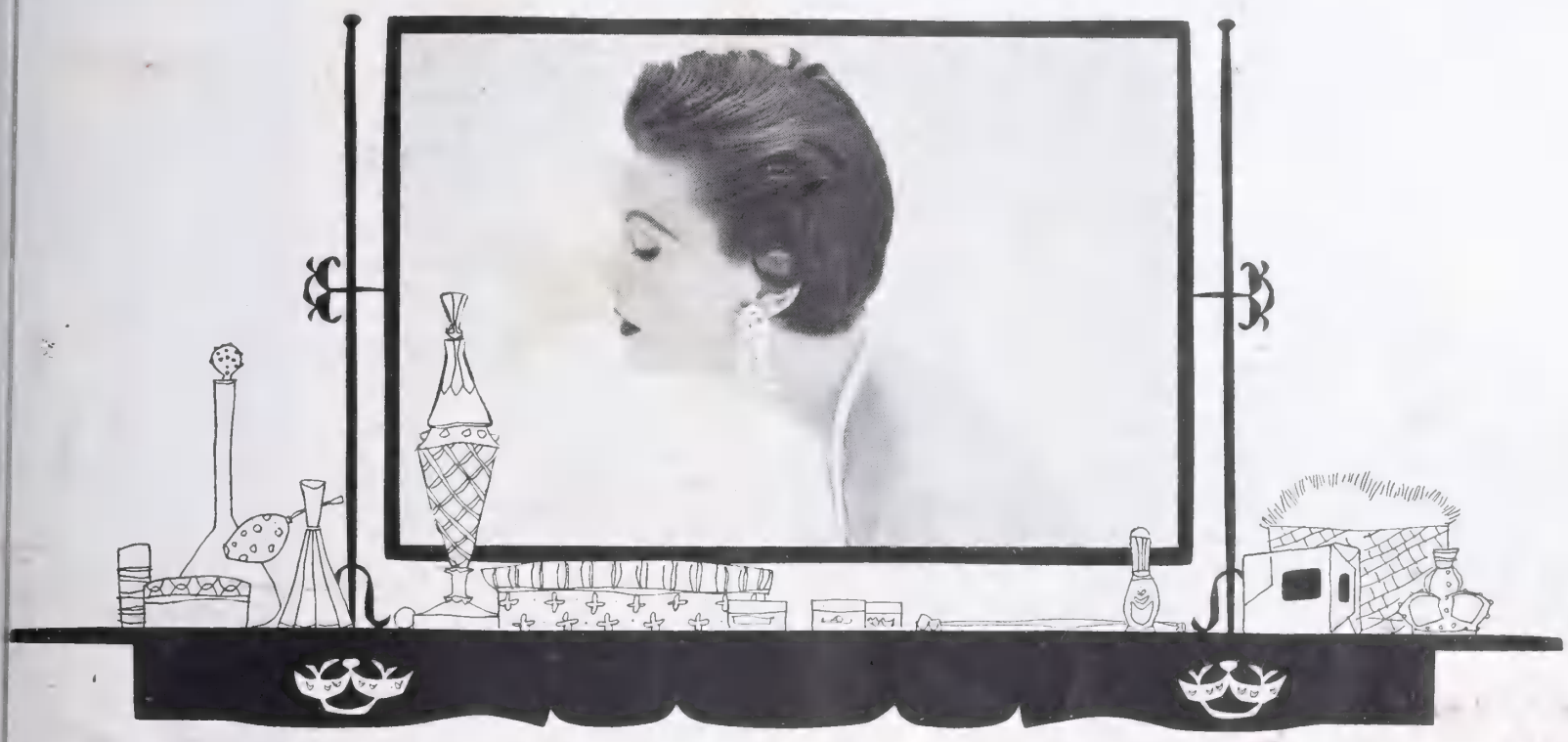
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I have two admonitions of prime importance. One is to keep it small; the other is to make it level. What you see here, which used to be a catchall corner of the yard, right up against a next-door neighbor's house, is now an open-air leisure and entertainment area, where you can be as private as you please. It happens to be roughly sixteen feet square, which is plenty large for a party. And it is as level as a floor, which makes every square foot of it a pleasure to use.

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I hope you have a tree, for its shade and attraction. If not, a sugar maple is tops for shade and beauty; a flowering peach for quickness and color

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

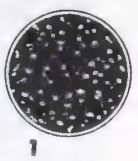


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Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Photomicros at the left prove it.



1



2

No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

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THIS MARRIAGE COULD NOT BE SAVED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

to Kevin I'm afraid I might become a whining, unhappy neurotic like my mother. She lies in bed all day in a big house with three servants—my father is a successful manufacturer back East—moaning over her imaginary headaches and complaining of her marital woes. She and daddy are hopelessly incompatible like Kevin and me; they should have been divorced long ago.

"I take after my father, everybody says. There's a lot of get-up-and-go in daddy. My father is emotional. I'm the same. Perhaps I'm too emotional. Anyway, I simply cannot hold in my feelings when I'm around Kevin. He drives me distracted with his detachment, his absent-mindedness, his plain-dumb obtuseness. So I blow my stack and create a scene.

"It's bad for the children; they get bewildered and upset or start acting like wild Indians themselves. But I don't make a dent on Kevin. He stands there and stares, with no notion of how shattering a personality like his can be. One time I threw a Haviland plate on the kitchen floor and Kevin gave me a sort of surprised look, and got the dustpan and swept up the pieces. He then went into his workshop and forgot the whole matter. He never did ask what was wrong. Except where engineering is concerned, Kevin has no curiosity whatever.

"On the evening he and I finally split up nothing much happened except inside *me*. I sat down to dinner with him and the children, feeling quite calm. Kevin ate through a good steak as though it were sawdust, and without saying one single word. As I was serving dessert, Ellen asked him a question. He stared at her the blank, dazed way he stares at me. He was plainly ten thousand miles away. Suddenly I couldn't bear it. I set the dessert on the table and ran out to the garage. I drove to Malibu Beach at ninety miles an hour and I sat alone on the sand watching the waves come in, come in, until I felt a little peace. I thought about Kevin. I thought about Alex. I decided divorce was the only possible answer. I went to a public phone booth and called daddy long distance—my father is fond of Kevin—and daddy said to do nothing until he could fly to the West Coast. He promised to telephone Kevin right away, and try to straighten things out.

"MAYBE if Kevin had reacted differently when I drove home again," continued Dena, "we could still have patched up our affairs. The clock struck as I walked in. It was two o'clock in the morning. Kevin didn't ask where I had been, or why I had rushed away from the dinner table, or anything else. He didn't mention that daddy had phoned him from Philadelphia. Instead, he poured himself and me a cup of coffee. I quietly drank my coffee, and then I requested him to pack his clothes and move out. No, Kevin didn't lose his temper. I have never once seen him get mad or even raise his voice. I doubt Kevin *can* become angry. When I first told him I was in love with Alex, Kevin told me not to be silly, that he was a better man than Alex. And that's all Kevin said. When he packed up and left that night, Kevin said he would gladly come back as soon as I asked him to come. He didn't turn a hair on either occasion.

"At this stage I am probably unreasonable on the subject of Kevin. I can't help it. I've got so I can't see his virtues. Everything about him jars on me. Kevin is dilatory, procrastinating. I don't recall that we have ever arrived any place at the proper hour. I'm quick and I'm punctual. Time after time, the children and I have sat in the car waiting for Kevin while inside the house Kevin still wasn't dressed and was comfortably reading a book.

"Kevin is a fine-looking man—he is handsomer than Alex—but Kevin expects me to buy all his neckties and shirts and even select his suits and march him to the store when he needs one. Why should I? Kevin is fantastically untidy. You should see a bathroom when he's finished with it, and you should see the odd spots he deposits his soiled laundry. On the night he left our house forever, I found seven-



airs dusty socks under his bed. I have
ent a of being a man's personal valet.
where the laundry hamper was.
in't er use it. Kevin would dearly love
m nto a woman like his mother. I ad-
ay other-in-law, but I'm not a scrap
er. e picked up after Kevin and his
rs d her husband, and bossed and
end them. The iron hand in the velvet
is mother-in-law's style. She and I
ss ed her technique and she's advised
w t handle Kevin and I've tried. Really
ied But her ways aren't mine. I am
ng my daughter and my sons to the
m bility, and finding joy in the job. I
to a mother to a grown-up man!

RIN the eleven years of my marriage,"
sa tensely, "I was forced into the
s s against my will. I didn't like it. In
co dn't stand it. Kevin expects me to
e push him—make all the decisions
y h mother makes decisions for his fa-
nd unmarried brother. I'm a woman.
I e treated like a woman. I want to
wh nd love a man who will tell me
to ad in. I admire strength, masculin-
rce trange as it may seem, even at this
ar Kevin would say to me, 'See here,
ri. I the head of this family and you'd
p down and
talking nonsense
t divorce,' I
feel very different
thi and our mar-
K n won't say
ing f the kind. It
in h nature.
he ree different
es w have bought
e in have chosen,
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st comments
Ken. He lets me
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me s and then
ac moves. On
pra cal side of
bu ess—Kevin's
in is strictly
ethi —I have also
ob ed to make
imp ant decisions.
n s ted out in a
an aft plant; one
he thirty-thousand-employee places
e a bright but unaggressive man like
n ca learn a lot if he stays five years but is
to come a taken-for-granted cog in the
ma if he stays longer. My father and I
ss the situation—daddy has a good
b ness head—and then I suggested
n h t a job in a smaller plant where he
d h e some chance to shine and show his
A first Kevin hesitated. Like a good
o r engineers in his generation, Kevin
re o accumulate seniority and pension
s a feel snug and secure while the com-
a the stockholders reaped the real
s his intelligence. He hated to take a
le m the opposite. Chance taking is
do n my alley!
o t Kevin," said Dena, "I was willing to
lo on half the salary, scrub, do the
ry nything; that there was no need for
ar ts to help us financially. So he trans-
l a a small subcontracting plant. Since
he as set up production methods that
at cted the attention of experts all over
ou y. Kevin is going to be a big man in
el Two years ago he invented that new
ac nautical switch, and it was patented
n e. He will be cut in for a share of the
s. addy thinks Kevin will wind up a
in famous man someday.
Vh didn't he think of the move himself?"
n d Dena. "Then I could have been
l him. As it is, I just feel flat about
h' uccess, since I was behind the scenes
n and prodding and manipulating.
n ok all that as a matter of course.
ji ce has always seemed like an admis-
o ilure to me. I've worked hard for a
y arriage. Nobody can say I haven't
t elp and please my husband. Kevin likes hiking. I've hiked myself down to the ankles with a wordless companion who would just as soon have been by himself. I like cars, the bigger and faster the car the better. I believe the motor age is here to stay, but Kevin and I very seldom drove anywhere for the weekend. Drives involved the children and children are noisy.

"Kevin has never made the slightest attempt to share *my* interests. I've tried to understand him. He has never tried to understand me, although he is eight years older. I was only eighteen when we married, too young to realize how poorly suited we were. We had a hurry-up wartime courtship. I fell for Kevin's attractive looks and his uniform and he told me he fell for my singing, which isn't a fact. Kevin tackled music for a time as something to be examined and studied like a mechanical problem and then solved and laid aside. Music can't touch or stir his emotions any more than I can. When we go to a concert his eyes glaze and you can almost watch his ears close. When we drop in a restaurant afterward he hangs back and lets me ask for a table, order the food, nudge him to pay the bill and tip the waiter. I've never known him to pull out a chair for me, or open a door.

"Our sexual relationship fits with the rest of the picture," said Dena. "Kevin may be satisfied. I am not. After eleven years, Kevin is still fumbling and clumsy and hurried. I wouldn't describe him as sexually cold, but he certainly is far from ardent. When we met each other Kevin was twenty-six years old and I was his first girl. According to Kevin, he had been too busy for girls. Throughout our marriage, he has been too busy with his work to have sex on his mind very often. He was anything but demanding and he believed in a delicate male approach. Usually he waited for me to take the initiative. This left me desperate and frustrated. Perhaps I sound like a loose, promiscuous woman, a regular Hollywood type, but I'm not. I'm twenty-nine years old and I'm human. I want to marry Alex as soon as it's possible. In the meantime, I have not forgotten I am the mother of three children. I have been faithful to Kevin and I will remain faithful until I receive my divorce and remarry.

"I don't think it's wrong of me," said Dena, "to hope Alex and I will have a warm and happy sexual relationship. Something very different from my relationship with Kevin, which has never been my conception of what love between a man and a woman should be. I don't expect a perfect second marriage. Alex isn't perfect. And I'm not perfect. But I believe he and I can have a better marriage than I've ever known. We do need the chance. I don't think it's fair of Kevin to block my divorce and stand in our way."

THE CHILDREN AT MIDNIGHT

By M. JEAN CRAIG

Asleep, all of us, in the warm night
We make a dream.
We dream together of our mother.
She is watching the clouds
Blown thin across the night sky.
The dark wind moves in her hair.
She cannot see the stars.
They are in her eyes.

Kevin tells his side:

"I don't want this divorce," said Kevin, an attractive, flat-stomached man of thirty-seven with thick, light-brown hair and remarkable eyes—large, dark, bright with intelligence. At the moment the eyes were both puzzled and perturbed. "I want back my wife and my family. Dena and I have been separated four or five times in the past—she gets mad and walks out—but I've always managed to persuade her to listen to reason. This time I'm stymied. I need advice.

"My wife probably told you she is in love with another man—something I seriously doubt. In my opinion, Dena merely wants to stir up friction and excitement. She declares she and Alex will make out dandy, although to date Alex isn't even divorced. He had a legal separation, but, so far, his wife is refusing to agree to a divorce. Dena may not know it, but

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I gather Alex himself isn't exactly breaking his neck to get that decree. My guess is he is afraid of alimony, or maybe alarmed at the future Dena is mapping out for him. Alex is a lightweight from away back. When Dena wakes up to the fact, she is bound to throw Alex out on his ear even if a miracle occurs and they are able to get through with the necessary divorcing and marry each other. In that case, my wife and our three youngsters will be in a worse mess than they're in now and there's no sense in it.

"Dena is expert at self-deception," Kevin continued in a calm, objective voice. "She lets her feelings and emotionalism do the thinking for her. At the moment she is kidding herself that our children don't miss me and I don't miss them. She refuses to acknowledge all three are suffering from this present separation of ours. The twins are too young to show much outward effect, but Ellen is ten and every time I see her and her brothers she has a crying spell. Ellen didn't used to be a cry-baby. Dena has spelled it out to the children that their daddy and mommy like each other fine but they like each other better when they're apart. Even my six-year-old boys don't fall for such guff.

"Dena's complaints against me aren't logical or fair. Maybe at eighteen she should have married an excitable, fire-eating guy like her father, but the point is she didn't. She picked me; we've been married eleven years and have three kids to consider. Maybe I would have been better off myself—this is a possibility Dena doesn't reflect on—if I had married a different kind of wife. Personally I see no sense in crying over might-have-beens, but the truth is I did expect to marry a girl quite different from Dena. I pictured somebody who would be sweet and quiet-voiced, and who wouldn't be popping off all the time. Somebody who would look after me and run the house and manage a pleasant home life for us both.

"In some ways I guess I am dull for a woman like Dena to live with. I'll admit I'm not especially sociable. If I can avoid getting involved in a trivial conversation, I do so. Dena rushes toward bores with glad cries of delight. I duck around the corner to get out of their way. I don't walk along a public sidewalk with nothing on my mind.

"I think Dena should accept me and my faults," he said dispassionately, "as I accept Dena and her faults. I've made allowances. Plenty of them. Dena's parents are rich; the little she was taught about housekeeping wouldn't crowd a thimble. I don't complain when the carpet isn't vacuumed for a month and dinner is served an hour late. I remind myself Dena is a good mother, that she's helped me a lot in a business way, that she isn't extravagant and doesn't call on her folks for money.

"WHEN I was a boy," he said with a trace of wistfulness, "my mother used to see that my father and brothers and I put on our best clothes on Sunday morning—she laid out our clothes and made us polish our shoes—and we all went to church. When we got home there was a good hot dinner waiting. Fried chicken or ham, and wonderful pie. Sunday used to be my favorite day.

"Dena and I don't go to church. She would rather lounge around until noon in a dressing gown, arrange a back-yard picnic for the kids, and ask in a crowd of worthless people for cocktails.

"Nobody with a grain of sense could stomach Dena's present crowd. She met Alex in that crowd, so perhaps I am a little prejudiced, but I wouldn't have liked the crowd anyway. They run around in fine cars that aren't paid for, wear expensive clothes and live in tiny apartments in fashionable hotels so they can boast about having a good address. They gabble about the theater and music, and pretend they're sophisticated and cultured.

"I used to enjoy hearing Dena sing until these cheap phonies, egged on by Alex, began stuffing her head with moonshine. Dena has a pleasant voice, but she's neither a Patrice Munsel nor a Celeste Holm. She will never get anywhere in the theater, with Alex or anybody else as her manager. I'll bet Dena didn't have the nerve to tell you one of Alex's main attractions is she thinks he will turn her into a big singing star. Alex hasn't managed himself into a paying job in the theater, for all his mother's connections and his fancy talk. He sells insurance.

"I don't know how other men react when their wives announce they're in love with somebody else," Kevin said to the counselor. "It happens I'm the first man I've ever known who found himself in that spot. The night Dena introduced Alex to me as her future husband I was flabbergasted. I looked at Alex and he looked at me. For a moment I felt like throwing him out of the house. It then occurred to me that Dena might be trying to make me lose my temper—a habit of hers. Dena is very quick tempered. As a boy, I learned how to control anger. When I get annoyed I bite down on my tongue, say nothing, and the feeling of annoyance soon blows away. For some reason, that seems to make Dena madder than ever.

"I STOOD there a moment and I thought. I knew Dena wasn't carrying on an affair behind my back, since she isn't that sort of girl. I saw no reason to make myself ridiculous with a display of jealousy over something I figured was a stupid flirtation. I decided to accommodate to the situation and be just as civilized as Dena and Alex seemed to think they were. 'Well, that's interesting news,' I said. Then I went into my workshop and closed the door.

The final test of fame is to have a crazy person imagine he is you. —ANON.
New Dictionary of Quotations — H. L. Mencken (Alfred A. Knopf).

"Possibly I didn't play my cards right. Dena's father—he is staying with her and the children now—thinks I made a mistake. Anyway, I believed Dena would soon come to her senses. She didn't. Several weeks after the announcement night, I telephoned Alex and we met in a bar and had a drink. I then told him to leave Dena alone, that he wasn't welcome in my home. Alex smiled and said he came there as Dena's guest, that she would have to ask him to stop coming. We telephoned Dena and she joined us. Dena sided with me. She agreed it wasn't right for Alex to appear in our house—until the two divorces went through.

"Ten days later," Kevin resumed, "Dena made a terrible scene over nothing and asked me to move to a hotel. She promised not to see Alex anywhere except at lunch in a public place. So I moved. Ever since then—for three months now—she has been demanding a divorce. Dena's father, who is an awfully nice guy, has been telling me I should move back into our home, beat the ears off Alex, court Dena one day and drag her around by the hair the next day. My mother—you may be surprised to hear she is on Dena's side in the trouble between us—has been bombarding us both with daily letters. We've also heard from Dena's sister and my brothers. Both sets of in-laws," he said with a wry grin, "are perfectly satisfied with our marriage. Everybody seems to be satisfied except Dena.

"I don't know how to play the heavy husband," said Kevin. "Anyway, I don't want to be a heavy husband. To me the idea is comical. I just don't see myself in that light.

"The other evening, quite late, I got to thinking about Dena and the kids and how I missed them. I remembered some of the things Dena's father had said. I drove down to the flower market and bought a bushel basketful of roses and drove out to our place. All the lights were off. I walked across the grass with the flowers. Suddenly I felt like a fool. If I went inside I knew I would have to go through a scene just to meet Dena's childish conception of an exciting reconciliation. I chucked the roses in a trash can and drove back to my hotel and went to bed.

"It's no use," Kevin said to the counselor, "for you to advise me to court my wife all over again. I'll make any sensible concessions. I know I'm not perfect. I work on Dena's nerves

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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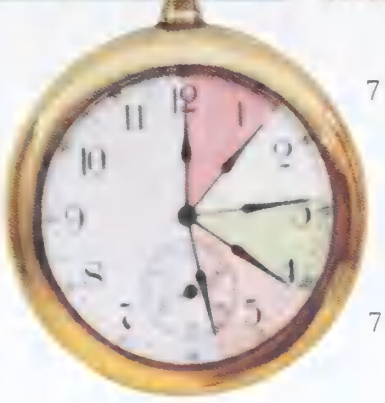


Fiberglas draperies glow with the sun!



Sudsed and up in 7 minutes . . . **KENNETH'S** smart room divider!

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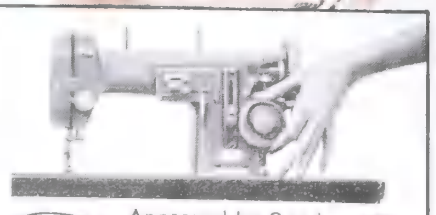
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

and sometimes I suspect I work on the nerves of other people. Maybe I am a little too calm, too self-centered. I've heard fellows say so. But I can't turn myself into a character like Dena's father. I've bought my last bushel basket of roses, and I simply cannot stage a big emotional reconciliation scene. It just isn't in me. Dena knows, or she should know, how much she and the youngsters mean to me, and she'll have to settle for that."

The marriage counselor says:

"This particular marriage ended in a divorce. Dena and Kevin did not go back together. Dena, a stubborn young woman, was determined to gain her freedom, whatever the cost to herself and her youngsters. In the past she had attempted, frequently but impatiently, to make a go of living harmoniously with Kevin. She was convinced any further efforts would be futile. Her mind was closed.

I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.
—STEPHEN LEACOCK

"What Dena wanted *me* to be," the counselor went on, "was her ally. She hoped I would encourage her to divorce Kevin, and agree that temperamental differences made a happy marriage impossible. She also hoped that the Institute's psychological testings would prove that she and Alex were well suited temperamentally and were destined to be happy together. The tests proved nothing of the sort. When I tried to help Dena acquire a little insight, when I tried to show her possible ways of composing her marital troubles and endeavored to turn her thoughts to the future, I accomplished nothing. She was certain she already knew the answers.

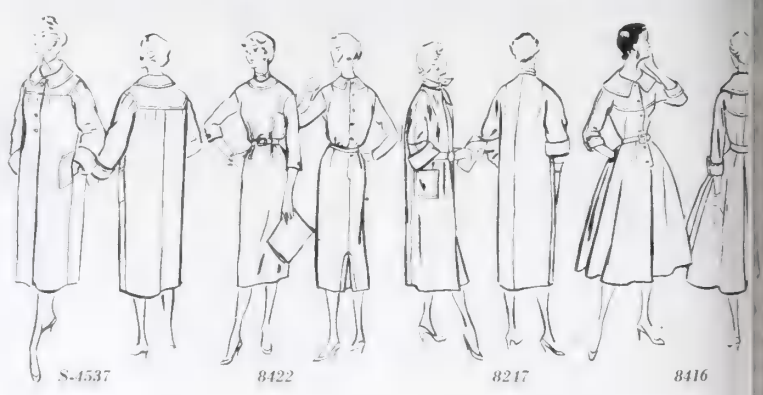
"Many husbands and wives, as dissimilar in tastes and character as Dena and Kevin, are happily married. Dena and Kevin were sufficiently attracted to each other to marry, produce three children and stay together eleven years. To me this is reasonable evidence that each felt a real need for qualities po the other. In my opinion Dena could have worked out a good mar compromises on both sides.

"Dena didn't see it that way. Sh into the habit of resenting and resis at every turn. She brooded continu his faults, without reflecting on he Kevin uncomplainingly accepted Her sloppy housekeeping, for exam bother him. He took her undisci havior in his stride. Few men wo wanted, so she said, a strong man band—a man like her father. She her own similarity to her father, b not recognize that a cocksure, manag woman like hers does appeal t terful man. Furt doubt Dena c tolerated a mast long enough for acquaintance to Alex, whom she h for her next wasn't nearly as and as worth Kevin. Alex was a true mamma much of a mamma's boy that he piano three nights a week as an ac for his mother. A well-known sing extremely dominating woman, Alex had broken up his first marriage an pared to make difficulties for any Dena did not perceive that she pr enter into a second marriage very sim first marriage but promising co more trouble and even less emoti faction.

"Now suppose we turn to Kevin an exasperating husband. No one that men like Kevin with a scientific nological cast of mind can make tr contributions in our present society also make wretched husbands. Kev too much responsibility for both tional and practical success of the m Dena, and he had failed in co-oper sharing. In theory he loved his child

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATT ON PAGES 52 AND 53

Vogue Design No. S-4537. Coat and scarf; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. $1.50.
Vogue Design No. 8422. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 8247. "Very Easy to Make" coat; Small (28–30), Medium (32–34), Large (36–38). 75c.
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Vogue Design No. 8404. One-piece dress and jacket; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c. For contrasting jacket allow 1¾ yds. 54-inch fabric for S



S-4537 8422 8247 8416



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...yo...r pickles from shriveling,
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...xa...ine jars before filling, dis-...che... with nicks. Be sure to ...e ...all DOME Lid; then screw ...nly... but do NOT use force.

...T...atment

...fru... from darkening when pre-...ch...: Add to 1 gallon of cool ...ta...spoons each salt and vine-...p...nit into salt-vinegar water ...ee...t. Don't leave it in water ...ni...tes. Rinse on removing.

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was inclined to elude their company. He offered his family a starvation ration of companionship.

"Kevin was an excellent chess player, but he was a washout in making any positive moves in the intricate game of human relations. He himself was vaguely aware of the fact. He was anxious to win back Dena and hang on to his home. He *wanted* to improve his personality which, frankly, had begun to handicap him in the business which meant so much to him. His remote attitude—frequently almost an occupational disease among engineers—had chilled quite a number of the executives who had visited his plant.

"Following our consultations, Kevin undertook to change his emotional patterns. He tried to be more outgoing, spontaneous and friendly, more sympathetic and more aware of other people. For him it was a rugged assignment. Certain hours of the day, he deliberately thrust engineering problems from his thoughts and looked at the world around him. He stopped crossing the street to avoid speaking to acquaintances. Necessarily, since he was living alone, he took care of his laundry and his clothing. He bought a new suit of his own volition. He hung it up too!

"He improved on the punctuality score. On the Sundays when he called for his youngsters, he arrived at the appointed hour. He concentrated on the pleasure of the children, made genuine efforts to entertain them. In the process of becoming better acquainted with his daughter and little sons, he became increasingly eager to win back his family.

"KEVIN and I discussed the sexual difficulties in the marriage, of which he had been oblivious. He was not at all well informed, and subsequently read a great deal on the subject. My own surmise is that Kevin's sexual urges had been sublimated in his work. I feel sure he would have become a better lover if Dena had given him the opportunity.

"There was one thing, however, Kevin was either unable or unwilling to do. Despite the pleas of Dena's father, he could not masquerade even for a brief time as a dominant, hair-on-the-chest male. I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if Kevin had put up a token show of force to obtain what he very much wanted. Perhaps Dena would have been thrilled and would have resumed the marriage. Perhaps not. After all, she knew Kevin very well and she might have been unimpressed. Certainly Kevin could not have sustained for very long a role so foreign to him. In order to put the marriage on a solid foundation, it was up to Dena to accept herself for what she was, Kevin for what he was.

"I have always been sorry I couldn't bring this couple together. It was a marriage worth saving. Dena and Kevin were divorced early this year. So far as I can see, nobody has profited. Everybody has suffered.

"Dena is still unmarried. Alex never got a divorce. His mother and the wife from whom he is legally separated combined to spike that. Alex has drifted from Dena's life. She has met nobody whom she is likely to marry. She spends many lonely, restless evenings. Curiously enough—I cannot explain this—she has given up the music which caused such friction between her and Kevin. Possibly it is because she has fewer visitors to charm. The gay swarms who enjoyed her hospitality when she was married seem to have sought new fields.

"The three children miss and need their father, whom they now see rarely. It isn't that Kevin doesn't want to see his children, although I must confess he is reverting to his lone-wolf ways. The fact is that meetings between Kevin and his children have become painful to arrange. Both Dena and Kevin fancied they could divorce each other and escape any aftermath of bitter feelings. A divorce almost inevitably engenders a good deal of mutual bitterness. Dena applied for her divorce on a friendly, 'civilized' basis. But like many other people, she and Kevin quarreled over the financial settlement, over Kevin's visiting rights, over the usual things. These days Dena and her ex-husband speak to each other through their lawyers."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Might as well learn the EASY WAY first!



Attention, all brides...

Are you going to be married in a dinosaur-skin gown? Planning to live in a cave? Collecting recipes for pterodactyl pot-pie? If so, use the picture above as your guide to prehistoric ironing.

There is, however, an easier way... as new as your own dream house. It's the Rid-Jid Knee Room Ironing Table, pictured below.

At the all-steel Rid-Jid Knee Room, you can do your ironing *sitting down*. But you're not hunched over; you don't bump your knees or snag your stockings; you have no need to bend, stretch or twist. Broadly curved legs on the Rid-Jid table give you plenty of knee room, and you iron right over your lap.

You can stand when you wish, and use ten height adjustments to fix your own "comfort level." Only Rid-Jid has the fully ventilated, open-mesh steel top that draws steam and moisture out of damp clothes so swiftly. The table clicks open, clicks closed. And it's *beautiful*, with sunshine yellow top and gleaming chrome legs.

Ironing is big business, in any marriage. Learn the easy way first. Get the ironing table that's . . .





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"Our Conover girls know what it can do for every type of complexion—dry, oily or normal!"



"Joan Fetherston is a TV actress and dancer." says Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover) "and a pretty complexion plays a big part in her career. That's why I taught her—as I do all my Conover students—to beauty-wash twice a day with gentle Cashmere Bouquet soap. Years of experience show what it can do for every kind of skin."

"It's such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin!" smiles lovely Joan. "I always beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet soap—just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful – softer, smoother, with a lovely glow."

P.S. "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"

Candy



Complexion and big bath sizes

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

per person for this. Then I ladle the hot cream sauce into warm bowls and spoon the onions over the top, add freshly ground pepper and salt to taste. This is a rib-sticking supper, with a green salad adued, and for dessert a big bowl of newly gathered grapes, purple, pale green and frosty cool.

An appetizer that is good these cool days goes with fresh tomato-juice cocktail nicely. I blend 1 package cream cheese, ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese, and enough cream to make it soft enough to form into small balls. Salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, a few drops of Worcestershire are added, the balls are last rolled in a mixture of paprika and chili powder. Delicious!

Holly has the Irish way of collapsing if she is asked to go out and doesn't feel in the mood. She turns to a soft jelly, nobody can heave her up. She remains amiable, but is obviously too weak to stand! We resort to subterfuge and call Teddy out. He rushes happily off and she instantly rushes after him. She is the most imitative dog we ever had, she will copy anything any other dog does. And she has an amazing effect on them, for she adores toys and makes up such fascinating games that even Little Sister, who w and has never gone in for ch appears suddenly hopping doll in her mouth. She gives ogetic look, saying plainly, be the fashion around here."

Jonquil, on the other hand up, even after having her lust and she is delighted to play her morsel of tail like a spin sunny that even when she hospital for a minor ailmen was amazed. "Why, she wa said they with awe. And she wags her tail when she is asl say cockers are shy, nervous met Jonquil! Or for that matte ical ebullient merry cocke Jonnie he world needs more disposition, a tonic.

I know of no happier sight running cockers and Irish i evening light. They have the fectly in the present momen have. And as I walk across th I think September is like an so luminous, so lovely and so

SHE GLITTERED WHEN SHE WALKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

wanted to hear about the girl who had been there before her.

But she heard about Lisa. People dropped in to visit, people from Bill's home town, and they remembered, as people will, old times, old laughter, and they said, "This must be a bore for you, Mrs. Hampton, but it was really so funny if you could have seen it." And Mrs. Hampton said that it wasn't a bore at all but on the contrary frightfully entertaining, and she sat with a chill smile on her face and listened.

"There was Bill dressed to the teeth dancing so elegantly and along comes this shaggy red dog that Lisa Kerrigan had taught to stand on its hind legs and make turns and everything as though he were dancing. He actually tried to cut in on Bill because the orchestra was playing Jersey Bounce, which was the music Lisa had used to train him."

"Used to train Bill?"

"No, the dog. Well, maybe Bill, too, for all I know. With Lisa it was anything for a laugh. Mrs. Hampton, that dog just wanted to dance. He wouldn't go away."

"So," asked Mrs. Hampton, "what did laughter-loving Lisa do then?"

"Oh, finally she threw him a lump of sugar and he left. The dog, not Bill. I often think of the things that happened at Cherry Hill. Bill, do you remember the night the old building that had been the carriage house burned down? For some reason Lisa thought the butler's wife was inside and we all went mad trying to fight our way through the smoke and flames till we woke up to the fact that the woman directing the operations was the butler's wife. I'll never forget your face, Bill, when you caught on. Talk about a double take!"

"I'll get you another drink, Mr. Stone."

"Call me Bob. I'm Bill's oldest friend. Let the drink wait a minute. Listen to this: One Christmas up at Cherry Hill they threw a terrific party. Only one thing was wrong. Lisa thought her mother had arranged with the caterer for the food and her mother thought Lisa had. Can you imagine? A hundred guests and no food. Naturally not a restaurant in town would deliver such an order on short notice except one. The Peking Palace! So there we were stuck on Christmas with a million pails of chop suey."

"How amusing."

"It was. It really was. Gee, that party was fun. Do you remember, Bill?"

And Pat looked at Bill and she saw that he remembered.

That was the way they spoke, the people who came to visit. Lisa Kerrigan. Cherry Hill. Do you remember? And they asked the question not casually, not carelessly, but almost as though they meant, Bill, how get? Lisa Kerrigan. Cherry Hi tactful, the most knowing o not of the past at all. They m behave as though they had b very day, and the bride wh happy, so confident and so no pleasure in their gracious was only confirmation of the past was inseparable from th rigan's. Lisa and Cherry Hill.

And after a time she was re things that Bill had tried to te they became engaged.

"Tell me about Lisa Kerrig him.

She was ready to ask the Was she prettier than I? Di more than you love me? Are don't love her any more? Wh the romance between you two to hear the answers. Darling, y times prettier. I never loved h compared with the way I feel never give her a thought any m up because I grew tired of her

Bill was emptying ash tray glasses. These things made c Loud clinking noises. Perhaps h her.

"Tell me about Lisa Kerrig again.

He turned and faced her. "T did, didn't they? From eight to watch."

"Oh, they didn't really tell Their stories are just an adventu Kerrigan at the Ski Lodge. Down the Mississippi. Lisa Grandma's Ranch—or maybe it ma's nerves. I don't remember really like?"

"You must have an idea by n

"But I'd like you to tell me a

"What can I say?"

"Well, that's a silly questi say ——"

"I can say she's the girl I o marry. But by this time you mus

"Yes, but I got my informati way. I picked it up from the big the street. I should have come daddy and asked him to explain

Bill said, "Daddy's too tired you've got all the facts. A little haps, but it will have to do."

And she thought to herself, *N him very lightly, very unconcern way, you don't love Lisa any mo*

That was the question that wo lovely reassurance and Bill's co

ily she did not dare to ask it.
n as he stood there and she
uch she loved him and how
e if he said, "Yes, I still love
onest, painfully honest, and
d dare to ask him if he still
an. She knew then that she
he question. And it occurred
ight go through life without
much of Bill Hampton was

will never be happy," she

know," herself replied.
She hasn't. That must prove
t the whole thing. Let sleep-
eir own moss or something.

done. A person could for-
end. Bill's friends from the
vn began to slack off. After
hem ever got to New York
ed there had seen her, had
satisfied, and most of them
k. They would be remem-
year when their Christmas
hen Bill mentioned that he'd
b Stone or Chris Campbell.
ien they came were easy to
mention Bill's past in a way
d to Lisa Kerrigan. Lisa
his mother's memories of
ne, Bill's sister, was silent,
t of Lisa, but just the same
ow where you stood with
hockingly thin, terribly chic
that she had been a regular
d that she had eaten chop
night, but at least she didn't
at unspeaking but not quiet.
heavy gold bracelets and
te holder against her nails
her new sister-in-law and
miled.

other nor his sister ever said,
They never said, "You'd
Come on just for a week or
w why. Lisa Kerrigan and
were afraid. In back of
ile and her mother's cheer-
re afraid.
elf who talked of her going
is mother and sister nodded
d be very nice indeed. What
they could say?
oon now," Bill promised.
vacation?"
ationtime she was pregnant
understand that she didn't
And later he understood

that it would be a nuisance to travel with a baby and after that she was pregnant again and then it was a nuisance to travel with a baby *and* Janey and the time went by and sometimes she told herself the truth. Sometimes she admitted that she was afraid of Bill's home town. It was an ambush and she would not walk into it.

AND sometimes she came close to convincing herself that she was being exceedingly sensible. Bill's family came to New York every year and between times he usually had a business trip on which he fitted in a quick visit to his parents. So why should she cart the children around the country upsetting their little stomachs and starting their little noses running? Home was the best place for children. Why should they travel? Why indeed? So that people could point out to their mother a place named Cherry Hill? So that their mother could listen to a thousand new stories of Lisa Kerrigan and young Bill Hampton who had been both shadow and slave to Lisa?

And the years went by until there were seven of them in which she had been Bill's wife and still she had not visited his home and now when he spoke of going it was difficult to find excuses. And perhaps, after all, there was no need for excuses. Seven years of being Mrs. William Hampton, his wife. What was there to fear after seven years? It was her fault, not his, that she had never felt sure of him. He had been a good husband. a good father, a reliable fellow. Of what was she afraid? Of foolish things. Of waltzing dogs on a television show. Of chop suey. Of pictures of people grouped cozily about a fire of a ski lodge. She knew the thoughts, the memories that came to his mind at such moments.

She would look at him and she would think, *Oh, my darling, turn to me and say, "That reminds me of a funny story about Lisa Kerrigan." Tell me the story and although I've heard it before I will laugh with you. Don't shut me out. Talk to me of Lisa Kerrigan and I will never be afraid again.*

Janey was six that year, the year that she could no longer avoid going home with him.

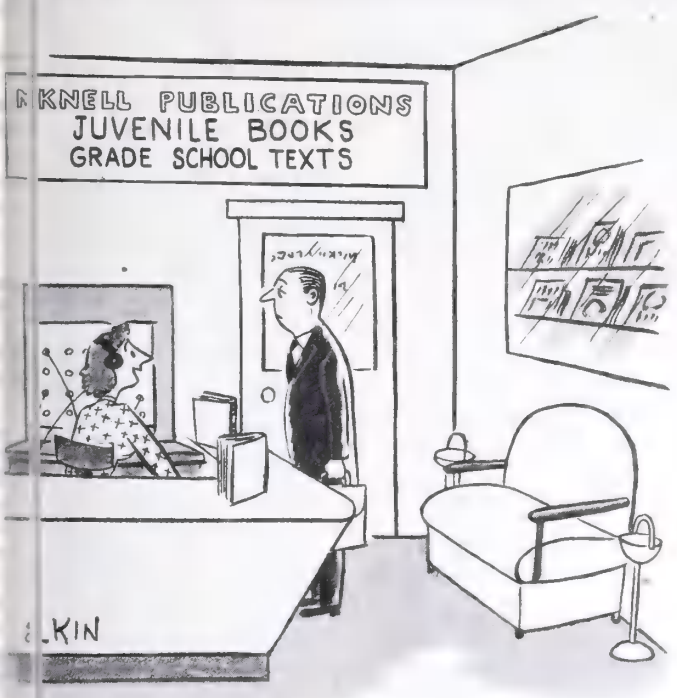
"I've figured it out this way, honey. I'll take my vacation before we move to the shore."

"But you always like your vacation down there."

"Well, this year I won't get it down there. I'll just have weekends. It won't kill me. We'll use the vacationtime to visit the folks."

"Why? They'll be here in the autumn and ——"

"Oh, I think they'd like it if the kids could see the old place and sleep in the rooms that



"There is a chair. Do you see the chair? The chair is to sit on and wait. Won't you sit on the chair and wait?"



The "moisture-shield" in gentle new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts like an invisible shield to protect your clothes and stop underarm odor

"L'Elegance"—ball gown of gleaming golden brocade by Philip Hulitar. Her deodorant—sure, new Fresh

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FINISHING PROCESS

sis and I slept in. We'll figure on going, honey."

There it was. No way out this time.

When Pat walked downstairs she was conscious of how quiet the house had become. Bill had taken the children somewhere, no doubt. Had everyone gone?

Out in the kitchen she found the cook shelling a mountain of green peas.

"You looking for your family, Mrs. William? They all went off in the station wagon, your father-in-law with them. They're going to fly kites, they said to tell you."

"Oh, thank you." She stood irresolute, faced with one of the small problems of visiting one's in-laws. Should she inquire where to find Mrs. Hampton and Joanne? Had they withdrawn purposely, wishing to be to themselves? Or would she seem standoffish if she made no effort to join them?

"Mrs. Hampton and Miss Joanne are on the side veranda. I was just thinking of bringing out this bowl of fruit to them."

Good old cook. She knew the problem. She had said in her own way, "Look, you carry out this fruit and it'll give you a chance to survey the situation. If they want you to stay, you'll know it. If they don't, drop the fruit and run."

"May I take it, Katherine?"

"Oh, why certainly, Mrs. William. If you like."

The living room was dim, shaded by the huge trees on the lawn. A person walked quietly there, for it was a room of sober elegance. It was green and white and soft lavender shadows and she moved through it feeling a certain awe for its antiquity. She had been an apartment-house child herself and except for beach houses had had no acquaintance with any human shelter that offered more than a half-dozen rooms or had weathered its second decade. This house of the Hamptons was enormous and it had known a full century of life. It was stately and impressive and even beautiful, but it did not seem friendly. She had wanted to love the house as she loved Bill's parents, but the house was not so ready to love her. It was not a home. It was a museum. A museum with a swimming pool and excellent servants.

SHE trod softly toward the French windows beyond which stretched the veranda and they were there—Mrs. Hampton and Joanne. And they were talking.

"Well, I don't like it, Joanne. I don't think it right for him to take her to Cherry Hill."

"I told him it wasn't. I said it as flatly as I could."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to mind my own business."

"If he felt that way it's a wonder he told you that he was taking her out there."

"Oh, well, he had to. I was thinking of driving her over to Aunt Laura's tomorrow and I asked him if he thought she'd like to go. That's when he said he was taking her to Cherry Hill."

They must not speak again until they knew that she was with them. A word can be said in an instant and remembered for a lifetime. Pat walked through the French window and out upon the veranda. She said, "I heard. Some I couldn't help hearing and some I stood right there and listened in on. What about Cherry Hill? What am I getting into?"

They stared up at her and saw a
haired girl with a bowl of fruit in he
girl whose anxious gray eyes went fr
the other of them as she asked her
They did not answer at once. They l
their reclining chairs and to Pat they
denly strangers. A slender gray-hair
and a dark girl with skinny legs. Wh
asking questions of these people,
that her own husband would not an
what was she doing on the veranda
seum with a bowl of fruit in her ha

"Sit down," Joanne said. "Put
bowl somewhere and sit down."

PAT deposited the bowl on the flo
down beside it.

"You could have a chair, yo
Joanne said.

"This will be fine." She waited f
speak. They did not speak and th
look at her, though she waited, her
her eyes still searching their faces
And after a while it came to her th
not know what to say, for they cou
how much, how little Bill had told

I will h
them, sh
and so she
"I don't su
Kerrigan
ger to eith
"No.
ger," Joan
"Bill w
with her,
flatly. "I
was."
"Bill
about her
"He tri
I would
That was
Now I wa
to know
What wa
Was she
derful?"
The tw
women
each othe
silent.
"I've p
terrible
know it.
on, "but
help me.
me a little
about—
Joanne
her mo
should,
she said.
"Wha
would
Mrs.

voice was quiet and a little sad.

"None really. Only it's silly th
but Bill's wife knows about Lisa.

"Were they engaged?" Pat aske

"Yes, they were engaged."

"What happened?"

Joanne took an orange from t
stared down at it, turning it slowly
thin fingers. "Lisa met someone el

Pat swallowed hard and saw
world of trees and blue sky blu
eyes. It had been such a comfo
the one in which she had pictur
Bill drifting apart in the natural v
people who were not truly me
other. But he had lost Lisa. It ha
sweetly wistful surrendering of a f
Instead it had been a sickening,
all but mortal.

"I suppose she was beautiful."

Joanne shrugged. "I suppose
thought much about it. There
things that one remembered abo

"Such as?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly." Jo
and tossed the orange into the a
idly.

She's going to eat it eventually.
Why can't she do it now and stop
body nervous?

"There was a poem years ago,
"about a man who glittered wh

NEXT MONTH

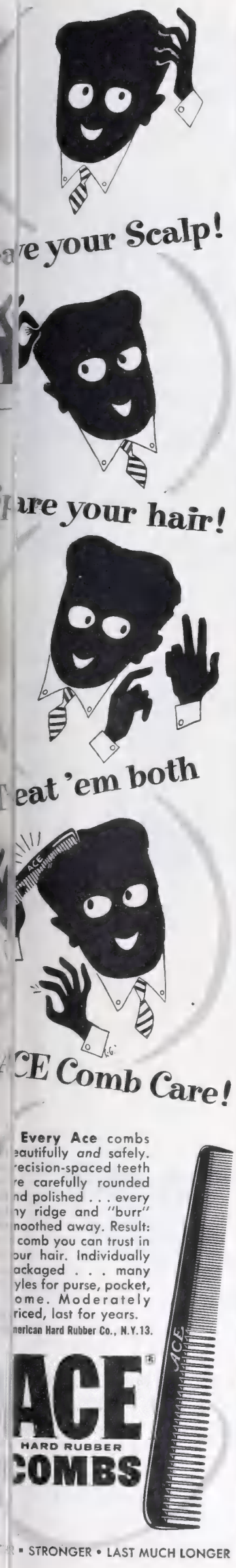
● The boy advanced murderously, his hand tense. Then the knife, long and shining, caught the pale sunlight that slanted through the schoolroom windows. Rick, the teacher, backed away, eying the sharp blade. *I'm calm*, he thought, *I'm scared, but I'm calm. Exceptionally calm.*

He had pictured himself teaching, keeping friendly, easy control in the classroom, opening up new ideas and greater vistas to young minds eager for learning. But this wasn't quite that way. These boys weren't children. They were swaggering toughs, products of the slums, diabolically skilled in their devious ways of making life unbearable for a teacher.

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Somebody ran across it and that line became generally used in describing Lisa. She glittered when she walked."

Pat's eyes fastened themselves on the orange. "It sounds wonderful," she said. "I just walk in the usual way myself. I never guessed that—that there were people who could glitter." And suddenly she wanted to be alone. She wanted to run to the room upstairs and hear no more of Lisa Kerrigan. But she had tried something very like that once before.

Bill's sister sank her long red nails into the golden skin of the orange. "She glittered," Joanne said. "She wasn't like anyone else. She had a sweet way of laughing and a heart full of fun and an imagination that kept us all gay and safe from thinking of anything that wasn't thoroughly delightful. She had tiny hands and enormous eyes and the bravado of a tough little boy. She had glamour and wit and grace and she was more fun than a barrel of monkeys."

Pat watched the skin stripped from the orange and she thought that she must indeed be a dull wife for a man who had wanted Lisa Kerrigan. And she was thinking, too, that she had won Bill only because all women were alike after Lisa, but a man must choose one of them if he would have a home and children.

"Say something," Joanne urged. "Or have a piece of orange. You wanted to know about Lisa, didn't you?"

Pat nodded miserably.

"Well, fight back a little. Stop looking as though you were ready to quit."

"Oh, I don't quit."

Joanne chewed reflectively. "Say something nasty about Lisa. It'll make you feel better."

BUT Pat was silent and after a time Joanne popped the last section of orange into her mouth and began to speak as though a decision had been reached in her own mind.

"Bill was overseas when Lisa met Ken. Ken was a tall blond guy and he was a stranger in town. Someone brought him to Cherry Hill and he went mad about Lisa. He was in the Army, too, but his work was here and they saw a lot of each other."

"I never liked him," Mrs. Hampton said. "He had a falseness that you could detect at a glance and a wide streak of cruelty."

"But he was handsome and romantic, mother. Lisa didn't stop writing to Bill. He thought they were still engaged until he was shipped back to the States wounded. He called Lisa from the hospital in San Francisco."

"She was the first one to be called," Mrs. Hampton said bitterly.

Joanne said nothing for a moment. She considered the fruit bowl, reached for a pear, then rejected the whole idea. "Lisa didn't tell Bill when he called. Instead she told him that she still loved him and she promised to fly out to San Francisco as soon as she could get space on a plane. Then she hung up the phone and went out and married Ken."

"Oh, poor Bill." And it was her Bill Pat pitied. Decent, honest Bill who didn't deserve that kind of treatment, but it was someone else she pitied too. Someone she had never known. A young soldier lying wounded in an Army hospital.

Bill's mother said, "She never did tell him. *I* told him. Someone had to. He was going crazy wondering why she didn't write. She would never have told him. It wasn't gay. It wasn't fun. It was the kind of thing you couldn't glitter while doing."

Joanne was tearing the discarded orange skin into small pieces now and the ceaseless movement of her thin fingers was maddening.

Mrs. Hampton said, "But do you know he never blamed Lisa? He always took the attitude that he was somehow at fault. He just couldn't conceive of Lisa being wrong or unkind in any way. We came to detest Lisa because we knew how much she'd hurt him, but he never seemed to hold anything against her."

Pat said, "I'm not that forgiving. I just hope I can manage to be civil when I meet her."

The heads of the two Hampton women turned swiftly toward her, their glances sharp and incredulous. They looked suddenly like birds who have seen something both alarming and astonishing.

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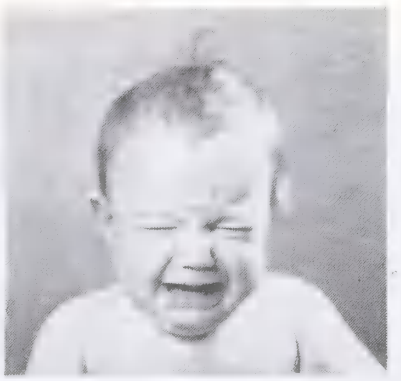
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Joanne's dark eyes searched Pat's face as though seeking a hint that this was a joke or a piece of wild insanity. "What are you talking about? Lisa's dead. She's been dead five years. Didn't you know?"

Pat gasped. Lisa dead? Then indeed there was no hope. Lisa was a lovely legend now, a woman who would remain enshrined in all her perfection in the mind and heart of the man who had loved her.

Joanne said, "She couldn't live without Ken. Oh, I don't mean that she went into a romantic decline when he died. It was a little more tabloid than that. She killed herself—with a gun."

Mrs. Hampton shuddered. "It was just awful. And so unnecessary. The whole thing. A hunt for treasure off the Central American coast. He went with a crowd on somebody's yacht and the yacht was never heard of again."

Pat said nothing. She could see Ken, Lisa's husband, the blond young man who seemed to have glittered quite a lot himself. She could see him drowning in blue water—shark-infested water—and the thought was ghastly. No wonder that Lisa, who understood only gaiety, could not live with such a thought.

"She had wanted to go along but he wouldn't take her. She was pregnant again and I guess he thought she might be ill and spoil his fun. He just went off with the others and left her here. She waited three months after the yacht was given up for lost, then she ——"

"Had the baby been born yet?"

"Oh, no. Not that one."

PAT wondered which evening it had been when Bill had come home to her with the aching knowledge of Lisa's death fresh in his thoughts. And she could not suppress the dreadful idea that perhaps she had tortured him with tedious details of her day or had nagged him about keeping a dentist's appointment. She rested her cheek against the veranda railing and felt weary and sick.

"Have a peach," Joanne said.

Pat shook her head.

"You were the one who wanted to hear this, you know," Joanne said.

Pat sighed. "You're right. I wanted to hear it. I wanted to know why you both thought I shouldn't go to Cherry Hill."

Joanne said, "You shouldn't go because Lisa's mother is there. If she's in the mood for it, she'll tear you apart."

Pat looked long and hard at her sister-in-law. "Nobody tears me apart," she said. "And why should the woman want to try?"

"Because Bill was Lisa's and her mother will resent you."

"Resent me?" Pat asked ruefully. "Me? More likely she'll be sorry for me. She'll see at a glance that I couldn't glitter if I were sprayed with star dust."

"Is that so?" Joanne reached into the bowl and chose another orange. "You know what she'll see at a glance? The same thing we saw. She'll see that Bill never had it so good."

Children were wonderful. They didn't mind asking questions. They had yet to learn that a question thrust suddenly into a delicate situation could cause internal bleeding.

"Where are we going?" Janey asked. "Where are we going, daddy?"

Bill studied the road ahead. It was straight and clear of traffic, but he fixed his gaze upon it very intently.

"To a place named Cherry Hill."

"Why are we going there?"

"Oh, to see some people."

"Are there cherries there, daddy?"

"There are cherry trees. I won't guarantee that there'll be cherries."

"What are we going for? I wanted to swim."

"Well, you'll swim tomorrow and all summer long. Today you can meet a lady who knew your daddy when he was your age."

Janey said, "What's so special about that? Grandma knew you the day you were born."

Pat turned and said, "Now, now, Janey, don't be smart."

"What'll we do at Cherry Hill, daddy?"

"Oh, look around. It's a great big place."

"Bigger than grandpa's?"

"Yes. It's a country place."

"With cows and pigs?"

"No, dear, not that kind of country place. It isn't a farm. It's simply a big house away

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city with lots of land around it for
nd horseback riding and ——"
e go horseback riding?"
ear."
broke into a loud wail. "Why won't
e go horseback riding?"
se Cherry Hill doesn't have horses
," Bill said.
l right, then." Tommy had always
who could recognize the folly of
is breath.
ldren sat back in the car and were
road was dazzlingly bright in the
nd the trees seemed violently green.
e about them had a weird unnatural
though this were not really a road
n elaborate booby trap hastily con-
r the sole purpose of leading them
. Pat looked at Bill and she guessed
le through the quiet afternoon with
of Lisa Kerrigan.
to the children, "Let's sing some-

d not respond as she had expected.
thirsty. They were warm. Tommy
go back and look at a very interest-
he had seen which he suspected
tiger. Janey thought she was get-
k.
"My goodness, some of us are de-
mpanions today, aren't we?"
w a fast look over his shoulder at
n. "We'll be there in a second," he
they all right?"
fine."
t," Tommy said. "I'm worried
tiger. I think he was lost."
ear, someone'll read his license tag
r catcher'll take him home. I know
ut a tiger. It goes like this:
tiger Trey ever faithful
f will not drive him away ——
Sing with me."
n't sing. Janey said, "Look, what's

aid, "It's a castle up on a hill."

"That's where we're going," Bill said and they made a turn and were on a private road.

Pat looked about her and she thought that no one would be home, for as far as the eye could see there was no sign that anyone had recently been there. And it was perhaps because she was a city child that she could find no beauty in the shrubs and bushes that grew wild and neglected.

"The stables and kennels were over there," Bill said, pointing.

"Over where?" Janey asked.

Pat looked, too, but could see only tangled underbrush and a maze of crazy, untended hedges. It was a dismal sight, she thought, and it seemed that they drove a mile between trees that were blighted and uncared for and it was only fitting that close to the house there was one that had been struck by lightning and stood like a medieval beggar exposing his pitiful disfigurement.

Bill stopped the car and came around to her side. He opened the door and she stepped out and stood beside him. Was it harder for him to come here or for him to stay away? She wished she knew.

The children scrambled out of the car and looked about them. "Gee," Tommy said. "Hey." Below, the road which had led them here stretched far into the distance, a shining white ribbon. A small forest lay at their feet sloping gently down to the world of mortals. It was done with magic, of course, a magic so strong that Pat found herself wondering why, in approaching the house, she had thought the aspect dreary.

"Did you play here when you were little?" Janey asked.

"Yes," Bill said. "I played here."

"I bet it was fun."

He smiled at Janey. "Oh, it was."

And it must have been, Pat thought, but it had all led to a man's walking through life with a heartache that he could share with no one. She stood there in the little world of Bill's enchantment and she tried to picture it all as



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it had been in other days. Those days when laughter had lived here along with a little girl who could charm birds out of the trees and take a boy's heart and hold it so fast that when he left Cherry Hill he would be forced to go without it.

Pat could see that little girl. She was there in the doorway. A child with enormous eyes and dark gold hair, slim as a flower and with tiny hands outstretched to Bill.

The children seemed to see her, too, though she was only an enchantment. They must know she wasn't real, for she moved like sunlight and there could not be any other children like this one.

"Myra, honey." Bill had the little girl in his arms and she did not melt away. She was real and Pat remembered that there had been another child, one who had not died with Lisa. Bill brought her to them and she smiled and her smile was heavenly.

"Please come and meet my grandmother," she said and her voice was a small silver chime and she beckoned to them and disappeared in the cool grayness of the hall and they followed her.

Bill led the way down the dim corridor. "Isn't that an amazing kid?" he asked his wife.

And his wife said that yes indeed she was, and the jealousy that flamed within her was for Janey and sweet little Tom, who were not amazing kids.

"How old is she, Bill?"

"Eight. Eight years and four months."

Pat choked down the poisonous urge to say, "And how old are your own children—would you know so precisely?"

They walked into a room that was a great splash of color. The walls were hung with vivid paintings. Not good, Pat noted, but bright. Two bridge tables had each a half-finished jigsaw puzzle awaiting attention. The flowered chair coverings were brilliant South Sea Island prints and the uncarpeted floor had been painted butter yellow.

"This used to be the morning room," Bill said. "It was different then. Sit down, darling. Not there! Look out!"

The children laughed as she performed an adroit recovery two inches above the chair cushion. There was an annoyed "miaow" and a shining Siamese cat slid to the floor.

"That's Princess Ming," Bill said and he threw himself casually into a chair by the window. And Pat did not look at him, for he was not hers at this moment. He was a man who called by name a cat she had never seen before, a man who had known this room all his life and who waited in it without discomfort or strangeness.

Janey said, "Come here, Princess Ming. Come here, kitty. Will she scratch, daddy?"

"No. Never scratched anybody in her life."

Tommy was at one of the jigsaw puzzles.

"Don't disturb any of the pieces, honey," Pat said to him.

"Oh, let him play with it. Nobody will mind," Bill said.

"I will."

"Why should you mind?"

"Because I'm teaching him not to touch things that belong to other people."

BILL grinned. "We're on a holiday, Pat. Don't be so earnest."

And there probably was no harm in Tommy's touching the jigsaw puzzle, but there was a hurt feeling within her because here on this strange, and perhaps hostile, hill Bill had not sensed her need of his support, his understanding.

Myra had returned. "Grandma's coming," she said.

And there was grandma. Pat rose to her feet to meet the old lady and was startled to find that the old lady didn't look very old. She was slim and black-haired and tanned and the lines in her face seemed to be only those that the sun and the wind had put there. She wore slacks and a creamy white blouse and the scarf at her neck seemed to be eternally blowing in a breeze stirred by the galloping pace of her mount.

"Bill, my darling boy."

"I've brought my family to see you this time, Betsy."

"I see you have." She studied Pat with a candid interest. "You're different than I expected."

"AM I?" *Smile with that question. It could sound sharp, you know.*

"Yes, you're so sweet-faced for a New Yorker. They have such brass-hard expressions as a rule. Surely you've noticed that."

"No. It's escaped me."

"How odd." Mrs. Kerrigan had taken no notice of the children. They stood, the two little Hamptons, staring up at this grandmother who was like no grandmother they had ever seen before. And Pat observed that they looked excessively scrubbed, revoltingly starched and dressed up. Should she have brought them here in blue jeans and T shirts? Yes it would have been better. Anything would have been better than their standing in Lisa Kerrigan's house looking like little underprivileged cases who had been stuffed into their Sunday best for a day's outing to the home of a highborn lady.

"And the terrible accents," Mrs. Kerrigan was saying.

"Accents?"

"Yes. New Yorkers. Their accents. Dreadful, aren't they?" she said. "Of course not yours, dear. And I'm not going to call you Mrs. Hampton. Bill has spoken of you so often that I really do know you. I'm going to call you Peggy right off."

"That will be nice," Pat said.

Bill leaned out of his chair and stroked Princess Ming. "Well, what's new with you, Betsy?" he asked. "Any bidders on the place yet?"

"Oh, of course bidders, but they want to pay me nothing, just nothing. I don't know what to do. I can't afford to keep the house and I don't want to give it away. I haven't the money to pay a staff of servants, so we live in three rooms. Everything else is closed."

She waved her hand to indicate the vast dark wings of the house with their sheet-shrouded furniture and covered mirrors. Pat stared at Mrs. Kerrigan's waving hand. The woman bit her nails Down to the quick she bit her nails. She had suffered the tragedies of a lost fortune, a drowned son-in-law and a suicide daughter, but grief had left her eyes unshadowed and her fine figure unbent. She simply bit her nails down to the quick.

"We have one servant on the place. One. Can you picture it, Bill? And I'm not even paying her. She is Floria's cook. Floria's paying her. She went to Europe and left her cook with me. Before that I had Marge Sutherland's servants, but Marge settled permanently in Honolulu and sent for them. God knows what I'll do when Floria wants this one back."

"You'll make out, Betsy," Bill said. "You always do."

"Floria wants me to join her in Italy. She'd pay my way, of course, and all expenses, but I can't go." Mrs. Kerrigan darted a glance toward Myra. "Floria simply loathes children, so that's that. I can't take the poor little wretch where she isn't wanted, can I?"

Pat's glance slid away from the tanned face of Betsy Kerrigan. She looked at the child and offered her the only thing she had at the moment, a smile. Why did people say such things? Didn't they know that children had feelings? She did not wonder that Bill's arm went swiftly about Myra and that he held the child close to him as though he would protect her from the sting of her grandmother's careless talk

"I don't blame Floria, you know. I don't care for children too much myself, though Myra's not a great deal of trouble. I don't have to play games with her or entertain her. We just sit here like two old women reading

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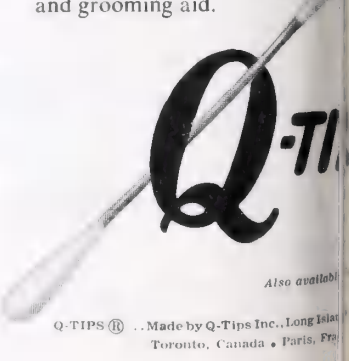
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talking. If I hadn't had to give up the
es we'd ride all day, but things being as
are we just sit."
Don't you go to school, Myra?" Janey
d.
yra shook her head. "I've had a private
her."
he Dickinsons' governess comes in occa-
lly and gives her sums and a few little
and ends. I taught her to read. You re-
ber the Dickinsons, Bill? The school au-
ies will get after me in time, I suppose,
or now we're doing it our way." She
ed suddenly on Pat. "Please feel free,
to wander about the house and look at
ou'd like."
flushed and his eyes went pleadingly to
Make allowances for old friends, they said.
mind her. Please don't.
would not meet his gaze. "Come, Janey,
ny," she said, "we'll take a walk. Com-
dismissed."
on't take too long a walk," Mrs. Kerri-
id. "Hurry back, Peggy dear."
, I will. I'm having a lovely time."
marched the children through the dim
or and out into the sunlight and when
t there she found that Myra had come
with them.
hat do you want to see?" the child asked.
jungle, the desert, the ocean or the
ains?"
said, "Are they all handy?"
t over there."
children followed her pointing finger,
ey did not see any of the things their
had mentioned. Myra studied their faces,
poked away from them in disappoint-
"You don't know how to play, do you?"
my was indignant. "I know how to play.
baseball and football and—and football
kinds of things. I ——"
y said, "Wait a minute, Tommy.
too little. You don't know what Myra
She means playing that something is
really isn't." The little girl looked up at
other. "Isn't that what she means?"
ink so," Pat said.
a took Janey's hand. "That's right.
hat place way over there is a witch's
"
witch's house," Janey said agreeably.
course it isn't. Years and years ago it
carriage house but it burned down. It's
's house, though of course you may be
of witches."
" Janey said, "because I don't believe
nes."
dropped her hand. "If you're going to
ome about things we might as well just
ur car and listen to the radio. I suppose
believe in Arthur Godfrey?"
said, "Take us to the jungle, Myra.
y. We'll do our best. But you must be
with us."
looked up at Pat and gave her a long,
re. "I don't expect you to be able to
he said.
not? Grownups can play as well as
ple can."
lly?" Myra considered the matter. "I
ey only say that when they're trying to
t what we're up to. As soon as they
ey get bored and want to do something

ft them then and hurried ahead lead-
way, flying over obstacles in her path.
y hedge, a rotting log, a large moss-
rock. Janey and Tom followed her
siderably less speed and grace.
motherly eye observed and noted. Was
-ordination less perfect? Should the
e drawn to the pediatrician's atten-
e pictured herself saying, "Doctor, my
don't drift through the air. Their
tle feet touch the ground when they
ey don't seem able to float a darn bit."
perhaps the pediatrician would reply,
hat's tragic, of course, Mrs. Hampton,
to be expected. *Their* mother, you
emember, didn't glitter when she

e time Pat reached the children they
ted on the grass, one on either side of

may have the throne of guests,"
id.

Pat graciously thanked her and found a tree stump.

"Now we're in the jungle," Myra said. "Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom. That's the drums."

Tommy squealed with delight. "Do that again. That drums thing."

Myra dazzled him with a sudden swift smile. "That's the beat of the jungle. You listen." And she threw her head back and began to recite* in that silvery voice and Pat watched her children and she saw them slip away from her on a sea of dreams and enchantment.

"*Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,*
Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.
Then along that river bank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files ——"

"Do it again," Tommy broke in. "Do the drums part."

MYRA said, "I can't bear to be interrupted. It gives me a frustrated feeling. Now I can't recite any more at all."

Pat sat quietly as the children teased and coaxed for more of the poem and she saw that there were pleasure and excitement in their eyes, but not so much as in the eyes of the child Myra. And she asked, "Myra, how often have you said that poem?"

"Oh, hundreds of times."

"Always here?"

"Yes. Always here in the jungle."

"But never before with people listening?"

Myra stared at her coldly. "Do you think I recited for the trees? Of course people listened. All the natives and all the traders and the sailors on the ivory-laden ships."

"I see."

"Make her say some more of it, mamma," Tommy begged.

"I can't make Myra recite if she doesn't want to, darling. I can only tell her that she does it beautifully and that her voice is so lovely that we all feel sad when she stops."

Myra said, "Oh, well, if I have to, I have to."

She took up the poem again and Pat looked at her own two husky, happy kids who did not know what loneliness was and she looked at the child of Lisa Kerrigan and she was stunned by the thought that came to her. *Oh, no*, she said to herself, *I'm not that crazy. Oh, no.*

"*The ebony palace soared on high*
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky ——"

And she thought that to be unwanted was the worst thing that could happen to a child and for all her magnetism and charm this was indeed a poor little wretch.

"*The inland porches and casements shone*
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone ——"

The ghost of Lisa Kerrigan was there in the little clearing and she said to it, *I am afraid of you and for all I know I should be afraid of your child as well but I am only sorry for her.* And she thought of Bill, who loved Myra because he had loved Lisa.

"*And the well-known tunes of the parrot band*
That trilled on the bushes of that magic land ——"

She looked closely at the child Myra and saw how conscious the youngster was of the spell she had cast upon the young Hamptons. How aware she was of the power of her sweet voice and how she reveled in the tribute of their wide admiring eyes.

Pat thought, *I do not like people who strive for effects, who are theatrical and unreal, and I don't care whether they're eight or eighty, I don't like them.* And she was ashamed of herself, for this was only a pitiful child wanting and needing to be loved.

"*Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf crust*
And hats that were covered with diamond-dust ——"

* From The Congo, by Vachel Lindsay.

After a while the poem ended and Tommy screamed into the enchanted silence, "Say it again, Myra. Say it all again." But Myra shook her head and lay back on the grass, looking withdrawn but contented.

Pat sat very still and examined her thoughts. And after a time she moved over and sat beside Myra and she said to her, "We have no jungle but we have an ocean. In the summertime we live near it and it is very pleasant."

Myra said, "I know. Bill told me."

And Pat knew what he had been thinking when he had told her of the ocean. He had been thinking that he would give much if he could sweep this child up in his arms and take her to play with his children in the safe snug world he had built for them. And Pat looked into the eyes of Lisa Kerrigan's little girl and she said to herself, *You ought to have your head examined*, and she said to Myra, "If your grandmother consents, will you come with us and visit our ocean this summer?"

Myra said, "Perhaps. I would have to think it over, of course."

"Of course," Pat said. What a vixen it was, a bundle of affectations and artfulness. She had known how to get the younger children begging and pleading.

"Myra, please come. Oh, will you, Myra? Myra, won't you please?"



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And Myra smiled tantalizingly at them and said that she would consider the matter.

She loves to be coaxed. It's flattering to her. She thrives on being the main attraction. Well, wouldn't your kids angle for attention, too, if they'd never had any? Mrs. Hampton, you're a jerk and you'd better leave this child right here if you're going to find fault with her every mood and word. But she'll never know I'm finding fault. Like fun she won't. Get with it, girl. Forget Lisa. That's what's doing you in, you know.

"Let's go ask your grandmother!" Janey was on her feet, streaking toward the house.

Pat watched the three children as they ran. Myra had overtaken Janey without any effort at all. Tommy was left far behind. Pat caught up with him as he fell and lay resting a moment beside the moss-covered rock. He grinned in his angelic way at her.

"Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom," he said.

Pat nodded. "Yes, indeed, son," she said. "Yes, indeed."

They stayed in New York only a few days, only long enough to prepare themselves for the summer at the beach. The preparations were simple, involving little more than a decision between which clothes and toys were to be taken and which left behind. And always, of course, it was said over and over, "After all, we're not going to Madagascar. Your father can bring down anything you find you must have." Bill never brought anything down from the apartment, but the knowledge that such a thing could be done reassured the children and prevented them from packing every last space helmet and disintegration gun.

In the apartment Pat surveyed what Myra had brought. She had brought little and in the little she had brought were two handmade dresses that might have fitted her a few years back.

"We'll leave them here, honey," Pat said. "They're too beautiful for anything we do at the beach."

There were some other things. A pair of dungarees and a pair of corduroy slacks. A few sweaters, a white blouse and a pink velvet dressing gown with "Myra" embroidered on it in large letters.

"I forgot to pack socks and underthings," Myra said.

She said nothing about shoes, toilet articles, a bathing suit, a beach robe or little cotton dresses for Sunday school or visiting. She had not forgotten to pack three books of poetry, a picture of Princess Ming and a lipstick in a candy-striped case.

Pat stared at it. "Darling, you don't use that, surely."

"No. I found it in an old dresser drawer. I brought it with me to keep."

"Well, of course you did. Here. We'll put it deep in the pocket of your valise so that it won't roll out and get lost."

A lipstick in a candy-striped case. The child's inheritance. *And if I should die tonight what will my children have from me? A discarded lipstick lying in an old dresser drawer? Perhaps not more. Who is to know what a child may seize upon and treasure?* Pat tucked the lipstick safely away and she could not help wondering if the candy-striped case would be familiar to Bill.

"I should have packed more," Myra said.

"Never mind. We can always pick up some things in the stores."

"I suppose so. Does Janey have a fur coat?"

"No, she doesn't."

"I have. Floria gave it to me last Christmas. She's a countess, you know. It's leopard, but I didn't bring it."

"Oh, I don't think you'll need it at the beach."

BUT the child had needed to talk about it. She had a fur coat and she knew a countess. The leopard coat and the countess would have to make up for all the things that Janey had and Myra did not have. And it was in moments like this that Pat could forgive Myra for the stupid woman on the plane who had said, "Your oldest child is simply entrancing." Let Myra be entrancing. It was only fair that God had given the poor child something.

"She's a handful, Mrs. Hampton," Annette said. "I'll be glad when we get her to the beach. It'll be easier there."

"A handful? How do you mean, Annette?"

"Well, take today for instance. I was giving the living room a good farewell cleaning. Richard had taken the children to play in the park because I didn't need him. When they came in this little one dashes into the living room and makes out like the white carpet's a skating rink and there she is skimming over it like she's ice-skating. On the white carpet no less."

"I'll speak to her about it, Annette."

"When I told her that no one was allowed on the white carpet with their shoes fresh from walking in the park she laughed at me. Not nasty, you know, but just like I was being silly and that a white carpet was for nothing in the world but to please a person."

"Maybe she has a point there, Annette."

"How do you mean, ma'am?"

"The carpet wasn't hurt, was it?"

"No. Not with those little fairy feet fly over it, but it's your rules, Mrs. Hampton was trying to hold to."

Pat nodded. Her rules. Stuffy middle-cl rules, no doubt. At Cherry Hill beautiful pets would be enjoyed, not cherished. Only dreary bourgeois would dream of mak rules that protected a carpet from the natu hazards of its existence.

ANNETTE said, "I wouldn't want you to sc her, Mrs. Hampton."

"Oh, I wouldn't."

"She's really a darling child. I never saw like that before. You can't stop looking at and she can wind people right around finger, that child."

Pat found Myra in the guest room sitt cross-legged on the floor telling fortunes. learned from a gypsy who came to Ch Hill. He wore gold earrings and had a ce scarf tied around his head and every night gypsies built a fire and danced and I c down to be with them and sing their son

"Did your gra mother let you?" Ja asked.

Myra's eyes glov "Grandmother di know," she said. slipped away from The gypsies wanted to ride west with t when they left b couldn't go because had told my fortune it said that to the lay my undoing."

Pat said, "Why, ling, you've made wonderful story. must remember it so can write it all do

"It isn't a st though," Janey said happened, didn't it

Pat shook her h "It's clever of Myr think of gypsies an those interesting thi It wouldn't be so m would it, if she was telling of something that really happen

"Did you make it up, Myra?" Tommy a and it was clear that he hoped she hadn

Myra picked up the cards and shuffled unconcernedly. She turned her gaze c upon Pat and prolonged the moment of pense. Then suddenly she threw the cards in the air and laughed as they fell about

"I won't tell. I won't tell," she said. "M it's true. Maybe it isn't." She gathered cards together and tossed four of them at dom toward Janey. "I see a house on a m taintop. It's cream-colored and has shutters and all day and all night ther beautiful birds flying around it and they little golden bells fastened to their feet an air is filled with sweet music from the golden bells and you will live there some

"Me too?" Tommy asked.

"Yes, you, too, Tommy. Only you'l next door and instead of birds there w space ships zipping past your house."

Tommy leaned forward, his little face kled in perplexity as he studied the c "What one says that?" he asked. "What says about the space ships?"

Pat left them alone. She went to her and threw herself upon the bed. She v have liked to lie face downward, but that tion suggested defeat.

I retreated. No, I left them alone to Children should not be eternally supervis grownups. Who are you trying to fool? retreated. I did not. All right, then, why you say what you think about fortunete Do you want your children's heads cra with all that nonsense? Why didn't you it? And why didn't you tell Myra that she permitted on the white carpet when she come in from the park? Why don't you yourself? What's the matter with you?

And now she did turn face downwa the bed because she knew the answer

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Her hair is from the raven
Her breast is from the dove,
And from a linnet came the voice
Of my love's other love.

Her grace is from the swallow,
My rival's. And it's plain
Some nameless little feathered friend
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questions. Bill. Bill was the matter with her. He had said, "Pat, I think it was wonderful of you to invite Myra for the summer. You've got enough with Janey and Tommy and to take a third is getting pretty close to being an angel."

"I felt sorry for the poor little thing, Bill."

"Sure. So did I. Must be deadly for her, never having kids to play with or anything. We'll have to see that she has a great time with us."

"Yes. We'll see to it."

"Of course she's a little spoiled and high-strung and all that. You won't find her well trained the way our kids are, but that won't matter to you, will it, Pat? I mean since you're only to have her a few months you won't care if she's not exactly up to your standards?"

"You mean I'm tough with the kids, Bill? You think I'm a top-sergeant kind of mother?"

"Oh, no, honey, but our kids know what's expected of them. They do what they're told and they're reasonable little people. Myra hasn't been disciplined."

"A pity. I always think there's nothing like a good heavy bullwhip to keep a child in line."

"Now don't be ridiculous—I only meant ——"

"I know what you meant, Bill."

"I hope so, honey. I wasn't trying to tell you anything about kids. I don't understand them and you do, but ——"

"This one is our guest, Bill. I won't try to build character in her or prepare her for the years ahead. Don't worry. She'll have a nice summer."

He had kissed her then. "You're wonderful, Pat."

That was the way it had been. They had both pretended that Myra had had no mother. They had been cagey and smart and had acted as though no such person as Lisa Kerrigan had ever lived. They had a marriage to preserve and it was safer not to speak of Lisa. So they did not speak of her, though Bill had made it clear that he could not bear it if a cross word was spoken to Lisa's child.

I should not have taken her from Cherry Hill. It was a mistake. How will I manage when I dare not correct her? A simple rebuke and he will remember that she is Lisa's and he will not be on my side. He will tell me not to be so earnest and he will smile at Myra and let her know that I am not really to be taken seriously. Or am I making something out of nothing? Am I only back to the same old business of being afraid of Lisa Kerrigan?

She thought of Betsy, the grandmother in the well-fitting slacks who could go to Italy now and be with the countess. She thought of Princess Ming and wondered who would take care of her. *I wonder why I don't offer to take the cat. It wouldn't be any crazier than what I've already done.*

She thought about the first night in the apartment when her children had knelt for prayers. She had looked questioningly at Myra, who had stood aside in the little pink velvet dressing gown with her embroidered name splashed across its left front.

"Prayers, anyone?"

"I'm of a different faith," Myra had said.

"Our prayers are to everyone's God, darling. You can join us without belonging to our church."

"I don't think so." Myra had remained standing.

Pat had then given the signal for her own children to proceed, but Janey had been consumed with curiosity. "What are you, Myra?"

Myra had smiled in that heavenly way of hers. "I'm a fire worshiper."

Pat said, "Naturally. I should have guessed that. Well, you just go over there and light a match while we're saying our prayers. . . . No, no, Myra, not really. Put that down. . . . Now, children, get started."

But how could they? A fire worshiper. How exciting, how delightful to be a fire worshiper. How did you go about becoming one? What did you believe in? Was there a Sunday school for that sort of thing?

"I'll tell you all about it tomorrow," Myra had promised, and then she had graciously acknowledged Pat's predicament by adding, "Now do as your mother tells you. Say your prayers like good children."

Bill laughed when she told him. "What an imagination. Fire worshiper. Now where do you suppose she got that?"

"What shall I do about it? Go along with a gag or pack her off to our plain little old commonplace church?"

"Let her do what she wants, Pat. What's the difference? I guess Betsy's made no point of religious training and it isn't up to us to ——"

"No, I suppose not."

It wasn't up to "us" to do anything except to see that Myra had a nice summer. Pat wondered as she lay on her bed in the apartment what kind of summer the rest of them would have.

Myra had never before seen the ocean. She stared at it fascinated, her enormous eyes clouded with heaven alone knew what fantastic notions. Far out across the blue sky a boat rode the waves and she was ready with a salute to it:

"Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a Cargo of diamonds,
*Emeralds, amethysts ——"**

——

*From Cargoes, by John Masefield

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Tommy's eyes sparkled but Janey, the practical-minded, pointed out that the Spanish galleon was Mr. Sneedy's fishing boat. Myra hesitated only a moment, then she was ready again:

"Mr. Sneedy's fish boat coming from the market
Bought a whole lot 'cause he didn't catch a one
With a cargo of mackerels,
Blue fish, Percherons ——"

"They don't catch Percherons here," Tommy objected. "Perch. Not Percherons."

Myra shouted with laughter and threw herself on the warm sand. "Little boy, you don't know what a Percheron is."

"I do too. I know everything about fishing. It's a—it's a big, big fish with a tail."

"Oh, it has a tail, all right." Myra lay laughing up at him. "Describe the way it swims, Tommy."

"Like a bass or maybe more like a porpoise maybe."

Janey said, "Tommy, you talk too much. You don't know what a Percheron is and neither do I. You just make yourself seem silly, that's all, when you pretend that you ——"

Myra said, "Be quiet. It's lovely here. Don't chatter."

She propped herself up on an elbow and dreamed out at the ocean. There was sand in her dark gold hair and stars in her eyes. "It's just beautiful," she breathed.

But when Janey and Tommy ran to play in the water she stayed where she was, warm and lazy.

"Is the beach always deserted?" she asked.

"No, but I like it this way, don't you?"

Myra did not reply.

"The water looks very inviting to me. Does it look that way to you too?"

Myra said, "It looks rough and cold and as though the waves would knock you down and roll you over and bury your face in the sand."

"Oh?" Pat's glance seemed to be weighing the possibilities of such an occurrence. After a moment she said, "Janey and Tom are making out all right. Maybe we would too."

Myra yawned delicately and scooped up a handful of sand. She watched it intently as it trickled between her fingers and she said, "There's something I have to tell you, Mrs. Hampton, but I hope you won't tell Janey and Tommy. I'm afraid of the water."

"I won't tell them, Myra."

"Thank you."

"But as a matter of fact there's nothing to be ashamed of, you know. Janey isn't crazy about thunder. A great many people are ——"

"Pardon me for interrupting," Myra said, "but were you ever a governess?"

Well, I asked for it. A person can try too hard, you know. And I was trying hard. I was dispensing sweetness and light as though I were being paid for it. All right. It doesn't have to be that way. I can be tough and matter-of-fact too. I can say, "So you're afraid of the water? O.K. Then sit on the beach all summer." What do I care about her phobias? They're none of my business.

"Mrs. Hampton."

"Yes, Myra." And it was startling to find the tiny hand suddenly clinging to her own, the big eyes turned upon her trustingly.

"Mrs. Hampton, will you help me? I'm so afraid of the ocean. I think it's because my father was drowned."

And Pat's heart shook within her for Myra who had been spared nothing and she offered the strength of her arm and swept the child to her and buried her own wet eyes again dark gold hair.

"Darling, I'll teach you to swim and you'll be brave about the ocean."

"I hear it at night when I'm in bed an afraid."

Pat held the child close and uttere strange little meaningless sounds of co that come to a woman when a child whi in fright. And it was an appalling though a little girl must live with terror becaus grandmother, who might know all horses, knew nothing about children. had the child been told? In what words

Perhaps it was right for Myra to know had become of her father, but in that mo Pat hated Betsy Kerrigan for the fear th within this child. Poor little wretch, her g mother had called her. And she had go to join the countess in Italy.

"Myra, I'll tell you a secret about fea cold and it has to be cold because it's of ice and you know what happens to melts. Fear melts too. Always it grows les less and finally it's gone."

"Is that the truth?"

"I solemnly swear that it is," Pat tol

"I didn't that." Myra herself away stood up. stretched, exte her arms wide suddenly was ning along the b wild and light foam. Pat's ey lowed the sma ure and she di believe that this feared anythi that she had he and offered wo comfort.

I dreamed it never curled me and gave n hand and look me for help. I up the whole

Tommy and were coming the water now dragged the t out of the beac and made rea receive her chi

"Isn't Myra going in?" Janey asked.

"I don't know. She's busy explorin beach."

They squinted their eyes and saw h away, very small now, still running.

"I hope she comes back," Tommy sa

"She will," Janey assured him. "I ha bobby pins."

"Is she running away?"

"No, Tommy," Pat said. "She's jus ning."

"Why?"

"For the same reason you rushed in water. Because she feels fine. Here she back again."

They watched her as she came toward over the white warm sands, her hair bri behind her, her eyes bright and gleami saw a sea serpent," she said. "Green shining silver scales."

"Where?"

"You can see him from up there, fro farthest place I was."

Janey and Tommy were off streaking t the magic place where Myra had stood. could only reach it, then surely one cou the things that Myra saw.

Myra turned and smiled at Pat. "Ta in the ocean now, Mrs. Hampton," she "If you please."

Pat looked at her children running off on a fool's chase and she led Myra in water feeling that she had conspired a Janey and Tom.

Myra did not learn to swim that Pat hoped only to put her at ease wi waves and in that she was somewhat su ful. Many lessons followed, most of th the beach-club pool, and in the end learned to swim.

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sn't Esther Williams, you under-
at explained to Bill when he arrived
ekend. "I'm interested in her being
water, not sensational."
you're wonderful, honey."
id he think she was wonderful?
e had taught Lisa's child to swim?
dn't he forget Lisa? Why wasn't this
tle girl who was spending the sum-
them? Why was the awareness of
s so close, so pressing that Myra be-
est, *his* responsibility which he must
to his wife for sharing with him?
er that came from Betsy Kerrigan
lp the situation any. To Pat's mind it was downright rude, for it was addressed only to Bill.

"We had a letter from Betsy," he said, taking it from his pocket and handing it to her.

"*You* had a letter from Betsy," she said, glancing at the envelope.

"Oh, well, it's just that she sent it to the office. I guess she's misplaced this address."

"That means, then, that the child isn't to hear from her at all, I suppose."

Bill shrugged. "They understand each other. They're not terribly sentimental people."

"I wouldn't call it exactly slobberingly sentimental to send your granddaughter a postcard picture of the Leaning Tower of Pisa."

Bill said, "You know I'm beginning to think you don't like Betsy."

"Where did you ever get such an idea? I'm crazy about her and she likes me too. Right here in the postscript she says, 'And do give my best to your dear Peggy.'"

"Betsy can't remember names. You mustn't mind her."

Pat did not answer. She was reading the letter. A foolish letter, she thought, taken up with trivial comments on weather, luggage and food. Where was a word concerning Myra? Oh, here it was. She had almost missed it.

It's such a joy to be free again. I didn't know just how sick I was of being a permanent babysitter. Of course with two children of your own I don't suppose it bothers you to just add another.

Pat folded the letter and handed it back to Bill.

He said, "When I write I'll let her know that a person named Pat is the only reason she's getting her summer in Italy."

"Don't bother. What's the difference?"

"Oh, no difference of course, but you should get the credit for ——"

"Credit? Will she bring me a merit badge when she comes home?"

She thought, *I am being irritable and sharp and I am enjoying it. I'm digging at him about Betsy Kerrigan and that can only result in his finding me very unpleasant company. Then why don't I stop? Why do I plague him when it can gain me nothing? Betsy is Lisa's mother and I have lived so long in the presence of Lisa that I am sick with the poison of my jealousy and I'm doing everything wrong and foolishly.*

And she thought that in other seasons weekends had never been marked by disagreeable words. She had always seen to it that when Bill returned to the city he carried a memory of the fun it was to be with her.

Not this time. It wouldn't be that way this time.

MYRA had never before brought cards to the beach. It happened that she brought them Saturday afternoon and as they lazed in the sun after a swim she produced them from the pocket of her robe.

Bill said, "What are we going to play?"

"Oh, we don't play games," Janey explained to him. "Myra tells fortunes."

"Really?" He raised himself and lay watching with amusement as Myra arranged the cards.

Janey said, "You always tell me I'm going to get a big surprise and I haven't gotten it yet."

Myra signaled for silence. Her eyes went swiftly from the cards to the face of Janey, then back to the cards and Myra shook her head sadly, mysteriously, and sighed deeply.

"What is it?" Janey asked.

"The nine of clubs. In a way it is what I feared. The surprise is coming and it will be big but not pleasant."

Janey stared in horror at the nine of clubs. "What's going to happen?"

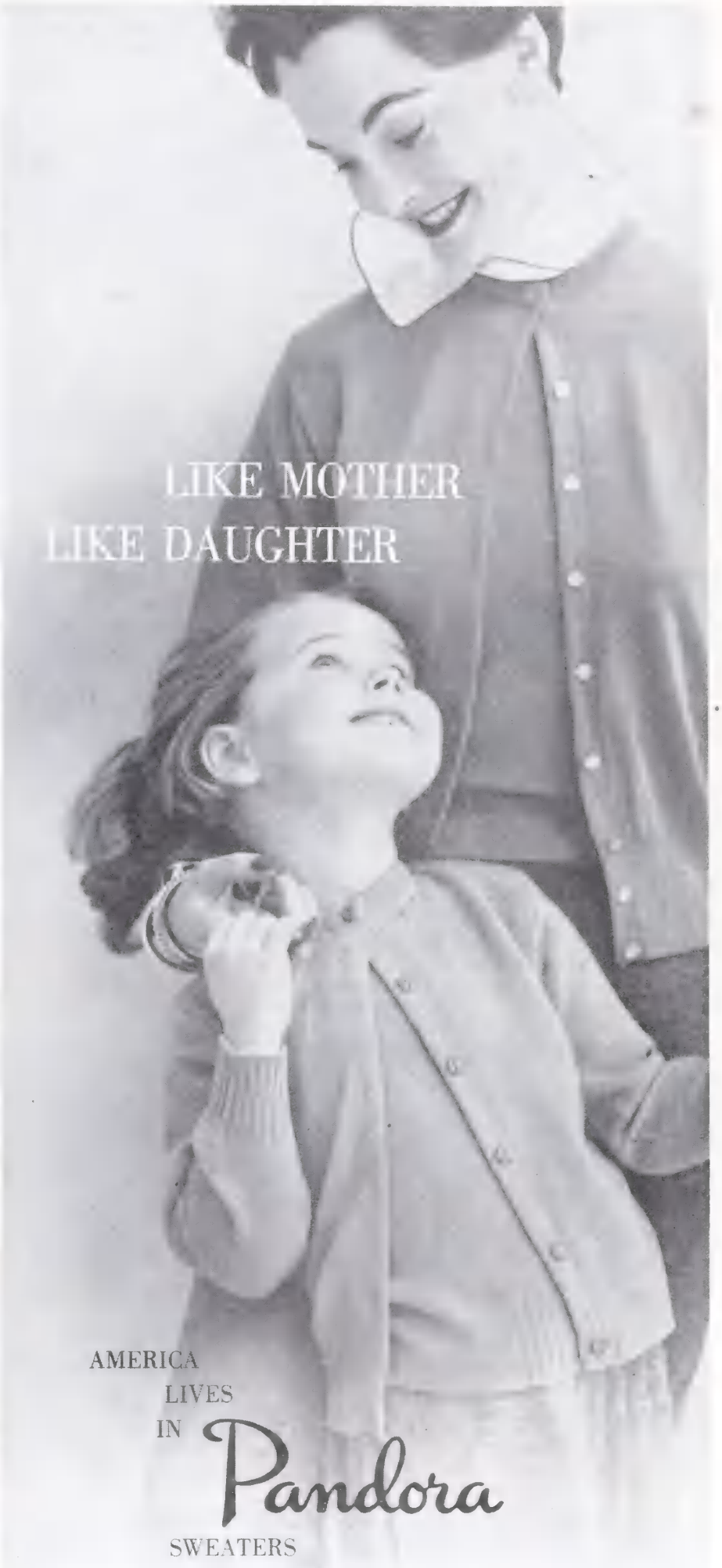
"Something bad, I'm afraid. I see hundreds of people screaming and you in the midst of everything and you're screaming, too, and I see ——"

Pat said, "You see a pack of cards, Myra, and that's all anyone can see. Now put them away and let's go get a soda."

No one was interested in a soda. Janey's eyes were fastened upon Myra. "Tell me what was happening."

Myra slipped the cards into her pocket. "I can't tell you any more. My train of thought has been interrupted."





Janey turned to Pat. "Now I won't know," she said accusingly. "Now I'll just wonder and worry and ——"

Pat said, "Myra was only entertaining us. She doesn't pretend to really know the future. She can't tell fortunes. No one can."

The children stared sulkily out to sea and from the corner of her eye Pat caught the expression on Bill's face and she thought that was rather sulky too. Lisa's child had been rebuked, even discredited.

Well, what could I do? Could I just sit here and have Janey frightened to death?

Bill turned over in the sand and lay with his eyes closed. No one said a word and in time the children grew bored with the silence and ran to the water. Pat waited, but Bill's eyes remained closed and he did not speak to her.

She said, "Well, let's have at it. You're annoyed with me."

He opened his eyes but he did not look at her. He examined a sunburned arm and scowled a little. "I just don't get it," he said. "The kid's apparently been fortunetelling all the time. Fair is fair, Pat. You can't approve of something for weeks, then all of a sudden jump down a kid's throat about it."

She counted ten, then added another five. "Bill, I never approved of it. I didn't jump down her throat just now, but I should have the first time she did it. That was in the apartment before we came here. I never wanted to reprove Myra, so I kept quiet. I couldn't keep quiet today because ——"

"Why was today different?"

"Because she always told Janey and Tom nice things till today. I thought the nonsense was relatively harmless because she always dreamed up pretty forecasts. This is the very first time she ever took it into her head to frighten or worry them. I won't have her doing that."

"No," he admitted. "That's no good, but you should have said something earlier, honey. You can't let things slide and then ——"

Pat said, "I wasn't to 'top sergeant' at her, do you remember? I leave her alone but I'm certainly not going to sit by and let her make nervous wrecks of my children."

Bill reached for his sweat shirt. "I'd better cover up," he said. "I'll bet I'm going to blister."

She thought, *I may blister a little myself. I'm mad enough to boil.*

Bill put on his shirt, then lit a cigarette and turned to her calmly, reasonably. "Honey," he said, "we're different kinds of people from Myra and her folks."

"Hurray."

"Now just listen, Pat. Don't be cross. She simply has an overcharged imagination that makes her dramatize everything. She's a good kid, only she's different from ours. People have to be different, darling."

He's telling me not to change Myra, not to stifle her imagination, not to beat her into line with all the dreary people who are earnest and sincere and colorless. He needn't bother. I will leave her as she is. But are my children fearsomely dull little clods? Does he think they are?

He said, "I wish you could have seen her ride a horse."

She turned and looked at him in amazement. Ride a horse! Good heavens, was equestrianism a substitute for character? Did he really and truly think that because her grandmother had taught her to ride well, here was complete exoneration of Betsy's methods of child raising, incontestable proof of Myra's lofty quality?

"This is a preparation for life?" she asked.

"I only meant that you'd have been impressed by her courage and perseverance. She has terrific courage. Last year when I was home I saw her ride a horse that I wouldn't be crazy about riding. She was seven then and ——"

Pat said, "Don't talk to me as though you had to defend the child. I am not unkind to her. I don't cuff her when you're not looking. She and I get along just fine together. Rest easy, I am not going to impose my standards on her. I won't teach her anything that will curb her rare spirit."

He said, "You know what's happening here? We're getting close to a quarrel."

SHE did not meet his eyes. She dug a small hole in the sand and carefully buried a shell.

"I just refuse to quarrel," he said.

"You have nothing to quarrel about."

"And you have?"

She did not reply. There was too much to say. She thought, *This is all just as much about Lisa as though her name had been mentioned. It hasn't been, but just the same that is what we are talking about. Lisa. Suppose Myra were a friend of Janey's from town. Would he care that I had interfered with her fortunetelling? I am so fed up with Lisa Kerrigan that I could scream.*

Bill pulled himself off the sand. "Isn't it about time to go home?" he asked. "I've had too much sun."

She called the children and shepherded them across the ocean-front avenue. They were remembering the offer they had ignored earlier.

"Can we have sodas?" Tommy a

"No. It's too late."

Tommy said, "O.K. I don't min about daddy's only chance for a soda."

Bill said, "Nice try."

They walked the rest of the way to in silence.

Pat showered and left the water r Bill, but no word passed between was lying on her bed when he came bathroom looking healthy and ag terry-cloth robe the children had b his birthday.

He said, "Are you going to take "I hadn't thought about it."

"Well, do. You need one. You're

"Maybe I'm just naturally bad-t

HE grinned. "They warned me haired tempers, but I wouldn't li ously, I've been thinking about s This summer's tough for you, Pat. H you like to get a woman to manag dren?"

She told herself not to answer in *means it kindly. Take it easy. He do that you're doing a bad job or that would be nicer to Myra. He means trying to help.*

"I make out all right," she said.

"No, you don't. You ——"

"Oh, I don't? the more seri plaints?"

"I didn't m were any com mean you're kno self out. It isn't be so sharp, Pat

She said, "I alone, will you in a filthy humo

Bill looked at lessly. "I don't k to say. You're awfully big, ar

"Taking what

"That I criti handling of th jumbo down at

She looked wonderment. W sible that he di that this thing than just that significant incid he know that sh all over from losing battle a Kerrigan? Didn't he know that a to feel herself loved above all oth was his understanding, his compa it all been spent on a girl who had him, a girl who had given him heartache?

Bill said, "I guess it's my day fo wrong thing. Well, if it's all my fau but I think you're taking a pretty s you're also mad about my suggest maid, forget I mentioned it, but I k a strain on you. She's a lot for yo and, believe me, I'm grateful f you've ——"

"Grateful!" Pat sat up on the be him angrily. "Yes, that's the trou grateful to me just as you are to making fudge for Myra, to Mr. taking her on his boat or to Richar her a starfish. Don't you know y grateful to me for being nice to my responsibility too. I belong he wife. Remember?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's the matter with me

"I think you've suddenly come Maybe I used the wrong word. A not grateful. Maybe I'm just pleas infuriating too? I don't know wh about, but if you're exhausted I remedy. That's all I can do. I c child in a CARE package and Italy, you know."

"The child doesn't bother me

"All right, but I don't see why Heaven knows she's a little whirl

His voice softened, she thought a word that delighted him, a w

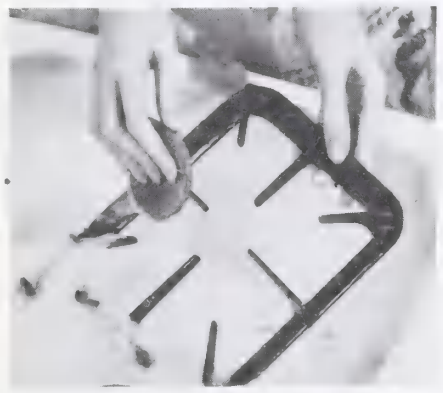
LET US PRAY

Almighty God, Who hast found it fitting that our lives here on earth should be lived in this particular context of time and of place, grant us, now, we beseech Thee, the power of penetration to discern the peculiar dangers and delusions with which our age is replete, and the strength to meet them in the spirit of Him Whose example and teachings we are endeavoring to follow. Amen.

Prayer from an address given by George F. Kennan at the First Presbyterian Church, Princeton, New Jersey

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d, and no doubt he was seeing
vind as she raced toward him
ening, her hair flying, her eyes
itement. Yes, that was the way
the way her mother had looked.
what he was thinking.
ted desperately to hurt him for
ll the other times when he had
thoughts that she could not
was a way.
, yes indeed, she's a little whirl-
ket. A bonfire, and she glitters
."
t her in silence for a long cold
e said, "Oh, that's what we're
Well, it had to come, didn't it?
has been burning holes in you,
.. Lisa *did* glitter when she
ere any more questions?"
ne window and stood with his
ing out at the ocean. "Myra's
but of course you knew that.
y missed nothing. Did she tell
ved poetry and that you'd hear
achel Lindsay all summer be-
taught them to Myra? Let me
le uncanny to hear The Congo
n a voice that's been still for a
"
ou don't have to go into all

? How does it always happen
eady to speak of Lisa, you're
en?"
dy. I was trying to spare you

me. How do you know I don't
speaking of Lisa? How do you
dn't rather speak *of* Lisa than
e else? You started this and
o tell you about Lisa."
tell me. Tell me the things
now to tell me, the things that
Tell me that you've never re-
sing Lisa, that dead or alive,
."
ross the room, his eyes full of
hard. He said, "Is that what
ar? Do you want me to tell

s shocked at the sound of her
had not spoken. She had
ay it, Bill. Don't tell me." She
inst the pillow and the tears
as no longer angry. She was
and lost. He had never been
d be hers, and now it was a
st a fear. He had always been

if you're going to cry!" And
he room and left her there.
e dried her eyes and dressed
back into the world of vaca-
She and Bill spoke politely to
hey danced at the club and
ster and played with the chil-
ined about the train service
as just as it had always been.
Kerrigan's name had been
iddle of a hot summer's day
hem could pretend that it

eally changed. It was all the
een except for small painful
revealed themselves in the
of their politeness to each
way he greeted the children
d to him on Friday nights.
ch him always received the
and now it was agony to Pat
aneuvered to make certain
ever first.

the performance and she
mean it to be like this. Can
ases me? And there was no
wrong, for there would be
ng, "Well, what is it you do
nothing concerning Lisa's
ase you?"
had come from Betsy Kerri-
it among a sheaf of papers
th him over the weekend. He
he letter. How could he? It
ther eruption. A man, she
t be too careful when he was
an whom he probably con-
lunatic.

For all these years I managed to live with the ghost of Lisa Kerrigan. And I managed it in silence. Then all of a sudden I wasn't silent any more. Now he does not go back to New York thinking that it has been fun to be with me.

And she had plenty of time to sit alone and think her thoughts, for the children were conquering Mt. Everest these days and their interest in the beach had vanished.

"When I grow up I'm going to be a mountain climber," Tommy said. "Myra knows all about mountain climbing and she's going to show me how to do it."

Pat drove them to a little hill a mile from the house. It was a very sensible New Jersey hill and Myra, appraising it thoughtfully, nodded her approval. "The jagged majestic summit of Everest," she said, "if I've ever seen it."

Pat had never left the children alone on the beach, but this was different. They wanted and needed to be free of supervision. In the city Janey and Tommy were unable to taste freedom. This was the solution—at least till they conquered Mt. Everest or grew tired of it.

The talk now was all of rope, spiked boots and ice-cutting instruments. Every day they were driven to the small hill and Myra spoke her magic and there were icy peaks towering into the infinite and a cold wind that blew forbiddingly about the little band of dauntless climbers. Pat learned to say, "Good luck, men," instead of "I'll pick you up at four."

She would go back to the house and sit pretending to write a letter or read a book, but it was difficult. Never far from her thoughts was the fear that sooner or later it would happen. The phone would ring and Bill would say, "Something's come up at the office. I can't make it down there this weekend."

It could happen. It had happened to other women. *But it was three weeks ago that we quarreled and he has not stopped coming. Yes, three weeks ago that I, an infidel, trod on sacred ground. Didn't I always know that Lisa came first? Didn't I always know that I was lucky to*



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have him on any terms? Then why didn't I keep quiet?

If the phone rings I won't answer it. I'll tell everybody not to answer it. He'd have to come down if he'd been unable to reach me, unable to say he wasn't coming. Wouldn't he?

And when she raised her eyes from the book she wasn't reading, it always came as a shock to find the house so serene, so peaceful. Flowers in the vases, curtains bright at the windows, the house full of welcome and cheer. It was odd that the doubt and fear she felt were reflected nowhere. This was a happy house. It fairly sang with contentment. And it occurred to her that it might be an imbecile house, too simple-minded to sense that a marriage was in danger.

"It is, you know," she said to the sea-green walls. "How long can a marriage live on politeness?"

Tommy's birthday came at the end of August and it was a Saturday, so Bill was home for the occasion. There was ice cream, and of course a cake. Pat had intended to have it decorated with a wondrous sparkling Mt. Everest, but the children were Indian scouts now. Bill brought an armload of presents from town to add to those already assembled at the beach. Everyone in the house had bought a gift for Tommy, and Myra had come to Pat with a very old and basic problem.

"I have no money, Mrs. Hampton."

Pat had not asked her to account for the allowance that all three children had been given each week. Instead she asked, "How much do you need, honey?"

"Well, it's for Tommy's birthday present. I want to buy him something nice. I think about ten dollars."

"Yes, that would buy something nice," Pat conceded, "but don't you think it would make Janey's present look a little unimportant? She's spending only a dollar."

"Really?" The question was asked very politely though incredulously. "What could a person buy for a dollar?"

"You'd have quite a selection to choose from," Pat assured her.

"I wanted to buy him something—something very special."

Pat said, "Any gift is special when it comes on a birthday from a well-loved friend."

"Maybe. But I wanted to buy him a large dog. I was thinking of a Saint Bernard."

Pat laughed and put her arm around Myra. This was the sort of thing that you remembered longest and liked most about Myra. These moments when she was only a normal little eight-year-old full of innocence and eagerness.

"Could you bring yourself to buy a book for Tommy? He'd like that. There are lovely books that ——"

"Oh, yes." Myra's small hands came together in a sudden ecstatic gesture. "I'll buy him a book. Is there a nice bookstore here?"

Pat said, "Well, the variety store has toys, and on that counter there are some books. Would you like me to give you a dollar now so that you can ——"

Myra shook her head. "If I'm only to spend a dollar there's no need of me borrowing," she said. "I have a dollar."

In the end she had settled for a box of modeling clay. There were no books in town that appealed to her. "And suppose Tommy should become a sculptor? Think how proud I'd feel."

They played Tommy's favorite games and sang songs that he suggested and as they all joined in singing Little Sir Echo, Pat's eyes met Bill's and his glance was softer than she had seen it since that bad Saturday. They had sung this song to Janey and later to Tommy, and now they were all singing it together.

He can remember about us too. He doesn't always have memories that shut me out. Oh, Bill, I love you so. Say something now. Something that will let me know that you love me a little. Lean close and say that it's a wonderful day and I will know what you mean. I will know that we're together again. But he said nothing. She had to be content with the knowledge that the song had reminded him of another time, a time before she had tried to hurt him and had ended by crying her heart out.

She became aware that the song was ended and that Tommy's voice was pitched now to a wheedling, coaxing tone.

"Maybe later, Tommy," Myra was saying.

"No, now. It's my birthday right here and now. You promised. You said that you'd ——"

"Yes, you did, Myra," Janey said.

The children were looking at Myra expectantly.

"What is it?" Bill asked.

"Myra promised that on his birthday she'd recite for Tommy that boomlay thing he likes to hear."

Bill said "Oh." And Pat knew that he wished he had not asked.

Myra said, "All right, Tommy. If I promised I will." She got up from the cushioned window seat and chose a better setti self. The hassock that was placed one's view was obscured. Tom breathlessly, his eyes glistening, his restive with excitement. She did no there was complete attention from

Couldn't you have left the re Tommy would have enjoyed the po you. Why did you stay? It's too late to leave. She's into it. What does th to you, darling? Does it take you happy day? Or do you feel like wee

"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo r
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,

Richard and Annette were stan foyer, listening. Why, this was a p of note. Perhaps she should have in of the local residents to hear a voi been still for a very long while. Sh Bill. His eyes were lowered and g of what he thought or felt.

"A roaring, epic, rag-time t From the mouth of the Co To the Mountains of the M

And it's a pretty good performan come to think of it. Bill appears t this room, listening to Myra, but h Cherry Hill and ing to Lisa's v am smiling and the rhythm a happy and at pe world. When sh reciting I will was wonderful, I will say that tremendously. And no one wi that each in h died a million a

Richard and plauded and fac the kitchen cheered lustily Myra the supreme compliment o shiping silence.

Pat said, "That was wonderf enjoyed it tremendously."

"So did I." But Bill was not lo child when he spoke. He was lig rette and there was the old farav his eyes.

And when Tommy seized his and embroiled his father in a sc walked away from the house and alone on the beach. It was good t breeze upon her face and to be moment from the anxious busine Bill's glance, of hoping for a wo that was more than just a studied diality. *I cannot go on this way n cannot bear our being such pleas ances.* She thought how he had lo one moment when they had been it didn't mean much, really. It c for he had made nothing of it. *I my hand, if he had said a word –*

And she did not exactly pray, l far out to the place where the se and she whispered, "I am the ki be told that she is loved. Every s hear an affectionate word. Plea these things." And of course prayer, for she did not address it only a sigh on a lonesome beac pected nothing of it. She wen house and played darts and sh how to model a flower out of c

And the children's day was o she went upstairs with them for t words and kisses that would c through the dark hours.

"Did you have a nice birthd

"It was keen."

In the guest room Myra was and she did not move when Pa

"Well, you got undressed fas

"Yes. Will you sit a minute

"Sure, if you'd like." Pat sa little slipper chair.

Care for the life of another, even material, bodily care, is spiritual in essence. Bread for myself is a material question; bread for my neighbor is a spiritual question.

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. On my bed, please."
K." What was this now? Was
fever? *I suppose I can put my*
her forehead without her guess-
she's scaring me stiff. I wonder
had the usual children's diseases.
suppose so. That would be ex-
too much.
head's cool. I'm not sick. I
nted to say that I had a good
day."
that's nice, honey."
ed all that birthday feeling.
ow what I mean?"
nk I do."
ept making believe I was
."
t silent. What did you say to
rprivileged child who owned
at and who had been raised
ooded horses on an estate the
village?
be Tommy was making be-
was you," she said after a
.
I don't think so. It was too
ng him. I want to tell you
ng and I want to ask a favor
you
Go head."
My turned away and ran her little
nds er the sheet, smoothing down
ready smooth surface. "I want to
yo hat I'll always remember you.
ant to tell you that I love you."
Dow on the beach a voice that
ande lonely called a name and
re s an answer to the call and
ough came from far away it came
ous and without hesitation. And
sa on Myra's bed and thought
ut e lonely voice that had been
wet , then she bent and kissed
a K rigan's child. "What is this
or, ney?"
I w t to call you Pat. Will you let
"
Yo could have done that at any
"
I almost did, but I was afraid you
like it."
ve loved it."
hand came to rest in Pat's.
uiet and contented, her eyes
ed, ittle smile on her mouth. "I
yo Pat, just as much as Janey
s." e voice was soft and drowsy
M was asleep.

dn't been a prayer. She had
d e he beach and looked out to
and d simply stated her needs.
sl had wanted Bill to say that
ove her. Not Myra. Someone,
eth had heard her whispered
ar had missed the point, had
un stood that only Bill could
th assurance that made life
h l ng. But Pat gazed down at
sle ng child and on impulse
d again, for it was not a small
a had given. And she be-
scious of a sudden proud
wi n her and for a moment its
oth re a startling resemblance
app ss.
e s ched off Myra's light and
d stairs. Bill was sitting in
ro oom reading something he
ght with him from town.
s . "I think Tommy had a
don't you?"
e said he did."
s went back to his reading.

u have to read? I only see
ekends, you know."
aside the deadly-looking
seemed to be a contract.
y, t. Would you like to go to
ab
d not reply. She did not want
to e club. She wanted to sit
in lk to him. She wanted to
th high points of their baby's
ay nd she wanted to tell him
My loved her and that the

world was a pretty sparkling little thing if only a man would make the effort to be happy with the woman he had.

"Or the movies?" he said.

It was obviously not his wish to sit here and talk. If he could not read, then they would dance or go to the movies. Anything, apparently, was better than just sitting here with her.

Pat waited, but he said no more. In the end it was she who spoke.

"All right," she said. "The movies."

It was almost time to go back to the apartment. Pat looked about the room thinking that soon, any day now, it would begin, the annual weeding out of the things that belonged only to the bright summer days. It would start with a small motion toward the closet or perhaps only a thought—*I don't need that in the city and next summer I'll buy a new one*—and all of a sudden there would be a quickening of tempo, a definite series of actions that would have all the clothes out of all the closets and would end with the bags packed, the car waiting and the children saying good-by to the house. She walked toward her closet.

She thought, *The black bathing suit is about finished. I might as well throw it away today and see what else I won't be wanting any more.*

Halfway to the closet she paused. Who had thrown the downstairs door open with such a dreadful bang against the wall? Not any of the children, surely. They were a mile away playing at —— Whose hurried footsteps were those? Who was calling?

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KenRubber colors shown above: Medoux and Waulsort with White Feature Strip

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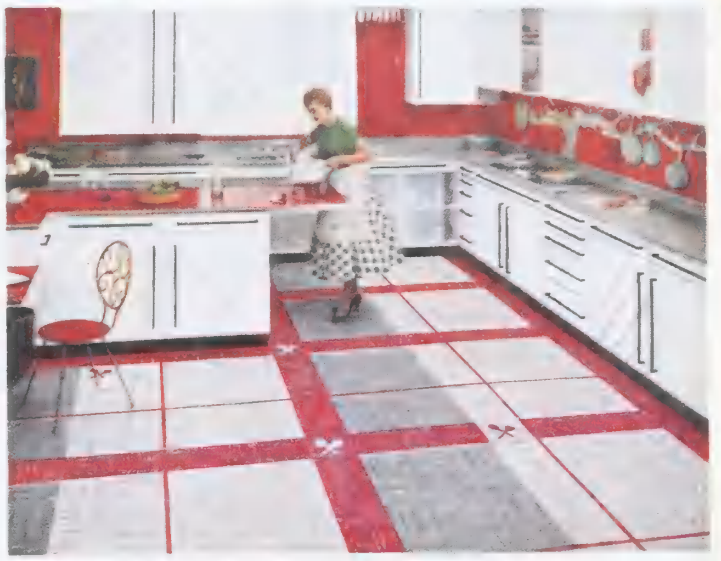
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"Mother! Mother!"

She flew to the stairs and there was Janey, her small face bright scarlet, her breath coming in frantic little gasps.

"Janey, how did you get here? What's the matter?"

"Tommy's hurt, mother. Tommy's hurt! I ran all the way to get you. Hurry!"

You made the most speed by walking downstairs as though nothing unusual had happened. You paid no attention to the hammering of your heart or to the terror that gripped you so hard that you wanted to sob as Janey was sobbing. The best thing you could do was be calm and sensible.

She called to Richard, "Come with me. Never mind changing. We're in a hurry."

She started the car and they were on the way before she asked anything of Janey.

"What happened?"

"He was up in a tree and he fell. He hurts awfully bad, mother, and he was crying. Not loud, you know, but I could tell it was hurting and he can't move and his face got all pale and I ran for you."

"That was the right thing to do, Janey."

"Myra can run faster and she said she'd go, but I told her to stay. He hurts so bad that I told her to say boomlay for him. He likes it and it'll make him happy and I promised to run awfully fast if she would just recite for him and maybe make him stop crying."

"That was a good idea, honey."

They jumped from the car on a side road and ran into the dim little woodsy place where Janey led them. "It's right up here, mother. Right up here."

There was a little clump of trees and there was Tommy lying white-faced on the ground. You didn't have to be a doctor to know that a leg could not assume that grotesque position unless it was broken.

Pat said, "How's it going, fellow?"

"It hurts," Tommy moaned.

"I know. I know."

Richard said, "I can lift him easy, Mrs. Hampton."

THAT was what she wanted. Her baby lifted off the hard unyielding ground; but you had to be sensible. She kept telling herself you had to be sensible.

"No, Richard, don't touch him. Find a telephone and call the hospital. Get an ambulance out here fast."

How could you tell if it was more than the leg? Oh, dear God, how could you tell when he lay there so crumpled and white?

Richard rushed away and Pat knelt beside Tommy. "We'll get you all right soon now, fellow. Take it easy." She hoped her voice wasn't as shaky as it sounded in her own ears. *Don't cry, you dope. You'll frighten him if you cry. He'll think things are bad and they are bad, are they, God? It'll be all right, won't Oh, please, God, let Tommy be all right.*

Richard came back. "They're coming, M Hampton. I'll wait on the side road to sh them where."

"Janey, do you want to wait with Richard

It would be better so, for Richard wa cheerful man who would have no dealings w frightening fancies.

"I'll stay with you, mother. I might be a to help." Janey looked about her and back Pat with puzzlement in her eyes. "Mothe

"YES, honey?" She was bending closely o Tommy. Did she imagine it or was his brea ing terrifyingly irregular?

"Mother, where's Myra?"

"What, dear?" He *was* breathing peculia Where was the ambulance? Why didn' come?

"I left her here. She's not here now."

"She must be somewhere, Janey." The bulance had only two miles to travel. W could be delaying it?

"I looked. I don't see her."

Was that a siren? Yes, it was coming. ambulance and the men who would kn what to do for Tommy.

"It's all right now," she whispered to h "You'll feel better soon, honey."

They came with Richard leading the those blessed men in white, and they ha stretcher and they knew how to lift the ch

"I'll ride with him," Pat said. "Janey, go home with Richard and I'll let you k what ——"

Janey said, "I can't go home. I have to h for Myra."

And at last Pat understood what Janey been trying to tell her for five minutes. M was gone from the place where Janey hac her. Pat cast a glance into the trees as tho she expected to see what Janey had not s Myra must be somewhere close by. *And I Tommy to think about. Yes, but this is sponsibility too. Maybe she isn't playing a g Terrible things happen to children who disap*

She turned to Richard. "Look everywh she said, "all around. Keep looking an this must be spoken in a special way so Richard would take it seriously and J would not—"when you don't know where to look call the police station."

She stepped into the ambulance then an on the little seat beside the stretcher. stroked Tommy's hair and sang to him remembered to smile whenever he opene eyes and looked at her.

The ambulance shrieked its way throug beach traffic and Pat said soothing wor Tommy and she thought to herself, *As so I know that all is well with him I will call*



"Why should I take a bath? I'm not getting married!"



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and Richard will say that he has found Myra. But why wasn't she there when we came? Why wasn't she there?

"You're all right, Tommy. Here's the hospital now."

They carried him inside and she walked the halls while the examination was under way. She walked unseeingly, numbly as people walk hospital halls. She could not tell how long she walked. It seemed forever and she prayed as she walked and she thought about the sweet smile of her little son and the remembrance of his endearing ways wrung her heart.

After an eternity a doctor came and he did not look like a man who was bringing dreadful tidings. He said, "Mrs. Hampton?"

"Yes. How's my boy? What ——"

"Broken leg. Not too bad. Painful, of course. He's shaken up and he's scraped pretty raw on his hands and knees, but he's in good shape. Leave him here tonight. You can pick him up in the morning."

"Can I see him?"

"We'll get the cast on first, I think. Don't worry. Everything's fine."

EVERYTHING? She went to the phone and called the house. Annette answered and her voice was the voice of one who waits in the quiet zone, longing for news from those on the distant fronts.

"How is Tommy, ma'am?"

"He's all right. A broken leg, which isn't much compared with what it could have been, Annette. What about Myra?"

"They didn't find her, ma'am."

"Is Richard still looking?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's still looking and the police are looking. Richard's out asking everybody. If you can come home, ma'am, please come. Janey is a wreck what with her little brother getting hurt and now this. The poor child is ——"

"I'll come right away."

She went to the desk and spoke to a nurse. "Will you give my little boy a message for me? Tell him I'll be back later to visit him and I'll bring him ——"

"Back later? I'm afraid the children don't have visitors very late."

"What time is it?"

"Twenty minutes after six."

"Twenty minutes after six!" She leaned weakly against the desk, feeling suddenly faint. It was impossible to believe now that all was well with Myra. She was conscious of the nurse's eyes regarding her with wonderment. What could be so special about twenty minutes after six that it would cause a woman to clutch at the desk for support?

"Are you all right? Would you like to sit down?"

"No. Don't bother, please. Tell the little boy I'll see him in the morning. Tell him I'll be here early and please—would you tell him I said good night?"

She thought of Tommy alone, among strangers. In the first ordeal of his life she would not be there and he would not know why she was not. He would only know that in this unfamiliar place there would be no good-night kiss, nobody who belonged to him.

But there is nothing I can do. He at least is safe and among kindly strangers. God knows where Myra is. And dread and despair engulfed her. She was out on the street before she realized that she had no car. Now the taxi service would have to be called. They had two taxis in the town. The wait was usually interminable. This time was no exception.

When it came at last the driver was garrulous and full of information about a lost child. He remembered two other such cases. One child had been found. Oh, yes, they found her, but she was dead by that time. Never been no word of the other one.

And there was no word of this one at the house. Janey brightened somewhat with Pat's assurance that Tommy was in no danger, but there was a haunted look in her eyes and Pat knew that she had heard dreadful stories of little girls who had disappeared. Annette was tight-lipped and somber-faced. Richard had lost his cheerfulness. Pat took the car and went over to the police station and talked to the lieutenant.

"We had to question the little boy, you know, Mrs. Hampton."



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"You had to question him at the hospital?" Pat asked.

"Yes. Davids went over. He's a father himself. Knows how to talk to kids. Didn't alarm your little fellow any, but this could be serious, so we had to ask him if he saw anybody ——"

"And had he?"

The lieutenant shook his head. "He couldn't give us anything. Not a thing. Maybe right after the fall he was out for a minute. I don't know."

Pat went home and telephoned Bill.

"I'll catch the first train," he said.

It would have been sheer cruelty to put Janey to bed. They sat, all of them, in the living room, waiting for Bill, waiting for word from the police, waiting for something.

Pat called the hospital and heard that Tommy was quite comfortable. He had eaten a little and had been in good spirits and had been rather pleasantly excited about his cast. He was sleeping now. There was no cause for alarm.

No cause for alarm, they said. They didn't know what was going on here. Twice she got out the car because she could not endure the silent sitting. She ran it aimlessly around the town, squinting her eyes into the darkness for the sight of a little figure with flying hair. There were beach parties tonight and she hated the happy glow of their fires and the carefree laughter of the people. Why weren't they out looking for Myra? Others were. The men from the Legion post were searching. The Boy Scouts, too, and a group from the church.

And I had to tell Bill that Lisa's child is gone. He is sitting on a train now, his mind tortured by his fear for her. Help him to bear it if the news is —— No, I won't even think that. Bring her back, dear God. Bring her back safely to us.

After each fruitless round of the streets she returned to the house hopefully, but the drawn faces in the living room told her that no one had been more successful than she had been.

It was ten-thirty when Bill came. He walked into the living room bringing strength and promise with him. They could live again because he was here. He held Pat in his arms and he said, "What a day you've had, sweetheart. How is the little guy?"

"He's doing fine. There's no need to worry about Tommy."

"All right then." And he looked at her with his eyes very calm and he said, "Now tell me again in detail about Tommy's fall—you'll have to help fill me in, Janey—tell me everything. What everyone said and did and all about Tommy and what Myra was doing when you saw her last. Just everything. Both of you."

He listened intently as they told him and when they had finished his eyes were still calm and he took Janey's hand in his and he said, "Honey, do you want to do something that will really help?"

"Oh, I'd do anything, daddy."

"Then get into bed, think your nicest thoughts and go to sleep. I give you my word that when you wake up everything will be all right."

He looked at Annette and Richard and they understood that his directions to them were the same and they withdrew. Bill went to the kitchen then and picked up a flashlight and he took Pat's hand.

"Come on," he said. "Take me to the place she disappeared from."

SHE was touched by his assurance. Didn't he know there were hundreds of flashlights sweeping the wooded section back of town, that for hours people had tramped every inch, had peered behind every tree and rock?

They drove to the little side road and she stopped the car. He got out and looked around. She stayed close to his heels. In the faraway darkness there were voices, a searching party. Any minute a man might call out and the search would be over. And when it was—when it was ——

Bill said, "That empty old house ——"

"Richard and Janey looked there right away. The police have been there since. Everybody's been there."

He said, "She couldn't have gotten far. It's a physical impossibility. You and Janey were back here in no time and they started looking soon after."

Pat stood trembling in the summer night. It hadn't occurred to him that Myra might have been taken from this place in a car. It was strange how he seemed to accept as a fact that there was no crime, no criminal, no tragic heartbreak ahead for them.

If he believes in the possibility that she is in that house, what does he think she is doing there? How can he picture her going voluntarily into that grim old shack? And even if, out of curiosity, she ventured into it she would hurry right out. Any child would. There'd be no point in staying there. If she is in that house, then we have lost her. Doesn't he know that? How can he be so optimistic, so confident?

"Come on," he said to her. "We'll have a look."

He mustn't. Dear God, not Bill. Someone who doesn't love Myra must make a thorough search of the house. But not Bill.

She said, "Everybody has looked and ——"

"*I* haven't looked," he said and she could not let him go alone.

They walked together through the breathless night and opened the sagging door of the deserted house. Inside there were blackness and the strange sounds that only an old unhappy house knows how to make. The creaking was age. The ghostly rustle was wallpaper stripped and hanging in rags. The scratching noises were rats. These things a person knew, but the effect was weird and terrifying just the same.

It was a small house. It would not take long to comb through it. She held her breath waiting for him to begin, but he did not open a closet door or flash a beam of light into any corner. He simply walked to the center of the main room and he stood there a moment, a big man looming strong and certain against the fearful possibilities of the night. He made no search. He only spoke into the darkness and his voice was soft and persuasive.

"Myra, this is Bill. I've come to take you home. You don't need to hide from me, though I know why you're hiding. Come out, honey. Everything's all right because I understand you. Don't you know that? And I don't think less of you, Myra. That's because I really do understand you. You see, I know that there are things you can't help doing."

Pat stood in the darkness and felt tears hot upon her face as Bill talked into the troubled night.

"Please come. I will never ask you to explain. I don't need to ask. I understand. I know you so well that you don't have to tell me anything. I know why you did it."

There was only silence.

"Honey, please come, please. We miss you. We need you and we'll never blame you or ask a single why."

And there was a sound that was not pa the old house's nightmare. Only a little s somewhere between a sigh and the lighte footsteps and there was a shadow that tered for a second against the window an was saying, "That's it. That's my girl."

And he was walking out of the house Myra in his arms.

She asked about Tommy and her relie evident, but there was something on her that would not give her peace and all the home she cried. She was a child and ther no reason why a child's crying should odd, but it was so just the same.

PAT thought, *Somehow I never expec hear the sound of Myra's weeping and I understand any of this. I don't know wh was in that house. I don't know what s that Bill has promised she need not exp don't know why she is crying.*

Pat drove in silence listening to Myra's Bill held the child but he did not speak when she glanced at him she saw that h pression was one of sober thoughtfulne

He carried Myra into the house and her on the living-room sofa. Pat brou cold towel and washed the child's fac smiled gently at her.

"You missed dinner, you know. How a little something now?"

Myra shook her head.

"Maybe just a glass of milk?"

"No, thank you." The child stared d her dusty shoes and she said, "I'm about—about everything. I really am."

Bill smiled at her. "I know."

Myra looked at Pat then, but swift ered her eyes when their gazes met. "I s when you came with Richard, but you c see me. I was hiding from you."

I can't ask why she was hiding. Bill p she needn't explain.

"It was easy to hide from everybody in and out of that old house a dozen Nobody heard or saw me. There's s trees, so many places to hide. Once I someone saw me, but he didn't and I back in the house again."

Bill said, "That's all over."

Myra was quiet a moment. Then, was terrible in there. I wanted to screa so frightened, but if I had they wou found me."

Bill went over to the sofa and drew to him. "Well, I found you and there's to be afraid of now. How about that milk Pat offered you?"

"No, I don't want it. I don't want a I'd be sick. I feel so nasty. I feel so —

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

LOVE POEMS IN THE CHINESE MANNER

By DOROTHY HARRIMAN

1

My heart is like a bell,
Your presence sets it ringing.
When are you coming? . . .
I have forgotten the bell's tone.

Now in autumn, sadness winds
Like a vine about the bell of my heart,
Keeping it silent.

When winter comes
Although the vine may die and loosen,
What if the clapper should be frozen?

Oh, come before winter!

2

When your step is slow and thoughtful
And much frowning makes your gaze dark,
I will smooth your tiger eyebrows
And tell you what the waterfal
Is singing.

When outside your cottage ba weather
Flies to and fro,
I will arrange at the window
Barley, green leaves and date flowers
In a jade jar.

If you sigh I will play for you
Courage tunes on the mellow reed pipe.

When you feel old and gnarle as a cypress,
I will give you a new child
Without birthmark.

u don't have to be Gene Tierney to have a movie star complexion

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Side comments by me Gene Tierney



ftens your skin as it
nes. That's why Gene Tierney,
9 out of 10 Hollywood
s, uses it every day.
How about you?

this is what sold me on Lux— for good and ever

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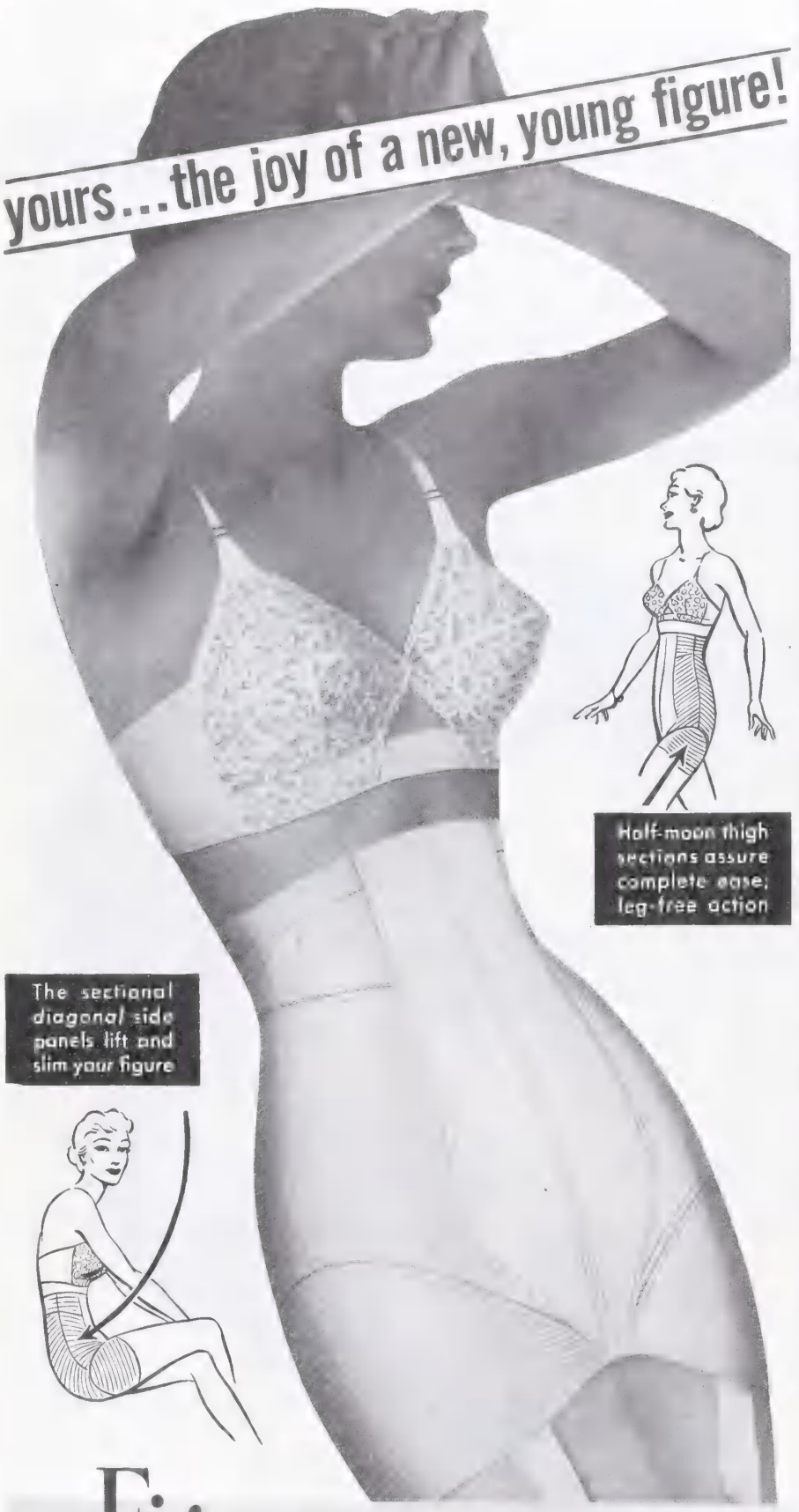
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

covered her face with her hands. "Oh, I'm so ashamed. Once I ran I knew I'd have to hide. I couldn't face Pat. She'd hate me. She'd ——"

"I couldn't hate you, Myra."

"But I had to run. I couldn't stay there. His leg was all curled up funny and he was moaning and there was blood and his face was white like he was dead and I couldn't stand it. It was horrible, so I ran away. Janey was depending on me to recite but I couldn't think of a word he looked so awful, and he reached out for my hand and his had blood on it and I couldn't do anything else but run. Do you forgive me, Pat? Do you forgive me for running from Tommy?"

"Yes, Myra, I forgive you."

"I couldn't stand it if you hated me, Pat. I'd have come right back as soon as the doctors took Tommy away, only I kept thinking of how you'd look at me. I knew you'd hate a coward and I was never coming back to face you and then you came to the house and I couldn't stand being alone and frightened any more."

Pat said, "Let's go to your room and talk this over. It'll be more comfortable. You'll get into bed and I'll sit with you and we'll talk. How about it?"

And they did talk in Myra's room till the child was able to smile again and to believe that Pat had really forgiven her. Pat stayed until the moment came when there was no answer from the bed. She tiptoed over and looked down at the turbulent little soul who slept there and she asked God to look after Myra and she thanked Him for Janey and for Tom, of whom no one had ever said, "My, what an entrancing child!"

She left a small bulb burning and returned to Bill. He had made coffee and they sat down together in the kitchen.

He said, "Long day, wasn't it?"

"Was this only one day?"

"I'm not sure," he told her. "Eat something, honey."

She shook her head. "The coffee will be fine."

THEY climbed the stairs together and walked into their room. It was bright with moonlight and the beach parties were gone and the whole world was silver sand and silver ocean and Bill said, "Don't turn on the light, Pat." He sat down on the small bench at her dressing table and he leaned toward her as she stood at the window. And he said into the quiet, "And now I guess you know what she was like."

There was no point in saying, "Who?"

"Yes, I know."

"They're all like that. The child came by it honestly. Ken walked out on Lisa when she needed him. She wasn't pretty when she was pregnant, I understand, and she was the kind who was sick most of the months. He didn't like that, so he went off on the yacht. Life wasn't pleasant without him and Lisa gave no thought to that poor little kid in there who needed her, so she killed herself. What was that except a more dramatic form of running away? They run, all of them, when the fun is over. That's the way they are."

Pat said, "I didn't think you knew that." She kept her eyes fixed on the bright ocean. Lisa. She was here again. In this room. Here they had spoken of her once before and everything had been wrong from that moment on. Was there a way to silence him, a way to tell him that there must be no more talk of Lisa?

He lighted a cigarette. "There are things you think you'll never tell a soul," he said, "then suddenly you're telling. Pat, she was part of my life. She's all wrapped up with the wonderful time when every day was new and shiny-bright. She was laughter and romance and adventure and she wasn't worth a second thought."

And Pat's heart pounded and the ocean was a silver blur and she turned from the window and looked at Bill's set face in the moonlight.

"She ran from what was real and tough to take. There was nothing to her except froth and that was the way she was." He stood up and walked to an ash tray, though there was one beside him. "And I never wanted anyone to know it. I defended her against my parents and Joanne because ——"

"Because you were in love wit

"Of course I was in love with I certain day and after that I was with her any more. After that I on There is a difference, you know."

Yes, there was a difference 'an what the difference was and she k had been a fool, afraid of a ghost girl who even while she lived ha froth.

"I loved her in a very special wa a way that was all sentiment an She represented the kid years. She the fun and the secrets and the scr excitement of being young and li

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by CHERA PERFUME

im and put her arms around him. "I didn't understand." of the past, Pat. Part of the days of a fellow's youth." He to him and he said, "A fellow er on, days with his wife and e not carefree days. You pay et. You pay with worry and che. The price is high, but it's s not a sane man alive who'd d kids for the past, but he has mber—and to remember ten- when everything was fun."
nown."
n't you know that I loved you r anybody? Didn't I show my rling. I tried."
inking that ——"
t you kept thinking. Maybe ays thought it if this thing tonight. I never wanted you she was really like. I had a o you understand that, Pat? e the way I feel about a book was a kid. It was called The Triggers and to this day I love body's going to tell me it was de of me I know it was."
e quiet in each other's arms ttle because the book that he trash some- years failed

When you knock on wood you are paying tribute to the god of the tree. The custom originated in times when men believed that gods lived in sticks and stones. Thunder and lightning, the tallest hill, the tallest tree—each had its deity, a wrathful and jealous being. If a man's luck were too flourishing, it would be changed. Consequently a man bragging of good fortune let the nearest god who might overhear him know that he bowed before him, and he did this by knocking on wood.

how only nd of for hat I bout mmy is it loy- rship e and as so Why give now- my ect too much of each other, f we love, can't we sometimes her is only a little kid in need d?

minute you told me that n hurt and that Myra was y she was gone. It was her again, running away from sant. Only this time it was

w?"
med," he said. "Myra was ng."

s ashamed. I was ashamed explain, to apologize and to dy the way she was. I spent ny life defending Lisa. But erything about her and we I can talk of her to you and ven laugh together at some- did."
n, Bill."

filled her with its sweetness as all hers now. Forever and new that the joy she felt in ld not always be with her. ways remember how lucky, as. Another day would find per aflame or her spirit re- small thing or other. But the ht would always be there red into existence if she but

l speak of Lisa without fear ithe, pitiful Lisa who had tragically. *And I am sorry had nothing that was genu- nnot be afraid of her again hat she was like. And Bill s like and now we can go on*

derful security of Bill's arms e thought what it must be and gaiety and her thoughts the other room. The child who was enchanting and captivating and who ran when the fun was over. This child needed a friend, a friend who would stand by ready to say the right word, ready to lend a hand if the going grew rugged. This was Lisa Kerrigan's child.

And Pat thought, *I don't owe you anything, Lisa, but you had so little even though you bewitched everyone who ever knew you. Maybe now when it is too late you are concerned about Myra. If so, you may rest, I will try to be Myra's friend. If she ever needs me I will not fail her. I will try to pick up the pieces. Go away, Lisa. Go rest. Good-by.*

And she said to Bill, "Bill, did you know that Myra loves me?"

"Yes, honey, I know."

"When is Betsy Kerrigan coming back?"

He did not answer.

"Don't you know? Hasn't she written?"

"Yes, she's written."

"I just thought that maybe we could take Myra home to the apartment with us. She could go to school with Tom and Janey. She could have Christmas with us. We could give her a nice year. Do you think Betsy would let us keep her awhile?"

He laughed shortly. "Betsy? Yes, she'd let us keep her awhile." He stepped away from Pat and switched on a lamp. "I have a letter here from Betsy. She doesn't know whether the child is happy with us or not. She doesn't know what goes on at all. Maybe Myra's miserable with us. Maybe she hates our kids or our food or our guts. Betsy doesn't know and Betsy doesn't care!" He reached into his pocket and drew out a letter. "I'll skip all the amusing episodes and bright witticisms from the lips of celebrities. I'll get to the part that concerns us. Listen: 'Well, Cherry Hill's been sold at last. Brought rather a decent price too. Can't imagine what I'll do with the money. I'm out of the habit of having any. I'm certainly not going to take on the responsibility of a house again. Floria, who adores houses, has just bought two—one in Rome and one in Paris. I'm going to live in hotels the rest of my life unless I live like this—in someone else's house. I can't think what to do about Myra. Floria simply won't have the poor little wretch and I would like to stay here for a time. Would you mind keeping Myra with your two? She can't be much trouble to Peggy since Peggy has children anyway to keep her tied down.'"

Bill folded the letter carefully, then tore it to pieces and tossed it into the wastebasket.

Pat said, "I never would have believed a civilized woman could treat a child that way. Why, it's as though she considered Myra no more than a puppy or a kitten that she can give away and forget."

Bill switched off the lamp and the room was dark now, the silver gone, the night outside soft black velvet.

He said, "They run. If it's no fun, they run."

She did not reply. She stood there in the dark thinking of them, the gay magnificent people who ran when the fun was over. Ken who had run from Lisa, Lisa from her responsibilities, Betsy from the child of her dead daughter. And Myra the young one, she ran too. And there was no happiness in running. They would never find it that way.

If I could tell Myra that. If I could teach her that when you stand your ground, fighting and enduring, something wonderful comes to you—better than fun, more lasting than laughter.

She looked across the room at her husband. He was undressing, making those sleepy sounds that come with the night. He yawned and stretched hugely. "I'm dead on my feet," he said. "Aren't you all in?"

"Yes. It's been quite a day."

But she was not thinking that she was tired. She undressed slowly, thinking about Myra, the gay spirit that was sunlight in a pretty drab world. There weren't many like Myra and that wonderful bright charm that God had given her must never be lost, never be subdued. One must only give her something fine, something solid to add to it. *Will Bill understand now? Will he realize what I'm trying to do? Will he be on my side when the chips are down?*

He was in bed and after the long minutes of stillness she did not dare to approach him for a good-night kiss. He could easily have drifted off to sleep by now. Silently she crept into her own bed.

Bill stirred. "Pat."

"Yes, dear."

"I love you."

"I know, Bill. I know." She was still again.

Out of the darkness he spoke. "It'll be a tough job but you can do it."

"Do what?"

He said, "You can teach her not to glitter when she walks."

She closed her eyes and a lovely wave of sleepy happiness swept over her.

"Oh, yes, my darling, if you say so I can teach her."

"I say so. Good night, baby."

"Good night, Bill."

And good night, wonderful, wonderful world.

END



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As you plant, so shall ye reap—the Parkers chose a new way of life for themselves and find it good.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

WE STARTED LIFE OVER

By SCUDDER M. PARKER

On a Vermont farm, Scud and Bets Parker plant, tend and reap. Major crops: peas, berries, potatoes and—most important—children

WILL it come out all right? I didn't know. It's the thing to say about a wedding—"It went off well and the bride looked lovely." No one ever says that it went off badly or how the room looked. But this is *my* wedding—our wedding—Elizabeth Holden's and mine. Bet Holden—what a strange, distant name! I feel like a bottle of ginger ale—sort of bubbly but essentially watery. My face is setting like quick-drying cement. The organ is too loud—it is a fact practically. "The wedding went off badly and the groom looked terrible."

At the front of the church we turned to wait for the bride. There was my mother, looking straight at me, smiling. Across the aisle was Bet's mother, trying to look cheerful but close to tears. There were a few others—family and friends. But the church seemed empty—cavernous, in fact. "It was a small wedding." Was there ever a *little* wedding? "It was a tiny, wee wedding and it went off badly. The groom was an inch and a half high and he looked ——"

Suddenly there was Bets starting down the aisle with her father. I strained to see her features clearly—tilted nose, pert, cleft chin and a smile that would make everything right. She was pale—almost as white as her wedding dress. She looked like a girl I had seen before only at a distance. Not a bit like the Bets I knew that December night in Central Park when somehow, without saying it in so many words, we both knew we were engaged.

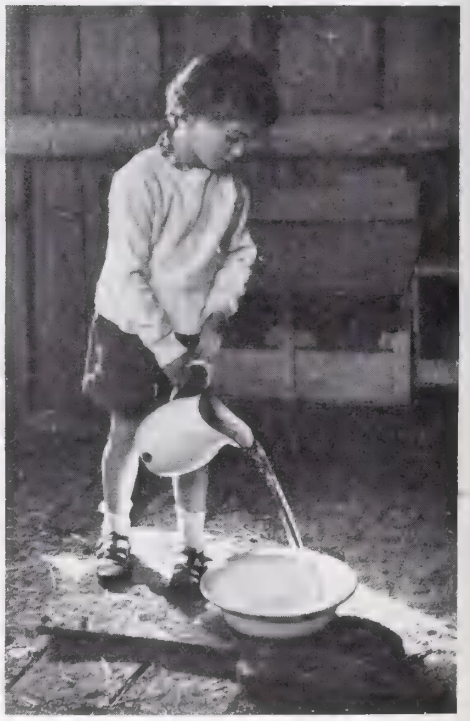
Now she was coming near and I could see CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



For Denny (11), Sally (6), Stevie (4) and Alan (2), farm life is as perfect as love and work can make it.

Scud reads from the Bible on Sunday night.
Stevie's typical prayer: "God bless mommy and daddy and all of us—and please make the duck's eggs hatch."

It's not bad at all being the only girl in the family—you get to feed the chickens and help with the housework. You have all the boys' fun and a girl's fun too.



Chief inspector and specialist in questions hard to answer, Stevie, the middle boy, shows some signs of preferring play to work—but does plenty of both.





Shoulder-high to his father, Denny, the oldest, walks a mile each way to school-bus stop, sun or storm, comes home to help with milking, feed pigs and his own 4-H *calf.*



Nobody is too small to work at High Reach Farm. Two-year-old Alan, finds work for himself to do when nobody else can.

"We never walk alone."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141 there was a hint of a question in her gray eyes, as there must have been in mine. As she stepped up beside me I could feel that she, too, was trembling. Tentatively I touched the back of my hand against the back of hers. She raised her head a bit higher and I knew she was smiling—once again *my* Bets the girl I had, it seemed, always known and always loved.

Then it was time for me to speak. I heard the minister pause, but I was gazing at Bets and she at me. Love, honor, cherish? What silly questions to ask two people who could look at each other the way we were, but how wonderful the chance to tell her again, "I will." And how delightful to hear her answer, almost confidentially, in that dear voice with its touch of an English accent, softly "I will."

How will it come out? I know now—at least as well as I know that tomorrow will come.

Bets and I were married by my father in the Cleveland Park Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., on September 5, 1941. I had been graduated from Williams College the preceding June and had a job as assistant secretary to Senator John Chandler Gregg Danaher of Connecticut, and was attending night law classes at Georgetown University. Bets, the only daughter of divorced parents with separate quarters in New York City, had spent much of her life in private schools and was just out of Wellesley. She was not yet twenty-one and accustomed to expensive, if not altogether happy, living. When her mother asked me how I expected to support her, I mentioned proudly that my salary was thirty-five dollars a week. She was unimpressed.

But that was many dreams ago and in another world besides, our dreams are better now though my income is not. I spent three years in the Army Air Force and seven more as owner and editor of two weekly newspapers—the Chicopee (Massachusetts) Herald and the Katonah (New York) Record. Bets was a partner, and not an altogether silent one, in every enterprise. She also had babies at appropriate intervals until the total reached four

When a fellow needs a friend at High Reach Farm, he has one. Hand in hand, Scud and Alan go to the barn to do the evening chores.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE SZASZ

During that time our ideas of what we wanted of life changed greatly.

Early in our marriage, Bets told a friend that she was "determined not to be a traitor to her alma mater and sink into a domestic rut." I don't know what she was taught in one of our best women's colleges to make her feel that way. Perhaps that sort of teaching has changed in the last ten years. Anyway, Bets has. Nevertheless, I can imagine one Wellesley alumna of the class of '41 saying to another, "I wonder whatever happened to Bets Holden?" And I know the answer, for I have heard it in various forms: "Well, she married that Congregational minister's son, you remember, and they had four children. Guess where they are now? Miles from nowhere, nine miles out from a dinky little town at the end of a dirt road in Vermont. All that mud, manure and CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Before dusk, the Parkers often sleigh over the glistening hills, return stamping to firelit rooms, home-raised food and hard work—"but never a regret at having left urban life behind us."

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Bets in her fireside costume. Gray flannel jumper, Vogue Design No. 8394; her calico blouse, No. 8320.

Mix-and-Match Winter Wardrobe

Bets Parker's wardrobe plan for a cold winter: A gray flannel jumper that does triple duty . . . a peasant cotton blouse and skirt which go together or separately . . . a flannel jacket to match the jumper to look like a suit . . . a gray tweed jersey dress touched with white. Over all, a bright red chinchilla coat lined in fluffy Orlon fleece . . . and under all, a bright red flannelet petticoat.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal



Jumper wraps to back, has jeweled buttons for evening, gray pearl for day (changeable shank buttons).



Over jumper, matching basque jacket with push-up sleeves. Vogue Design No. 8429. Velveteen cap.



Gay yellow calico skirt with its design printed on. Extra black rick-rack for dimension. Black sweater.



The calico skirt (4 yards ga[illegible]ed crosswise) worn with blo[illegible] matching calico, without the[illegible]gn.



Gray tweed jersey flecked with white makes a soft daytime dress. Add white overcollar, No. 8427.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on page 172. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5¢ additional [illegible] each pattern ordered.

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Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

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TOM PALUMBO



loveliness that lingers on . . .



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STUART

A pair of prefab closets turned a useless wall into a sparkling storage area. Closets come ready to assemble, complete with hardware for the sliding doors, range in width from 26″ to 72″. Bets and Scud chose a pair 36″ wide, 91″ tall, 26½″ deep. One has poles for hanging; the second has drawers and shelves. Snug between went white-painted chests, a day bed with casual blue throw and chintz ruffle. The same chintz at ceiling height encloses the nook in a bay-window effect. Result: a bare front room became a charming guest room *plus* a closet center.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

Young Home-Builders

New closet ideas and storage areas aid the Parker family at High Reach Farm.

By **MARGARET DAVIDSON**

THE Vermont farmhouse built in 1818 where Scud and Bets Parker now live has breath-taking views of Green Mountains to the west, White Mountains to the east. "Inside, the house is picturesque, too—but low on conveniences," Parkers told us while getting settled. "We're hanging coats behind the dining-room door, stowing clothes in an old wardrobe, and stacking up cleaning gear in corners." But the Parkers had plans for storage and decided to begin changes now, allowing themselves three years to finish remodeling. Winter is Scud's major time for indoor work. "We've started clearing up the clutter—we'll do more later on. And meantime we can watch sales and auctions for low-cost supplies we can use." These are first ideas installed at the farm.



DI PIETRO

Coat closet was the first one begun, and Sally (6), Stevie (4), Alan (2) were measured for shelf height while Denny (11) was helping dad.



Parkers' finished coat closet provides a panel for each child. Movable hooks and shelves are attached to punchboard backing, will be raised as children grow. Scud and Bets use left-hand section. Blue-painted shutters give ventilation so wet clothes will dry, and fold open out of the way in crowded front hall. In top, Bets packs out-of-season clothes.



Cleaning closet in blue-and-yellow punched fiberboard has low drawers to hold newspapers and sacks and to raise floor of cabinet to comfortable height. Left side is tall enough for Bets' long-handled tools. Right side clears bucket, stores cleaning aids over it. And both doors hold their own.

Did you know?



No tipping with his refreshments. . . .

With Alan Parker's no mug, milk may dribble it doesn't spill embarr ingly. Mug is plastic, h curved and weighted tom to keep it upright. extra protection, there clear plastic cap that serts, lets milk flow drinking but prevents jor floods down a diner's chin. Very as ing to the high-chair

A nylon mop head tha taches from its ha pops into the washer whirls out as white as is a star performe Bets' cleaning schem

Chipped ice, anyone new freezer tray of p releases not cubes b deluge of fine ice with no noise and no involved. Genius, we

Have you cotton backed with rubber? dren's clothes with r inserts at the knee? drying them in a hang them up to Heat not allowe escape could damag rubber, even cause

Jams, jellies and c goods should neve stored on high k shelves where heat r heckle them. They best when cool—i basement, or at th tom of a kitchen cup

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Season's bount

to can or freeze

By BETS PARK



FROZEN GEMS

WITH two freezers filling up with good things to eat and a twelve-foot shelf in our basement well lined with jars of our own canning, we're set for the coming winter.

Materials and directions for freezing and canning are so generally available, I'll use my valuable space for recipes and tips on my own successes.

FROZEN GEMS

There's nothing like having frozen peaches and melon balls in the freezer for winter desserts and fruit salads. Jewels in jars, I call them.

Freezing Sliced Peaches: First make a sirup using 3 cups sugar to 4 cups water. Cool and add ¼ teaspoon ascorbic acid for each cup of water used. Wash the peaches and scald 30 seconds in boiling water to loosen the skin. Drain and plunge into cold water. Peel, pit and slice into cold sirup. (Some varieties peel readily without scalding.) Fill containers with peaches and sirup, leaving ½″ head space. Place a crumpled piece of freezer paper on top of the fruit, under the container top, to hold the fruit under the sirup. (This is a trick I learned from a neighbor and it really works.) Seal and freeze.

Freezing Melon Balls: I use a combination of melons and the same sirup as for peaches, without ascorbic acid, except that I add ¼ cup honey to the above proportion of sirup. The flavor of honey is wonderful with melon. Try it and see.

CHICKEN CACHE

I like to keep cooked chicken in the freezer, and use the heavier roasting and fricasseeing chickens for this. I have found it a good plan to steam or simmer several chickens at a time in seasoned broth, remove the meat from the bones, and package it for future meals. The chicken stock, cooked down until very richly flavored, makes an excellent base for soups and gravies. The cooked chicken I use for chicken pie or curry.

When making chicken pies, I combine a well-seasoned rich chicken gravy with cooked peas, whole white onions and tender chicken. The aluminum-foil cook-and-freeze pans are perfect for freezing and baking in later. But here's my trick for preventing a soggy crust: Freeze the chicken mixture in the pans until solid. Then put the uncooked crust on the hard-frozen surface, wrap and freeze. The pie is then ready to bake, and it doesn't need to be thawed before pu in the oven. It's certainly easier than s gling with fitting tender pastry on a liquid g



CHICKEN CACHE

EATING WITH RELISH

Tomatoes are red-ripe on the vines, an time for canning our favorite mixture the garden's odds and ends. I call it To Plus because of the added celery, onion, pepper and carrots. It's delicious as a for meat balls, also makes an excellent ghetti sauce and is a flavorful addition to and casserole dishes.

Tomato Plus: Wash 7 quart jars. I teaspoon salt in each. Add 3 or 4 peeled t toes to each jar, pressing down to lea little air space as possible. Prepare vege mixture by cooking approximately 1 cup (more or less to suit individual taste) c onion, pepper and carrot, finely diced, in amount of water until almost tender. D vegetable mixture evenly among the 7 Fill the jars with more tomatoes, pr gently when full till the juice is ready to flow. Remove air bubbles with a knife. A the lids according to the type of closure Process in boiling-water bath 45 minutes and cool.



TOMATO PLUS



When it's harvesttime at High Reach Farm, even the youngest children take pride in carrying out their special chores.

Porcupine Meat Balls: Mix well 2 pounds ground beef, ⅓ cup chopped onion, ⅔ cup uncooked rice, 3 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Shape into small balls the size of a walnut. Add to 1 quart canned Tomato Plus. Cook in pressure cooker at 15 pounds pressure 10 minutes according to manufacturer's directions. Or simmer, covered, on top of stove 30–40 minutes or until the rice grains are tender. Serves 6. Freezes successfully.

IT'S APPLE TIME

We have apples and luckily our farm keeps us supplied. Last fall, when we moved to Vermont, we hand-pressed 35 gallons of cider, canned applesauce and sliced apples, and made apple jelly and mincemeat besides. This way delicious apple treats all year round—for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Tender-crusted apple dumplings, redolent of sugar and spices, homey applesauce and luscious pies, cakes and puddings are made in a jiffy from our hoard of canned applesauce and sliced apples.

Apple Dumplings: Prepare a rich biscuit dough using your own recipe or a packaged mix. Divide dough into 6 portions. Roll each into 5" squares. Mix 2½ cups canned sliced apples, drained, with ½ teaspoon cinnamon ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons brown sugar and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Put ½ cup of apple on each square. Moisten edges of dough and fold over apple. Place dumplings in greased baking dish. Boil ½ cup sugar with 1 cup water and 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Pour over dumplings and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 40 minutes, or until golden brown and bubbly. Serve hot.

For freezing: Rather than tie up your baking dishes, bake the dumplings in 7" foilware freeze-and-freeze pans—2 dumplings and ⅓ of sauce to a pan. Cool, cover with lid provided and freeze. Reheat right in the pan. You may be able to buy larger foilware pans to accommodate a larger quantity. To make dumplings with dried apples: add ½ cup sugar to apples instead of 2 tablespoons.

VELVA FRUIT

Our old-fashioned ice-cream freezer will have many a turn making velva fruit before the season's over. Through the summer we made it quart after quart of strawberry and raspberry velva. Now it's peach, and we will make cranberry velva into the fall.

The children are always delighted when we have a velva party—with cookies from the recipe for Honey Bubble Thins.

Cranberry Velva: Wash 1 pound fresh cranberries and cook in 2¾ cups water until all the skins pop open. Force through a fine sieve at once. While the cranberry purée is still hot, add 2 cups sugar, 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin softened in ½ cup cold water, and a pinch of salt. Stir until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Cool. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays. Set indicator at coldest position and freeze 1–1½ hours. When firm around the edges, but still soft in the center, scrape mixture into a chilled bowl and beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until it becomes fluffy and light pink in color. It will look something like meringue even though there aren't any eggs in it. Scrape the mixture back into the freezing trays. Freeze until firm. If you have an ice-cream freezer, use 1 part rock salt to 4 parts crushed ice and turn, starting slowly at first, until the crank turns hard—about 20 minutes. Serve as soon as it is frozen, or pack and store in freezer immediately. If you have more than two freezing trays, double or triple the quantities to stow away in your freezer. Or you could make several batches in succession.

Peach Velva: Mix 6 cups fresh peach purée, 1½ to 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt. Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Dissolve over hot water, and cool slightly. Add slowly to purée mixture, stirring until well blended. Flavor with ½ teaspoon almond extract. Freeze in refrigerator trays or ice-cream freezer as directed above. Fruit velvas, such as raspberry and peach, make delicious parfaits when layered alternately with vanilla ice cream.

Honey Bubble Thins: Our beehives give us so much honey, I make these confections often, to keep up with the honey supply. Heat to boiling ½ cup strained honey and add ½ cup butter or margarine. Stir until smooth and well blended. Add 1 cup flour, ⅔ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon each of almond and orange extract. Drop by level teaspoonfuls, 4" apart, onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 10 minutes—until they darken a bit and bubble up. Remove from the oven and cool slightly on the pan until they can be loosened with a spatula without sticking. It is important not to let them cool too long. They will become too crisp to roll. While the cookies are still warm, roll them over the handle of a wooden spoon or any round stick. Cool on a rack. Makes 5 to 6 dozen.

To make Molasses Bubble Thins, substitute molasses for honey, and 1 tablespoon ginger for the almond and orange extracts.

TILL THE FRUIT'S IN THE LOFT"



APPLE TIME'S ALL YEAR



STUART

CRANBERRY VELVA



HAROLD FOWLER

Lots of paint, a color scheme of delft blue and white, and comfortable accommodations for eating and sitting about, made this old farm kitchen into a favorite family room.

Room for the Family

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK, *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*

A CENTURY-OLD kitchen with a cozy cookstove for winter comfort inspired the Parkers to make their kitchen wing into an all-purpose family room.

Its transformation is mainly a paint story, for the primitive backgrounds were old and shabby without being distinctive. No fine old wood to uncover, no exciting floor possibilities, but just layers of ancient paint, cracked plaster and an uninviting gloominess.

A quaint tile paper for the upper walls, lots of snow-white paint, blue deck enamel for the floors and a giant braided rug effected the big changes. The room is homey and inviting, easy to maintain, and suited to the needs of a young and growing family.

To make a success of covering over dark paint to create dazzling whiteness, one can't cut corners. Old surfaces must be washed and scraped, sanded and given two or more coats of quality paint. A good paint job is part of your room's decoration.

The Parkers already had furniture suited to a room which was to function as a family dining, living and play room.

The regional furniture is not antique, but so faithfully copies old designs that anyone can have such a period room at budget prices. The rug is machine-made, braided and reversible. The family loves this new type of room which has become its favorite spot.

Young HOW AMERICA



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"Mrs. America" is lovely Wanda Jennings of St. Louis, pictured above with her husband. They visited Marineland, stopped at Ellinor Village, toured Miami, other fun spots.

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IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

her man, Wilma reached over and held George's hand.

"Well," said George.

"Well, well, well," said Wilma.

"After twelve years of marriage," said George.

"Twelve and a half," said Wilma.

"I just can't get my mind to take hold of it," said George. "I had just given up thinking it was ever going to happen."

"Doctor Franz says it happens all the time," said Wilma. "He's handled dozens of confinements of women who have adopted children because they thought they couldn't have one themselves, and then—boom, a year or so later they turn up pregnant. Doctor Franz says the medical journals are full of examples like ours."

"I don't want to be in a medical journal," said George. "I can live out my entire life without once being in a medical journal and never feel the world has passed me by."

"Maybe they'll just print your initials," she said.

"It's not dignified," said George. "I am forty-six years old. Already when I go to the park with Polly on weekends, the young parents think I'm her grandfather. I'm the only man who ever became a grandfather without being a father."

"I know, George," said Wilma. "But I don't think that's what's bothering you."

"And you," said George. "You're thirty-six. You're old enough to be President. What about that?"

"Doctor Franz says I'm built like a peasant."

"Those Continental fellows certainly know how to pay a pretty compliment."

"In this case it is a compliment. Doctor Franz says I have nothing to worry about as long as I watch my weight. No, George, darling, you're concerned about that, of course. But that's not why you're acting like a cross old bear."

"All right, my clever spouse. Why am I acting like a cross old bear?"

Wilma leaned over and pressed her lips gently against her husband's brow. "I'll tell you, my cross old bear. It's because you're thrilled. Thrilled beyond words. Thrilled to the toenails. And you hate to admit it."

"All right, I admit it. It's normal, isn't it?"

"Of course. Especially for a warm, affectionate, clean-cut all-American fellow like you. And I'm thrilled too. I feel wonderfully female and fertile, like Mother Earth. Which is why I'm thinking exactly what you're thinking."

"Which is?"

"Which is that it's a dirty trick to play on Polly."

George put his face between his hands, rubbing his eyes deeply with the tips of his fingers. "That good girl," he said. "That good sweet treasure of a girl."

After a bit, Wilma said, "Let me make you some tea, George."

"All right," he said. "And put in two tea balls. I don't care what happens to me tonight."

While they drank their tea and prepared for bed, they chatted about the small things in their day. The overpowering new fact in their lives presented such problems that for a while they silently and mutually resolved to put it aside.

Before they turned off the bedroom light, Wilma made one last comment. "I'll tell you what I mind the most," she said. "I had it all worked out in my mind just how I was going to tell Polly we had adopted her. I was going to do it when she was about five, some morning in spring. I'd be helping her get dressed in a new navy-blue coat, and a yellow with flowers on it, and Mary Jane while I brushed her hair in front of I'd tell her that we were luckier tha parents in the world, because al parents had to just take the baby th to them, but we could go out a baby we thought was the nicest an est and the prettiest, and we had and that she should always remem now I can never tell her, because around to me with every good ri that if we thought she was so wo did we have to go and have ano our own."

"She won't say any such t George.

"Maybe not, but she'll thin Wilma. "Whenever she finds o adopted and the other one wasn't it all right, just as sure as there's a down your nose."

"Can we ever tell her?" said G

"I don't know," said Wilma. "A going to be such a pretty straw h

The days and weeks went by sw ing Wilma inexorably closer to confinement, but no closer to a her problem. Frequently her m boiled eggs were salted by her te watching into glo ally made snap her old cheer

"Look said on "You don't you

"Lie d tracks fo Wilma.

"And side you," "That's needs, is "You' one thin "What "I lov bushel a

"O.K. It's the only thing that doubt your sanity, but O.K. W to do with the price of popcorn

"Suppose it's a boy. Suppos me sideways the way you look times. That will just naturally fr cause he will be part of you, an and himself too."

"Why should that make Pol person?"

"Because she'll get the idea she doesn't get it from us, she George, I just decided somethi

"What?"

"We have to move out of to

"We do?"

"Far out of town. To So maybe."

"Do we have to start packin night, or can we wait till after asked.

"I'm serious, George. We away from our families."

"I don't mind getting a family," said George. "But I your family. It was the main re you."

"Can you imagine how they a real live natural-born child t dynasties? They'll shut Polly r cold."

"How?"

"Oh, they'll keep talking abo your eyes."

"Maybe he'll have your eye

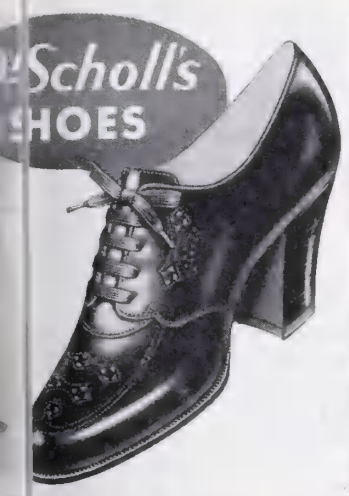
"Now let's not have any ar that. He's going to have you settled."

"How can I practice law in S I can't even say 'no' in Spanis

"Then your family is not to

Can we guess what the outstanding feature of our twentieth century will appear to be in the perspective of 300 years? My own guess is that our age will be remembered chiefly neither for its horrifying crimes nor its astonishing inventions, but for its having been the first age since the dawn of civilization, some five or six thousand years back, in which people dared to think it practicable to make the ideal of welfare for all a practical objective instead of a mere utopian dream.

—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE



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"That should be simple," said George. "We'll smuggle the kid in and out of the house at night. If anybody asks, we'll tell them we're just minding it for friends on a trip, like a puppy dog."

"George, has Polly ever done anything bad to you?"

"The first seven months she wouldn't burp," he said.

"George!"

"She has given me delight every day of my life, though there have been some tough nights."

"Then why should she be made to feel like a second-class citizen in this house?"

"Don't ask me, my darling. Doctor Franz says it happens all the time."

"Doctor Franz! I wish I'd never met Doctor Franz."

"Now let's not lose our heads," said George. "After all, I had a little something to do with this."

"In that case," said Wilma, blowing her nose, "boil me an egg."

The worst of Wilma's problem was that she spent nearly all day of every day with Polly, feeding her, dressing her, bathing her, listening to the endless singsong prattle with which Polly filled her day as a radio announcer fills dead time on the air. The sense of being a traitor to Polly intruded upon the smallest decisions and sensations of Wilma's day. When Polly clambered onto the glass-top table which she had been forbidden to climb, the cautioning words died on Wilma's lips as she remembered how much larger a burden than tiny daily disciplines Polly would soon have to bear. At Polly's two-year-old-birthday party, the child did a silly flat-footed dance to the music of her new toy phonograph, and Wilma wept as she watched with a stricken look, thinking only that she was seeing happy innocence betrayed.

THE very last months before the child came were the most difficult. As her body became weighted, Wilma found herself unable to do for Polly the simple services that had been routine. Each time she had to refuse to lift Polly into a high playground swing, for example, she felt this as a new instance of the treason already begun.

So the months dragged uneasily by, and then, on a cold and rainy morning in September, Wilma awoke with a vague awareness of a new sensation, a sensation that was different from the movement of the growing thing inside her twitching in its long drowse. She checked her wrist watch on the table beside her, then waited. Fifteen minutes later the sensation came again.

She reached over to touch George on the shoulder, but something made her draw her hand back. The sensation came again, not vague, but definite now.

She prodded her husband lightly.

"George," she said, "will you get out the car?"

George opened one eye. "It's a terrible day for a drive."

"This is only a short drive."

George sat right up in bed. "Are we having a birthday?" he said.

She nodded. George kissed her fiercely, holding her tight for a moment. "Get dressed," he said. "And be grateful you'll be wearing those maternity clothes for the last time this season."

While she dressed and checked her small bag for the hospital, George called Doctor Franz, and then summoned Wilma's sister Anne, who was to stay with Polly. As he finished the calls, they could hear Polly stirring in her room.

"You go to her," said Wilma. "I'll say good-by to her later."

George touched her hand and went into Polly's room. He was gone about three minutes. Wilma sat on the bed, looking dully at the shoe in her hand.

"What did you tell her?" said Wilma, when George came back.

"I told her you were going to the hospital, and that you'd come back in a few days with a new baby sister or baby brother."

"What did she say?"

"What did she say?" George cocked an eyebrow. "She informed me that medical

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science had made remarkable progress in these matters and that you were not to worry."

"What did she really say?"

"She asked if she could give it a bath. I said she could and that she should practice with her doll when Anne came."

The doorbell rang. "That will be Anne," said George.

Wilma sat numb and cold in the car as George drove carefully to the hospital. Outside the big brick pile of the building George parked the car and sat with his hands still on the wheel, gripping it tensely.

"Listen to me for a second," he said. "This is a rough thing to be going into if you're not ready for it in your own mind."

"Then let's not go in," said Wilma harshly.

"Don't get mad, darling."

"I'm not mad. I'm afraid."

"With today's methods it's no worse than getting your tonsils out."

"I had my tonsils out when I was six, and I hated it," said Wilma. "They keep passing shiny, sharp things around, and they wear things over their faces and whisper to each other, and you can't hear what they're saying."

"I know a voodoo fellow on the other side of town," said George. "He has a spectacular mask. Shall I send him a signal on the jungle drums?"

Wilma looked at his funny, sad grin and loved him for his forlorn gallantry in trying to break the tension with a smile, but an icy armor about her seemed to blunt the edge of his quips.

"Don't joke with me, George, please. I'm afraid."

"Darling, I'd give anything in the wide green world if I could do this for you."

"I know that, George."

"Do you want to stay out here a minute longer?"

"I'm cold. Let's go inside."

She had never realized that a hospital had such heavy doors. The big glass entrance doors gave slowly against their air-stops, then sighed closed behind her. The elevator doors slammed shut with a brassy clang, and the operator shot across a second barrier of joined rails like the bars of a cage. The door to her semiprivate room, when she reached it, was a steel panel almost nine feet high.

At last she lay on the raised bed in a rough hospital nightgown. The nightgown had ridden up around her hips. She reached down and touched her hand to her thigh. The flesh felt as cold as stone.

THE lean face of Doctor Franz was above her. The light glanced off the lenses of his glasses and she could not see his eyes. He was wearing a white hospital jacket. In his office he had always worn a business suit.

"You have stopped for a while," said Doctor Franz. "You will begin again soon. Stay here for a little. The other ladies will be company for you."

He was gone. Wilma shivered the entire length of her body. She was aware she was in the middle of the biggest thing that had ever happened to her, and she did not know in her heart whether she would be able to do what she had to do.

"This your first?"

Wilma turned her head. In the next bed there was a shadow of dark hair against a white face.

"Honey, is this your first?" the woman said again.

"No. Yes."

There was a suppressed chuckl next bed. "You mean you don't k

"We adopted one. Then this ca

"Honey, I hear it happens all t

"So they say."

Wilma felt a vague stirring. T beginning to happen again.

"Honey, you're lucky."

"Lucky?"

"I mean you know what you're Me, I'm afraid I won't know wh the kid."

"They're stronger than you Wilma. "Once you've found out grow up in spite of you, you can j enjoy them."

Now the great hand seized her sucked in her breath she felt this out and search the deepest w strength. Her whole body was in trembled. She was in a room of room without walls. There was the same dim green globe which down at the end of the hospital she had through skinny girl in an bed, liste nurses g shadows ing rubb room of thronge known s were all and she

"Hone woman bed, "it as if you have a b

Now somethi above he rasp of was a th peated b cry of a It came out of a t but as determin She fum buzzer r and pre someon nurse ca in white

"A ba said Wil

"Somebody ought to go to the

The nurse smiled, and her fac focus as that of a surprisingl pretty girl. "It's feeding time i down the hall," said the nurse taken care of."

Wilma relaxed the tense m neck. This was something she k felt the warm body cradle aga had seen the soft mouth groping She had felt the whole tiny fra sustenance, then sweetly relax tion.

How many times had she thousand times? Two thousand was no question that the feedi the most fulfilling part of having house. She remembered the firs fed Polly, and the great sense of had suffused her whole body. Sh the first time she had fed solids the gorgeous mess that had re

She remembered the day covered that Polly could craw brought home a white rubber p tail, and suddenly, out of nowh made two deliberate crawling m her knees in order to reach the ing-room rug.

Now the hand tightened agai of darkness swept in upon he fight it. She did not try to fla back. She merely substituted a sunny images, flickering colorf like their own home movies of immensely comic first steps, Po

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

Edited by John M. Henry

At the moment our sympathies are all with the poor girl who spent four years learning how to behave in polite society, and the rest of her life trying to locate it. Wall Street Journal

Hardest mental cases are those wherein the patient is crazy about himself. DICK CONWAY, In London, Ohio, Press

Safety note: Watch out for school children—especially if they're driving cars! HENRY TRYSLA, In South Sioux City, Nebr., Star

A man can do more than he thinks he can, but usually less than he thinks he does. Yankton, S. D., Public Opinion

Give a little blue check mark for thoughtfulness about the future to the bride who copies the recipe of her wedding cake. A. D. JOLLY, In Bartow, Ga., Herald



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chicken for the first time on the day they had driven to the country, Polly trying to lift a huge Teddy bear almost as big as herself.

Wilma lay still. Her heart was beating fast, pounding like a great drum. She knew that she still had a long road to travel. But she had discovered something, something like a talisman she could keep close to her. The thought of the child to come from this was a glowing coin in her hand. She had but to hold up the shining thing before her, and the darkness would fall back.

"Honey, I'm ringing for the nurse," said the woman in the next bed. "I think you're about to become a mother."

"Honey, I've been a mother," said Wilma. She reached up herself to press the buzzer beside her head.

The nurse came in, followed by Doctor Franz and George.

"Let's go, team," said Wilma.

"You seem very chipper," said George.

"They'd better take me out while I'm still laughing," said Wilma. "This is not tiddlywinks."

Quickly, gently, Wilma was placed on the rolling table.

"I wish I could do this for you," said George.

"I can do this," said Wilma. She put her head back and closed her eyes.

Now the door of the room opened, and all the doors were opening. The elevator door opened, the gate opened, and her mind was filled with images of opening, doors opening, windows opening, ice melting, seeds bursting pods, flowers spreading their petals to the sun.

AFTERWARD she wanted only to sleep. She awoke the next morning, to find George sitting quietly by her bed.

"We have a son," he said. "I've been giving cigars to people. Have a cigar?"

"He has your eyes," said Wilma.

"How do you know? He hasn't opened them yet."

"Let's not discuss it," said Wilma. "He has your eyes."

"You'll turn up in him somewhere," said George. "I've arranged it with the hospital."

"How's Polly?" said Wilma.

George's smile faded. "Bathing the skin off all her dolls," he said. "She doesn't realize what's involved."

"Don't worry about Polly," said Wilma. "She's in."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, she'll have her problems," Wilma told him. "But there's one thing nobody has to worry about. This girl is a first-class citizen, for life."

George looked at her quizzically. "What's happened?" he said. "Is there something I should tell her?"

"You don't have to tell her anything," said Wilma. "She'll feel it without the telling. And then, one day, when she's five, or six, or seven, whenever it seems right, I'll tell her myself. I'll be dressing her in a navy-blue coat, and I'll be brushing her hair in front of the mirror, and I'll say, 'Polly, my big girl, I'll tell you a story. Once upon a time there were a mommy and a daddy who had no baby of their own, and they were very lonely. So they decided to go out and find the nicest baby in the whole world and love it as their very own, and they did. And that baby was you. And you were so wonderful and sweet that something magic happened inside your mommy and daddy and they were able to have another baby. So no matter what happens around this house, Polly, you'll always be special. Before you came we had no children, and now, because of you, we have two. And now, let's us big girls put on our new spring hats and see what's doing downtown.'"

George took a cooky out of the gift box near the bed and munched it very slowly. "You know," he said, "it must be very interesting to be a woman."

"It has its compensations," said Wilma.

"I think I'll go out and buy something real crazy for our girl," said George.

"Do something for me too?"

"Sure."

Wilma leaned luxuriously back against her pillows. "When you get home, throw out all the eggs."

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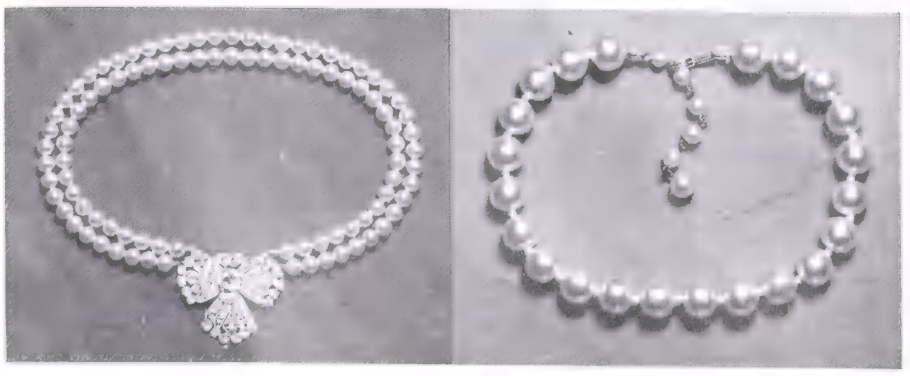
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WE STARTED LIFE OVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

flies! And she had such a good mind—pretty thing too."

That would be largely true. We are located in the sparsely settled town of Danville, nine miles from the typically charming little New England village of St. Johnsbury, not far from the Canadian border, on a dirt road that much of the year is considered impassable beyond our 136-year-old farmhouse. I don't have all the manure I need—ample quantities of such good fertilizer are hard to come by, since we are not operating a dairy farm. But I do have *some* manure. In the summer we do have flies—and we fight them off with spray and by keeping things clean. The four children—Denny, eleven; Sally, six; Stevie, four; and Alan, two—are certainly real and not too good to be true. Bets *does* have a good mind, and to me she is more than pretty. We who have been called "smart young people," graduates of highly-rated Eastern colleges, good enough editors to keep two weekly newspapers running, smart enough businessmen (though not very) to sell them at a profit, are "miles from nowhere at the end of a dirt road" *by choice*. We believe it is a good one.

We are all but complete novices in farming of any sort. The man who sold us the farm went into a paroxysm of laughter watching me try to harness Molly, the horse that came with it. Last fall, just before one of our cows was about to calve, Bets asked me, "What are you going to do if she has trouble?" I had not thought of that. Never having played midwife to a cow, I was counting heavily on natural calfbirth. "Oh, everything will be all right," I told her. "I'll keep a close watch." I did—and I didn't see a thing. The calf was there one morning when I went into the barn.

We had some experience in growing our own food on the three acres we owned near Somers, in Westchester County, New York. We discovered that we could grow most of the food a family of six could eat on three acres, and we enjoyed both the gardening and the eating.

While vacationing in Vermont, the home state of many of my ancestors, we fell in love with the rolling pastures and distant views in the northeastern part of the state. After a long search and much deliberation, we bought the old farmhouse and two hundred hilly acres, much of it woodland.

WE announced to our friends in Katonah that we were going to move to a farm in Vermont. We spoke rapturously of its many glorious views. We told them about the beauty of the farmhouse, barn red with white trim, standing sturdily on a steep slope with the little stream below and a rim of soft mountains beyond. We told them about its big rocking-chair kitchen and squat black cookstove, about the big living room with white wainscoting, about the carefully cherished old New England parlor. We even had a new name for the farm—High Reach. "All very idyllic,"

most of them said in one way or anot
how are you going to make a living

I KNOW what people mean when
"make a living." They mean someth
more than that—or is it considera
They mean a very high standard of
terms of gadgets and appliances, fir
and automobiles, and a large suppl
green cash. We are inept at farming b
foolish as to imagine we shall grov
terms of material things, through th
of Vermont soil. But how are we
make a living—a bare living? The
that we do not expect to make a "ba
Still it is a good question, even thoug
that does not trouble either Bets or

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WHAT IS THE ANSWER—CAN TEACHERS AFFORD TO TEACH?

● Bob Hart teaches in a rural school near Verona, Virginia. So does his wife, Clara Belle, temporarily. Bob has hit top salary—$3400 after 15 years' experience. With three children and a fourth on the way, the Harts have a struggle but decide they can stay with it. Bob's story . . .

TEACHING IS MY LIFE

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

● But in Trenton, N.J., respected teacher Ed Hough, wife Lilli and three young sons face a farewell to a dream. Ed felt he had to leave the schools, take over a gas station with another ex-teacher to avoid pell-mell debt. Ed explains why. "If you could get the facts to the people, I think something would be done. I've got great faith in people." Ed's story . . .

I QUIT TEACHING

By BETTY COE SPICER

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES—next month—may determine how our children live tomorrow, as two typical teachers speak, and ask you to decide.

meal. With our friends we had inter
conversations about Governmen
about the part our offices played in w
and our dreams of a better world. Ou
room walk-up was never really a hor
place to prepare quick breakfasts ar
a place where late at night and on
could study my lawbooks. It was
our cold cellar now—a place to st
ables but not a place to enjoy then
like squirrels in those days, roaming
separately, returning at night to c
periences and discoveries. Our joy
but we thought that was the price
ahead" and that it was worth it.

The long separation of wartime
differently. Bets moved to my par
in Hartford, Connecticut, and to
time job in an insurance agency t
time until Denny was born. In one
ters to me, she wrote: *Don't worry
you're going to do when this war f
We'll find something, and anything
with me if it makes you happy. Onl
will find something we can work at*

There is a good deal of pleasure
a weekly newspaper, but there a
many headaches also. Although

...nd writing editorials, I loathed the ...art—and that is the main part, or it ... be. Advertising sustains the small- ...ly, and usually job printing makes ... money for the business than the ... itself. I always had a feeling of ...d meanness about business, as ...vere trying to get something away ...body else—trying to put the other ...he same tight spot I was trying so ...o be in myself. On the farm we feel ...rking in harmony with the world, ...g it.

...ealth is one of the priceless ingredi- ...ppy family life—and we took ours ... until, in the summer of 1952, all of ... except Denny suffered mild attacks ...e didn't know it was not going to ...t the time and the world seemed to ...out our heads. Fortunately, we all ...in a few weeks without apparent ...he only one who suffered after- ... Bets, who should have stayed in ...isted on getting up to take care of ...st most of the strength in her right ...lder, leg and in her back, and has ...ly by constant exercise regained it. ... after the rest of us had polio, Bets ... came down with hepatitis. When I ...he same illness a week later, Bets' ... lived nearby and were always ...lp, took Denny and cared for him ...me. Friends took the three other ...d Bets and I went to the hospital ...ree weeks. We convalesced, mostly ... nearly six months—blissfully re- ...our children. Bets recovered about ...ead of me.

...ver had any idea how we were ex- ...olio or hepatitis—no doubt illness ...s inexplicably to people who live ...but after that siege the clear air ... of crowds in Northern Vermont ...cially good to us, and somehow we ...learer to one another. We wanted ... of life, now more emphatically ...st living together again was far ...n the chase for material things.

..., the four children were a consid- ...haps the most important one—in ... to get out of business and move ...try. In our garden the one best- ... priceless crop is our children. We ...to know and appreciate Nature. ... be a closely knit family, working ...e know of no way to give our ...at we believe is best in life more ...han on a farm. There is so much ...n to take part in and to share that ...d in no other way of living.

...reezers out in the shed are full of ...bles and meat we have raised, and ...n the cold cellar sag under the ...aches, pears, jams and pickles that ... up. At dinner the other evening, ...d, "We raised all this food except ...r and coffee."

...ked half the peas we're eating," ... not," Sal answered. "I 'specially ... is big one. I took it out of Stevie's ...mmer. Look, you can see where ...in."

...ssistants and I had worked hard ...ur vegetable garden all day and ...onsumed the mammoth meal of ...atoes, peas, asparagus and our ...m with fresh strawberries. Bets ... empty serving dishes and clean ...ook her head. "I don't know why ...l about a career," she said. "I am *my* mark on the world."

...e whole family went with me in ... utility trailer to get a load of ...ughs for banking against the ...ouse to ward off the winter wind. ... gate Denny, the eleven-year-old ...mped out to open it. "C'mon, ...d, "I'll show you how to do it." ...ed in jeans, jersey and jacket and ...y work boots that once belonged ...ed out and watched him remove ...s. He explained the simple pro- ...ay that was apparently too com- ...ally.

..."s a boy's job," she said conde- ...Why don't you show Stevie?" She clumped with determined daintiness back to the jeep. "Mommy and I are the only girls in this family and we have important work like making beds and fixing meals and having babies. Isn't that right, mommy?"

Bets looked slyly at me. "Well, Sal," she said, "sometimes it's a little hard to tell just what is a man's work and what is a woman's. It's better when we all help each other."

I don't know that the children noted the wisdom in her answer as I did, but I think inevitably they must absorb it.

For several years now we have had three pigs—three different pigs each year, of course. But their names remain the same: Faith, Hope and Charity. The children, who have the job of feeding the pigs, know that Faith and Hope will end up in our freezer, but the proceeds from Charity belong to them to give to others. The first year Denny was the only child large enough to lug the buckets of glop, and for a while he was convinced he had made a bad bargain. He grimly staggered out with the heavy pails, trying not to breathe as he neared the pigpen. But when the $58 Charity brought was in his hands, he had the pleasure of deciding how to give it away. That year Charity went to a CARE package for Korea, a box of groceries which Denny selected for a needy family (and delivered anonymously), a Christmas box for the family of the little Negro boy who spent a summer vacation with us through the Fresh Air Fund, and to several other projects of the children's choosing. Each year since they have demanded a renewal of that first agreement. Whenever they feed the pigs they look upon one of them as a CARE package or some other gift to someone who needs it.

When we got the latest set of Faith, Hope and Charity, Denny said to me, "It's harder to make money on a farm than on a newspaper, isn't it?"

"Seems to be," I told him, "especially when you know as little about farming as we do"; and he said:

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"Well, we decided that maybe this year the biggest pig should be Faith. O.K.?"

O.K.! If the children learn that "making a living" is more than making money, we are accomplishing one of our objectives. One year we raised a fourth pig named Maintenance for a neighbor in return for a supply of skim milk. This year, no milk, no Maintenance, and we'll see if we can have Charity without Maintenance.

Often, like all parents, we marvel at the difference in our children. Sally, for example, seems to me so much different from any of the others, perhaps because she is the only girl. "Everybody" and "outdoors" have been her favorite words since she first learned them. Sometimes she looks like an urchin who has never been in a bathtub, her face and jersey streaked with misplaced food, her blue jeans on backward and her shoes on the wrong feet. Then suddenly she will appear, usually on Sunday morning, with her hair neatly combed, her face shining clean, her clothes in perfect order—the picture of six-year-old femininity.

Denny is the oldest and delights in being "boss." He takes responsibility gravely and is a real helper in any job. Alan is the baby, a diminutive Winston Churchill, of all-embracing, sunny disposition. Stevie is in-between—he's the questioner, the boy who takes things apart, inquisitive and intelligent, but more often subdued than any of the others.

It's fun to mix the whole batch of them up in a whacky dance as we do occasionally before bedtime when they are in their sleepers, pajamas or nightgowns. Bets and I will burst into one of their bedrooms, dancing together to the tune of one of the records they play in the evenings. Stevie, with pleading look, grabs hold of my trouser leg and looks up questioningly. Have we lost our minds? In his crib Alan thumps and crows like a rooster in a cabbage patch. Sally shouts "Look at me!" and twirls madly until she is too dizzy to stand. Then Bets will call a square dance and we will dance every way but square. It's a mad scene that I am sure no one can understand except the participants.

MUCH of Bets' and my desire to "be a family" with our children comes from the happy example of my parents. It may be not in the best of modern taste or psychology for a man to say his mother and father are good examples of good living, but that is the way I feel and I am sure Bets agrees with me. She is one wife who learned to love her mother-in-law with very little difficulty.

Bets never had younger brothers or sisters. She had not held a tiny baby in her arms until she held her own. During her stay with my parents when I was in the Army, she and mother talked about the small, important things that interest every housewife. I conversations, and as she helped w housework, she took on my mother's in managing a house well, the joy of a happy home atmosphere, and a s sharing in family life that she had known before.

With mother, Bets relived all the old jokes: the struggle to get my brother teeth clean after he had chewed on a t the time I paraded self-consciously d street with my first date, suddenly to garter had let loose and was flapp snapping at every step; that beau n had who unintentionally gave her a b rotten fruit. And the visiting minister ill-fitting set of false teeth which he ately recovered, like a frog catching a eral times during his sermon. And when Van, my youngest brother, from a runny nose, made a speech in and discovered, midway, that he did a handkerchief.

WHEN Bets and I last saw my mo was dying of cancer. "I feel lazy," "Isn't that disgusting when you are a She apologized for her frequent c Then she whispered, "What a nuisan so weak you can't hug anyone you l

All these things mean a great dea but even more, in the practical terms living, to Bets. A few days later v telephone rang early in the morning what the message would be. We both a standing side by side. "The trumpets for mother at five this morning," dad didn't anticipate, and haven't been at get since, the way he phrased it.

Our career as a family is in full sp moment; the success of our farmi remains to be seen. We are trying c farming in an area where it has not b extensively before. We expect to raise other short-season cash crops—speci raspberries, strawberries, blueberrie paragus. We plan to build sever housekeeping units at various plac acreage and rent them out to vacati ing the summer, for the hunting or s son, "sugaring-off" time, or for t fishing. Meanwhile, we hope to kee a variety of farm stock, including c pigs, chickens, probably some tu sheep, as well as bees, to supplemer we raise in our general home ga farm is not our total support as yet, we have used but little of the mo aside to see us through the first few

I had the notion of thrift ingraine a child, and by necessity as well as are great practitioners of this old Ne

HOW THE PARKERS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Scud and Bets bought their farm in October, '53, with money from for property they sold. Income for '54 is estimated only roughly at $4100: $1 from farm produce; $700 from Scud's working out at haying, plowing, sug ing, other farm chores; $1000 from his writing work; $900 from a trust fu legacy, and investments made after sale of their newspaper business house. "We can't expect a beginning farm to bring in much income the f year, so we're prepared to meet the difference from savings until the cr and animals get a chance to pay for themselves, and for us." Aver monthly expenses at the beginning of their venture run:

Food staples not grown, and household supplies	$60.00	Utilities (phone $7, gas $12.30, electricity $16.50, wood for heat free)	3
Clothing (Bets sews)	10.00	Miscellaneous personal (including children's allowances, gifts, some savings)	1
Home repairs	15.00	Pig, chicken, turkey, cattle feed	3
Property taxes	7.00	Seeds, plants, etc.	1
Medical and dental (includes health insurance)	20.00	Breeding fees	
Insurance on life, house, car	72.00	Gas, oil, repairs for jeep, garden tractor, chain saw	3
Car running and repair expense	16.00	Fencing-cost average	
Periodicals (many come from friends)	2.00	Fertilizer	
Benevolences	15.00	Miscellaneous farm expense	
Recreation	1.00	Total	$3

and I have stuck by the rule we
e we were married—"no charge
t saves a lot of headaches around
ch month and it lends an enchant-
ing, because we save for, discuss
ite every major purchase. When
ought the new vacuum cleaner
nted for so long, it was a source of
whole family. As each child was
ned a bank account in his name
we add to that, through gifts the
ive and other sources, with a goal
ar. That's a goal we often don't

ost about 90 cents where we live,
boys' hair. Every once in a while
estling with that job I feel a twinge
I remember the times dad cut my
ought of those squeaky, dull hand
bing up the back of my neck,
pinching every inch of the way,
udder still. But we have modern-
xtent of having electric clippers.
s my hair. She has to look at it—

e obvious at this point that I, and
es our family, and perhaps our
would be as nothing without
s hardly anything a man can say
is wife that doesn't sound asinine
uld I say that it is fun to be with
, to watch the way she smiles, the
cts to anything that happens?
about the way she works so hard
time to help me with whatever
o get done? Should I say I like
cooks? Should I say I love her
such a good mother? Or maybe
nest all through, utterly faithful?
sounds deeply convincing. There
describe the many bonds—and
t make a marriage. Words only

gs we say at meals, the times we
together, the evenings we read
the Bible with our children help
are that a happy family is not
and father and children, but the
ent of their dependence upon
and upon something far greater

the time when Denny and I first
eling of smallness, this recogni-
dependence on something we
rstand or explain. He was about
we had spoken of God to him
plain that the strength, resources
ven of parents are terribly lim-
noon, just before dark, we de-
a walk in the woods. The walk
any other, with Denny darting
ing behind, calling for me to
wait. As we neared the woods,
er changed. Woods do some-
n and to adults. The things you
n you are crossing a meadow
ght when you are walking on
neath big trees. Denny's ques-
serious subjects, like bears and
ffalo. As the sun slipped farther
d closer, until finally, with the
real dusk, his hand slipped into
h the coming of dusk another
ace in our conversation. Alone
gether, Denny felt small and I
we talked of bigger things—
n bears or Indians or buffalo.
l hooted and we both jumped.
nger a father and son in the
e two children. Our interests
nd we spoke the same language.
ally make things grow?" Denny
od make the stars? How?"

nd talked for most of an hour,
mpletely dark. I carried Denny
en a long walk for him and he
me, filled with a sense of small-
tion of how little people know,
derstand, and how much there
rol.

es when life seems almost im-
ed and complex, and other
when love of and faith in God
and so recognizable that they
ble. Unexpected insights often
nd me in what seems to be a
xperience.

Such a time may come as we check the youngsters before we go to bed, as it did the other night. "Look at Alan," Bets whispered. Together we leaned over the side of his crib, watching the smile on his face as he slept. He lay flat on his back, his arms flopped by his sides, the palms of his hands turned up. Of what was he dreaming? A whole box of chocolates, perhaps?

On the other side of the room was Stevie, no doubt dreaming of the "cutter-grassers," "tractor hay-balers" and all the other "bachinery" that fascinates him.

In her room Sally was completely twisted around in her bed, with her feet on the pillow, her bottom sticking up, with bunched sheets, blanket and bedspread beneath her. I wouldn't even dare to guess what she might be dreaming about.

From his room Denny muttered in his sleep—something like, "Caught it, caught it!" Judging from his expression, he was hearing the applause of the crowds in Yankee Stadium after he had made that long run back to the right-field fence and snared the ball that would have gone for a game-winning homer but for his magnificent catch.

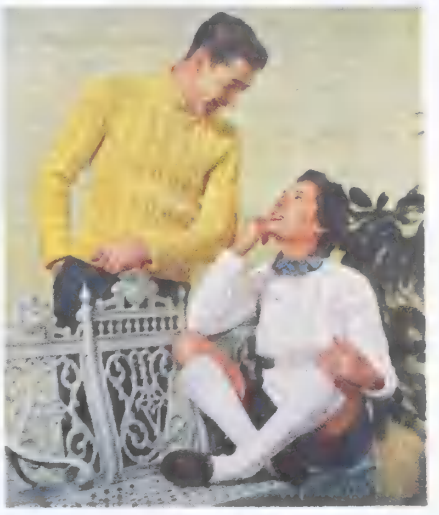
Bets and I couldn't get to sleep ourselves for a long time. We raised the shades on the windows of our room and pulled the curtains aside so we could see the high hills rising in the moonlight. "So many people were worried about our being isolated here," Bets said. "Why, we have the whole world around us!"

She spoke with quiet excitement. Her voice sounded just as it had at our wedding when she promised "I will." We listened in silence to the small sounds that children make in their sleep—the rattling of rugged little Alan's crib as he squirmed around, a sudden unintelligible squeak from Steve, Denny's cough and the steady rhythm of Sally's breathing. We lay there surrounded by those we loved, counting our blessings, and in awe and worship thanking God. END

GLAMOUR GIFTS to knit and crochet for Christmas



RED HEART ORLON makes these festive sweaters. The luxury look in *Fashion Yarn* (*left*), the sparkle-knit in *Fashion-Glo* (*right*). Directions for articles on this page in *Style Parade* #506.



QUICK KNITS are the news for fun North or South, in Red Heart Knitting Worsted.



JUMBO STITCHES are the fashion . . . and quick work with Red Heart Knitting Worsted.

You'll get enchanting results with Chadwick's new

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Soft and luxurious to the touch, yet so practical—mothproof, fast-drying, won't shrink out of shape. Exquisite colors *plus* glamorous glitter. Expensive-*looking* but popular-priced. No wonder Red Heart Orlon knitting yarns are such important fashion news! *Fashion-Glo* yarn has a sparkling metallic strand in *colors*, including gold and silver—all tarnish-proof and hand-washable. Both of these Red Heart Orlon yarns come in the famous *Tangle-proof*® Pull-out Skeins that save you the time and trouble of winding. A joy to work with, these beautiful new Red Heart yarns make gifts that are a joy to give and get!

**Du Pont's acrylic fiber.*

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Exciting gifts for the whole family! *Style Parade* #506, fabulous ideas for Red Heart Orlon, plus new quick knits for Red Heart Knitting Worsted. *Afghans with Matching Pillows* #505, designs for contemporary décor. *Baby Book* #507, more charming than ever! Each only 25¢—at needlework counters.





ELEGANCE in a pillbox and matching handbag is easy with Red Heart Orlon *Fashion-Glo*.



GOLDEN GLOW, pretty and festive in Red Heart Orlon *Fashion-Glo*, is heart-winning.



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CHADWICK'S Red Heart® ORLON YARN—a member of the famous Coats & Clark's "O.N.T." Thread Family . . . your guarantee of good value



Dear Mrs. Norman: I wonder how many women feel as frustrated as I do. Women like myself who are too busy housekeeping and raising children to afford beauty treatments and expensive clothes, but would like to improve themselves.

We see our husbands admire models and actresses and inwardly probably wondering why their wives don't keep up their appearances. I am twenty-nine years old, married at seventeen and a still-in-love wife with three children.

I know the power of make-up, hair styling and clothes, but without the know-how or confidence how does one start to improve?

I feel very low. Can't you help me, and others who feel the way I do?

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Grace Visconti
Ridgefield, New Jersey



LEOMBRUNO · BODI

Self-criticizer (above, left) turns into self-analyzer and makes the most of her discoveries (above). Clothes that fit (she'd been wearing them three sizes too big!), eyebrows thinned to eliminate an apparent frown were two of the several simple steps that led to a real beauty transformation.

"I NEED TO BRING MYSELF OUT"

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

GRACE VISCONTI'S before-and-after pictures were taken only a few hours apart. Yet the improvement in her appearance is almost unbelievable. What has transformed the drab, uninspiring-looking girl on the left into the vivacious brunette on the right? Nothing more than a series of little beauty steps based on these

SIMPLE POINTS IN SELF-ANALYSIS

Heavy straight eyebrows growing too close to her eyes made Grace look as though she was constantly frowning. Her face livened immediately after her eyebrows were plucked from underneath and shaped to arch slightly. Little short strokes of eyebrow pencil were used on top to accent arch, give upward sweep to outer corners.

Mousy eyelashes can dull the color and expression of your eyes. With a modest amount of black mascara brushed on Grace's eyelashes, they look thicker, longer, eyes seem brighter.

Deep-set eyes, like Grace's, should never wear eye shadow. When eyes are prominent (or light in color) shadow can be used to pretty advantage.

Drooping lips can make you seem sullen. For Grace, we used a lipstick brush to follow the naturally pretty line of her lips until we got to the outer corners. There, the color was curved up slightly to give a more pleasant expression.

Unless your teeth are pure white pearls (Grace's *are*), take special note of what your lipstick color does for them. The purply, bluish shades are not half so flattering as the clear reds or reds touched with pink or coral.

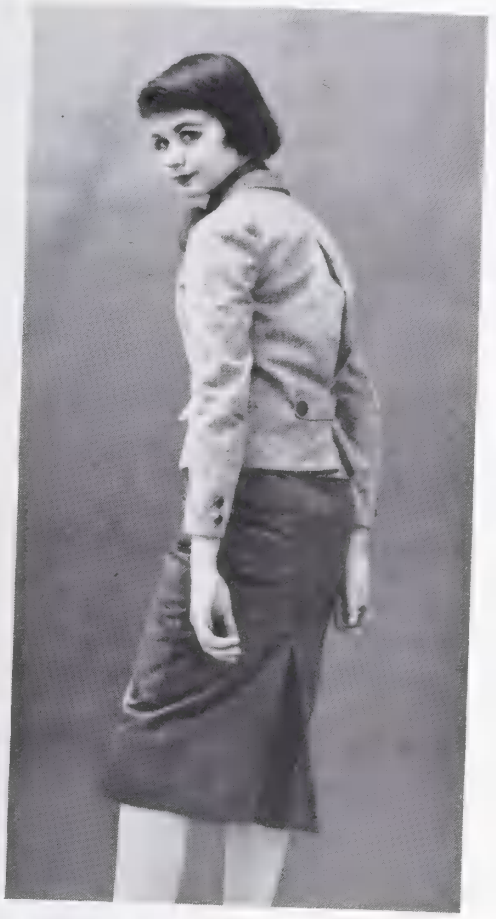
Sallow skin can sour your looks. Grace's olive complexion needed lightening and brightening to give more delicate contrast to near-black hair, brown eyes. Creamy make-up base in pinky beige and powder to match did the trick. All make-up was applied lightly, with excess tissued off to create "it's-my-own-color" look.

Grace's shapeless hairdo exposed her big ears, frizzed off in all CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

Stop, look and learn a lesson!



mu." for school this year. A co cotton skirt with a wonder- su ght little cotton tweed jacket. on s such a smart year-round ..d takes so little upkeep!



What a shame to let shrinkage ruin such a smart outfit! Take care when *you* shop! Be sure all your cottons are marked "Sanforized"—and then they will always *keep* their smartness!



You can't make the grade in school without a jumper—and here's a honey. An easy-livin', full skirt with a prim empire waist—and, of course, in *plaid!* Tailored shirt is *really* tailored.



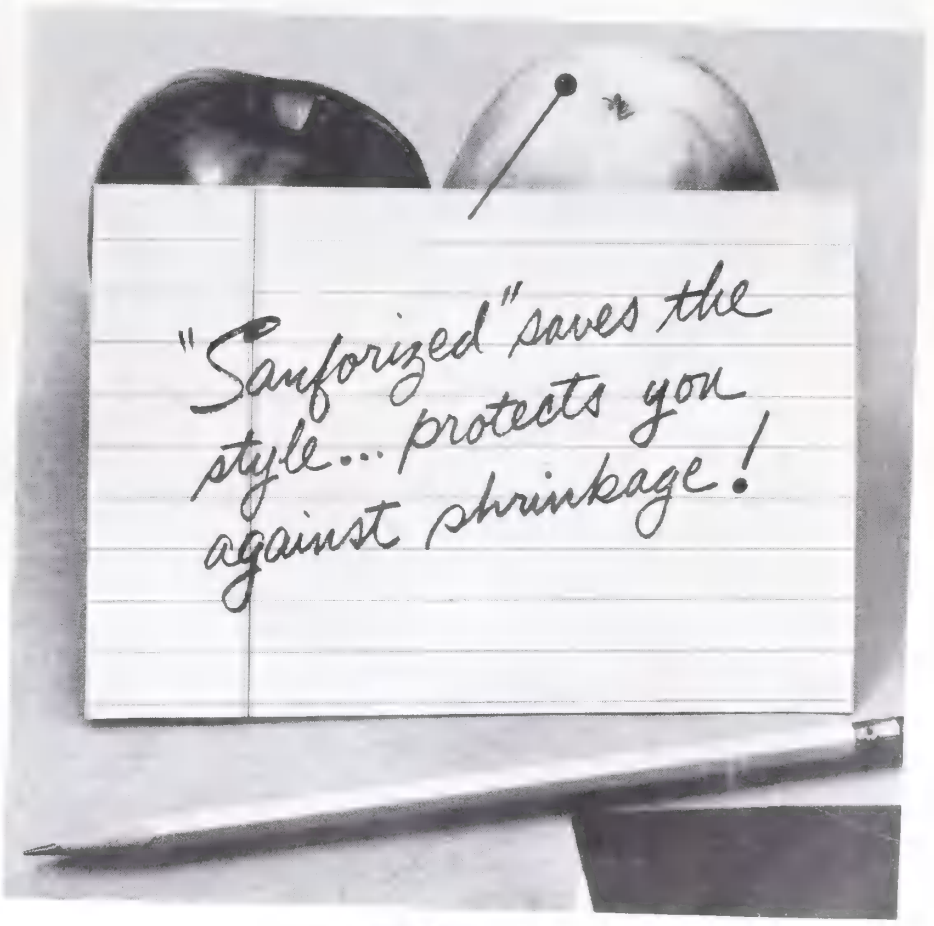
Tight squeeze—the jumper flunked its washing test. A cotton can actually shrink *two* sizes in a few washings! So *always* look for the "Sanforized" label . . . it guards against shrinkage.



t party dress to take back nd believe it or not, it's a otton with a little collar o make room for pearls or f!



If our heroine had spent just a second to see that her dress said "Sanforized," she wouldn't be in such sad shape! A "Sanforized" cotton can never lose its good fit. NEVER!



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WHY DON'T THEY LIKE US ABROAD?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

Well, in some places a cold, reasoned analysis of what is in their best interests determines which way a country moves—but in other countries emotion has much more to do with it.

MISS HICKEY: You see it as almost a new kind of diplomacy between peoples, Mr. Stassen?

MR. STASSEN: World association. And there is no precedent for it and no one can say categorically that it can succeed.

We in the United States are in a position where our production, our economic and military strength require us to fulfill the responsibility of leadership. But we do not want to lead by the force of requiring others to move with us. We want to move by their voluntary decisions. And we all know this is the most difficult way to get people moving together.

MISS HICKEY: Let us try now to get at some of the unfavorable impressions people have of us, and what causes them. Mr. Max, we would like you to start because of the country-wide poll your magazine took in France.

MR. MAX: Well, when it comes to how the French people feel about the American people, the poll shows not very much unfavorable comment. On policy—but you want to get to that later.

Now one of our questions was, "What foreign country do you like most?" The United States came second, behind only Switzerland.

Then we asked for their reactions to what adjectives described Americans, and the two that by far were the highest ranking were "practical" and "go-ahead." And those are qualities the French admire.



"The French people think fear of communism is leading Americans to practices which are not compatible with democracy as they preach it."

MRS. McCLOY: May I interrupt and tell a personal story? I lived in France many years ago and I took my young children there about three years ago. On our first morning in Paris we got in a taxi to drive to the Étoile, and when the taxicab driver heard me speak English to my two children, he said, "Why don't you Yankees go home?"

He was a most impossible person but I answered him, terribly provoked, and then I said, "Would you mind stopping this taxi?" and we got out. "I have loved France for many years," I said, "and I don't want my children to have their first impression of France from somebody so un-French and so ungracious and disagreeable as you are."

And then—he bowed to me and said, "Madame, you are charming! Will you forgive me? One only slaps one's sister."

MR. MAX: The poll does show that the overwhelming attitude of the French is sympathy and affection for Americans and there is no active dislike.

For instance—the most unfavorable opinion is the one that Americans are overgrown children, that is to say that Americans have the outward appearances that go with extreme youth—they are noisy, they brag ——

MR. STASSEN: Does this mean they also think we haven't shown the maturity and reserve they think we should have in world affairs?

MR. MAX: Yes. You find this same thing in articles in some newspapers in France and from political commentators—and the word "immature" is often used. To go on:

You have 27 per cent say it is completely true that Americans are overgrown children, 35 per cent say it is true enough, and only 19 per cent say it is false—the rest have no opinion. But the French do not think Americans are uncultured—43 per cent say that it is false that Americans are uncultured. "Uncultured" is rejected. You understand that these words were not taken at random, but they come from a list of the most frequent comme had actually been heard in conve about Americans.

"Only interested in money"—that is ment you hear very often: 32 per cent that was true, 34 per cent that it w enough. But "militarist"—that was cor rejected by almost half.

Now here is something which I t terribly important because it go deep. That is the comment which y often, that Americans are hypnot the fear of communism.

Question: Hypnotized?

MR. MAX: Yes, that is the word u gets acceptance; 34 per cent think pletely true, 30 per cent true enough per cent false. This goes very deeply the French live with 25 per cent of the citizens communists and every Fr knows several communists and often them very well. Therefore, he cannot its face value the idea that everybody communist is evil or must be done aw He cannot accept that, because in Fr happens that you have militant cor who take their orders from Moscow you have a large mass of people wh vote for the communists.

Question: Who just believe in the communism?

MR. MAX: Yes, without any ref Russia. It is a class-solidarity vote. It test vote again of class go which exists and it doesn't lack of loyal voter. As a re this the Frenc that America much afraid munism or R too much afra munists, com dividuals.

Question: make it very them to follo and understa

MR. MA And also ha to understa There is the that "Americ understand affairs"—tha ceptance. Ov you do not Another t was thought true was that Americ way of treating us "like poor relat

Now, here is a question which re ings. "Do you have any of the foll ments concerning the United Sta dislike, gratitude, hate, admiratio jealousy." Sixty-one per cent sai the United States. Thirty-two pe they felt gratitude. Dislike—8 per only 1 per cent.

And then we asked, "If you ha officer in your home which would a Russian or an American?" The Russian, 9 per cent; American, don't know, 32 per cent.

MR. ELLIOT: That is very ex Asking the British a question lik be like asking whether you wo have an Eskimo come to stay whether you would prefer to your own cousins. The idea tha prefer a Russian is somethi don't think would come into the at all!

MR. MAX: Well, as to the whether the presence of Ame helps or hinders good relati spot where they are actuall think, on the whole, the rea favorable.

MR. ELLIOT: When you ha flood of very young men you are reactions to young men—the liking or dis specifically anti-American or p







In Britain I think the 61 per cent figure who like Americans would be equaled or surpassed. Partly because of the enormous amount of migration that has gone on between the two countries. And partly because we British have had many English-speaking people among us who were not English—so that we are quite accustomed to another kind of person who speaks a very similar language and has very similar ideas but is not at all identical.

MISS HICKEY: What happened in India, Mr. Bowles, when the people there had their first contact with us in large groups rather than as individual tourists?

MR. BOWLES: On the whole I think the reaction was good. For instance, the large delegation of American social workers who came to the International Conference of Social Work in Madras in December, 1952, were enormously popular. They had done their homework on India and Asia before they came and they were very sensitive to Indian attitudes.

Not all the Point Four people—that is, the technicians sent out by our Government to help Indian development—have been well chosen in a technical sense. But as a group they have made a major contribution to a better understanding—simply because they were decent, hard-working, sincere Americans genuinely anxious to do what they could to support India's democratic effort.

Some transient visitors create misunderstandings—and this would include an occasional congressman going through India in a hurry, feeling rather important, and not really stopping to hear what Asia has to say.

Question: Have you made surveys of this in India?

MR. BOWLES: I wish we had. The only poll I can offer is my own poll, which covered 200 Indian students studying in America. I asked each of these students to write me a frank, complete letter about their stay in the United States, what they liked and what they disliked.

I had letters running to ten pages and they followed an extraordinarily similar pattern. The things they liked best were our willingness to work hard, our lack of class consciousness, the feeling that in America you could move ahead according to your abilities. They liked the simplicity of most Americans, their honesty, their desire to learn.

There were only two adverse things and they came through in most of the letters. First, the color line we draw in many parts of the country. Second, they asked, "What in the world is America afraid of?" That came out in almost every letter. "Why are you so ridden with fear? You didn't build your country on fear, you built it on faith, and yet you resort to fear ——"

Question: What fears did they mean?

MR. BOWLES: The fear that we will be gobbled up by communism, and fear of each other. They expressed the belief that we Americans are becoming more and more driven by what we are *against* rather than what we are *for*. Only five letters failed to mention this fear that they sensed throughout America.

I wasn't really surprised that the color question came up so prominently and with such feeling. One Indian student at a Midwestern university wrote me that he had gone to one of our Southern states for a vacation and had had a most bitter experience. He was refused service in a restaurant and asked to leave a bus because of his dark skin, and he was deeply resentful.

We often forget that two thirds of all the people in the world are colored. The knowledgeable Asians know that we are making great progress in removing the old color prejudices—but they still cannot think of American democracy without considering the discrimination which still remains.

MISS HICKEY: You think the two major criticisms of us in Asia, then, are on our color problem and our fears?

MR. BOWLES: There is one other: our concentration on military answers to complex problems which Asians believe are basically political and economic.

Most Asians secured their freedom without military struggle. In Burma, India, Pakistan and Ceylon there was no great civil war or revolution. Three hundred and sixty million Indians became free of Britain through

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political and *economic* pressure alone. So naturally they say, "It is *people* who are important, rather than machine guns."

Sometimes their criticism of us seems unbalanced and unfair. Once I asked an Indian statesman, "Why are you always so willing and quick to criticize America for every mistake you think we make and yet you rarely criticize the Soviet Union, which is responsible for our divided and bitter world?"

His answer was, "We expect so much more of you. We expect nothing from the Soviet Union. But we expect great things of America." He intended that as a compliment.

MISS HICKEY: Now we are getting into the question of how we as a country, through our policy, cause anti-American feeling abroad. Let us go back to Mr. Max and his survey in France. You say that the French love us as individuals. It is our policy, then, that is causing this growing feeling against us abroad, in your opinion? Let us be very frank.

MR. MAX: Well, there are small things and big things. To take a small thing—there is your visa policy. On the one side there is Russia and the Iron Curtain, and the French resent that they are not allowed to travel there. On the other side there is America, the leader of the free countries, and the French assume, therefore, that she should be willing and even invite people to come in and inspect her. However, there are just too many instances where somebody is refused a visa for reasons which they do not understand, or reasons which they think are futile and even absurd.

The French will admit the Americans have to take precautions against spies, but when they see a man like Maurice Chevalier, who is a very innocuous old crooner and movie actor, refused a visa to go to the United States, they are shocked. It is true he may have signed the Stockholm appeal for forbidding atomic weapons or something like that—but what harm can he possibly do? Many people who are not sympathetic to Maurice Chevalier personally take it as sort of a personal insult that a Frenchman who is obviously a good Frenchman is refused access to the United States without much explanation.

Also, there are the formalities. It is very difficult to get a visa to the United States. You have to sign all sorts of statements and inquiries are made into your past and people feel that it all goes too far. It is all under oath too. When I applied for my visa I was asked to state all the countries I had been in in the past thirty years, and the name of a person who still lived there who would give me a character reference. Since, twenty years ago, in China—which is now communist inquiry had to be made ——

Question: In England, Mr. Ellio the same problems?

MR. ELLIOT: Well, when I fir visa in 1946 I know it came as a bit that I, an ex-minister, had to be fin And this time when I came, I had to all over again.

Question: We are dealing with c but we treat them almost like enem what you mean?

MR. STASSEN: Our problem spies and espionage agents fro in without inconveniencing and ing and humiliating a lot of safe people.

MR. GOULD: Perhaps, in fairn U.S., we should point out that we h lice supervision once people are in. you are registered with police in eve a matter of course and forced to your passport.

MISS HICKEY: Well, this sma visas has certainly grown big, Mr. you other complaints?

MR. MAX: There is the fear nism we talked about earlier. The Fre think it is leading Americans to which are not compatible with der they preach it. McCarthy; the deal given the Rosenbergs; the case of th employee whose passport was take cause he didn't want to come home ing—these are things that are widel preted in France, and perhaps if the ter explained to us it would help.

Also, there are the things that French-American relationships. I v that the French are hypersensitive pride these days, after the years of so they are apt to resent anything ta if it possibly is also fair. For instance anyone praises the Germans at the the French, or tries to present Ger example to the French, that is consi insult. And it happens very often in

Your Secretary of State, Mr. I has done some things which are mist in France. The French will always ing a decision forced upon them.

Now when one sees the total pa inaction and inability to make decis part of the French parliament, think that anyone is justified in usin tactics which might produce a re the French people are very sensiti



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Perhaps there is a way for your country to get done what has to be done without giving people an opportunity to be hurt.

MISS HICKEY: Would you like to be more specific?

MR. MAX: You wanted France suddenly, after hundreds of years, to give up its national army and merge with other armies—and the French wanted to take their time deciding this important thing. Also, there are all sorts of remarks here that the French weren't fighting in Indochina—and the French feel they were the only ones fighting although it had become as much America's war as France's ——

MR. STASSEN: One hundred congressmen can make very understanding speeches, but let one congressman make a very wild, asinine statement and that is the front-page news!

If only other countries could understand that these individual statements by congressmen do not reflect the attitude of either the American people as a whole or the Government.

MR. BOWLES: I would like to make another point. I am afraid our difficulties are going to get worse rather than better. I believe the Soviet Union has made the very obvious discovery that pressure applied in Europe tends to *unite* the West—but that pressure applied in Asia tends to *divide* the Western nations not only from each other, but also from the free Asian nations which should be our friends.

MISS HICKEY: While you have the floor, Mr. Ambassador, would you like to list the policies which you think cause distrust in Asia—the small things and the large things?

MR. BOWLES: I agree that many of our troubles come from shortsighted and thoughtless remarks. For instance, several years ago we voted to give India the loan which she needed desperately to buy our wheat when crops failed. But we received less good will in return than you might expect, because so many unfriendly things were said in the course of the long and bitter debates in Congress. It is not always *what* we do—it is often the *way* we do it.

For instance, **we often ask Asians the question: "Are you with us or against us?" They think that is an arrogant question and ask, "What if Britain or France had said that to you in the days when you were isolationist and trying to stay out of all wars?"**

Some Asians, with their deep concern for spiritual values, also resent statements that we are the leader of the free world. "What kind of leadership are you talking about—moral or physical?" they ask.

And it's impossible to exaggerate their sensitivity about race. I shall never forget the shock I had after I had been in India just a short time and a businessman asked, "Why did you Americans drop the atom bomb on Hiroshima and not on Germany?" Before I could answer his friend interrupted to say, "I can tell you—because the Japanese are *Asians*. You didn't mind destroying *them*. You would not drop atom bombs on the Germans because they are *white*." I ran into this same question all over Asia and I had difficulty convincing people that the atomic bomb was not perfected until after the Germans had surrendered.

Do you know the communist line on the recognition of Red China? It follows the same pattern. They say that we have refused recognition to the Chinese communists because they are a yellow people and we don't want any more yellow-skinned Asians in the United Nations! It is ridiculous, but millions of them believe it. May I tell you a tale which I heard in many parts of Asia, and which illustrates another important point?

MISS HICKEY: Please do.

MR. BOWLES: According to this story, the Prime Minister of the little European kingdom of Monaco is supposed to have requested $10-000,000 in American economic aid. He was asked if there were any communists in Monaco and when he said there were none, he was told he couldn't get the money.

So he asked the Foreign Minister of a neighboring country if he could borrow a thousand or so communists to stage a few riots and thereby convince the Americans that the aid should be made available.

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The Foreign Minister is supposed to have looked thoughtfully out the window and then said, "My friend, we would like to be a good neighbor, but our country needs every communist she has."

Asians who tell this story ask, "Would America take any interest in our problems if we had no communists? Wouldn't you then turn your backs on us? If that is so, then communists are a valuable asset. Is this your idea of moral leadership?"

Such reactions are totally unfair, irritating and frustrating too. But I believe we must understand them and strive to deal with them constructively.

MISS HICKEY: That is very severe criticism. Mrs. McCloy, do you want to add anything from your experience abroad?

MRS. McCLOY: I feel, after listening to all this, that probably our greatest hope lies in the need for a terrific amount of work with the written word—the press—because the good things never come out.

But I don't mean we should attempt to control the press or use propaganda. The German youth was tremendously bewildered by our censorship of our free libraries abroad. I don't think any instrument of propaganda was as powerful as were these very libraries. In less than a year and a half, 14½ million Germans went there to read anything—Russian books, things on both sides, criticisms. And then, suddenly, a few detective stories had to be removed from the shelves because the writer had allegedly once been a Communist Party member! It was, I think, a great blow to our prestige.

MR. STASSEN: Could it be said that it is when we depart from our own concepts of our own ideals and objectives and methods that we get into the most trouble overseas?

MR. BOWLES: Definitely!

MR. STASSEN: It is the abnormal or the extreme that has been giving us the trouble in Asia and elsewhere, even in South America. And things grow especially difficult when people abroad get to thinking that abnormalities represent America instead of the ideas which might be called the basis of America.

MR. ELLIOT: You never can tell what small things one nation will pick up about another nation. There are, however, some big things that worry us in Britain. For example—the exclusion of Britain from the ANZUS pact, covering the South Pacific—Australia, New Zealand and America—our Prime Minister wanted to join, but he was told to keep out. Then when the Indochina crisis arose you thought we were keeping rather aloof. Well, why didn't America recognize Britain's interest in the Pacific before trouble came along?

Or take the really big question of recognition of Red China. We have been criticized a great deal for recognizing China, for trading with her; and yet, what is the alternative?

We take the position that you have got to live with these people and that an attitude of refusing to accept some of the facts of the situation, such as the fact that the effective government of China is just now the Red government, seems to us unrealistic.

Again, you say you don't want physical leadership. But you are the leading military power whether you like it or not—and the mere refusal to use your power is, in itself, an act of power. But you don't seem always to realize this.

MISS HICKEY: You consider this unrealistic?

MR. ELLIOT: Yes, and you are unrealistic about the criticism you get as well as that you give. Take this criticism from India about your color problem, for instance. It was India that created the word "outcast"—and India where fellow Indians, if they are not of the right castes, must drink from the pools and puddles, rather than the wells. Again, nobody from India came across with enormous loans to develop America in the first place; the Americans hacked their land out with their bone and muscle and it seems a little hard that they should then be criticized for not helping sufficiently to do all the things that this ancient society of India hasn't tackled for itself in the thousands of years of its existence.

I also think you are too critical of yourselves, just as the British are too critical of themselves. Americans go about America denouncing Americans, and Englishmen go about England denouncing Englishmen.

Question: But you don't think we criticize you too much?

MR. ELLIOT: Well, there was the man from North Carolina who stood up in Trafalgar Square in the middle of London and said, "It is never really warm in this country and never really light either." But I had a great deal of sympathy with him on both points.

The really important things are these: We feel, as France does, that in world-policy decisions you don't give enough consultation with those who will be affected by these decisions and with those who will have to cooperate in them.

The very power and might and strength of your country make us feel like a rather nervous passenger in the back of a car driven by a college boy who has just been given a very distinguished award from his university and is

BACK COUNTRY

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

The farm was so old,
shaken and crazy,
wind-blown, rain-darkened,
askew with the ground heave—

The barns were so broken,
the worn roofs rent open,
patched with tar paper,
propped up with poles—

The fields were so barren,
with pines in the wall corners,
and junipers leaving
little pasture for cows—

The hills came so near,
shaggy and hostile,
the alders so closely
thatched the small stream—

That it came as a shock
to see at the window
geranium's red,
and a child at the door.

going right down the middle of the road, high, wide and handsome, not caring whether he does hit something, because the world is his and he is out for the day.

We are afraid of being drawn into war by America, not because America is intent upon war as a policy, but because the drive of her policies might lead her into war, just as this student might land us in the ditch.

MRS. McCLOY: Just a few years ago you thought we were isolationists.

MR. ELLIOT: It is a different situation now. It is not isolationism now that we are afraid of. It is involvement.

Question: And do you share this feeling that we are too much afraid of communists?

MR. ELLIOT: Well, I would not use the word "hypnotized" as Mr. Max did—I think "preoccupied to an unreasonable extent." You take your secrets so darned seriously. **By an overemphasis on security and regulations you may slow down the impetus, the pace of your scientific and economic drive, which is the real safety to your country. It is not guarding some secret somebody found out in 1945 that is important. It is, to make the discovery of 1956.**

MR. STASSEN: I think out of this discussion the more or less fundamental feeling toward America is coming into view, and that is: the question of our appraisal of the communist danger and our policies in relation to it.

In America there is a deep-seated conviction that in the past two things have happened: one, we have remained too isolated from the dangers that were arising in various
world and did not do our part ir
them; and two, that these totalita
were treated with too much uncon
great a lack of firm opposition i
stages.

Now there is the conviction
America must not only take an a
world affairs, but our policy mu
soft as the approach that was
early years to the problem of Hitle
lini and to the Japanese war
powers erupted into such great t

This conviction—that we must
policy in relation to communist C
Soviet Union—is in contrast to th
expressed here today, of Britain
who apparently want a softer ap
because of this, you call us over
dren, or college students in powe
describe us as impetuous or exube
while we can do some work in thi
some of our differences, until we
agreement on this fundamental
the communist countries we will
have a lot of differences. Isn't tha

MR. ELLIOT: Well, you use
"softer approach." I say—look t
the road! You have either got to n
these people or use crushing
crushing action means war.

MR. MAX: I do not think th
we question the leadership of the U
I do not see our differences so sha
we are agreed on the actual line t
but not on just how it is to be ta

MR. ELLIOT: Our differences
technique and timing than of obj

**MR. STASSEN: We are certai
agreed on trying to work in this
ation toward world peace rat
third world war. We are for fr
we are all agreed in all our coun
wishing to see communist
spread to new territories if it
vented in any reasonable man**

MR. ELLIOT: I would fully
that.

MISS HICKEY: So now, we
we as people do to increase our c
Mrs. McCloy, what are your tho

MRS. McCLOY: We certainly
to know each other better, we nee
sonal contact, better information
other. And then, on the policy le
an approach that isn't quite so su
way, that has more give and take

**MR. MAX: If only more
could come to the States! Trav
the best way of finding out ab
and becoming an active friend
The problem is money. It is ve
to come here and people say, "
side there is the Iron Curtain
other side there is the Dollar**

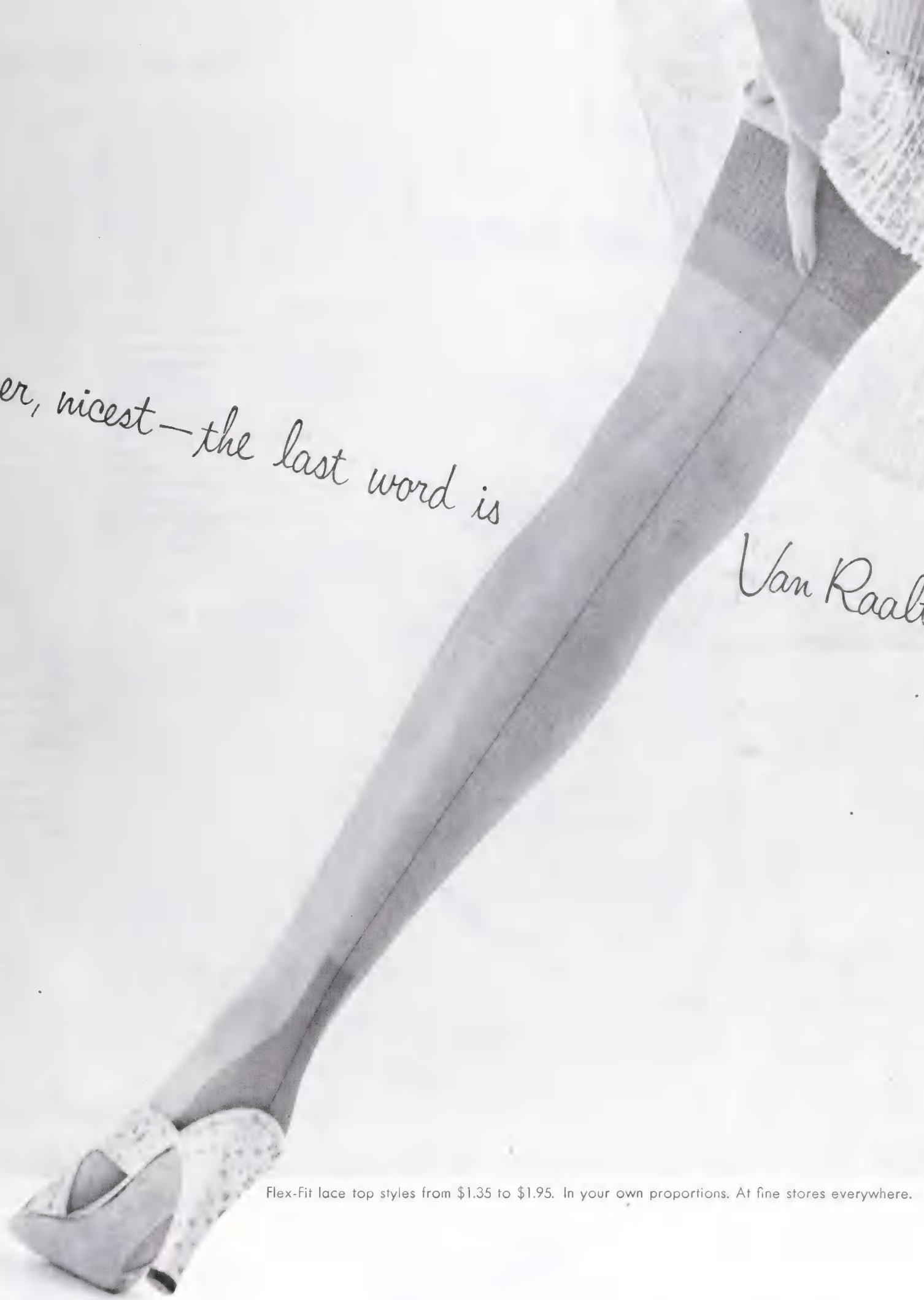
MR. ELLIOT: More wives sh
to travel with their husbands to
change scholarships there is seld
for the wife to accompany her hus
wife is at least half the show. She
an unofficial secretary to her hus
as guide, philosopher and friend:
she is in contact with the woman
world and she learns the price of f
of clothes, the ways of another
MISS HICKEY: And what ca
sonally, each one of us, about
problems disturbing our relation

MR. ELLIOT: Good mann
standing. A piece of casual rude
part toward another nation or th
bit of malicious gossip about a f
cause as much trouble in the wo
of hostile diplomatic action. D
your Government to do everyth

**Remember this is your world
ing about. We have moved o
period, where our ambition w
tory, into a negotiating peri
our ambition cannot be total
have to accept that as part o
tions under which we all try
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against the free world is real. So
tions of world policy will need m
than they have had, more give
they have had, before they are

nice, nicer, nicest—the last word is

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ALL SET FOR SEPTEMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

Drain it. It's *awful* watery. Season with salt and pepper and dress it with garlic butter to taste. To make the garlic butter, take ¼ pound, or less, of softened butter or margarine and work into it with vigor and a silver fork a clove of garlic chopped and crushed and made messy and untidy. That's it. Give it to the zucchini. You made it for that, or did you? And the ——— likes the idea.

MIXED-VEGETABLE SALAD

Prepare mixed salad greens, using lettuce, escarole, romaine and endive, or any leafy thing about. Just before serving add 3 hard-cooked eggs, cut into quarters or sliced. Finally mix in 1 small can chilled and drained mixed vegetables and ½ cup sliced radishes. Toss the greens with French dressing and season to taste with salt and pepper. Have bowl and plates very cold. Wait a second—I have an idea. If you like you might chop the eggs, season and mix with mayonnaise or Russian dressing. Spread on very small crisp toast shapes that have been made reminiscent of anchovy by "buttering" toast slices with anchovy butter before cutting. Now you'll have, by mixing these morsels amidst the greens, a most delicious surprisingly new salad. And a first edition—from me to you.

HOMEMADE RYE BREAD

Mix together ¾ cup lukewarm water, ½ cup molasses, 4 teaspoons salt, 1 to 3 tablespoons caraway seed and 2 tablespoons shortening. Add to this 3 packages yeast, compressed or dry, which have been softened in ¾ cup lukewarm water for 5 minutes. Mix in, first with a big spoon, then with your hand, the flour, using enough to make a stiff dough. This means 2 cups unsifted coarse rye meal, or 2¾ cups sifted rye flour, and 3½ to 4 cups sifted white flour. Turn the dough on lightly floured board; cover and let stand 10 minutes to tighten up, then knead until smooth and a little shiny. Any bread dough should get a patina, a sweet finish like the patina on old cared-for maple and seen on pewter on a Dutch sideboard. Bread dough kneaded as it rates will get it. Then it's ready for the rise.

Make a big ball and put it to rest in a greased bowl, too large for it. And far too high. Cover with a damp cloth and set to rise in a warm place, about 85° F., until it rises to double its bulk—1½ to 2 hours, depending on temperature. Punch down dough and divide it into 2 parts. Round up each part into a smooth ball. Put them in opposite corners of a corn-meal-sprinkled baking sheet. Cover with a damp cloth and let rise until light—about 30 to 45 minutes. No ti now. Let the determined little heath peace. Only, keep it warm. When gently with the finger, the imprin remain. Bake in a moderately h 375° F., for about 40 minutes. C rack.

If you wish to go Gallic, make the the shape of the French loaf; corne yard—or ought to. If you're hungr loaf under your arm, all sliced nearly nicely buttered or spread with garli or with a bud of fresh crushed garlic the slices, and eat as you go and pendent. You'll be *perfectly* indepe you follow these suggestions in trolle subway.

CHOCOLATE VELVET WI COFFEE CREAM

Cut 8 ounces sweet chocolate into p scald with 1½ cups milk in doub until the chocolate is melted. Softe velopes unflavored gelatin in ½ milk. Beat the chocolate and milk tary beater. Add the softened gelati sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir solved. Cool until it begins to thick ½ cup light cream, ½ teaspoon vanil teaspoon almond flavoring, and 1 c cream, whipped. Mix to a smoothn until it begins to thicken again. It's as determined to have its five-year-old in a tantrum. Beat with beater. Pour into a 5-cup ring mo has been rinsed with cold water. C firm.

Sprinkle 2 teaspoons instant coffe cup heavy cream. When most of t has dissolved, add ¼ teaspoon va whip the cream stiff, adding 3 tab sugar as you beat. Whip it as if you Of course, you *aren't.*

Unmold the chocolate dessert. F the coffee-flavored whipped crea nish with shaved sweet chocolate to please you and my guests, and I *does* please most folks—sweet ch mean. When used for such a busines I was going to say only that, as personal preference, I like shav chocolate. With cream and over c and puffs and on all the galaxy carry the flag for my own p.p.p. spelled out above).

It's a hot day, this aftermath of sum preview of September and thus autumn. It won't be long now befor geese take their flight south. "I wo they chart their way. Why, of all this the day?" Yo



"If you left it up to men, they'd never think of marriage!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

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People who have no weaknesses are terrible; there's no way of taking advantage of them.
—ANATOLE FRANCE

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ather presented me with
's Les Misérables on my
day—thereafter having
e for reading it at the
or when I should be
story of Fantine, her
her illegitimate child,
Cosette, and the affection of the convict, Jean Valjean, for the little one, moved me to tears, but I had no notion of what a child "born out of wedlock" meant. I thought Wedlock was a town, and a fallen woman one who had slipped on the ice or her doorstep. But this did not impede my understanding of the basic themes of the novel. I followed Marius breathlessly through the sewers of Paris, never afterward forgot the magnificent account of the Battle of Waterloo, and discovered once and for all, in the contrast between the bishop and the detective, Jouvert, the difference between Christian justice and a routine police system. The effect of the novel was both to enthrall and to elevate, and what I did not accurately grasp I translated for myself within the limits of my childish understanding.

And I cannot think of a single great and enduring work of literary art, however "realistic," that has not dealt with the eternal struggle between good and evil, truth and falsehood, courage and cowardice, sin and redemption, with the author firmly on the side of virtue, if not always of accepted respectability.

I am convinced that nothing could more permanently drive out the evil or idiotic comics than a renaissance of reading good books. Parents, schools, television, radio and movies all have a contribution to make.

The test of a good book is in the reader's reactions. And, as I began with a word of Whitman, I will close with another:

"*Do nothing which offends your own soul.*"

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- 2 tsp. salt
- 6 1/2 to 7 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup soft shortening



Dissolve yeast in water: add sugar, salt and just ½ the flour. Beat thoroughly 2 minutes. Add egg and shortening. Beat in remaining flour gradually by hand. Mix with hands until smooth. Place in bowl and grease top.



Cover with damp cloth: place in refrigerator. Punch down occasionally. 2 hrs. before baking, cut off amount needed. Roll dough ½" thick into oblong 12" wide. Spread with soft butter. Fold over in half; cut in ½" strips.



Shape into knots, twists and fi
ure 8's: place on greased ba
ing sheet. Brush with melte
butter. Let rise until light (1
to 2 hrs.). Bake in moderate
hot oven (400°) 12 to 15 mi
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"I NEED TO BRING MYSELF OUT"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

directions. The new arrangement is young, flattering and can be maintained easily with two rows of pin curls every other night. Casual curls sweep over (and hide) her ears; the brushed-up forehead section gives an imaginary 2″ to her height of 5′3″; the shorter length proves she *does* have a neck—and a pretty one! With most of her frizzy permanent cut off, her hair has shape, shine and high lights!

Smooth top arrangements with interest at the sides can work comparable tricks for too-tall girls. A thin face rounds out when hair is cut, brushed and shaped into becoming fullness; roly-poly faces "reduce" when hair is sleek and upswept at the sides and tapered into a slender line toward the back. A well-chosen hairdo can conceal shaggy hairlines at forehead or nape; soften the effect of a too-broad brow; help balance a large nose, receding chin, prominent jawline.

Your clothes need to fit if you want them to flatter. Grace has been wearing a Size 14 and complaining about looking "shapeless and dumpy in it." Actually the size that fits her best is 7! Her tiny waist, delicate shoulders and small bustline were enveloped and lost in baggy, ill-fitting clothes. Her reason for buying fourteens was "to get a straight skirt to fit over my hips." Unintentionally, she was emphasizing her only figure fault. See how much daintier she looks in her soft-shouldered dress with a skirt that flares out from a nipped-in waistline.

A five-dollar house dress that fits you will do more for you than a costlier that sags or hikes. If you are not a dress size" count alteration charges a portant item in your clothes budget "best-dressed" women are that way they spend time and attention on d taking in, hemming up or letting out!

Short-waiste can usually fi ter fit in the or junior dep where clothes on shorter, ful Many of junior-size dr simple and cated enou women well p teens.

Tall girls d look for *length* (in waistlines an even if it me ing *inches* everywhere achieve a perf

Short-necke shouldered wo ware of shoul ding that thickens and adds bulk w least need it! Look for smooth, simple lines in suits as well as dresses.

Your most becoming color is not on ter of the way it sets off your hair or y What does it do for your skin tone you buy, look at the color against y *in daylight*.

Even your shoes can create a pretty for you. Wide feet and heavy ankles s when you wear simple, dark pump long, sleek lines (a low V shape in fro stance). Avoid fussy shoes and ank unless you *want* to draw attention to and legs.

WHICH FINGER FOR THE WEDDING RING?

The wedding ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand because the ancients believed that an artery ran directly from this finger to the heart. Thus "it was the properest to bear this pledge of love." For the same reasons, physicians used to mix their potions with this finger, as a safeguard to their patients, for it was believed that any poison touching even the extreme tip of the finger would at once affect the heart.

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Vogue Design No. 8394. One-piece dress or jumper dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 6

Vogue Design No. 8320. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 8429. Jacket; 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 8427. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

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R GOULD

LET'S ATTACK THE PROBLEMS. NOT THE SCHOOLS

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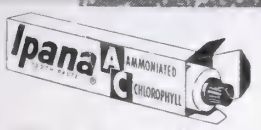
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Journal

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October 1954

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Journalities

We know writers who we think would be much more like themselves if they were other people, but not EVAN HUNTER, author of *Blackboard Jungle* (page 58). He is, in our opinion, *exactly* the sort of young man who could and should write such a startling novel. Born in Manhattan, he grew up in the Bronx, attended a variety of New York City public schools. After a stint in the Navy, he enrolled at Hunter College, married a classmate named Anita during his senior year. He held several jobs, including that of a teacher in a vocational high school, before deciding to write full time. *Blackboard Jungle* is the first major result of this decision. Evan and Anita Hunter live on Long Island, have three children, all boys.



Evan Hunter

FRANCES GRAY PATTON (*Miss Dove and the Maternal Instinct*, page 64): "Since I wrote the first Miss Dove story I am eight years older but very little wiser. My twin daughters who were just little girls when I wrote *The Terrible Miss Dove* and who, incidentally, advised me to send it to the JOURNAL (and bet me five dollars it would be accepted) are eight years older, too, and one of them is married! The son who was then about to graduate from prep school is now graduated from medical school. I am sorry I haven't done something bizarre." (Since living a wonderful life is not news, we can report that she has also written a novel about Miss Dove, which is to be a Book-of-the-Month selection and a movie and will appear in the JOURNAL soon.)



Frances Patton

JOE COOGAN, the first man to know about *The Decline and Fall of Augie Sheean* (page 68), says this about himself: "Interested in writing because can't seem to do much else very well. Once during infantry training, after carefully cleaning thick grease off my new rifle, I raised it to fire and suddenly went blind. Seems I had cleaned every part but the sight. That is the story of my life. Nadir of career so far: wrote a one-minute radio commercial for a free haircut. Terrible haircut. Commercial not good either. Married Jeanmarie Dunn, ex-JOURNAL assistant editor. Beautiful. Have one son, Kevin. Kind of beautiful. Promised a daughter. Guaranteed to be beautiful."



Joe Coogan

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Our readers write us

Never Brand Your Child a "Failure"

Pocatello, Idaho

Dear Editors: A mother came to my classroom near the close of school. "Please don't fail Jimmy. I know he hasn't done as well as he should, but he'll do better next year." Without waiting for my answer, she continued, "He'll feel terrible if he fails, and all his friends will be ahead of him. Couldn't you pass him anyway?"

Similar scenes are enacted each spring, humiliating to parents and distressing to teachers, yet wholly unnecessary.

In the first place, I had not "failed" Jimmy, nor had Jimmy himself failed. Never, under any circumstances, should a young child be branded a failure. I had written on Jimmy's report card the word "retained," and that was exactly what I wished to do—keep him in the second grade another year to allow him time to catch up, time to get a firm grip on all those new facts that were crowding him too closely.

As I tried to explain my reasons, Jimmy's mother interrupted with, "Is there anything wrong with my boy? If that little Jensen boy can pass, Jimmy ought to be able to!"

I hastened to reassure her. Jimmy was perfectly normal, definitely not mentally retarded.

It's an odd thing. During the past years we have come to realize that babies do not all mature at the same rate—physically or mentally. They usually begin to walk and talk at the age of fourteen months, but many do so at nine months or wait until they are a year and a half. We accept these differences as completely natural.

But for some unaccountable reason every child, on reaching his sixth birthday, is presumed ready for formal education. This is not correct.

For the first time in his young life a time limit is set on his learning process. He will be required to absorb a definite amount of knowledge within a definite period of time.

For many the change is too drastic, and no amount of wishful thinking, of prodding, coaxing or threatening can make your child or any child accept this change of pace simply because he has lived six years.

I wish this specter of "failure" could be dismissed from every classroom. I should like to see many more of our boys and girls given the opportunity to spend an extra year in the primary grades. Actually, these are most important, for the amount of knowledge your child gains from his future education, the happiness and satisfaction he derives, depends to a marked degree on what he accomplishes in the first three grades.

It will be wonderful when all of us are as understanding as Bobby's parents.

They stood quietly, the father's hand resting on his son's shoulder as he explained in a matter-of-fact, kindly voice, "Bobby has talked things over with his mother and me, and he would like you to be his teacher while he repeats second grade. Bobby studies hard—he's not a lazy boy—but some things were a little too difficult for him to catch on to."

I smiled at the boy. "What seemed to give you the most trouble, Bobby?"

"Reading, I guess. I wasn't too good at spelling neither." His face brightened. "But I didn't have any trouble with numbers. Wish I could read as well as I can do arithmetic."

"You will, son, you will," his father assured him.

And Bobby did. As teachers will, I followed his progress through other grades. He continued above average scholastically, and led his class in popularity. How different his life might have been had they branded him a failure—too "stupid" to learn.

Sincerely yours,
MARGARET HEAPS

Class Baby

Lakeside

Dear Editors: Mrs. John Warr Oklahoma City teacher, started o fall very happily with her second only to discover that she was preg How could she explain to the people? She confided in her prin Then she called a meeting of the mo She asked them to go home and tel children, each in her own way, and the same time—that evening.

The children were delighted. rooms had fish, turtles, dogs, e crow, but *they* were going to have a



"Their baby" shower

The week before she stopped work, had a baby shower. On each presen name that child had chosen for the All the boys chose names for boy the girls for girls.

Now isn't that the dearest s Note: it's about a teacher too!

Yours sincerely,
ROSEMARY CA
Teacher for 21
OU School of Writing 2

▶ JOURNAL *wrote Mrs. Warren f recent news; received this reply.* —D.

Dear Editors: Shannon Sue ar the day before her 32 young godpa went on spring vacation. Forma nouncements went to them all. Pe you'd care for a few more details?

Many older Edgemere pupils, fo and fifth-graders, also asked me the anticipated baby. They want know when it was expected and sex did I want. After my leave b the second-graders (my pupils) al asked, "When will you get baby?"

A fourth-grade girl asked how on when pregnant. The answer was, " derful, for what could be nicer?' said, "But what is it like?" Then alized she seemed to be trying to ualize an expectant mother carry "life-size" baby. I explained how and helpless a new baby was and they were much smaller when they began to grow. She appeared sati

One of my private pupils said t about a week before the baby "Now you look like you have a b

The attitude of the older childre one of sincerity, concern and happ The little ones were impatient.

When Shannon Sue was six week we dressed her from the diaper c clothes given to her by the childre took her to school to meet her parents, through the car windo they and their teacher filed by t "their" baby, their comments sh the love that only a child can expr the sight of a little baby.

Sincerely,
FANNIE MAE WA

P.S. I hope to be "promoted" to grade and rejoin my class this fall.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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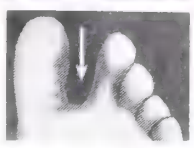
SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size and shape for soft corns between toes, quickly relieve pain; speedily remove soft corns. 30¢ and 40¢ boxes.



TENDER, HOT FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, sensitive feet. Soothes irritated skin. Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent infection of Athlete's Foot. 40¢ can.



ACHING, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes the feet. 50¢.



ITCHING FEET and TOES
Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves Athlete's Foot, itching feet and toes. Kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of raw, cracked or peeling skin. Liquid, Powder 60¢. Ointment, $1.00.



WEAK, FALLEN ARCH
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible. Adjustable. $6.50 pair.



PAIN HERE?
Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports and exercise relieve pains, cramps, callouses, burning sensations at ball of foot due to weak arch. Light, adjustable. $1.00 pair, up.



FOR INGROWN NAILS
Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops of this soothing preparation in nail groove relieves soreness, pain; softens embedded part of nail in skin for easy removal. 75¢.



CROOKED TOES
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft, cushioning rubber, tends to gradually straighten crooked or overlapping toes. Very comfortable. Worn invisibly. 75¢ each.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves painful shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 75¢ each. Leather Bunion Protector, $1.25 each.



CORNS, SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Corn Remedy (liquid) helps to relieve pain and remove hard corns on toes, soft corns between toes. Dries quickly. 35¢ bottle.



ODOROUS FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder is specially formulated to stop excessive perspiration and bad foot odor caused by a disorder of the sweat glands. Very soothing. 60¢ can.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Junior Space Man

Tuckahoe, New York

Dear Editors: The baby is three months old, son of Sergeant and Mrs. Farlin H. Johnson. He is possibly the most traveled baby of his age.

Born in Tacoma, Washington, he was taken by his mother over 3000 miles via the Great Northern Pacific Railway—the friendly porters baby-sitting when necessary—to visit his great-grandmother in New York State. Then he made the 3000-mile trip back to Tacoma, where for the first time he met his dad. Then Timmy started on a 3500-mile motor trip via the Alkan Highway to Big Delta, Alaska, where his dad is stationed.



10,000 miles in 3 months.

The trip took eight days of rugged driving. To date, almost 10,000 miles at the age of three months!

Now Timmy and his family are living in a stationary trailer on the post. Shades of our ancestors! Real modern pioneers. Sincerely,

JEANNETTE C. GILES

"Scotch Love"

Edinburgh, Scotland

Dear Sirs: My thanks for copies of the JOURNAL for May, June and July.

Let me say that I most heartily wish our national misunderstandings might be as easily disposed of, with common sense and courtesy. Most people in this country have the same aims, and the same social outlook, as our brethren in America. We have also a common enemy, against whom we must be always on guard.

Have you ever heard of "Scotch love"? It is a term used here to describe the squabbling between any persons, or group of persons, who are closely bound by affection or ties of kinship. They may argue and fight, but let anyone else join in, and at once the fighters forget the original dispute, and turn on the intruder!

With every good wish to my favorite magazine. Yours faithfully,

M. THOMSON

Puppy in Apartment

San Francisco, California

Dear Editors: The first puppies we raised had the run of our big basement. The laundry man, not finding us home one day, dumped our bundle of clothes through the meter door. The puppies were quick to discover it.

That set me to building puppy pens.

Various tries seemed pretty good, until I visited Dr. Leon F. Whitney at Orange, Connecticut. There, for the first time, I saw his laboratory puppies being raised on wire.

At first I was shocked. I was sure their little feet and legs would go through the one-inch mesh. I felt certain their feet and legs would be misshapen.

Dr. Whitney assured me that puppies raised in this manner actually developed better-formed feet and legs than those raised on the ground or the floor. My experience over fifteen years has proved

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



"Dress Look" Lee work cloth pleases wive

Every husband looks neater, feels in Lee matched shirts and pants. T made of dressy, durable Chetopa tailored in *his* size, Sanforized to s size! Dozens of "dress-up" extras them fit better, wear longer, too! You'll love his looks in Lee clothes—and the price is right!

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Please send me FREE, without obligation, my copy of the new 24-page booklet "Their Future Is In Your Hands," which contains a summary of "Education Is A 'Round The Clock Process." Address: Mr. Robert Gibson, Childcraft, Box 3565, Dept. 370, Chicago 80, Illinois.

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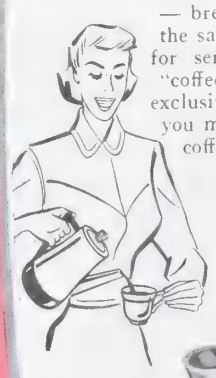
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Fully automatic — no gadgets. If you like mild coffee, merely use less ground coffee.



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at leading housewares, appliance and gift stores; prices slightly higher in Canada

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DEPT. 67A, WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

this. I have found also that a puppy rarely steps through his wire more than once or twice, even at three weeks of age, and never injures himself.

When I had devised a wire-bottom puppy pen to suit my needs, our puppy buyers insisted that I plan one that could be used in a small apartment.

You see, a dog socializes best from about three weeks to twelve weeks of age. That is, he adjusts his behavior to living with you at that age. Like a

PHOTO BY DOROTHY LINEER



Room of one's own.

human baby, he needs plenty of sleep and to avoid overstimulation or activities that will result in crossness from his human friends.

Training a puppy is such a pleasant, absorbing occupation that one doesn't worry too much—but if a puppy is raised unrestrained around the house, mother can worry about her curtains and chair legs, father about his slippers, and sister about her nylons.

In a pen two feet wide and four feet long a puppy of any but very large breeds will live happily most of the time until he is three or four months old. (By that time he'll be housebroken and safe to run about the house or fenced-in yard.) His wire grid should be gravel-screen, one-inch-square mesh, 8, 10 or 12 gauge wire. (Any smaller will be useless; larger would endanger his feet.) His sleeping compartment is three-ply plywood and his "view" is quarter-inch-mesh hardware cloth stapled to the frame. Use cleats to protect him (and your clothes) from rough edges.

The time to start teaching him to be a house dog is just before feeding time. Take him out of the pen for a few minutes, not more than fifteen. Teach him to come to you by getting down near his level and clapping your hands, calling his name and saying "Come." You can also teach him the word "no." Do this by calling his name and the word "no," when he starts to get into mischief, and be firm, but do not punish him. Just make sure that he does not do anything he should not.

At the end of this lesson, which is play to him, put him back in his pen and feed him his food which you have previously prepared. He will soon associate the lesson with being fed and enjoy it all the more. At this age you can teach him many things and form his attachment for you and also form the sort of habits which you want in your dog.

Dogs are naturally clean and he will never soil the plywood nest in one end of the pen, while fresh papers under his wire are easy to provide and will automatically housebreak him.

No one will ever surmise what a lot of fun there can be in raising a puppy until he has tried it this way, giving him a warm safe place to sleep, play and amuse himself without destroying family property. And when your dog is grown what a delightful companion he will be.

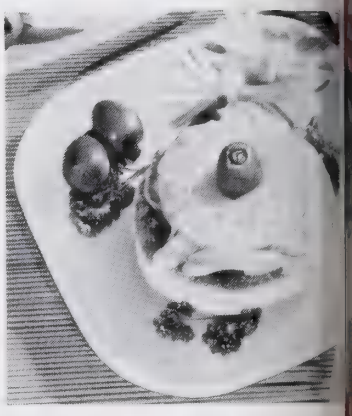
Sincerely,
CLARENCE J. PFAFFENBERGER

▶ *For more of dog expert Pfaffenberger's exciting new method of training puppies enjoyably (for them and you) see Under-Cover Stuff, page 31. ED.*

Meadow Gold Mealtime Adventures

by
Beatrice Cooke





FREE! RECIPES F
10 CHEESE SURPR

Chicken Hawaiian Sandwich
Lunch Box Special
Baked Cheese To asties
Cheese-Deviled Ham Open-Facers
Broiled Ham 'n Egger
DeLuxe Mus Cheesebur
Cheese and
Cheese Souf Sandwich
Tunaburger
Ham 'n Swis

Here's sandwich fare that's *par* delicious and different—and g with cheese. Nine of the 10 re listed above are to be served p from your oven or broiler. An made with a special Meadow Gol You know, Meadow Gold Chee processed and natural—are adve good eating. They're sure to p palate of the most discriminati lover. Why not try Meadow Gol Cheddar right away? Then you c the family with this Chicken Hawa

Recipe for Chicken Haw

4 English muffins
¼ cup Meadow Gold Butter
8 slices cooked chicken
1 10½-ounce can condensed cream of chicken soup
⅓ cup Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
¼ cup finely onion
¼ teaspoon
8 slices pine
1½ cups gra Meadow G Cheddar C
Paprika
8 stuffed oli

Split English muffins in half crossw cut surfaces with butter. Place on b and toast under broiler. Arrange a slic on each muffin half. Combine cream soup, milk, onion and salt; spoon m chicken. Top each with pineapple sli with cheese and the paprika. Place in or under moderate broiler heat u melts. Serve hot, garnished with st Makes 8 sandwiches. ***Note: Rusks o be used in place of English muffins.***



HOW TO GET YOUR FREE RECIP
Each recipe printed on standa card. Write to: Beatrice Foo Dept. J-104, 120 S. LaSalle Chicago 3, Ill.

© 1954, BEA

ake a can of Ocean Spray for good anberry Eating..





is one of the best cranberry desserts you ever ate. Everyone raves about it.

CRANBERRY CRUNCH

ix together: **1 cup uncooked rolled oats, ½ cup flour, 1 cup brown sugar.** in **cup butter** until crumbly. Place half this mixture in 8 x 8 greased ng h. Cover with **1 lb. can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or** le) spread rest of oatmeal mixture over sauce. Bake 45 minutes at 350°. in s ares. Serve with vanilla ice cream.



Make everything ahead. An extra special dessert for an extra special occasion!

CRANBERRY BLOSSOMS

1. Make **CRANBERRY SHERBET** — Mix together: **1 lb. can Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce, 2 tsp. grated lemon rind, 3 tbs. sugar, 6 tbs. orange juice.** Freeze until partially set. Fold in **2 stiffly beaten egg whites.** Freeze until firm.

2. Fold **1 cup whipped cream** into **lemon pie filling** (use packaged mix). Spoon over **sponge cup cakes** or **dessert shells.** Top with cranberry sherbet.



combination . . . quick to make: Ice Cream and Cranberries in a Pie.

CRANBERRY ICE CREAM PIE

l b d pie shell (or ginger snap crumb crust) with **1 qt. vanilla ice cream.** wit **lb. Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce.** Place in freezing com- ten ntil ready to serve.

NO RSNAP CRUST — Blend thoroughly: **1½ cups ginger snap crumbs,** up gar, **¼ cup melted butter.** Pat into bottom and sides of 8-inch pie Ch n refrigerator.



Chicken-and-Cranberry — Perfect Partners for a Salad Plate.

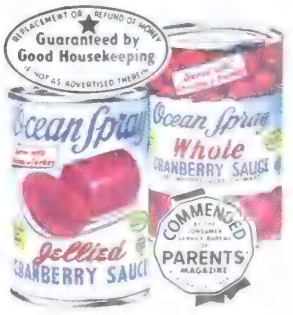
TWIN SALAD PLATE

Fill one lettuce cup with your favorite chicken salad; the other with delicious **Cranberry-Orange Salad:** Place in a custard cup: **1 envelope unflavored gelatine, ¼ cup cold water.** Let stand 2 minutes. Set cup in pan of boiling water until gelatine dissolves. Stir into: **1 lb. can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole).** Add **1 orange,** including **rind and pulp,** put through food chopper. Chill until firm.

Ocean Spray

CRANBERRY SAUCE

Also . . . Fresh Cranberries
NEW! Frozen Cranberry Relish



3 quick ideas to please your man with

Fresh Co

What makes this New Tamale Pie so delightfully different? Corn Meal with Fresh Corn Flavor!



Quick Pork Sausage Tamale Pie

Easy Dinner-in-a-Dish . . . Juicy, meaty . . . (6 servings)

Sausage Base:
- 1 pound pork sausage links
- ½ cup chopped onion
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cups cooked lima beans, drained
- ½ cup chili sauce
- 2½ cups (#2 can) tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt

Corn Bread Topping:
- ¾ cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal*
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 egg
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon shortening, soft

For sausage base, brown sausage links in frying pan. Remove links and drain all but a few tablespoons fat from the pan. Add onion and green pepper and cook until golden brown. Cut sausages in 1-inch pieces; add with remaining ingredients to onion and green pepper. Cover and simmer gently 30 minutes. Pour into 2-quart casserole.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add egg, milk and shortening. Beat with rotary beater until smooth, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat. Drop batter onto hot meat mixture. It will sink into the flavory juices. Then, as you bake the pie in a hot oven (425°F.) for about 20 minutes, the batter rises magically to form a meat-flavored golden crust.



A new dinner dish. The tender short bread is made with Corn Meal with fresh corn favor.

Corned Beef Doubl

Quick Short Bread . . . Quic

(6 servings)

Short Bread:
- 1 cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal*
- 1¾ cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt

Sift together dry ingredien
ening until mixture res
crumbs. Add milk and sti
a little more milk if neces
soft dough.) Knead gentl
Divide dough in half. Ro
form a rectangle 7½ x 11

Mix filling ingredients t
over one rectangle of do
second rectangle of dou
serving portions. Bake or
in hot oven (425°F.) 12 to 15
with additional catsup.

n Flavor

Here's a new-day corn meal... easier-mixing... fo er cooking... and with that wonderful fresh corn flavor

J t see—just *taste*—what's happened to corn meal. Honest- tc oodness fresh corn flavor! Yours to enjoy in every pack- a of Quaker Corn Meal. In Aunt Jemima Corn Meal, too. *Y*ou never knew corn meal could be like this. You'll notice th difference in your corn bread—in everything you bake.

You'll be astonished, too, at the easier mixing and faster cooking this modern corn meal gives you. To say nothing of the velvet-smooth texture you get.

Add the excitement of fresh corn flavor to *your* cooking. Try the Tamale Pie or the Corned Beef Double-Deckers. Either one transforms a little meat into a satisfying meal. And that new Pimiento-Pepper Corn Bread is simply wonderful! Try it!



Easy, fun to make, gay to look at. Changes plain-Jane meals into feasts

Quick Pimiento-Pepper Corn Bread

Quick 9-minute 1 bowl recipe

Smooth-textured. Non-crumbly

- 1 cup Quaker or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal*
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ½ cup milk
- ⅓ cup melted shortening

Sift together corn meal, flour, baking powder and salt; mix with green pepper and pimiento. Stir in beaten eggs and milk; lightly stir in melted shortening. Bake in a greased 8" square pan in a hot oven (425°F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

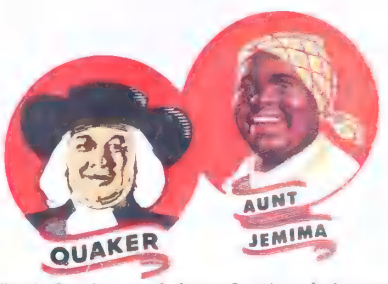
*Results on all recipes guaranteed only for Quaker Corn Meal or Aunt Jemima Corn Meal. *Either white or yellow Corn Meal can be used.*

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with the

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Both Quaker and Aunt Jemima bring you the choice corn, new milling methods, new packaging—for the Corn Meal (and Grits) with the fresh corn flavor. In bag or box, with either of these famous faces.

Give your lettuce a heart of gold–

then do it justice with **pineapple with balanced flavo**



☆ true-to-the-fruit goodness because DEL MONTE Pineapple is picked only when tartness and sweetness balance perfectly

These are privileged pineapples from the word "go." We raise them from our own selected strains—so special that we grew over 60,000 types to find them.

Then we shower them with loving care—pick and pack them just when natural tropic tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance.

So when you hear that all DEL MONTE Brand Pineapple has remarkably true-to-the-fruit flavor, you can believe it. Better still, taste for yourself—any style!

CHRYSANTHEMUM SALAD

- 1 medium-large solid head of lettuce
- ½ lb. package pasteurized process cheese food (at room temperature)
- ¼ cup cooked-type salad dressing
- 8 slices DEL MONTE Pineapple
- 1 red apple, unpeeled, cored and cut in 8 wedges
- Additional salad dressing thinned with some of the syrup from pineapple

Wash lettuce; drain dry. Place core side up and cut out a cylindrical hole about 2½ inches in diameter and 2 inches deep (including core). Mash cheese with the ¼ cup salad dressing; reserve 2 tablespoons for garnish; pack the rest into lettuce cavity, heaping slightly in center. Chill 1 hour. At serving time, cut into 8 wedges, arrange with cheese-stuffed ends toward center as shown. Place apple wedges, dipped in syrup from pineapple as soon as cut, between lettuce wedges. Arrange drained pineapple slices and cheese garnish as shown. Serve with salad dressing thinned with some syrup. Serves 8.

Enjoy 5 handy styles: sliced • crushed • chunks • tidbits • juice



Del Monte® Pineapple —*the brand you know puts flavor first*

The Difference Between Heaven and Hell

ONCE there was a man—so an old fable goes—who remarked to a friend one evening that he did not know whether he preferred to spend eternity in heaven or in hell. "Judging from what I have heard of both places," he said, "neither appeals to me very much."

Instantly his friend was transformed into an angel. "How would you like to visit hell?" the angel asked. The man said he was agreeable to a short visit if he could also take a quick look at heaven, so that he could compare the two.

"We'll do it," the angel said. He flapped his wings once and immediately they were in hell. It appeared to be a banquet room, with long tables piled high with luscious food. But the people around the tables were writhing in agony, for their elbows were encased in wide iron bands. With much food within their reach, they were starving, for they could not bend their arms to bring it to their mouths. They screamed and rolled on the floor. It was a horrible sight.

After a moment the man said, "I've seen all I want of hell. Show me heaven."

The angel flapped his wings once more and they were in heaven. It looked much the same as hell—a banquet room, the tables loaded with food, and seated at the bountiful tables, the people. They, too, could not bend their arms, for their elbows were encased in iron bands. Nevertheless, it was a heavenly sight.

The angel asked the man, "Now do you see the difference?"

"I see," he said. "I know why this is heaven, not hell."

The people in heaven were feeding each other.

This fable is the JOURNAL's reminder that October is Red Feather month. Community Chest and United Fund campaigns are going on in more than 1800 cities and towns all over the United States. This is the largest single voluntary fund-raising effort in the nation and it helps to finance 19,500 health, recreation and family-welfare services, including those which help our young men and women in military uniforms. Each community sets its own campaign goal, decides which services to include, and budgets and distributes the funds raised. It is the once-a-year community drive to help ourselves by helping others. Contributing to the Community Chest and United Fund is now the generally accepted way to extend a helping hand. Be prepared to give as generously as you can.

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"Portrait of the Artist," by Paul Gauguin (1848–1903). Black chalk on paper, 14" x 10½". Used by Gauguin to wrap a canvas which he sent from Tahiti to Gustave Fayet. Collection Paul Bacon, Paris.

Liberty and Conformity in America

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

THERE are two things that even friendly foreign critics of America do not really understand about our country. I doubt whether all Americans fully realize them. Yet these two facts account partly if not largely, I believe, for the more-or-less-continual swing of the pendulum between liberty and conformity in this country.

One is the ethnic structure of our nation. The other is the relative ease in entering it and the conditions that contribute to hiding in it, once here.

The United States is the only great and populous nation-state and world power whose people are not cemented by ties of blood, race or original language. It is the only world power which recognizes but one nationality of its citizens—American—while lacking the ties of blood, tribal kinship, original language, long-established unified culture, which contribute so much to national cohesion. How can such a union be maintained except through some idea which involves loyalty?

American relationships with the European nations of the noncommunist world have deteriorated during the last months. The nations that welcomed American leadership after World War II and were salvaged from their initial postwar troubles by American aid have become increasingly critical of both the foreign and the domestic policies of the United States.

"We have been unable to understand the anticommunist spy mania which has swept the United States in the last few years," the former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Gaitskell, wrote in the New York Times Magazine.

Others have remarked on the contradiction between the American tradition of liberty and the periodic recrudescence CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

Enjoy So Many Delicious Dishes made with Wilson B-V

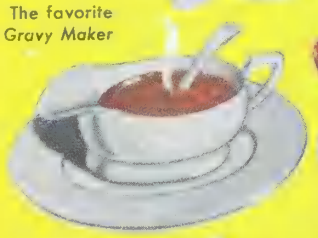


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America's most exciting new sports car!



1ST Prize

Kaiser-Darrin 161

Styled by Darrin of Paris! Fiberglas Up to 35 miles per gallon!

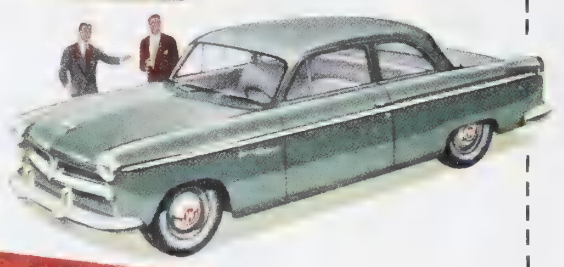
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Beautiful two-tone hardtop convertible ...averages better than 30 miles to the gallon (*with overdrive*).



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America's great 2-door family car... less than a penny a mile total operating cost (*as tested*).

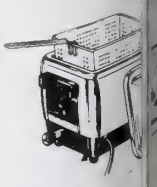




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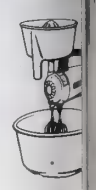
Fri-Well...
for automatic deep-fat frying. (Other cooking, too)
Retail value **$29.50**





Coffee-Well...
Electric...compl automatic...mak 4 to 10 cups of c
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Mix-Maid...
Mixer-juicer; portable; 9 full-powered speeds!
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Here Are Some Hints To Help you win:

In kitchens all over America, Wilson B-V is a must. It is a favorite for making rich brown gravies, wonderful soups, hearty B-V tea or broth, delicious consomme, tasty stews and casseroles and for other uses such as flavoring steaks and chops. B-V is a delicious blend of *real meat extract*, choice vegetable flavors and seasoning in highly concentrated, quick-dissolving paste form. Extremely *low in calories*.

Here's All You Do:

What is your favorite way to us Use it regularly in preparing *all* delicious dishes mentioned abov and then just write us in 25 wor or less about your most *enjoyabl* most *interesting* or most *unusual* of Wilson B-V, and enclose the of a B-V carton. It's fun. It's ea The 103 wonderful prizes make worth your while. Discover B-V many uses and you'll be an ever better cook than you are today.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Write plainly, on one side of a plain sheet of white paper—IN 25 WORDS OR LESS—about your most *enjoyable*, most *interesting* or *unusual* use of Wilson B-V. You don't have to write a recipe.
2. PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER OF THE PAPER.
3. All entries must be mailed to WILSON B-V Contest, Box 722-A, Chicago 77, Illinois and must be post-marked not later than midnight of Saturday, *November 6, 1954* and received by judges not later than midnight of Saturday, *November 13, 1954*.
4. Entries must be original work of contestant and carry his or her own SIGNATURE.
5. Contestants may enter as many times as desired but each entry must be accompanied by a B-V carton top.
6. Entries will be judged by an independent organization upon the basis of originality, aptness and compliance with these rules. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. All entries become the property of Wilson & Co., Inc. None will be returned. You accept these conditions when you enter.
7. This contest is open to all residents of the United States and District of Columbia, EXCEPT employees of Wilson & Co., Inc., its subsidiary companies, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.
8. All winners will be notified by mail, or in person, approximately six weeks after contest ends.

Enter B-V's "Many-Use" Contest N

Remember:
Contest closes November 6

WILSON & CO., INC. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TO MAKE

uckWagon

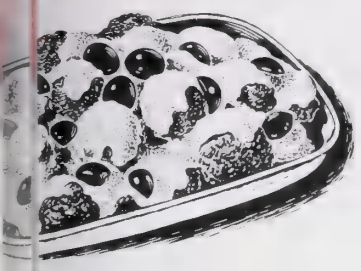
eat Balls

glamor eating

that sings with

California flavor

ou ink meat balls are hum-drum?
rec e will change your mind—*fast!*
sec t is: here they sing with the
t ny flavor of California Ripe
es. y it and taste what we mean.



	¾ cup ripe olives
fir dry bread	1 (10½-ounce) can tomato soup
	1 tbsp. vinegar
salt	1 tsp. prepared mustard
nd ound lean	1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
sh ening	

eg lightly and combine with
bs, ilk and salt. Add beef and mix
Sha e into balls and brown in hot
eni While meat browns, cut olives
arg ieces. Put browned meat balls
bak g dish. Heat undiluted soup
vir gar, mustard, Worcestershire
ar olives. Pour over meat balls
cov Bake in moderate oven (350
es) 30 minutes. Makes 4 gener-
erv gs.



r yo best friends—set out your
st v come—that's *whole* Ripe
ives f course—in a handy "wel-
me wl" or tempting appetizer
ty.

Ripe Olive Recipe Booklet
loze of exciting ways to add this
orni flavor to everyday cooking,
for legant but Easy Recipes with
orn Ripe Olives." Write to the
Ac sory Board, Dept. D-50, 24
orni St., San Francisco 11, Calif.



ripe...whole, pitted, chopped or sliced!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

of waves of hostility toward everyone suspected of failing to meet the prevailing norm of "loyalty."

It is not the purpose of this article to argue with Mr. Gaitskell. I do not think that Marxist communism menaces the social-political structure of the United States any more than he thinks it menaces that of Great Britain. Were I French or Italian, I should, I think, be more concerned about the internal communist danger than most of my French and Italian friends seem to be. I know also that in this country, as everywhere else, there is an internal communist conspiracy, allied with formidable foreign forces. But I do not think that communism as a belief, apart from overt and illegal actions, can be successfully combated by police methods, persecution, war or a mere anti spirit. The only force that can overcome an idea and a faith is another and better idea and faith, positively and fearlessly upheld.

But it might not be out of place here to remind our European friends and critics that not long ago their own forebears looked upon the American "experiment" with extreme skepticism, some of them predicting that such an "impossible" union-in-liberty would "inevitably" end in tyrannical dictatorship. By God's grace and our own intelligence and determination it never will.

This is not to deny that the existence of numerous nationalities, recalling earlier allegiances to states still existing,

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

creates special problems peculiar to the United States.

It contributes to isolationism because of the apprehension that organized minority pressures may bring America into wars involving no specific American interests, creating a reaction of the whole to the particular: America first.

Where a sufficient number of minorities become emotionally involved, it contributes to interventionism. Hitler's persecution of the Jews produced especially powerful reactions here where live half of all the Jews in the world, as his subsequent persecutions of Poles and other Western Slavs elicited the strongest repercussions in the country that has more Poles, Czechs, Slovaks and South Slavs—defining them by national origin—than any area outside Poland, Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia.

The two great political parties are also somewhat divided along ethnic lines. The larger part of the more recent immigrants are Democrats. There is almost certainly a connection between this fact and the fact that the Democratic Party has, in the past, been the more interventionist in behalf of immigrants' former countries. In 1952 the Republicans undoubtedly hoped to change normally Democratic votes among Americans of East European extraction by advocating the liberation of their mother countries—an idea received with less than enthusiasm by our West European allies.

The multiple ethnic structure gives to America variety, vitality and the outward appearance and reality of nonconformity. No other country has so enormous a foreign-language press. No other country is so catholic in many of its tastes—for instance, in food. No other country has an Athens, a London, Berlin, Warsaw, Rome, and what not, among its towns and cities.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Delicate  in Flavor

Buttery Smooth...



Royal

The Only **INSTANT** Pudding that is **Super Homogenized**

REALLY MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH!

PRE-COOKED!
DIGESTIBLE!
DELICIOUS!



You'll taste the difference instantly! Only ROYAL Instant Pudding is both pre-cooked and *super homogenized*. So easy to digest you can give it to babies! So creamy textured and smooth it's a new sensation on your tongue! And whether you choose delicate Vanilla, tangy Butterscotch, rich Chocolate, or luscious Coconut Cream, the flavor is at its best—with no hint of starchy taste. Do try *this* Instant Pudding. Get *super homogenized* ROYAL today.

INSTANTLY SMOOTH WITHOUT COOKING

Just add to cold milk . . . beat . . . let set . . . serve. *No film, lumps or starchy taste!*

A Joy, too, for Making Ice Creams, Frostings, Cake and Pie Fillings!



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A perfect Angel Food Cake every time you bake

A high, light and better-tasting Angel Food Cake



Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

"Hello, there—I'm Betty Crocker
do want you to know our new Ang
Mix. Our best friends tell us it b
high and light a cake as our ov
13-egg recipe. Better-tasting, too, b
you add your own favorite flavor
ing else but water to add—all the fine country egg
you need and special angel cake flour are right
package. You don't even have to sift! Do bake a
food . . . a Betty Crocker Angel Food . . . right

eat cake mixes from **Betty Cr**

VL SET

of **MIXING!**



TLY PACKED IN GIFT CARTON

ABOUT $2.95

Notice the tapered sides. They make these bowls easy to hold, pour from, clean. You can even bake in amazing Anchorglass! So handsome, you'll use them as serving bowls, too!

See these remarkable mixing bowls wherever glass is sold. If your dealer does not have them in stock, he can get them for you by writing Anchor Hocking Glass Corporation.



■ Black Polka Dots 1, 2, 3, 4 Qt. Bowls



• Red Polka Dots 1, 2, 3, 4 Qt. Bowls

Smartly packed in gift carton, about ***$2.95***

A product of Anchor Hocking Glass Corporation, Lancaster, Ohio

And a marv

arvelous M

Cake (*you m*

orglass

in one

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

But it is almost a law of politics that every pressure creates a counterpressure. Thus, cosmopolitan diversity threatening to create disruptive tendencies is counteracted by exceptional pressures for unifying tendencies, variety being checked by an equal trend to conformity, expressing itself especially in times of international crisis in "100 per cent Americanism."

As the phrase reflects the determination to shed a former national loyalty for the new one, the demand for it registers the realization that it is not so easy to abandon ancient allegiances as it is to cast off an old coat, and that he who has changed his nationality once may change it again.

Thus the law nullifying the citizenship of a naturalized American if he returns to the country of his origin and remains for more than two years without being able to present reasons, unrelated to preference, for his prolonged stay abroad.

For it is *not* easy to change a nationality or divest oneself of old national prejudices. Immigrants tend to gravitate to settlements largely composed of their own kind, and the tendency survives several generations. Nearly every great merican city has its Polish, German or ian section.

e pull which undoubtedly exists beold allegiances and the new one ributes to the dream of an Amer- If the whole world were "safe cy" and the "Four Freedoms" ical adjustments of Ameri-

re the greatest ciety.
RBERT SPENCER

uld be eased. inciples, at s of their ers the e over o as so within Aus- side ed e? of v





A perfect Angel Food Cake every time you bake

A high, light and better-tasting Angel Food Cake



Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

ing else but wate
you need and sp
package. You do
food . . . a Betty



Chase this "GHOST OF THE PAST

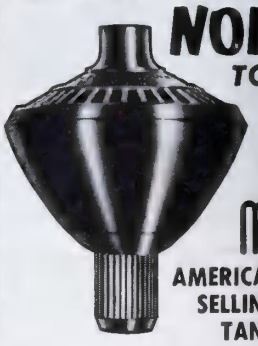
VANiSH cleans toilet bowls fast, scents the bathroom with a fresh, enjoyable aroma. Simply pour VANiSH into bowl. Bubbling "scrubbing action" removes rings, stains, and unseen, germ-laden scum. Harmless to plumbing and septic tanks. Use it regularly. You'll like the handy Expellid Opener.



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75c at hardware stores EVERYWHE

DACRON ORLON NYLON

IMAGI HATHAW CURTAINS at these LOW P

7" double full ruffles 104" wide per pr.—in white Masterweave Nylon.

Length	Per Pr.
63"	$6.29
72"	6.89
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chorglass *takes the splatter out of mixing!*

At last! AMAZING DEEP-BOWL SET DESIGNED FOR *Splash-proof* MIXING!



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-PIECE SETS ABOUT $2.95

s and tapered shape of these
ent splashing! No more wip-
rs from walls, counter, floor!
nd these brand-new Anchor-
h-proof bowls rest on a good,
perfectly balanced for tip-
ng. Whether you use a wooden
whisk, hand beater or port-
ic mixer, you can reach every
r without fear of splashing.

Notice the tapered sides. They make these bowls easy to hold, pour from, clean. You can even bake in amazing Anchorglass! So handsome, you'll use them as serving bowls, too!

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At Last!

A NEW SHAMPOO FORMULA THAT MAKES HAIR SHINY-CLEAN...RINSES OUT QUICKLY ...YET NEVER, NEVER DRIES YOUR HAIR



New Woodbury Shampoo

FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR-DOS RIGHT AFTER SHAMPOOING!

It's a happy feeling to have your hair shiny-clean and pretty. New Woodbury Shampoo will promise you that. But it will also promise that your hair won't be dried out and hard-to-manage. There is a special ingredient in this formula which protects the natural oils of your hair. You can set it right after washing, and the results will delight you. New Woodbury's lather is unusually rich, yet every bubble rinses out quickly — even in hardest water. (You won't need special rinses.) Because so many people are convinced new Woodbury is the ideal shampoo, and buy so much of it, it can actually be priced much lower than any other quality shampoo. Today, the big $1.00 bottle is yours for only 59¢. You'll enjoy using it!



Play centers substitute for city streets

. . . Yorkville, New York City

Trick or Treat

By MARGARET HICKEY

In thousands of our cities and towns boys and girls in costumes will ring doorbells as usual and say "Trick or treat" on Halloween. But some will wear badges bearing the letters UNICEF and, instead of filling their bags with candy and cookies for themselves, will be collecting nickels and dimes for milk and medicine for the hungry and sick children of the world.

The Halloween "Trick or Treat" project offers youngsters an opportunity to share in the work of UNICEF, the United Nations' program which is the world's largest international effort to improve the health and welfare of children and their mothers. Thanks to UNICEF, Korean boys and girls in unheated schoolrooms and homes will have a glass of warm milk every morning this winter. In Burma, Thailand, Indochina and Hong Kong, fewer mothers will have to stand by helplessly and watch their babies and youngsters die from preventable diseases. Fewer children in South America or India need suffer malaria or yaws for want of 15 cents' worth of drugs.

Last year 1349 community groups in 48 states taking part in the new "Trick or Treat" Halloween project turned over $99,000 to UNICEF. The largest collection, representing a county-wide effort, was $4423.37 from the towns and cities of Westchester County, New York. The largest single check, was for $2341.28 from "the United Church Women of Columbus and Franklin County and the children of Columbus, Ohio." The smallest—and equally heart-warming—was 50 cents from a fifth-grade child in Willimantic, Connecticut.

A single dollar, according to UNICEF, buys enough powdered milk to give 9 children a glass every day for a week; enough vaccine to protect 33 boys and girls against diphtheria; or enough penicillin to treat 8 youngsters for yaws.

Among the pioneer "Trick or Treat" organizers were the Rev. and Mrs. Clyde M. Allison, whose Sunday-school classes at the Bridesburg Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia were the first to go out with "jingle jars" for UNICEF in 1950. Since then P.T.A.'s, Junior Chambers of Commerce and other organizations in many communities have joined in this humanitarian Halloween celebration. Theaters, radio and television stations in many towns have helped out by presenting film shorts and spot announcements. This program for helping the world's children, says Mr. Allison, "shows boys and girls at their natural best at a time when juvenile delinquency is holding the attention of the public."

UNICEF can't have any more states participating in "Trick or Treat," since it already has 48, but it can have more communities in each state and more groups in each community. Would you, or an organization you belong to, like to introduce this project to the children of your own neighborhood? Write to "Trick or Treat" of the American Committee for UNICEF, United Nations Building, New York City, for detailed information. END

On a sunny afternoon children crowd every doorway along the streets of Yorkville—a great mixed section of New York's upper East Side, extending from 59th to 96th streets, from Fifth Avenue to the East River. Little boys, no higher than your elbow, are hitching rides on the great city buses. They jump on the back when the bus comes to a stop, then jump off as the bus begins to gain speed. A nine-year-old girl and a two-year-old boy, the little one screaming loudly, are pushed out of a corner saloon and a woman shouts after them, "Don't let him get in here again!" Children with light skins and dark skins race along the sidewalks, climb around parked cars, dart into the streets.

For Joseph Kubat, a small, dark-haired six-year-old, playtime in crowded Yorkville is different. The magic hour of Joe's day is three o'clock in the afternoon. Then Joe and the hundreds of other kids who go to P.S. 86 pour out onto busy Lexington Avenue. They're free till next day!

But Joe's father, who is a barber, and his mother, a telephone operator, won't be home till suppertime. The empty apartment is locked. In his school there are about 150 kids like him—children who, a few years ago, had only the already overflowing sidewalks and streets to turn to.

Today all 150 of them crowd around the school doors to go back in at 3:15—not for more school but for play. Inside are friends and neighbors—some adults, some teen-agers—who are full of ideas about interesting things to do. The big boys, shouting at the tops of their voices, play ball in the yard outside, with a good-natured adult (they call him "Teach!") to umpire. A high-school girl and a small fifth-grader whirl a long rope for the girls waiting to try their skill at jumping.

Inside, smaller boys and girls begin banging large blocks over the floor. They've decided to build a ship—with bunks for everyone. Next door there's a wonderful messy scene with paste and colored paper—young artists are learning paper sculpture.

So begins a typical afternoon in one of five afterschool play centers (three for elementary-school children, two for CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

ERICH HARTMANN



When school is out, their fun begins. Children who once roamed city streets now spend long afternoons with paste and paint—making animals, greeting cards, jack-o'-lanterns, pictures—under the helpful guidance of volunteers working with the Yorkville Youth Council, New York City.



"SEE RED"

fashion's new hot-tempered red in

MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick

the only non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre"



Looking for t
Wear "See Re
the maddening
new lipstick c
Max Factor. B
careful—don't
anything you
finish! $1.10 p

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

which are operated by the York-
Council, a private agency created
ago by parents and neighbors in
nity. With a minimum budget
t year) and a small nucleus of pro-
ff members supplied by the Board
n, the council has built a program
provides daily recreation and new
1300 children and young people!
one of the program is an enthusi-
of 250 parents, college students
hool juniors and seniors, each of
s one afternoon a week to the
se volunteers work with the chil-
e office, raise funds for the council,
e the experimental and adminis-
ning. Volunteers even recruit new

munity undertaking, aptly de-
"adventure in human relations,"
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arents of private-school pupils.
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rows of cold-water flats.
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often are—costly, but the York-
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rogram on the smallest budget
ing the resources at hand.
hose resources? First there were
school buildings themselves.
the licensed teachers in the
and women trained to work with

st resource of all, there were the
community. Parents from Park
First Avenue shared one power-
terest—the welfare of their chil-
e council's program for children
exciting by-product: a commu-
g to pull together—instead of

R FREDERICK MILLER, enthusiastic
king president of the Y.Y.C.'s
ectors, was a member of the
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f building *trust*," she points out,
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Millicent C. McIntosh, now
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financial backing from their
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an idea and a thousand dollars
the committee went to Mark
irector of the Bureau of Com-
tion of the Board of Education
City. He promised the use of a
public-school building after school hours, and the help of professional teachers, their salaries to be supplemented by the Yorkville Youth Council. But, because he knows people as well as he likes them, Mr. McCloskey warned the committee that they would from that point on be wearing "the hair shirt of co-operation!"

The program was three years old, the first experimental play center (for 200 children) had proved a notable success when Miss Elisabeth Ayres was brought in to head the project. A slender vital woman who never loses her air of calm, Miss Ayres is liaison officer between the board of directors, the advisory panel (leading professionals from New York's schools and school associations), the schools where play centers are established, the parents' organizations of both private and public schools, the professional staff—now grown to eighteen members—the volunteers in every field, and the children themselves.

THE volunteer aides, more than any others, make possible that line of children, pushing and shouting, eager to go back into the school building at 3:15. Because the volunteers are there in such number, hundreds of children rather than a handful (about one third of the total enrollment in each school) are taken care of by the Y.Y.C. program. Children from neighboring parochial schools are included. Parents' applications for their children's admission to the center are accepted in order of need—first priority goes to the children whose mothers work outside the home.

The only way to play the game of life is to take your tarts when they are passing tarts, and not wait to see what they are going to pass next.
—WARREN HENRY GOLDSMITH:
Crumbs of Common Sense

The large number of volunteers makes possible, too, the wide choice each child has for his afternoon play—active games, quiet games, arts and crafts, music, drama, dancing, woodwork. A little boy may spend a busy hour just pounding nails in a board. Or if a child wants to be quiet and read awhile, he can do that too. Trips are arranged each year to museums, art centers and local industries.

Adult volunteers come from the parents' groups of public and private schools. Mrs. Helen Eustis, a well-known writer, leads a story hour. Mrs. Ross Harris, a vice-president of the council, and an accomplished musician, teaches a drum section. The children pound out their explosive energy on old sugar kegs covered with used drumheads (Mrs. Harris' own idea). In a room nearby Mrs. Puleselic, who speaks English with an accent (and whose own child attends the play center), brings her clever fingers and ingenious ideas to a "sewing class" where little girls make pot holders, aprons or felt decorations to take home to mother later.

College students, majoring in education or sociology, come from five New York colleges and universities to help with the program. And to the Y.Y.C. leaders' delight, over half of the volunteers working with the children come from public and private high schools.

Because these 125 teen-agers are young enough to sympathize fully with the children's energy—and noise!—they are among the best workers there. Sue Raymond, of Chapin, a private school for girls, has gone to P.S. 86 one afternoon a week for three years. A small sturdy girl who loves games and has unusual poise, she can umpire twenty-five high-spirited boys in a fierce game of "warball" and have as much fun as anyone there. "And I learn more than I ever could from books!" she says.

The program for "junior volunteers" is one of the most important—and demanding—aspects of the Y.Y.C.'s recreation plan. High-school principals or headmasters select only young people who are mature, well-balanced personalities, and the Y.Y.C. directors guide the students individually in their work with the children. Young people—as staff aides—are treated as adults. "We feel deeply grateful to the Y.Y.C.," Miss Edna M. Hill, headmistress of Nightingale-Bamford, says, "for providing a worth-while mature project for adolescents—*always* accused of being immature."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212



The only cotton swabs that give your baby all these benefits

1. Sparkling-white Red Cross Cotton
2. No loose wisps or fuzz; won't twist or slip
3. Splinter-free sticks, polished smooth
4. Doctor-recommended size
5. 100% sterile, guaranteed by Johnson & Johnson

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TEASE
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IC SOLE that softens your step

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At the heart of Air Step fashion is the comfort of the Magic Sole ... a buoyant, airy cushion skillfully designed to pillow your every step.

The woman you see here is actually feeling the Air Step Magic Sole. You can feel it, too ... in every one of these six style leaders now at your retailer's Fashion Fair. Air Step's Magic Sole is the invisible side of fashion—seen only in your light step, happy smile. Your best buy in shoe fashion plus a bonus of comfort.



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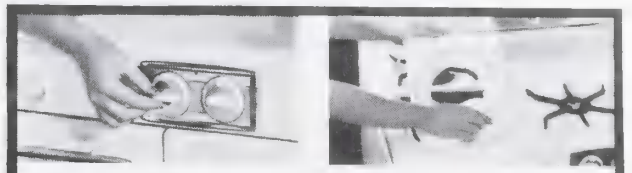
Only 36 inches wide!

Universal's new 2-oven gas range... at a budget price!



Enjoy two-oven convenience at single-oven price in just 36 inches of wall space! Bake at one temperature while you roast at another in Universal's two separately controlled ovens. Makes perfect meal timing a cinch!

A full-sized smokeless broiler, four big lifetime top burners, modern automatic controls and many other famous Universal features make this budget-priced gas range today's best buy. See it now at your Universal Gas Range dealer.



Fully automatic! All guess work is eliminated with Universal's modern automatic controls.

Easy to clean! Removable burner bowls and one-piece top make cleaning quick and easy.

Universal

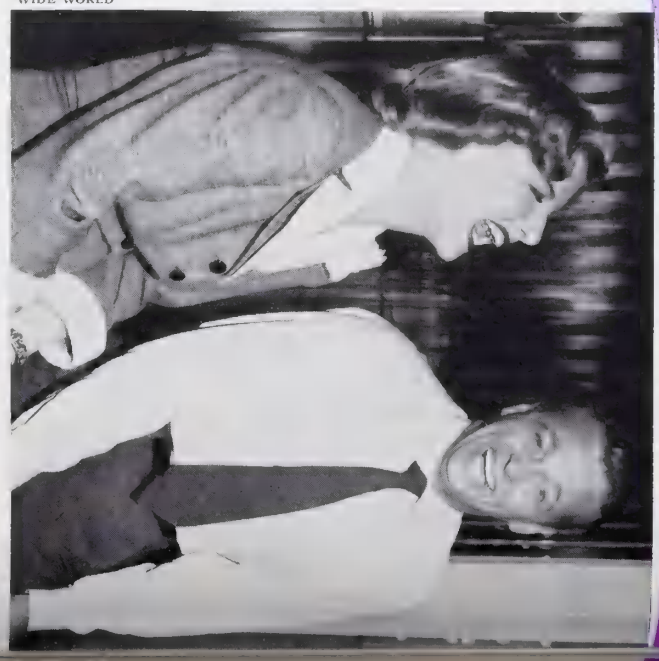
GAS RANGE ▪ Cribben & Sexton Co., Chicago 12, Ill.

Gas gives easier, cooler, cleaner cooking—for less. You bake best, broil best, roast best, cook best with gas on a Universal Gas Range.

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

WIDE WORLD



Ann Sheridan and John Lund give a lesson in laughing.

IT may be the times we're living through, or maybe it's just that we're all growing older, but people don't seem to laugh the way they used to. They're tense and heavy-minded. They should read more amusing books, is my notion, so I've turned up a few—various kinds for various tastes—hoping that among them there'll be a laugh for all.

To begin with there's AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN HUMOR, put together by ***Bennett Cerf***, who has been chuckling for the past year. It's a wonderful collection, with bits chosen from the best-selling humor, like *The Egg and I*, *The Father of the Bride*, *Mr. Roberts*, *The Last Resorts*; a department called "A Whiff of Grease Paint" devoted to theater humor which goes all the way down the line to W. C. Fields–Charlie McCarthy; "The Next Verse You Hear"—and so on through 704 gloom-dispelling pages.

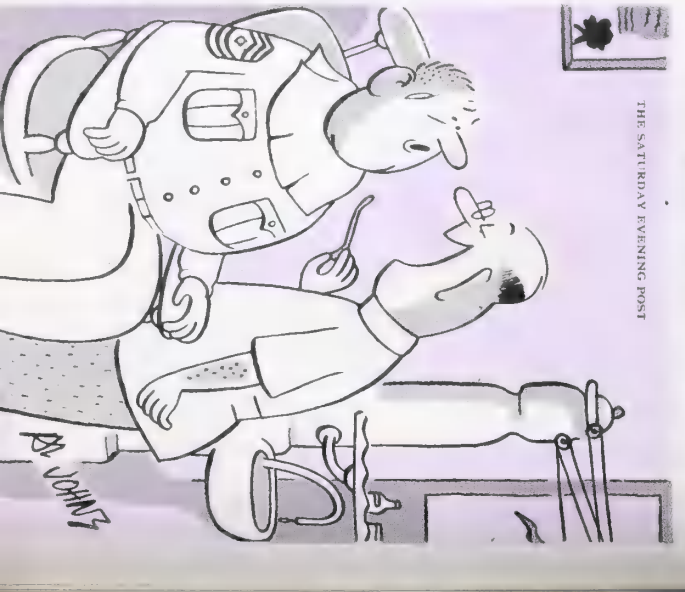
NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS, by ***Mac Hyman***, will make almost anybody laugh out loud. It is about a Georgia hillbilly drafted into the Army. When the draft official first turned up Pa drove him off with a rifle. The second time Pa said he'd let Will go if he could go freely, not be fetched in a car. So Wi twenty-seven miles to town to feelings. He hadn't gone to board in the first place becaus up there could read.

THE RAMAYANA, on the ot is not everybody's caviar—a phisticated, philosophical satire written by ***Aubrey Menen***. the Ramayana is an old India but this version is pure Aubrey just as The Private Life of Hele was pure John Erskine. Menen, remember, is the half-Irish, h young man, brought up in Engl living in Italy, who made his liter with that indescribable book, *alence of Witches*. Someone h him the modern Anatole Franc two, I must confess that I find M more amusing.

THE WORCESTER ACCOUN specifically a funny book, but y with pleasure as you read. This the people who lived, forty or f ago, on Providence Street, W Massachusetts—the one Jewish

CONTINUED ON PAGE

"Come now—I know you can do better than that!"



Maybe the reason more children eat Jell-O Puddings than any other kind is because they taste so good.

Maybe the reason more mothers serve them is because they're so nourishing . . . and so easy to fix.

Maybe you ought to try some!



Vanilla
Chocolate
Butterscotch
Lemon

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

new! deep



Tissue-Test proves it!

After you think your usual cleansing method has cleaned your skin, use a few drops of Deep Magic. Then look at your tissue. See all the clogging make-up that only Deep Magic can remove . . . Proof that Deep Magic cleans deep, deep down— where beauty begins!

magic

facial cleansing lotion by Toni

leans your skin up to* 3 times cleaner *than soaps or creams



now you can have a clearer skin

because you can have a cleaner skin. New Deep Magic actually deep-cleans your skin as much as *three times cleaner* than soaps or creams—without soap drying, without cream greasiness! It leaves your skin far cleaner, radiantly clear the *very first time* you use it. Lanolin-gentle Deep Magic actually replaces natural oils, leaving behind an invisible powder base.

Try Deep Magic today. See the wonderful magic it works on your complexion!

(60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, wherever cosmetics are sold.)

No other cleansing method leaves your skin

so clear - so soft - so radiant !



"Brown Beauty" Dry Mop and Split Duster



New, Light-Weight Stanhome Electric Iron



Stainless Steel Steak Knife and Fork Sets

Gifts you'll love!



Ask your Stanley Dealer how you can get these and other valuable REWARDS FOR THE STANLEY PARTY HOSTESS

Entertaining your friends at a Stanley Hostess Party is both pleasant and profitable. Stanley Dealers are grateful for the privilege of being invited into homes to demonstrate Stanley's Quality-Plus Housekeeping and Personal Grooming Aids. In appreciation, these friendly Dealers see that each and every Stanley Party Hostess is liberally rewarded for her cooperation. For this purpose, Stanley Dealers feature a wide choice of highly-prized Dividend Gifts exclusively for Stanley Party Hostesses. Ask your Stanley Dealer to show you the complete assortment for your selection. Then plan to give your own Stanley Hostess Party soon.



Stainless Steel Kitchen Cutlery Set



Hand-Painted Dishes, Lace Cloth, Salt and Pepper Shakers



Stanley-Flex Kitchen and Household Nece

Most Popular



STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators of th Famous Stanley Hos Party Plan

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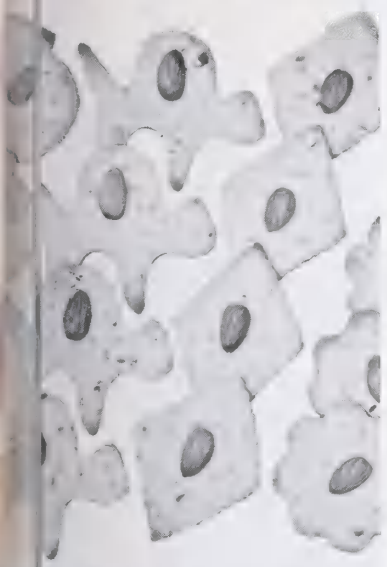
When you give a Stanley Hostess Party, you give one of America's most popular home demonstration parties. More than 12,000 of these fun-filled and convenient shopping Parties take place every day. These Parties are easy to hold. No home is too little, no group too small. To arrange for your Stanley Hostess Party, phone or write your Stanley Dealer, your nearest Stanley Home Products Branch Office, or communicate direct with Stanley's Main Office in Westfield, Massachusetts.

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 Quality-Plus Products featured at the Stanley Hostess Parties: Mops, Brushes, Brooms, Dusters, Waxes, Polishes, Chemicals, Deodorizers, Moth Preventives to help you save time, work, mone doing housework better. Feminine Toilette Articles, Masculine Shaving Prepa Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes, Dental Hygiene Aids, a w other items to improve personal grooming.

TO MAKE

"Trick or Treat" Cookies

gobblin good for Halloween



Trick or Treat, thanks to Blue Diamond ... These crisp cookies resemble the ... Swedish tea cookies called Spritz. Make ... this way.

... butter or ... granulated ... sugar ... eggs

2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup ground almonds
½ tsp. vanilla extract
Almond meats

...tter and sugar together thoroughly. ...unbeaten egg yolks. Stir in flour, ...nds, and flavoring. Work mixture ...ls until smooth. Roll dough ⅛ to ...hick and cut into desired shapes. ...may be shaped into 1-inch balls and ...with fork.) Top with half or whole ...ither natural kernel or blanched. ...ngreased cooky sheet in hot oven ... for about 8 to 10 minutes or until ...ht brown.

...nds "glorify" 'most any dish



Crunchy almonds "perk up" everyday dishes and glorify desserts. Try roasted almonds, diced, on ice cream, with or without syrup topping. M-m-m-m. Home-made Sundaes for only *pennies!*

...Diamond ...Almonds ...sted- ... or ...s of ...monds ...d meats.



FREE RECIPES For free booklet "Win Compliments with Almonds," write California Almond Growers Exchange, Sacramento, California

WHATEVER THE DISH, FOR ...NESS' SAKE, ADD ALMONDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

that New England city. It is what ***S. N. Behrman,*** the now famous playwright, remembers about his childhood. It concerns intimately only Jews, but Protestant-Catholic Worcester peeps through everywhere—Worcester Academy, Easton's, Holy Cross. St. Vincent's Catholic Hospital was in the Jewish section, and Mrs. Behrman, Sam's mother, was a frequent patient there. Though she spoke only Yiddish, she made close friendships with many of the nuns. It was a charming consideration, her son tells us, that the nuns veiled the holy pictures—the Virgin and the Crucifix—to spare the religious sensibilities of their Orthodox Jewish patients.

Sam Behrman has traveled a long way from Providence Street. He knows the world well and his sense of values is unerring. This little book of his is never woeful, never precious, never funny at the expense of truth. It is an artist's mature work. (Among Behrman's many comedies are Biography, No Time for Comedy, The Second Man.)

•

If you ever take a small girl to Boston, take her on a swan boat on the lake in the Public Garden. And if you have not



FPG

Swan boat on the lake in Boston's Public Garden.

already done so, don't fail to read to her, before and after, ***Robert McCloskey's*** MAKE WAY FOR THE DUCKLINGS. It is a Boston classic.

And if you have a spaniel you will do well to get TRAINING YOUR SPANIEL, *by* ***Clarence Pfaffenberger.*** *(See page 6.)*

•

Two of England's "bright young men" have current books: TACTICAL EXERCISE, a collection of a dozen of ***Evelyn Waugh's*** stories, typical Waugh, witty, wicked; and FUTURE INDICATIVE, the second volume of ***Noel Coward's*** autobiography, particularly interesting in light of the Gertrude Lawrence story now running in the JOURNAL because those two were always such friends.

•

Detroit citizens will be interested in HATCHET IN THE SKY, by ***Margaret Cooper Gay,*** fine historical novel of the period 1760–70 when the French and English were fighting for control of the Northwest, climaxed by the fall of Detroit into the hands of the English, and the valiant though fruitless efforts of Pontiac, the great Indian leader.

Texans will want to read THE SEARCHERS, by ***Alan Le May.*** This is a historical novel laid after the Civil War when the Comanches, best horsemen and most savage of our American Indians, faced the plain hard-working cattlemen of South Texas.

Virginians will like SHADOWS IN SILVER, a book of old photographs,



BRILLIANT cooking combination . . . YOU and your

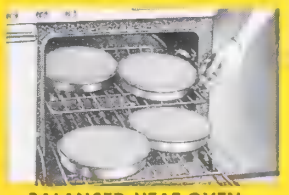
HARDWICK 75

Gas Range with *Super* EconoMatic



ECONOTROL TOP BURNERS
3 burners in 1! High flame for quick boiling; click to controlled boiling heat (NO boil-overs); click again to keep-warm heat!

Exclusive HARDWICK features



BALANCED-HEAT OVEN
EquaFlo Burner provides the absolute same temperatures throughout the roomy oven. Bakes cakes identically without peeking, turning or reshuffling!



SMOKE-PROOF BROILING
EquaFlo char-broils a broilerful of meat, browns edges of steaks or chops just like the center, with no smoke at all!

You'll win a reputation as cook *extraordinary* with this feature-studded HARDWICK 75, triumph of HARDWICK'S 75 years of making gas ranges that cook better and look better.

SAFE! Your HARDWICK 75's top burners and oven light instantly, automatically, from a pin-point pilot so small it can't heat the range. But no gas can escape ever, for Super EconoMatic automatically cuts off gas supply to top burners or oven if pilot is extinguished.

Start a brilliant cooking future . . . see the popular-priced HARDWICK 75 today at your dealer or gas company!

HARDWICK STOVE COMPANY • CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

HARDWICK 1879 75 1954 DIAMOND JUBILEE

PERFORMANCE that only 75 years of experience could produce

FREE! Complete story of Super EconoMatic. New safety in your home. New automatic features of HARDWICK 75 Gas Range. Mail coupon today to Department L-23.

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Women who love luxury choose this newer, nicer kind of tissue

Newer, nicer...for today's nicer bathrooms

Gentle as facial tissue. Soft-Weve is the modern bathroom luxury you find in most carefully appointed bathrooms of today. It's soft like your facial tissue—made like facial tissue, too.

Two soft thicknesses, firm and strong give Soft-Weve its wonderful softness and practical strength. Your family and guests will appreciate the greater comfort of Soft-Weve . . . so be sure to provide it in your home. Soft-Weve is another great Scott paper value.

"SOFT-WEVE." REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



taken between 1850 and 1900 by ***George Cook*** and his sons, with text by ***A. Lawrence Kocher*** and ***Howard Dearstyne.***

•

For biography this month there is THE REMARKABLE MR. JEROME, by ***Anita Leslie,*** a period piece set around Sir Winston Churchill's energetic American grandfather. Energetic! Leonard Jerome kept New York whizzing through a large part of the nineteenth century. He introduced the royal sport of horse-racing, nurtured grand opera, put the New York Times on its feet, made a fortune of $10,000,000—lost it and made it again.

•

The male equivalent of a mink coat (to leap forward a century) is the rich-and-racy-looking modern sports car. Probably very few JOURNAL subscribers

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION. COPR. 1954 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"But, Charles, what about us?"

will care to read THE MODERN SPORTS CAR, by ***Tom McCahill,*** but they do have husbands and brothers, and *they* can dream, can't they?

•

NEW HOPE FOR THE RETARDED, by ***Miriam*** and ***Phillip Pollock,*** has been recommended to me by a Girl Scout leader who found it very helpful in dealing with a problem in her troop—"simple, written in nontechnical language and a blessing for anyone working with a retarded child."

•

For poetry we have THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES, by ***Jenny Lind Porter,*** whose first poem and many poems since you have seen in the JOURNAL.

•

Last of all there's humor again—this time the broad variety. NEVER SAY DIET, by ***Corey Ford,*** illustrated by ***R. Taylor,*** is a comic on calorie diets, a possible gift to the stout party who can take a joke when it's handed him.

Fret away those surplus pounds, suggests Mr. Ford. Concentrate on some of those things that upset you. Lose pounds.

What was it I was to be sure and pick up at the supermarket on the way home? Loss, ½ pound.

Is that a motorcycle following us? 3 pounds.

What did the boss mean yesterday when he said sales were falling off and there seemed to be a lot of deadwood in the office? 5 pounds.

What time is it? 1 pound. END

HAVE YOU S
MEDI
ON TV?



"...no comprom
with truth"
makes
MEDIC
top television
drama!

An unforgettable experience awai
you haven't yet seen MEDIC. W
paralleled realism and honesty it
case histories and carries the off
dorsement of the Los Angeles
Association. It is produced und
technical supervision by Wort
Miner, originator of Studio One;
and written by Dragnet writer, Jame
The Dow Chemical Company is p
present a program of such exception

MEDIC
Monday Nights
9 to 9:30 EST NB

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

DOW

Dial Soap again offers you this wonderful opportunity!

WIN AN OIL WELL!

Have money flowing in for years*





* *Grand Prize*

Full operating income of a producing oil well (subject to usual farmer's royalty). Independent petroleum engineer estimates winner's first year's income at $12,000—gradually less yearly income for as long as 10 to 20 years. Total may eventually run as high as $35,000. OR—winner can take $25,000 CASH now.

206 CASH PRIZES
EVERY WEEK FOR 6 WEEKS

FIRST PRIZE	5 PRIZES	200 PRIZES
(every week)	(every week)	(every week)
$1,000.00 Cash	each $100 Cash	each $10 Cash

...ning an oil well—becoming rich over night! ...y opportunity in Dial Soap's fabulous new con-...parate weekly contests. 206 cash prizes every ...the Grand Prize Oil Well going to one of the six ...ers. All this for the winning jingles on Dial Soap. ...very week and increase your chance of winning!



6 Big Contests! Enter often every week!

DIAL SOAP JINGLE CONTEST

Just finish a 2-line jingle starting with

"I'M GLAD I USE DIAL _____

_____"

SAMPLE JINGLES

I'm glad I use Dial, I wish everyone would,
For Dial stops odor in a way that is good!

I'm glad I use Dial, its lather so creamy,
Helps my complexion in a way that is dreamy!

How to Write Winning Jingles. 2-line jingles are the easiest kind to write! Just start your jingle with "I'm glad I use Dial." Keep your jingle to two lines, and make the last word in both lines rhyme (as in samples above). Read our "Hints" and just tell us your own reasons for liking Dial Soap. Mail today—you may win an Oil Well!

Enter this week and every week! Follow these easy rules

1. Finish a 2-line jingle that starts "I'm glad I use Dial....." Last word in both lines must rhyme.

2. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. Write each on a separate piece of paper. Print your name and address plainly. Attach to each entry a Dial Soap wrapper—either Bath Size or Regular Size. Mail to DIAL, BOX 7199, Chicago 77, Illinois. (Be sure to use enough postage.)

3. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with its own set of prizes each week. Dates are:

Contest	*Opens*	*Closes*
1st	Now	Sept. 25
2nd	Sept. 26	Oct. 2
3rd	Oct. 3	Oct. 9
4th	Oct. 10	Oct. 16
5th	Oct. 17	Oct. 23
6th	Oct. 24	Oct. 30

4. Entries received before midnight, Sept. 25, will be judged in first week's contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current week's contest which will close at midnight each successive Saturday. Entries for 6th and final week must be postmarked before midnight, Saturday, Oct. 30, and received by Nov. 6, 1954.

5. The Grand Prize to be awarded at the end of the final contest will be the full operating income of a producing oil well (subject to usual farmer's royalty) or $25,000 cash. Armour and Company will furnish independent petroleum engineer's estimate of oil well's present and future earnings to help winner decide whether to choose the oil well or the $25,000 cash. Also, the following Cash Prizes will be awarded each week:

1 Prize, $1,000 Cash
5 Prizes, each $100 Cash
200 Prizes, each $10 Cash

The Grand Prize winner will be selected from among the six weekly $1,000 winners.

6. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought by Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges' decision final. No entries returned or published. Entries and ideas therein become property of Armour and Company. Armour and Company reserves the right to disqualify any entry which was not personally composed by contestant or members of his immediate household. (This right is reserved to disqualify entries prepared by professional "ghost" writers, schools and contest writing services.)

7. All persons in the United States, its territories and possessions may enter, except employees of Armour and Company, its advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. Winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after the close of the 6th contest. List of winners will be mailed to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

...AST YEAR'S GRAND PRIZE WINNER



...onald Parkinson, 6027 Ells-... Dallas, shown with Mrs. ...son as he learned he was Grand ...Winner in Dial Soap's 1953 ...ll Contest.

...er of a young son and ...er, he is an employee of an ...ice company. And he proves ... to keep on entering: "The ...ontest I ever won was the ... prize of $1000, and in the 6th ...t that. You can imagine how ... getting the Grand Prize, too. ... am glad I use Dial Soap!"

HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN

Now, more than ever, you can be glad you use Dial. Tell us why (in an easy 2-line jingle like the samples above) and maybe win an Oil Well! Dial's the soap that stops perspiration odor *before* it starts. Because Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) destroys odor-causing bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

And mild, fragrant Dial protects complexions even under make-up, because it removes bacteria that spread surface blemishes. For children, Dial helps prevent infections that often follow minor cuts or scratches. Tell us why *you* like Dial in an easy jingle. It may win you Cash or an Oil Well!

True or False?

THE SUB-DEB *edited by*

Ruth Imler

"A girl has to neck to be popular."

FALSE A truly popular girl doesn't *have to* do anything she doesn't want to do; she's independent enough to do only those things she chooses to do. And this attitude of independence—and her own friendly interest in people and her ability to make others feel her interest in them—is plenty good date-bait, as boys tend to rate a girl by the same system of values as she rates herself. True, a girl who gets a reputation for being a "good neck" is likely to have a sudden whirl of dates from the curious. But who would want to change phones with her, on that inevitable date when she *has* to ask herself if the boy really likes her, or if he's "only interested in necking"? From that date forward, she is never quite certain of her charms; and although she likes dances, movies, walks, football games and parties, somehow she *has* to keep proving to her dates that she does! And the girl who depends on necking for popularity often loses the very freshness and sincerity that are a girl's two biggest assets in attracting boys.

"If his kiss leaves you weak, it's real love."

FALSE For, although it *may* be real love, it isn't necessarily so. His kiss can also leave you weak if 1—you're crazy about him and uncertain about the way he feels about you; 2—if it's your first real kiss the swooning side of a good-night peck; 3—if you still believe, romantically, that "when the right person comes along you'll know it," and think that only that love which comes suddenly and dramatically is "real." The real test of love is how much do you *enjoy* a person—what he thinks, hopes, does? How much do you *care* about his happiness? How much do you *respect* and *admire* him? As well as how far do his kisses *send* you!

"Kissing games are kid stuff."

TRUE Kissing isn't a game, any more than it's a bargain or a reward, and anybody who thinks it is just isn't old enough to know the difference yet. "Kissing games are kid stuff" is usually enough to squelch the infant who suggests a round of post office or truth or consequences—if it's followed head on by a suggestion for amusement, like a square dance or charades, or just "Refreshments!"

Couples who wander off at parties—to play a kissing game of their own—are also a problem to their hostess and their friends. A skillful hostess can often prevent this trend from starting by suggesting a challenging game and asking the antisocial boy to help her get it going. Using kissing as a way to pass the time is another way of cheapening your affections. Kisses are special and should be private



TANA HOBAN

"Love is a kind of big hunk of black magic that glitters all over."

"Love has no rules."

TRUE & FALSE Love, once you've seen it for yourself, is a kind of big hunk of black magic that glitters all over with *his* laughter and *his* kisses; a magic that can make a front-seat, a silly-kissing-game, a C-movie, or a just-one-good-night-kiss-please problem disappear. But how do you know if you're in love—if you're only sixteen? Or if you're seventeen—and you believe that it is the real thing—what then?

Then you'll want to consider the *reasons* for some of society's rules. *Why* are interests in common, similarity of background and religion so important in choosing a "mate"? *Why* are some expressions of affection considered *right* before marriage, others *wrong?* Maybe you think it all "depends on the individual"? Certainly when it comes to deciding what's wise and what's foolish, what's beautiful and what's ugly, you'll have to write your own rules. And you'll want to think about what others have to say about the Garden-of-Eden-old problem.

Read: Facts of Life and Love: A Guide for Teen-Agers, by Evelyn Millis Duvall, New York, Association Press, 1950; Looking Ahead to Marriage, by Clifford Adams, Chicago, Science Research Associates, 1949; Understanding Sex, by Lester A. Kirkendall, Chicago, Science Research Associates, 1948.

"A boy is entitled to a good-night

FALSE A boy is entitled to a bright sm and an enthusiastic acknowle ment of the efforts he's made to please the ("Good night, Jerry—I had a wonde time.") Of course he hopes for a kiss, too, he'll value that kiss about in proportion a is hard to get—he'd like to think that he's only guy who gets one. If a boy knows th girl wouldn't kiss a boy unless she really li him (and that's a good thing to tell the bo her kiss will be a significant one. Such kisse as expressions of real affection—help us grow into love. They're not to be denied- doled out, either, as a payment of debt.

"It's different if you're going ste

TRUE & FALSE True, if you like a well enough to devote your dating time to him, you *want* to h hands in the movies and you do. You h hands and you want to kiss. And you You kiss and you want to neck. You nec and then it is different. When you're go steady, it is harder to control your emot than when you're playing the field with th or four boys—but especially important to so, if you have the happy hope that this r be marriage-type love. Since one of the pr advantages of going steady is being able to things together, why muff this wonde chance of discovering each other's tastes, terests and personality quirks? Washing family car together, trying to define a " curity risk" together, even shopping for clot together, cuts down on those tough pr lems that will come up if you and your ste begin to spend virtually all your time gether in some sort of clinch.

"It's up to a girl to set the limit

TRUE It's a biological fact, most doct say, that boys are more ea aroused than girls. Biology aside, it's a so fact that it's the girl's job to keep sex in lin to draw away gently when two kisses threa to turn into twenty or something else a gether. With an understanding of her biol and his she won't snuggle up to him in the on the way home "because it's cooler all o sudden," or linger overly long in the mo light. Boys dislike the prude who preaches know this isn't *right*, Tom," or "It's *wrong* kiss a girl when you don't mean it," and flirting prude who teases—by speech a dress—and then acts as if the boy has so nerve thinking that she would do such a th as neck.

One of the surest ways a girl can tell h much a boy really likes and respects her is degree to which he helps her decide wha "off bounds." If he accepts it as his job, t not hers alone, she can be sure she has a r gentleman who has a deep affection for h

sh from our artists' easels...

udio Greetings by Gibson

ly new! delightfully different!

ng for something *really new* in greeting cards? n see these gay, light-hearted Gibson creations ght way. Each has a *personality* to match someone ou know. For birthdays, illness, anniversaries, ab , and *every* occasion, you'll find Gibson Studio riginals that say exactly what you want to say n a cleverly different way. And everyone *knows* there's nothing nicer than a Gibson Card.



GIBSON Greetings

The Gibson Art Company · Cincinnati, Ohio
Publishers since 1850

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS,
Pennsylvania State University, Department of P

Making marriage work

How much should father aid in looking after the children?

Helping Him be a Father

"OUR son Billy is five, and he worships his father. Tom loves him, of course, but he is almost always too busy or too tired to play with him. He leaves the house before eight, returns after six, and often brings work home besides. I begrudge the time he spends on community affairs and weekend golf, but I can't really object since the contacts he makes help his business. Now Tom thinks we should have another baby. I'd like to have several more, but I don't want to bring them up alone. Is there any way to make a man a good father?"

This wife's question has no doubt troubled young mothers throughout history. When he marries, the average man is not equipped either by training or instinct for the responsibilities inherent in the role of husband and father. He has to learn from experience and with his wife's guidance and example.

In earlier generations, the day's routine gave men more time and opportunity to take part in family life. Schedules permitted parents and children to share their leisure, at least on farms, and their work as well.

But the fast tempo, the competitive pressure and the physical circumstances of modern life make it increasingly difficult for many men to find time for companionship with their children. And at the end of a long and fatiguing day the inclination may be lacking too. Though unfortunate, it's understandable if a tired, hungry and worried man is not in the mood for a romp the minute he gets home, even though he loves his children.

The difficulty is aggravated if home is a long distance from the father's work. With ingenious planning, and some self-sacrifice, a man who operates on a commuter's schedule can fulfill his responsibilities as a father. But he needs his wife's encouragement, understanding and active help.

A mother's sense of unity with her child is normally achieved by the mere fact of her pregnancy. Lacking that natural bond, a man may be slower to develop the same feeling of kinship. If the baby takes all his wife's time and attention, he may feel left out or even deliberately excluded. The wife should forestall this reaction, even before she is pregnant, by sharing with him her plans, feelings and hopes about the family they expect to have. After the baby is born, she can continue to foster his sense of belonging by asking his advice, describing the baby's remarkable qualities and seeking his help in some of the tasks. Now and later, she must take the initiative in keeping her husband in touch with his children.

If you feel your children need more companionship with their father, tell him so frankly, but without criticism. Explain why you think it important for him and for them. Point out specific things he can do which you cannot. Tell him how much it means to you as his wife for your children really to know the man you love.

If he's a husband worth having, he will try to cooperate. If you are sincere and unselfish in your motives, you will want to do all you can to make his efforts a pleasure instead of a chore. The ideas listed may suggest others:

Provide things to do. He isn't familiar with the children's activities and interests and may feel helpless when alone with them. Suitable games, drawing or building materials, or a story to read will occupy the time.

Suggest projects. "Going somewhere with daddy" is a special thrill, even if the trip is only a ride to the drugstore or walk to the post office. At infrequent intervals, ask him to accompany you on a picnic or trip to the zoo. Don't expect him to undertake ambitious excursions without you, unless he volunteers.

Create opportunity. If possible, arrange the household schedule to provide a definite and convenient time for him to play with the children. A slight change in the children's bedtime or your meal hours may do it.

Make the time short. Don't expect him to take over for long or indefinite periods, and relieve him if he seems tired or the children are unruly.

Keep him in touch. Help him to appreciate his children as individuals by telling him about their activities and interests, triumphs and disappointments.

Finally, remember that you and the children must do your part. If he shares some of his precious leisure with them, they should not be allowed to interrupt or interfere with his activities or privacy at other times. Above all, don't take advantage of him yourself. He was your husband before he was the children's father.

ASK YOURSELF:
Can We Enjoy the Same Things?

The understanding between husband and wife is strengthened and enriched by the interests they share. Check the list below to see how closely you agree in your choice of activities.

We both enjoy:

1. **Having friends in for meals.**
2. **Picnics and family outings.**
3. **Playing cards or other games.**
4. **Celebrating birthdays and special occasions.**
5. **Spending vacations together.**
6. **Talking over his job and business affairs.**
7. **Working together on household projects.**
8. **Laughing at the same jokes.**
9. **Shopping for something special.**
10. **Sharing personal mail of interest.**
11. **The same plays and movies.**
12. **A hobby we pursue together.**
13. **Staying home more often than going out.**
14. **Seeing the same friends.**

With a wealth of interests in common, you are not likely to get bored with each other or with marriage. The best proof of common interests is the number and variety of things you enjoy doing together. If you checked nine or ten items above, you and your husband share more fully than the average couple. But if you can make only six or fewer check marks, it is a serious warning that you two may be drifting apart. If your activities don't appeal to your husband, try to accept and share his preferences. As your interests broaden, you will find more things to do together which both enjoy.

Seeing the Other Side

ON matters affecting her family, a wife's convictions are strong and her responsibilities great. Her husband's irritability and her son's disobedience are separate problems, but each aggravates the other. She wants to soothe her husband, control her son and restore harmony. But her own anxiety and sympathy limit her effectiveness as a peacemaker.

The more deeply you are involved, the less likely you are to see the situation as it appears to the others concerned. It's particularly hard—and particularly important—for a parent to imagine himself in his child's position when a conflict arises. I doubt if one parent in a hundred even tries.

Recently a mother who did try told us what she learned, and how she succeeded. Even if you face a similar situation, her corrective measures may not work in your case. But her approach will help you find your own solution and improve family relationship generally. For by putting herself in her child's place, Mrs. Terry began to understand behavior which had upset the whole family.

Four-year-old Jane couldn't get along with other neighborhood children. She was too rough for playmates her own age, and frequently she teased and even abused the smaller ones. Her mother cajoled, scolded and tried various forms of discipline with little result. But when Jane was permanently banned from one neighbor's yard and then another, Mrs. Terry became really worried. Neither her fourteen-year-old son nor her eleven-year-old daughter had ever been mean to smaller children. What was the matter with Jane?

Mrs. Terry pondered the situation during hours when she was free from interruption or any immediate crisis. She watched Jane attentively, and she tried to see herself and the rest of the family through Jane's eyes.

Gradually she saw that the household was geared to older children and adults, not to a four-year-old. When her brother and sister absorbed their mother's attention, Jane felt left out. She needed more freedom and she tried to assert herself by bullying smaller children as an escape from bossing by her brother and sister.

To be sure, understanding the problem did not solve it. Mrs. Terry had first to correct the underlying causes. Then Jane responded to discipline.

When you are disturbed by Johnny's unruly behavior, rebellious moods or poor school record, you probably discuss the facts with your husband, as most conscientious mothers do. But Johnny may know additional facts, and he interprets them differently. Trying to modify the behavior of your children (or your husband) without searching for the cause is treating the symptom instead of the disease.

Among a wife's many duties, none is more important than her role as family interpreter. She cannot interpret what she does not understand. She can gain new insight if she tries to see through the eyes of her husband and children.

Do You Agree?

"When upset, why don't men cry as women do?"

Because boys are taught that crying is unmanly and a feminine weakness. So far as I know, there is no sound physiological explanation.

ow! Get wonderful "fried-chicken" flavor without fussing—and without frying

Spry makes the difference!



Here's All You Do!

Cut 3-lb. frying chicken in serving pieces. Combine ½ cup Spry, melted, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Rub Spry well into each piece. Put chicken in shallow baking dish. Bake, uncovered, in hot oven (450°F.) 50-60 minutes or until golden brown on both sides. Turn just once!

When your family tastes that old-fashioned flavor, they'll never guess you cooked your chicken crisp and golden this easy, modern way! The secret? Pure, digestible Spry seals in the flavor and protects the chicken from cooking dry. You'll agree it's delicious, moist and tender, or Lever Brothers will return your money. For more easy Spry recipes, drop a postcard to Lever Brothers, 390 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Spry makes just about everything you cook taste better!



Unretouched photo showing how heat spreads evenly across the copper bottom.

HEAT CONDUCTIVITY* CHART

Copper	100.0%
Aluminum	54.2%
Cast Iron	11.9%
Steel	11.8%

*Taken at 100° C., the boiling point of water.
Source: Handbook of Chemistry and Physics, 34th edition

Here's proof positive that copper has the greatest heat-conductivity of all metals used for cooking utensils.

BER 954



WHY...

Copper on the bottom makes the difference!

COPPER COOKS BEST! Revere puts copper on the bottom where it does the most good. Because copper best spreads the heat evenly and quickly . . . For comparisons and proof look at the chart below! . . . With copper on the bottom there are no hot spots, foods don't stick. And Revere Ware's thick copper bottoms are permanent . . . won't melt off or burn through.

STAINLESS STEEL ADDS ADVANTAGES! Corrosion resistant stainless steel, always bright and clean, is sanitary. The stainless steel keeps the heat in the utensil — where it belongs. You heat your food — not your kitchen!

ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF "WATERLESS" COOKING! Because Revere copper bottoms eliminate hot spots and hold the heat you can cook the Revere "waterless" way . . . preserving precious vitamins and minerals which are so important to the health of your family. And with copper bottoms you can cook with lowest heat and cut fuel costs! For fifteen years, Revere Ware's copper bottoms, stainless steel bodies and tight-fitting covers, have made "waterless" cooking possible.

REVERE WARE HAS ESTABLISHED NEW STANDARDS OF DESIGN AND BEAUTY! Millions upon millions of Revere Ware utensils are now hanging on the walls of kitchens from coast to coast. For fifteen years American homemakers have been proud to own and display these handsome, smartly-designed copper-clad stainless steel "Kitchen Jewels". And they'll give you a lifetime of cooking pleasure.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Since Revere introduced copper-clad stainless steel utensils with their many design improvements they have had many imitators. When you buy cooking utensils insist they bear the Revere Trade-Mark—Buy the Best.

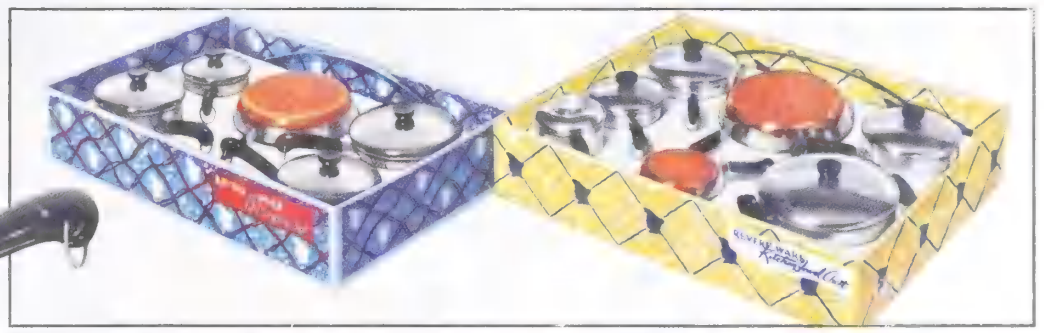
REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED

Rome Manufacturing Company Division

Rome, New York; Clinton, Illinois; Riverside, California

SEE "MEET THE PRESS" ON NBC TELEVISION, SUNDAYS





Whether you buy your Revere Ware in these handsome, specially-priced sets . . . or individually . . . you are wisely choosing the "World's Finest"! Look for the famous trade mark in the thick copper bottoms!



Walking is Pure Joy
when shoes are
elasticized with
Lastex®
the miracle yarn that makes things fit
US RUBBER
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Tiki and Teddy beg for a race in the leaves.

Now come wonderful bright days after the black frost has moved down the valley and stilled the summer. In the garden there are still tomatoes that were hidden under the vines and the August weeds. Acorn squash and red cabbages and chard wait to be brought in, and we shall dig carrots for some time. The parsnips prefer to be frozen in before harvesting; this is an individualistic vegetable and one a good many people do not properly appreciate. Cooked quickly in a small amount of water and seasoned, it is as delicate and sweet as home-whipped sweet butter.

The smell of drying mint and sage forecasts tender roast lamb with spicy sauce and a plump pork shoulder stuffed neatly with sage stuffing later on. Jill keeps bringing in little pots of things, too, and sifting a supply of good garden earth to store. Nothing is more maddening in January than to need to repot something and have to use a pick to whack the ice away for a teaspoonful of granitelike dirt.

Weeds and old raspberry canes and cornstalks must be burned as the garden is cleared, and that means the right day and the fire permit and a spell of nerves for me—I am always afraid of fire. I know the theory is that you burn up all the summer pests, but I notice even so they come romping back next summer.

The bird feeders and suet cages are repaired and extra supplies of wild-bird food stored. Tools are mended, handles painted, the wheelbarrow gets a coat of bright red, and the barbecue grill is cleaned and oiled and moved into the woodshed.

All this activity does not seem like work because the excitement of October fills the air and restores the heart.

I don't suppose Isaiah could have thought of New England in autumn, but he described it nevertheless: "The mountains and the hills shall break forth . . . into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

The very air is like a trumpet blowing down the fields of time, and the blaze of glory has the majesty of Bach's music. It is too tremendous to put down, but the heart remembers it all winter long.

Now I notice how the trees have grown this season, and the lilacs we planted such a short time ago reach the second-story window. There is a sadness about this, although the lilacs are lovely so high against the old handmade clapboards. Time just does not stand still, although we all have moments we wish we could keep forever the same. Another season has gone into the secret byways of infinity, and the best way to combat that melancholy thought is to prune something immediately.

I feel this is the very best time of the year to have parties because it is comfortable in the kitchen, nobody will get bogged down by bad storms, and the press of country matters is over. And so many things are so good to eat in the crisp cool evenings! A sugar-cured country ham sliced thin makes a basis for a buffet. Baked beans spicy with molasses and mustard go with ham so well. Coleslaw with fresh red cabbage can't be beat. And these are so easy. Or a casserole dinner is delicious, and one of my favorites for this is my friend Mrs. Snider's Little Pig Sausage Bake. For this I sauté 1 pound link sausages in a skillet. Drain on paper towels, and place in a 2-quart casserole. Toss together lightly 1 quart potatoes, sliced thin, 1 can drained whole-kernel corn and 1½ cups thinly sliced onions. Arrange in layers on top of the sausage, sprinkling with a mixture of 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour over all 1¾ cups top milk and dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Bake, uncovered, for 1¼ hours in a moderate oven, 350° F.

For dessert a fruit bowl and a tray of assorted cheeses, creamy and golden, delicate and sharp, with crisp paprika crackers, is just right. Dieters may eat the apple sliced thin with cheese spread on the slices, omitting the crackers!

The fire burns pleasantly on the great hearth in the afternoon and evening and the soup kettle swings over it sending forth such goodly smells as salt pork and onions, ham bone and lentils, beef and carrots. Seasonings come into their own now it is autumn. I use chili and peppercorns and Hungarian sweet paprika and herbs and spices with a free hand. Six cloves, for instance make a great difference in a meat stew!

This year we face the oncoming winter with a very easy heart, for our

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

You



You'll never, never know h
younger and prettier you re
look — until you discover
'Touch-and-Glow'. Thou
grateful women tell us it's l
ing life all over again—with
new complexion! And hon
true. The tender texture, th
color, the healthy *glowing*
thought you'd lost forever—
you seem to have it ba
'Touch-and-Glow'.

You won't believe how *eas*
use, until you try it! Just sm
a *very* few drops of this
Lanolite-enriched liquid wi
fingertips. Work it in gent
your entire face and throat.
on Revlon face powder,
lightly. You'll be *astounde*
instant change. Your fac
younger, softer—far more
and alive!

And did you ever dream a
could *soften* and *improve* yo
every minute you wear it?
and-Glow' does all this, beca
more than a makeup—it's a s
cally-blended beauty prescrip
your skin, made with Revlo
'Lanolite'—an astonishing
gredient that does far more f
skin than lanolin itself: (1)
your skin *smoother* than lan
supplies more *moisture* than
(3) protects your skin *longe*
lanolin.

Whether your skin is *dry*,
normal—'Touch-and-Glow' i
for you—it's the *one* makeup
good for *all* types of skin.

How foolish to go through a
day without discovering this
able makeup! Do try 'Touc
Glow' this very day. You'll
your mirror *and think that
turned the clock back 5 years!*

Revlon

e an Instant Change in your Complexion!

t Touch On This Liquid Makeup—And Turn The Clock Back 5 Years!



ouch-and-Glow' *liquid makeup*

8 incredibly flattering colors 1.25* and 1.75*
face powder to harmonize 1.10*

only face makeup that beauty-treats your skin with 'Lanolite'

HAT, JOHN-FREDERICS DRESS, TRIGERE JEWELS, SEAMAN SCHEPPS

Walking Gloves



THE SLEEK



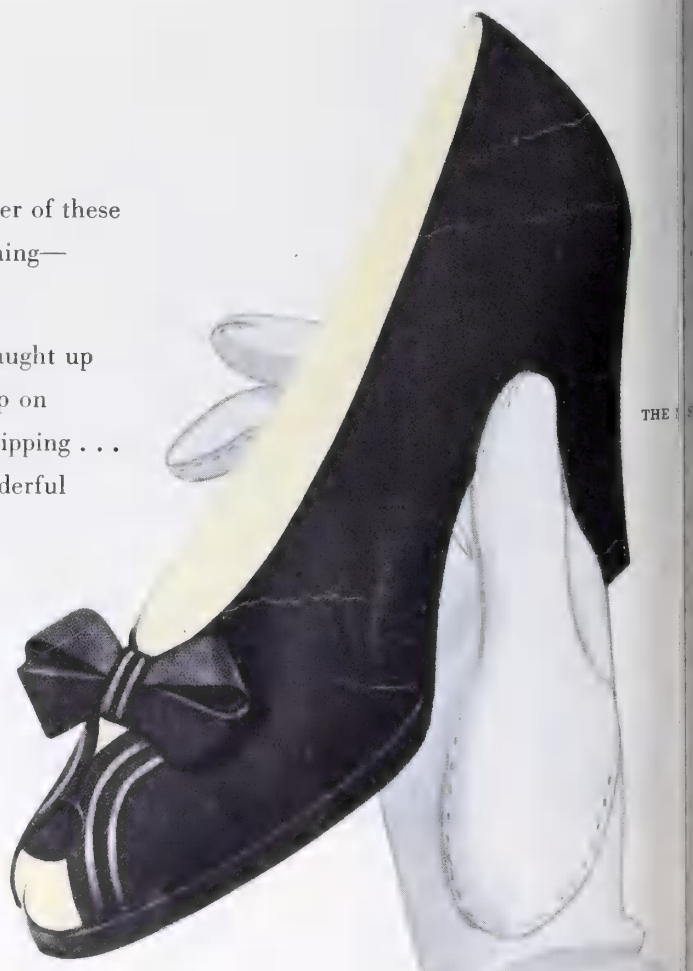
A new kind of softness . . .

fully elasticized to fit

like no other shoes in the world!

Be ready for a wonderful, new sensation! For so soft is the leather of these beautiful, new Red Cross Shoes—so magic is their full Lastex lining—that they actually feel more like *gloves* than shoes.

Stand still in them—and you feel every contour of your foot caught up in a soft embrace. Take a step—and these "walking gloves" keep on fitting just as beautifully *all over*. Never a hint of rubbing or slipping . . . biting or gapping. It's truly a wonderful, new sensation—a wonderful *discovery* to make at your Red Cross Shoe retailer's, tomorrow.



THE

Red Cross Shoes

FEATURED IN CANADA AS GOLD CROSS SHOES

America's unchallenged shoe value. Styles from 8^{95} to 12^{95}

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

Gold Cross Shoes in Canada by B & L Shoe, Ltd., in England by Somerset Bros., Ltd., in Australia by "Gold Cross Shoes" (Aust.), Pty. Ltd., in South Africa by Eddels (S.A.), Ltd., in New Zealand by Duckworth, Turner an

The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati 7, Ohio. These shoes are manufactured and di



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

Daughter, aged sixteen, has not menstruated. She is five feet two, weighs about one-forty. She is well, her appetite is not abnormal. Can you suggest what might be causing menstruation?"

"EARLY I had the change of life at about seventeen." The doctor listened to this statement, but it was apparent that he did not agree.

"Then if you are not making too rash an assumption," he said, "you mean it couldn't be that?" the doctor demanded.

"Exactly, Mrs. Dill. So far as I know, the youngest menopause on record occurred at the age of twenty-seven. Suppose you tell me a little about yourself. What is your age now?"

"I am thirty-four and have been married for ten years. When I was twelve my menstrual periods began and for five years was regular, and actually no pain. Then at seventeen menstruation stopped. I had a lot of medical attention—doctors and even endocrinologists, but without any effect. The reason I came to see you today is that I have a great desire for children, and I want to know if there is any chance. Do you think there is, Doctor?"

"I think it is entirely possible. Did this medical attention which you received continue over a period of years?"

"Yes, up to the time I married. It was then suggested that marriage might be helpful in restoring the menstrual function. I suppose that was ridiculous—wishful thinking, probably."

"No, I don't think it was ridiculous." Mrs. Dill understood all about this and continued to be hopeful about children. I've become quite discouraged, however."

"Even if you haven't entirely given up hope, do think I have a chance?"

"I will know more about that after an examination, can tell you, however, that there is much more known about the science of endocrinology now than there was seventeen years ago. Will you go with the nurse?" Mrs. Dill returned to the consulting room about an hour later, and her first words were a question, "Do you think there is hope for me, Doctor?"

"You mean, will a pregnancy be possible? I can answer that question at once. Indeed there is hope—considerable hope. At the same time, I must qualify this opinion. Your case is interesting and not uncommon, and I shall be obliged to make a rather lengthy explanation so that you may understand it. My examination indicates that you have a relatively small, poorly developed internal generative system."

"That sounds rather hopeless to me."

"Well, it is not, although I will admit that I wish you were years younger—I mean at the age when you ceased to menstruate. I think yours is a case of arrested development which very likely can be stimulated into activity again, even at this late date."

"I've heard about infantile uterus and that it is a hopeless condition."

"That is not entirely true, since there are various grades of infantilism. I shall try to explain. In the baby girl the uterus is a quite tiny organ—just a tubelike structure. With the onset of puberty it increases until it is about three inches long, developing into a pear shape. If this development is arrested, all that remains is a little bundle of muscle tissue, scarcely an inch and a half long. It is often curled like a letter *C*, roughly comparable to the two end sections of your little finger in size and shape. That is not a very satisfactory organ with which to produce a seven- or eight-pound baby."

"What causes this arrest in development?"

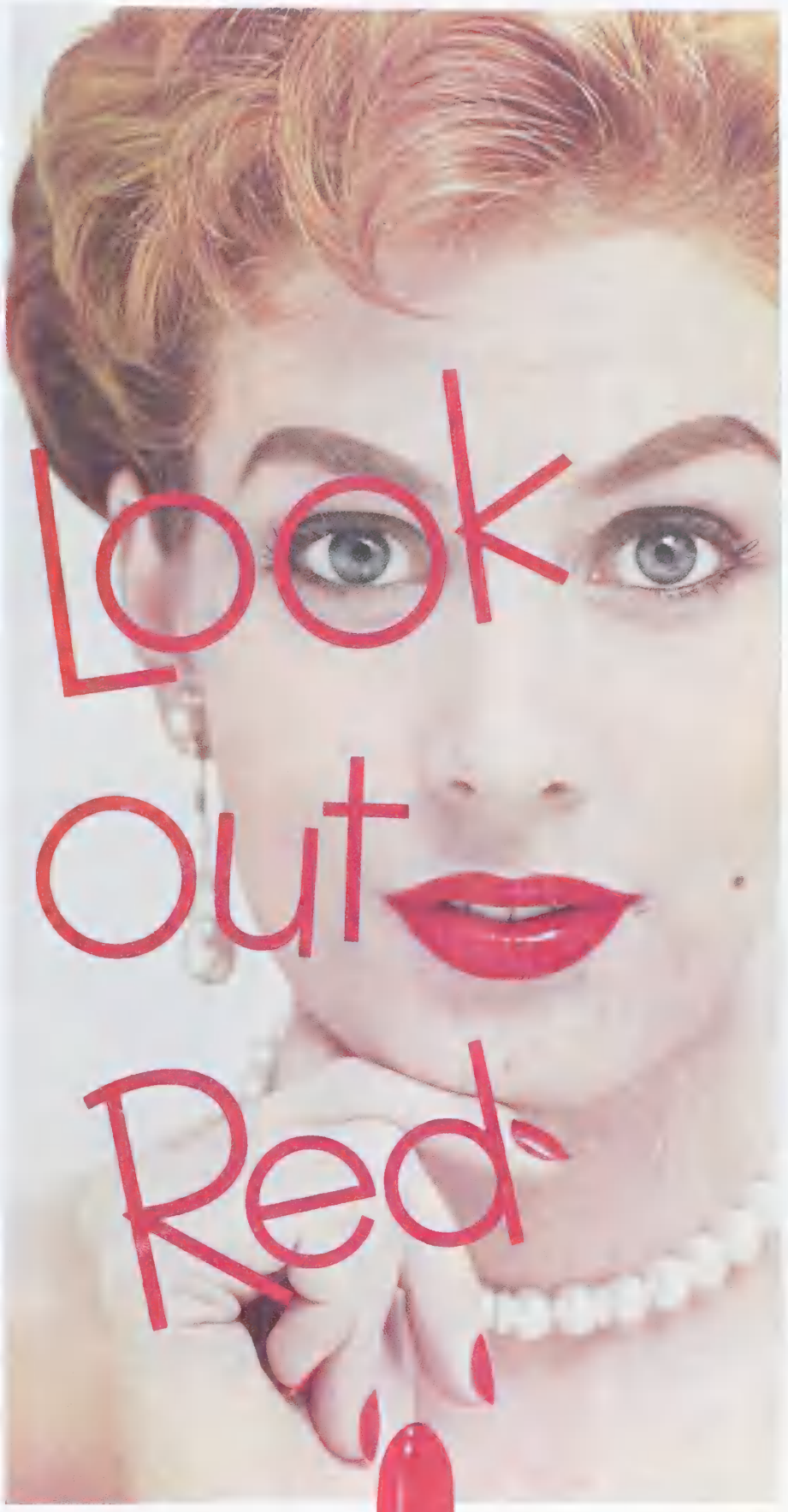
"A deficiency in the supply of ovarian hormones and sometimes of the pituitary. The latter is the worse type and is sometimes connected with arrested development of the entire reproductive system, including the breasts. Individuals suffering from this deficiency are liable to be overweight, and there are girls of this type as old as eighteen who have never menstruated. With others the onset of puberty is delayed and the menses frequently irregular so that the cycle may be sometimes drawn out to six or eight weeks. There may also be underdevelopment in other regions, including the vaginal and certain bony structures."

"Well, I am not that type, anyhow."

"No, you are not, at least to such an extent, although you undoubtedly are overweight—and I consider that in your favor. You did start menstruation, even rather early. Your trouble appears to be due to an arrest in development, which I hope can be overcome. Here, let me show you something ——"

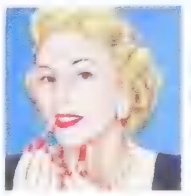
CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Dr. Safford's new book, The Intimate Problems of Women, containing several chapters which have not appeared in Journal, has been published by Hawthorn Books, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays *on*—hour after hour!

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax



Conover Girls Pick Cashmere Bouquet

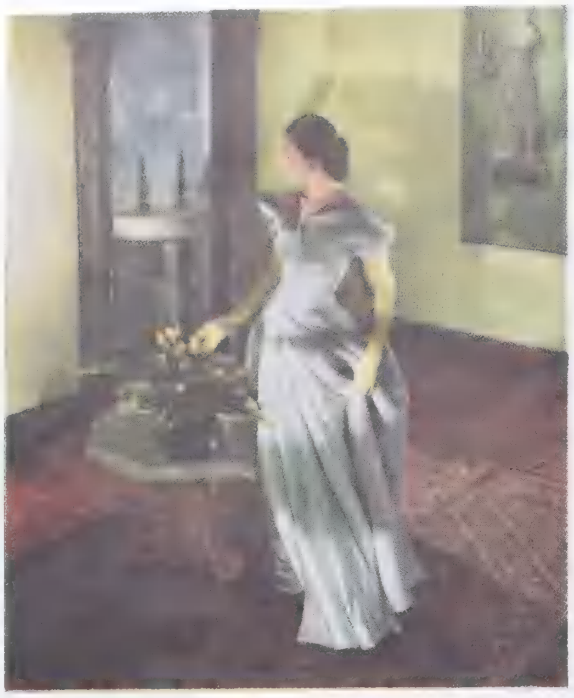
Advice from the Beauty Director of the Conover School: "Use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. Then fill in with short, down strokes of your Cashmere Bouquet lipstick."

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

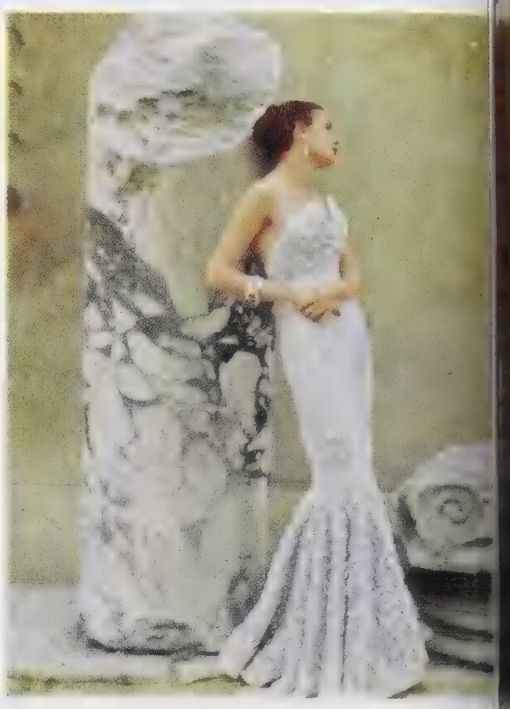
Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



First of the Modess series, photographed by Horst. It appeared in 1948—created an immediate sensation.



The Modess series was represented by this photograph in the book "The 100 Greatest Advertisements."



The Roman Forum is the spectacular setting for th photograph by Coffin of an unknown Italian



Cecil Beaton creates the illusion of a lady dressed for her presentation at court, in this cool white study.



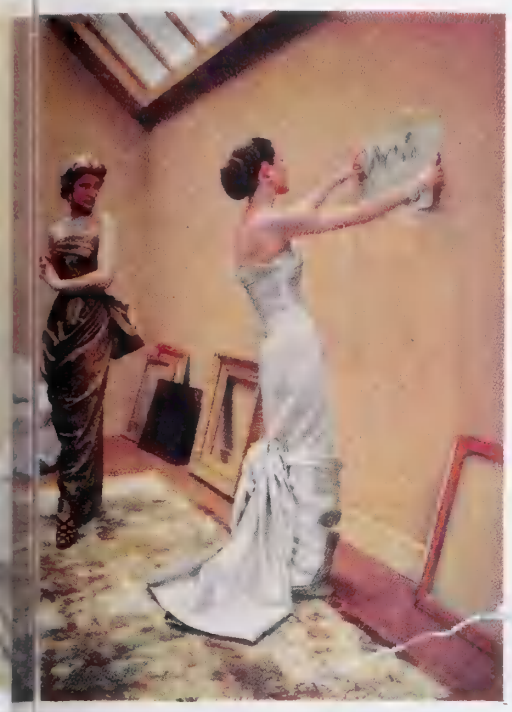
Two sisters, famous beauties Dorian Leigh and Susie Parker, photographed in a Manhattan penthouse.



In a Paris salon, 1950. Many famous couturiers designed the gorgeous Modess-picture ball dr

FABULOUS PICTURES...

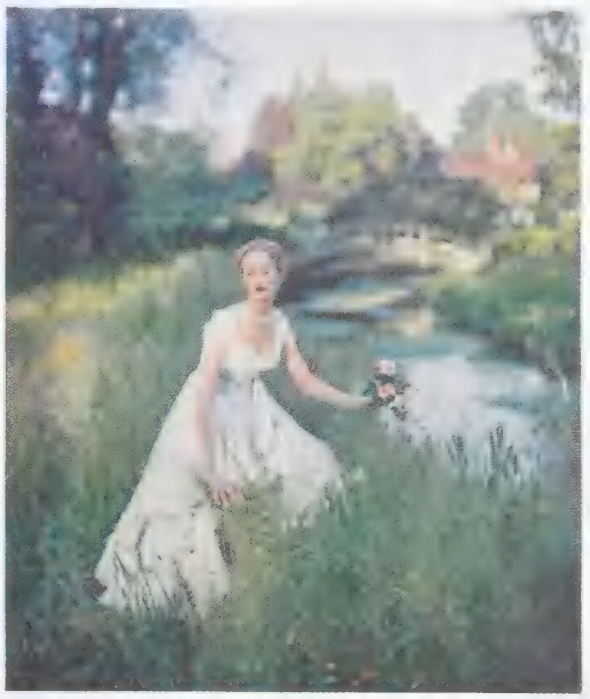
give one whispered word a thousand meanings



...an Art Directors' Club Award for Distinctive ... typical Modess photograph by Ruzzie Green.



A palazzo in Italy, its storied "golden room ... rich background for a sheath of sculptured ice-gray satin.

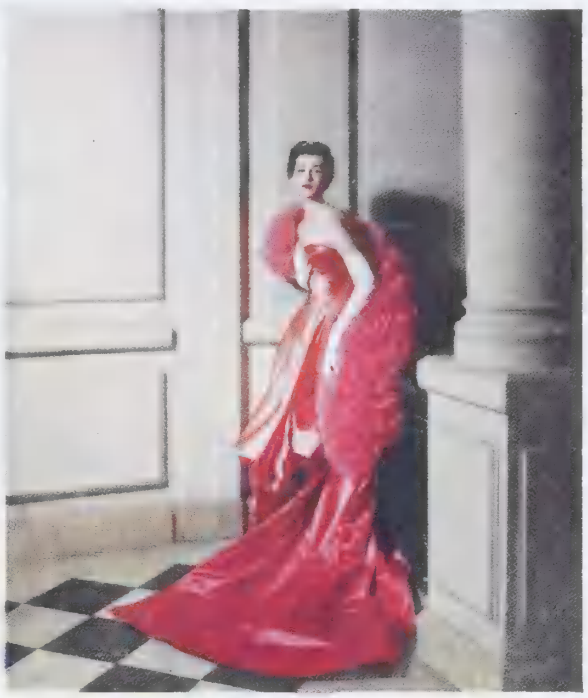


A garden in England, scene of this Cecil Beaton master-piece that captures the sunlight of a summer afternoon.

...ed he ...g food songs ...pany- ...o little ...ed by his ... arranged ...him up for



...cal ...mmerhouse in the British West Indies, and ...ove Dorian Leigh wearing sheerest white lawn.



Dovima's exotic beauty, a historic New York mansion. Another award-winning; Art Directors' Club, 1954.



A romantic dress, a dazzling beauty, a splendid setting —these have made the fame of the Modess pictures.

From time to time the makers of Modess—curious to know the effect of their advertising—have asked many of their customers just what ". . . *because*" meant to them. The answers are as varied as the women questioned! And the words—each woman's own—more persuasive than the eloquence of a well-informed salesman.

Every woman responds to beauty—and rewards those who understand her. The makers of a product that is seldom discussed put their faith in this innate feminine response. They commissioned designers whose creations have made fashion history—photographers of international fame—the most glamorous models—to give meaning to a simple word.

Photographers and famous beauties travelled far to find appropriate settings for dazzling ball gowns. Pictures have been taken in a Doge's palace in Venice—on an exotic plantation in the West Indies—in a Paris salon hung with priceless tapestries. For six years, American women have responded to the most wordless—and possibly the most beautiful—advertising ever addressed to them.

In 1953 the long "silence" was broken. A whisper-soft non-woven fabric, developed exclusively for Modess, proved to be far superior to gauze as a napkin covering. This revolutionary improvement was explained with the addition of a single discreet sentence to " . . . *because.*"

TO SEE HOW THE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER, IRVING PENN, INTERPRETS THE NEWEST MEANING OF ". . . BECAUSE"—PLEASE TURN THE PAGE



Fi
appea

Modess . . . because

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.

Journal About Town

Gossip about people you know, Editors you like, and what goes on in New York

ifty Years Ago in the Journal

WALDORF SALAD and ragtime music were "catching on" in October, 1904. Trust-buster Teddy Roosevelt was running for the presidency against a conservative Democrat called Parker. Teen-aged girls were going dancing in red stockings and red slippers and reading the best seller, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Tell us girls how to keep house when we get married," a reader urges Editor Bok in the October, 1904, JOURNAL. "Be sure and choose a young bride with an income of $18 a week, living in a small town, with no maid and no knowledge of cooking!" Answers Editor Bok: "We're searching for one."

When pinning on the baby's diaper, pull his stockings up over his knees and fasten them to the diaper. This will keep the baby's entire leg covered."

Thin slices of raw beef do wonders for pots of ferns."

Fashion note: "A Bride's Trousseau for $150" includes "six assorted chemises, six pairs of drawers, four petticoats of silk, a hair and white cambric, four corset covers and one corset."

Shape a small mirror inside the crown of your hat," the Beauty Editor advises girls, "and when your hat is removed it will be very easy to take a sly peep to see if you look presentable."

How Some Families Live on $900 a Year: My husband buys a 'best' about once in six years and a $10 suit in a dark color. Once in three or four years, he invests in a cheaper suit for working."

Penny-money suggestion: Reproducing in black paper silhouette family pictures for 25 cents each.

"I am a mother with a son of twenty-six," a reader writes to Edward Bok, "a fine, manly fellow, clean-minded, four-squared, of such unyielding principles that even a mother could not desire anything better. But mostly, I go alone to church."

Health advice by Emma Walker, M.D.: "It is wise to remove all cut flowers from the bedroom overnight. It leaves the air of the room pure while the flowers stay fresher longer."



DEE KNAPP

Schoolteacher-cover girl Patricia Cody passes with flying . . . tassel.

IT is only fitting this month that the girl on the cover should be a genuine schoolteacher, and of course a pretty one. With the country being scouted for candidates, it was lucky *Joe Leombruno* who discovered *Patricia Cody* in the graduating class at the teachers' college in New Paltz, New York, then photographed her here for the cover. And it was Picture Assistant *Dee Knapp* who met Pat at commencement and took her picture both before and after graduation, proving that Pat remembered to flip her tassel from right to left after getting her diploma. Dee figures that one out of fifty girl graduates forgets to do this. Dee did.

In San Francisco recently, at Omar Khayyam's, where the food is fabulous, ***Louella Shouer*** was having dinner with some friends who secretly let the proprietor know Louella was there. From that point on it was a matter of tasting one delectable specialty after another. Their waiter was soon caught up in the spirit of the occasion, and he brought Louella, on his own, a slender sliver of spinach pie; his own particular favorite of the famous Khayyam delicacies, and the last slice in the place, he whispered in Louella's ear, then added, "I was saving it for myself."

A writer who wanted to do an article for us on ***Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein*** *told* ***Peter Briggs*** *the Hammersteins would be away until November shooting the movie Oklahoma! "Where?" asked Peter. "Arizona," replied the writer.*

Having taken a taxi home from an auction recently, *Henrietta Murdock* was entering the lobby of her apartment building when the taxi driver came running after her with the purchase she'd just made and had left on the seat of the cab—a fine gilt antique figure of Cupid. Handing her the Cupid, the taxi driver pulled a notebook from his pocket. "I want to add this," he explained to Miss M., "to the list of things people have left in my cab," and showed her the list. She's forgotten some of the things, but these she remembers: a crab net, a telephone, a hub cap from a car, a waffle iron, a baby carriage, a stuffed pheasant, and—oh! yes—a toupee.

A study of junior-high-school students shows that only 17 per cent turn to reference books for help in homework problems: only 5 per cent consult teachers. About 40 per cent seek aid from parents, 13 per cent ask brothers and sisters, 9 per cent simply skip over the hard parts. And although only 33 per cent of the seventh-graders questioned admit copying homework from other students, 82 per cent of ninth-graders say they do it often.

It was one of the warmest afternoons of August when *Louise Benjamin* came in looking as cool as lemonade in the shade, and explained she'd just been to a preview of White Christmas, a picture that is due about now; and from what Louise said, one you won't want to miss. The same *Irving Berlin* tune from Holiday Inn is in it, she said, and the same *Bing*, but all the rest is brand-new, including *Danny Kaye*, *Rosemary Clooney* and *Vera-Ellen*—who, according to a Paramount man sitting next to Louise at the preview, would all start off with Bing every morning at rehearsals by making up a lot of crazy singing commercials. He told Louise, however, the producer almost died one morning when Bing's voice on the phone informed him he'd decided not to go on with the picture, but to go fishing instead—only just then Bing walked into his office and the quick-thinking producer, realizing Bing's voice was being imitated by Danny Kaye, said calmly into the phone, "O.K., Bing. Guess I'll have to get Gary."

The only troubadour we've heard about in centuries turned up at ***Tina Fredericks***' house at East Hampton one afternoon in late summer and explained he was on his way to Maine, earning food and lodging by singing medieval songs and telling medieval stories, accompanying them on his lute. As Tina's two little daughters were already enchanted by his picturesque appearance, it was arranged that the Fredericks would put him up for

ALFRED MERCADO



A modern "Tommy Tucker" entertains the Fredericks and (left) architectural assistant Carol Mercado.

the night and provide him with supper and breakfast, for which he sang and played all evening. When the children had gone to bed he told his story—Harvard, summer stock, wanderlust—and when asked where he'd like to sleep, he chose the most medieval spot on the place, the hayloft of the Fredericks barn.



Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, Danny Kaye rehearse.

"Jody, honey, you've got bats in the belfry."

said

The Real You

She told David all the secrets she had never told anyone before—and could never, never tell again.

By ***MARNIE ELLINGSON***

JODY stretched her feet out behind the protective cover of Mrs. Gordon's coffee table and wriggled her toes. Her new shoes were satisfyingly frivolous, completely incapable of providing warmth or comfort or sturdy arch support. Their only possible excuse for existing would be to lead her into something exciting, something gay—here at tonight's party, maybe.

Jody believed in magic. And the shoes were suddenly magic.

With shining brown hair, forthright smile and really very good ankles, Jody didn't look like a girl who needed the aid of magic. But she'd been in the city six months and all the people she had met in her ceramics and Great Books night classes were female-variety people. She had a home-economics-staff job on Hearthside Magazine (she could whip up a Bavarian-cream Charlotte quicker than you could say "almond extract"), and while she loved it, it would be, she thought, much more fun to be home economical in a home of her own. The trouble with working for a family magazine was that it had such a cozy staff—everyone all married and settled and suburban, except Jody.

Mrs. Gordon, a school friend of her mother's, had dutifully "looked Jody up" and invited her over several times. Nothing had happened the other times that could be called exciting. She hadn't the shoes on then.

She wriggled her toes again and felt a shiver of anticipation run through her. Everyone seemed to be doing a great deal of unorganized milling, when suddenly Jody looked up and saw her hostess herding a man across the room to meet her. He wasn't handsome, but Jody liked his face right away, craggy and not-quite-thirtyish and somehow trustworthy. And there was a comfortable pipe-sized bulge in his coat pocket.

He was so exactly *right* that for the first time in years Jody felt a moment of panic, somewhat akin to stage fright, and she wondered what she could say to keep *him* from milling off too. Then like all good Hearthsiders, she thought of the personal-charm page and Mrs. Peabody's article in the newest issue.

Mrs. Peabody said: "Don't be a blurred carbon copy of the latest movie queen. Be yourself—The Real You!"

Well, that made sense, Jody thought. She certainly didn't want this nice young man to mistake her for a blurred carbon.

Mrs. Gordon said, "Jody, this is Dr. David Winston; Jody Marsh. Doctor Winston is a psychiatrist," she added significantly and left them.

Jody smiled up at him in the most friendly possible way, which was The Real Jody.

"Have you had anything to eat yet, Doctor Winston?" she asked. "Those alarming-looking little pink sandwiches on the coffee table are really quite good."

He looked startled. "What did you say?" CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

The

Like swallows
they came with

ummer Children

the season,
the soon-gone
summer of love

THE Wallaces had rented their house on the shabbier side of Faculty Hill to a group of teachers taking summer work, and Ward, assistant to the head of the history department at the university, had taken a cubicle in one of the dormitories for the summer. Faye was out at unfashionable Hackett's Lake with the children, and in the same nondescript cottage she had had for several years. The children were Kev and Timmie, sons of Ward's first marriage, and ten-month-old Janie, Faye and Ward's child. The boys were only part-time family. They spent a good part of the year with their mother, now Mrs. Spender, in New York.

Ward's summer-school schedule of four days at the university and three at the lake was still in force now in late August. Most of his calls to Faye had to do with supplies, but when he called her after lunch on a warm Friday there was something else. "Nina's come, Faye." He announced it tiredly. "She's here in town."

Faye had been undressing Janie for a nap and she restrained the child with one arm while the silence lengthened. "It's early for her," she said then with an effort.

"She came on ahead, and Spender's staying a day or so with friends. They were in Canada." Ward's voice was more slowed. "Spender will get here late tomorrow or early Sunday, and they'll go right on with the boys." He had got it over. Sometime toward the end of each summer he had to say, "Pick up the children," and "Nina and Quent Spender." The girl he had married out of a USO unit ten years ago and the then actor-manager of a road company for whom she'd divorced him. In nearly five years Ward's half share of his sons had shrunk more and more under Nina's maneuverings. The boys spent the long school term now in New York. Conscienceless-looking things kept cutting into vacation weeks. Things like long-drawn-out shots for this and that, protracted dental work.

"The silly part of it's still to come," he went on. "Nina can't get into the Lodge out there and she wants to know if you can put her up. So help me," he added after a moment. "Look Faye"—his tone changed—"there's something on her mind, obviously. If you could bring yourself to ——"

Something on the mind of Ward's vain and shallow and somewhat pretentious first wife never boded any good to the Wallaces. Faye's head went down. "It's all right, Ward," she said immediately. She'd caught the tormented note in his voice and she went on to reassure him. She didn't mind having the boys' mother a bit, she told him cheerfully.

When she put the phone down she sat motionless and sober, though. Her guest would arrive on the Lodge bus at about six-thirty, and Faye and the little boys would wait dinner for her. Ward would stay in town catching up with work most of the weekend.

Every time the Wallaces began to get their lives adjusted, a hand with beautifully done nails seemed to reach in to pull things awry. A conniving and insensitive hand, it often seemed. Faye sighed, lowering the baby into CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

by Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

Next June they would probably
come back withdrawn and quiet
and unsure of themselves again.



FROM THE CHESTER DALE COLLECTION

PORTRAIT OF LECONTE DE LISLE

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814–75)

For brief account of this painting, and the artist, see page 112

Educating our children . . . do we know what we want?

Public schools belong to the public, but far too many of us have looked upon the public schools as something provided *for* us, rather than *by* us.

THE editors of the JOURNAL share the concern of thoughtful parents everywhere with the mounting crisis in public education today. In preparing this section of articles and stories related to specific problems of educating American youth, we grew increasingly aware that individual schools and school systems differ drastically from state to state, city to city, even in the same city. Our worst schools are almost literally houses of horror that would make any sensitive person hang his head in shame; our best schools show by sharp contrast how much better the others could be.

The condition of schools generally today is critical, first, for a very practical reason. We do not have enough classrooms or enough qualified teachers for our growing school population. It is as simple as that. But the solution to this problem is not simple, because we continue to lose ground; the ills of education grow on one another.

Almost all classes in our primary classrooms are too large for effective teaching. Children cannot properly be taught to read, for example, in groups of thirty-five and forty, and even fifty. But in most schools it is the policy—in part, sheer physical necessity—to herd *all* children, regardless of how poorly they do, on to the next higher grade at the end of each school year. With such conveyor-belt schooling, some children never acquire the basic tools of learning, never learn to read. Lacking this basic tool, they stumble on through elementary and high school, handicapped and humiliated, are "graduated" and given a diploma—having learned mainly to hate anything that looks like a book. With smaller classes and some individual attention at an early age, they might have become enjoying readers.

Some of these ills can be cured by money, and more money the schools must have. But there are other problems—problems of perhaps more basic importance—that demand our attention and study. Questions like these must be answered and understood if we are to know where we are going with our schools:

Should all children be promoted every year, regardless of attainment, and after twelve years of attendance be given a high-school diploma? Should high-school courses be watered down until no one can fail? This is happening in many of our schools.

Does democracy in education mean that all students—those of limited ability, the average and the most able—be instructed in the same way with the same books in the same group? Must the more highly intelligent mark time, the large middle group be inadequately taught while the teacher tries to keep the laggards in line? Is it either fair or kind to keep those with below-average ability in regular classes where they are constantly reminded of their failings? This is the common arrangement in most schools today.

Or should we carefully re-examine the notion of compulsory attendance and beware of confusing attendance with education? Is it *really beneficial* to require young people to stay in school until the age of sixteen or eighteen—young people who are resentful of this privilege and must be policed into any proper classroom behavior? Are we forcing many of them to attend school merely to "keep them off the streets" or to "keep them off the labor market"? Is it right that teachers, hired to teach, must often serve primarily as custodians of neglected and disturbed children?

Since our school problems, financial and philosophical, must be solved by informed citizens, the following section of this issue of the JOURNAL deals with some of the major problems of education today. Many readers will be appalled by the brutality in *Blackboard Jungle*, Evan Hunter's novel of human events in a big-city vocational high school, condensed and expurgated for publication here. In a round-table forum, six leaders in education, together with JOURNAL editors, discuss basic policies of education. *Your Child Can Learn to Read*, by G. M. White, is an encouraging report of an outstanding public-school reading program in St. Louis. In a forthright article, *Must We Send Our Children to Private Schools?*, Katherine G. Struve, a public-school teacher for 25 years, says what she thinks is wrong with our schools and what she would do to improve them. Many other teachers express their opinions; a poll on educational questions, conducted especially for the JOURNAL, indicates the way parents feel. Finally, there is Frances Gray Patton's "terrible" Miss Dove, the lovable tyrant teacher that everyone has known, in another great story of what teaching can be. The "terrible" Miss Dove, who appeared originally in the JOURNAL in January, 1947, will soon appear in motion pictures on your local screen. *Blackboard Jungle* is also scheduled for motion-picture production. We offer these stories and articles not as a representative cross section or a complete solution of the problems of education today, but to stimulate those who must grapple with similar problems in their own communities—in short, to help people decide what they want of schools.

To those who want more reading for action, we especially recommend Agnes Meyer's article, *Schoolboy Racketeers*, in the March, 1954, Atlantic Monthly. Worthy of careful study are Walter Lippmann's *The Shortage in Education*, and Beardsley Ruml's *Financing the Public Schools*. Beardsley Ruml makes an original suggestion that Federal aid to schools should be given on a per-capita-child-in-school basis— the money allotted according to the number of children in school in each state rather than any criterion of need—thus minimizing the danger of potential political influence on school curriculums. The National Citizen's Commission for the Public Schools, 2 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y., will supply any person or group working for better schools with these pamphlets as well as other information and various helpful guidebooks.

THE EDITORS

Bruce Gould

Beatrice Blackmar Gould



Meeting in the New York JOURNAL Workshop to discuss problems of education (left to right): **Dr. Paul Woodring, Margaret Hickey, Barbara Benson** (back to camera), **Dr. A. Whitney Griswold, Dr. Francis S. Chase, G. M. White** (back to camera) and **Dr. Leslie B. Hohman.**

Let's attack the Problems

Whose fault is it if your child is not learning all he should?

In a special round-table forum, six distinguished experts share their views on the crisis in education today with millions of JOURNAL readers.

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD,
President, Yale University.

FRANCIS S. CHASE,
Chairman, Department of Education, University of Chicago.

PAUL WOODRING,
Professor of Psychology, Western Washington College of Education.

LESLIE B. HOHMAN,
Professor of Neuro-Psychiatry, College of Medicine, Duke University.

WILLIAM J. LARAMY,
Principal, Haverford Junior High School, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

GRACE B. WHITE,
Primary teacher, Miami, Florida.

BRUCE GOULD, BARBARA BENSON, G. M. WHITE and MARGARET HICKEY (moderator),
of the editorial staff of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Question: Doctor Griswold, do you feel that we, the American people, are facing an educational recession?

DR. GRISWOLD: I think we are in the midst of one. It isn't a question of facing it—it's how to get out of it. Educationally, we are in somewhat the same position in which the country found itself in 1933, after the banks were closed, which was when all the thinking began—too late to forestall and barely in time to ameliorate.

Question: What are some of the aspects of this educational recession?

DR. GRISWOLD: **We have terrible deficits of teachers and facilities in our elementary and secondary school systems. There is the vastly increased, and increasing, attendance. For this enormous new educational population, no really adequate provisions have been made. We haven't been able to catch up, much less get ahead. Now we don't have anywhere near enough teachers or schoolrooms, to say nothing of the quality of either.**

MR. LARAMY: The worst is yet to come. Birth rates continue to increase. The first big group, for the year 1947, started in school last September. Birth rates in 1948 and 1949 were only slig lower than in 1947, and since 1949 have been higher.

MRS. WHITE: We have in our neigh hood, close to our school, twelve hun new houses with new families—big families. Three hundred of these children entered the school last y There will be more. In most fami these were the eldest children ente school.

DR. HOHMAN: There is certainly shortage of teachers and it is incr ing, but that is only a small part of problem.

DR. GRISWOLD: Yes, of course it is, you might say that these shortages are barometric readings—the easiest way prove there is trouble. Let me mention one more barometric reading—twenty *billion* dollars. That is an estimate of cost of supplying the schoolrooms nee in the next six years—just the rooms, to get the children indoors.

CHAIRMAN HICKEY: We know it is go to take a lot of money, but we bel people need to know how to make v decisions first. If people know what t want in the way of education for

ust schools retain children just to
p them off the streets?"
—BRUCE GOULD.

"We are trying to teach everyone, ready or not."—GRACE B. WHITE.

e biggest enrollments are yet to
e." —WILLIAM J. LARAMY.

e need plain, ordinary discipline in
schools!"
—A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD.

"We cannot count on the genius teacher, any more than we can on the genius nurse or the genius doctor."
—LESLIE HOHMAN.

r the lower third, or possibly twenty
cent, high-school education with
thing like the traditional standards
npossible." —PAUL WOODRING.

"There are cases where a youngster would learn more from an occupation, from a life situation, than from being kept in school unduly long."
—FRANCIS S. CHASE.



PHOTOS BY DI PIETRO

Grace B. White, Bruce Gould and **William J. Laramy** offer views on school problems from their end of the table.

. not the Schools

s children, they will find ways to
so let's take the need for more
as a first principle and go on
here.

D GRISWOLD: I think that is sound
ics. Starting with money and end-
h policies is the wrong way around.
as been the trouble all along.

IRMAN HICKEY: Some people talk
attack" on the public schools when-
criticism is made, but we hope that
e kind of leadership represented at
ple we can help people make valid
ns—to see the problem in terms of
wrong and to see ways to work to-
olutions.

GRISWOLD: If we are to take the
n that schools and colleges are
and beyond criticism, we shall never
where. I would not attack anything
improper educational standards.

IRMAN HICKEY: And you believe
ist?

GRISWOLD: I certainly believe they
base this belief not only on what is
aid and written about the crisis in
hools but on my own personal ex-
e of nearly twenty-five years of
g their graduates.

Question: And what are some deficiencies in education today as you see them?

DR. GRISWOLD: ***First, I would cite the deficiency in the use and comprehension of the English language—the use and meaning of words. There is a marked deterioration in the use of the English language by college students, even by those drawn from the top quarter in ability, not just from the bottom quarter or middle quarters. The reading habit has declined. The use of reading as a tool—the ability to use it independently for further exploration—that habit has certainly declined. There is a comparable decline (or failure to advance) in competency in the use of foreign languages. History also is a subject in which lesser competence is demonstrated—there is much less solid general preparation in American and European history than there used to be.***

DR. CHASE: Perhaps you are pointing out an influence that has permeated American life, not something peculiar to the schools.

DR. GRISWOLD: Yes, I agree. It is television and the comics and many other things. But what is a school for if it isn't to cope with adverse influences?

DR. CHASE: Well, passing over some special conditions, I would say the real tragedy in American education today is that, by and large, provisions for education are much the same as forty years ago. There have been some gains, perhaps, some losses. A few years ago, I visited the small rural school I attended as a child. I found approximately the same number of pupils. The methods of teaching were almost identical with those I remembered. I said to one of the people in that little rural community, "The schools haven't improved much since our day." He said, "Improved! They are a lot worse!"

I think this is where some people miss the boat—in thinking that some terrible ideology of progressive thinking has come in and wrecked what we once had. In school after school I find the same textbook teaching, the same rote-memory teaching that teachers were condemned for a good many years ago. At one period in education we did make some slight gains in the quality of teaching. We are losing whatever gains we have made—and there is a recession in that sense—because of the present acute shortage of qualified teachers. The real indictment of American education, as I see it, is that when you consider everything that has happened in the world in the last fifty years, education in most of our schools is so much like it was fifty years ago.

DR. GRISWOLD: I agree with Doctor Chase that this isn't just a question of clash of doctrine, or anything like that. There are many historical reasons for the present posture of education, in secondary schools particularly, which have produced harmful results to the whole process of education. Although there are such reasons for these results, there is no excuse for tolerating them.

I think, too, the American home is remiss. Some parents dump their children on the schools and then criticize the schools for not doing what they themselves are unwilling to do. For example, discipline—just plain old-fashioned discipline. I can name three teachers not far from my home community who have just recently resigned in disgust from a public-school system because they were not able to discipline their classes. They were insulted and even threatened with physical violence, and when they tried to get support from the principal and

ir schools furnish dinner-table argument
in every home that has children of school-going age.

Are we failing to educate our children?

superintendent for their discipline, they got none. So they resigned.

Question: Dr. Woodring, how would you define or describe today's central educational problems or crisis in education?

DR. WOODRING: **I think the current educational crisis grows out of our failure as citizens to decide just what we want the schools to accomplish. What are the aims of education? Should the schools be responsible for the child's intellectual development only or should they be responsible also for his social, moral, religious, vocational, physical and emotional development as well as for his recreation? If the schools are to be responsible for everything, are all these things of equal importance; and if not, what is the order of priority—what comes first? Unless we decide what is more important and what is less important the schools are faced with an impossible task, for there is not adequate time to do everything well.**

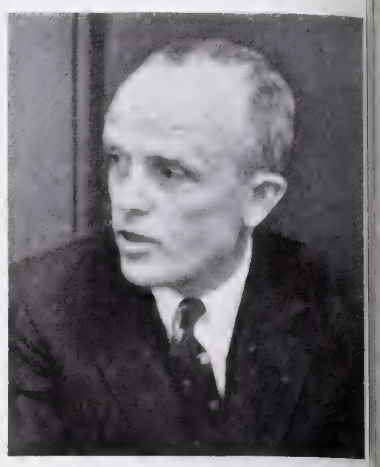
This is a policy decision to be made by all the people—not by educators alone. The failure of the people to make the decision, and to communicate that decision to the educators, has brought about the present crisis.

Question: I am particularly interested in the wide variations in intelligence and ability of children in elementary and secondary schools, and how to do what is best for all of them. Would you say, Doctor Griswold, that schools today are geared to the slow learner?

DR. GRISWOLD: There is a tendency, not only in the public-school system but in colleges and everywhere else, to gear things to the slow student. It is the educational expression of our democratic ideal. There seems to be a fundamental conflict between education and democracy. Democracy says, "Everybody is equal." Education says, "Some get 100, some get 60 and others flunk out." It sorts the sheep from the goats. It says, "You are qualified to go to college and you are not." Now, we have chosen in this country to cast the net as widely as we can and to keep the mesh as tight as we can. This has been our national ideal from the beginning and I personally think it is a good idea, but we can do a lot better with it than we have been doing.



WILLIAM J. LARAMY



A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

Dr. Griswold: Forcing the lad who can't or won't learn t remain in school until the age of sixteen or longer has no educationa value. Socially, it may keep him out of worse trouble—or it may lea him into it, through frustration, boredom or feelings of inferiority

DR. HOHMAN: I would take exception to that use of the word "democracy." It seems to me that democracy means everybody shall have the maximum opportunity to develop himself to the maximum.

DR. GRISWOLD: I accept that correction, and I am glad you made it. But I believe there is a popular, uncritical acceptance of the meaning of democracy in the terms I stated, and with that education is in conflict.

Question: Will you give your definition and interpretation of true democracy as applied to education?

DR. GRISWOLD: I should say that democracy as applied to education means equal opportunity (for individuals to go as far as their abilities can carry them) plus a maximum diffusion of knowledge (talent, skill, virtue, responsibility) through society. This philosophy is not being carried out in practice because many of the best high-school graduates (40 per cent of the top 25 per cent) are not going as far as they could because of insufficient motivation and, secondly, because many of those who do go on are inadequately prepared. Hence, on both counts, the ideals of equal educational opportunity and maximum diffusion of knowledge are not being fulfilled.

DR. HOHMAN: ***It is certainly a false principle that suggests it is democratic to place children in classrooms without regard to their intelligence. It is not democratic—it is vicious. If you take the distribution curve of intelligence in the population, about 20 per cent of it is not going to be geared above satisfactory accomplishment of the grade-school level; about 60 per cent will be geared to the possible finishing of high school and only some 20 per cent of our population is geared to higher education. Yet in my home town where we have nine first-year classes, the children are selected alphabetically for fear there will be any separation on the basis of intelligence!***

The practice is, in 90 per cent of schools in America, to put all chil together in the same classroom and t expect some type of supernatural ge in the way of a teacher to be able to k them all working and learning at t own individual speed. I think we me pretend that classes are kept at th pupils per class. In my experience th are much more likely to be thirty-fiv forty pupils in a class. I mention this cause I think it might be possible fo skillful teacher to give equal opportu to all kinds of children, with all type background, ability and attainment there were only ten to fifteen childre the classroom.

Question: Isn't this failure to criminate among types of learn detrimental to the fast as well as the sl

DR. WOODRING: If a teacher is tea ing thirty-five or forty children, as a g many teachers are, and he is teaching, the fourth grade, he has mental a ranging from about six to sixteen. If teaches for the upper group, all the lo ones are lost. If he teaches for the lowest group, the upper ones are bo Usually he aims for the middle, or below the middle, and I think there is doubt that the upper group suffers. T learn the essentials but they are unm vated and unstimulated. Likewise, lowest group may be neglected and f trated. I don't doubt that the upper gr is neglected, except in those compa tively rare schools that have spe classes, and they deal only with the up 5 per cent or 1 per cent, rather than upper 30 per cent.

MR. LARAMY: Well, in our school, find that reading ability is probably best guide for grouping students. Par will accept grouping according to read ability. Separation on the basis of I they might object to.

DR. HOHMAN: I wonder if that is t or if it is the teachers who object? O and over again, teachers say to "Parents won't stand for any separat according to ability in learning." But parents I deal with don't say it. It's teachers.

HONOR OUR TEACHERS

By MARGERY WILSON

We need inspired, dedicated teachers. We need to encourage the good ones we have. We need to make the teaching field attractive to fine people with fine talents. The first and most important step is to raise the prestige of the profession. Other advantages would follow more easily.

Though more money and good surroundings are fine assets, they are not the primary, deciding factor in attracting or holding superior teachers. Besides, these points must be left to those in charge of them. *But there is an important job for you and me.*

It has been proved that the deepest yearning of the human heart is for recognition, for honor! And in this we have failed our teachers.

We, you and I, have let the teaching profession slide downward in prestige. A traveling teacher is overjoyed if no one guesses her to be a teacher! The "schoolma'am" of comic-valentine smear is the mental picture impressed in the national mind. *Teaching is at its lowest ebb in our country.* Intentional and unintentional enemies have made it so. You and I can raise it by *honoring our teachers.* Everybody can help.

About a hundred years ago in Germany, the same sad state existed—and *one* man changed it. He went to his emperor and explained his plan for honoring professors and all teachers of both sexes. In a short time respect had been so built up for *Herr Professor* that his rank was next to royalty! And German education went rapidly forward to top rank.

We must *honor our teachers*—and *quickly.* We do not need to wait for funds, or official approval. There is no red tape involved. We need but to touch an already ripe public opinion. I have had amazing responses where I have presented this idea. A three-fold program suffices.

NEEDS	WHAT YOU CAN DO
1. SOCIAL RECOGNITION	Entertain, this week, for your teachers. Have a tea. Sponsor and back your teachers. Don't leave them on their own after hours (and then criticize them). *Provide social contacts* for them. Take responsibility for the happiness of these faithful people who are so valuable to the community. Establish a Teachers' Day.
2. PUBLIC HONOR	Arrange for teachers to have special courtesies and privileges (and discounts). Wherever possible, give them *first* position in your town. Require children to stand when they enter a room.
3. MORAL BACKING	Never criticize a teacher before a pupil. Befriend your present teachers by helping any who need it to *raise their qualifications*—but do it privately, and with affectionate interest. They will work hard for further qualifications *if you show them respect.* This

spirit is needed even more than any material assets in the field, whether buildings or salaries, however important they may be. You and I can raise the prestige of the teaching profession in a very short time—and the returns are incalculable for teachers, pupils and parents.

When public schools are discussed, somebody always says, "But parents won't *stand* for it!"

What will people stand for in regard to public schools? To find out, the American Institute of Public Opinion conducted a nationwide survey for the JOURNAL. Crucial issues raised by the experts in the JOURNAL forum were submitted to a representative cross section of adults, including parents and people without children.

The great majority want the same things recommended by the experts. Here are the questions and replies:

Should every public-school pupil in the first eight grades be promoted, or should pupils who have failed most of their subjects be kept back?

*Kept back**	*Promoted*	*Undecided*
79%	*16%*	*5%*

Do you think that studies in the public schools should be made easy enough that every child can pass?

Should not	*Should*	*Undecided*
78%	*16%*	*6%*

Do you yourself think the study of reading is more important or less important than other school subjects?

More important	*About same*
67%	*25%*
Less important	*Undecided*
4%	*4%*

If a pupil is having trouble with reading, do you think he should spend extra time catching up, if it means taking time away from other subjects?

Extra time	*Should not*	*Undecided*
74%	*22%*	*4%*

In some public schools, pupils are divided into "above-average" and "below-average" sections for study and recitation, according to the scores they make on intelligence tests. Do you think this is a good or a poor idea?

Good idea	*Poor idea*	*Undecided*
61%	*26%*	*13%*

Instead of grouping pupils according to their scores on intelligence tests some public schools group them according to their skill in each particular subject. Do you think this is a good idea, or a poor idea?

Good idea	*Poor idea*	*Undecided*
71%	*14%*	*15%*

If your child had trouble learning to read, would you prefer that he study reading with other slow readers, or in a class where most of the other pupils read better and faster?

With slow	*With better*	*Undecided*
67%	*26%*	*7%*

Do you think high-school students who won't behave and won't do their work should be allowed to stay in high school?

Should	*Should not*	*Undecided*
29%	*64%*	*7%*

Do you think very poor readers should be admitted to high school, or should they be kept back until they have caught up in reading?

Thirty-two per cent said they should be admitted anyway, and another 9 per cent said admitted but given special work; 51 per cent said poor readers should be kept back, and 8 per cent were undecided.

What do you think we should do about high-school students who don't like high school and aren't getting anything out of their studies?

Thirteen per cent say they should be kept in school till they reach the legal age limit, as at present. But 72 per cent said a different kind of training program should be provided for such pupils, and another 10 per cent believe they should be released a year or two earlier if they wish. Five per cent are undecided.

*These results combine the replies of parents and of people without children. The answers of parents alone are similar, but consistently slightly closer to the viewpoint of the experts.

...ARAMY: We used to group on the ... intelligence and we got lots of ...nts. I didn't have one this year, ...ouping largely on the basis of ... ability.

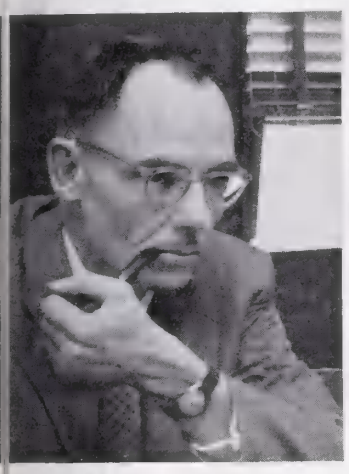
DR. GRISWOLD: Well, that was my ...hen I suggested a conflict between ...on and democracy. Isn't what you ...of that there has been such a con... ...ween the proper, democratic ideal ...tion and popular ideas of democ... ...applied to education?

DR. HOHMAN: Yes, I think there has ...nd it has deprived many children ... democratic right to learn.

Question: You all agree that this differ... mental ability and attainment ...hen the children start to school. ... child is automatically promoted ...ext grade at the end of each year, ...ss of his achievement, what hap... ...that child as a person?

DR. HOHMAN: In my experience, one of ...gs—he sits and is good and the ... offers no objection to him, or he ... a clown and misbehaves, be... has to get his place in the sun ...n.

DR. WOODRING: **We have given far too ...mphasis to how old children are ...s. We start them in school on ...is of age alone, and that is our ...stake. In my state, promotions ...le almost entirely on the basis ... At the age of seventeen, nearly ...e in high school is a senior. ...ss of ability—and the differ... ...e greater then than in the first ...ecause they have broadened** ... grouping of children for learning ...e based on a variety of factors: ...naturity, physical maturity, in... ...l maturity, and special knowledge ...ls. Since a child may be advanced ... of these traits and retarded in ...t may be necessary to place him ...ent groups for different activities. ... think it is either necessary or pos... eliminate competition in learning ...s, but the child should have an ...nity to compete with those of ...mately his own ability rather than ...se far above or far below him—



PAUL WOODRING



FRANCIS S. CHASE

Dr. Chase: Teachers, in common with other citizens, recog... this nation needs the fullest possible development of its human ...sources if it is to provide world leadership. Our present provisions for ...ucation in this country are clearly not equal to that task.

which is what frequently happens when he is kept with his age group for all activities. I do not think there is anything democratic in keeping all twelve-year-olds together when some have a mental age of eight and others a mental age of eighteen.

DR. CHASE: This is all the result of our mass-production methods in education. The old system of repeating a grade for a second, third or fourth time was seldom a valid educational experience. Some youngsters after repeating a grade three or four times often knew no more than they did the first time. You can't solve this problem either by promoting everybody or by keeping a child in a given grade until he masters the so-called minimum standards for that grade. We must deal with the problem by setting goals that are appropriate for different types of learners.

DR. HOHMAN: I agree 100 per cent with Doctor Chase. Therefore, it seems to me we must establish different types of education for the slow learner and the fast learner.

DR. WOODRING: Of course there is a large group of Americans, including a large group of teachers, who do think it is undemocratic to divide children on the basis of ability.

Question: Is it mainly teachers who believe that, or is it parents?

DR. WOODRING: There are a great many teachers whose education philosophy has led them to believe that we ought not to call attention to these differences, and further—and this is a second belief I think is erroneous—the best way to avoid the appearance of difference is to keep them in the same group.

DR. CHASE: Well, the schools really have been giving consideration to this for a number of years and they have made progress. The idea of grouping children in classrooms in various ways to improve teaching was common at one time—and then it was discarded almost entirely, partly because the grouping was being done on the wrong basis and partly because there wasn't much difference in the teaching after the children were separated into groups. I think there is a swing back toward grouping—but not the same grouping for every kind of learning. When you have a half-dozen first-grade classes, even if you know nothing about the intelligence of the children, you can still easily determine their relative readiness for reading and certain other kinds of experience. Not to take advantage of that in grouping seems to me the utmost folly.

DR. HOHMAN: Even if there were only two first-grade classes, you could still do it, because then the teacher can separate the very bright from the average; a third group could be made up of the slow learners from more than one grade.

DR. CHASE: Let us remember, too, that many exceptionally able people have come out of the one-room schools. In such schools the teacher had a completely varied group of all ages and grades. When

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184



GRACE B. WHITE



LESLIE HOHMAN

JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Mrs. White: Not all children are ready to read at six or even seven. We can to some degree speed up reading readiness, but not much. Some may never read with ease.


WRITING =
THINKING



A novel dealing with a crisis in the lives of thousands of America's rejected children today

By EVAN HUNTER

This is a shocking story. It is a frightening story. It is a story based on reality which now finds its counterpart in many of our great American cities. It is published to awaken and warn the majority of parents and citizens whose children are more fortunate. It shows what conditions can produce juvenile delinquency and even crime among school children.

We believe that it is the responsibility of every citizen to see that the conditions described in this powerful novel are banished from the land. In the tradition of Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris and Sinclair Lewis, this novel exposes a contemporary social evil. Thousands of rejected children can now be bent to delinquency and a resentment at society through schools which police rather than educate. Unless a better program can be found for these nonacademic minds, society must seriously consider whether they would not be better off in a fruitful job experience, also educative, which many factors, including union practices, now tend to deny them. (We, as editors, believe that America as a society can be no greater than the homes and schools which mar or make our citizens.)

Teachers are not to blame for these appalling conditions. Society is. The conflict of the idealistic teacher in the midst of this chaos, the final triumph of this teacher's courage over disaster, is told with poignance and compassion, by a writer who has himself lived through the agony.

Turn the page for this New Novel Complete in this Issue

Blackboard Jungle

The kids knew what had happened... and they liked i

The building presented a not unpleasant architectural scheme, the banks of wide windows reflecting golden sunlight, the browned weathered brick façade, the ivy clinging to the brick and framing the windows. He walked through the gate in the fence and into the empty yard. He was a little nervous, but knew that would pass once the interview started. He paused on the shadowed steps to look up at the chiseled letters in the triangular arch over the doorway: NORTH MANUAL TRADES HIGH SCHOOL.

He sucked in a deep breath, the way a man on a diving board will just before taking the plunge, and started up the steps. He pulled open the wooden door and saw the sign, GENERAL OFFICE. He followed the arrow beneath the sign into a cool, dim corridor. The halls were freshly painted and spotlessly clean. He admired this with an air of proprietorship, almost as if he had already won the job. *A clean school is a good school*, he mused, and wondered in which education class he'd picked that up.

He made a turn at the end of the corridor, and walked rapidly to an open doorway. A sign to the right read GENERAL OFFICE.

He stood in the doorway for just an instant, and then walked to the railing. A blonde with an upswept hairdo and a pencil stabbed into the hair was busily scribbling something on an official-looking form. She did not look up. He cleared his throat, and she still continued scribbling and did not deign to notice him until she had finished. She looked at him exactly as she had looked at the form.

"Yes?" she said.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Stanley," he said, smiling.

"Your name, please?"

"Mr. Dadier."

"If you'll take a seat, Mr. Dadier, he'll be with you in a moment."

"Thank you."

Richard Dadier walked to the bench and took a seat. He turned his attention to the two men at the desk beyond the railing. The distinguished-looking man was doubtless Mr. Stanley, and the one with fear all over his face was undoubtedly applying for the open English teacher's position. Stanley was a blondish man, with a thin, angular face and a precise mustache. The fellow opposite him droned on, using his hands to illustrate points. Rick heard the words "student taught," and Stanley nodded. The fellow went on, and Stanley penciled notes on the pad before him.

There was movement behind the railing, and Rick saw the frightened-looking man rise and shake hands with Stanley. The blonde with the pencil in her hair said, "Mr. Dadier?" and Rick rose.

He threw his shoulders back, remembering to walk proudly. Stanley appraised him as he came closer to the desk, and Rick kept his hands tightly clenched because he knew they would tremble if he loosened them. Stanley followed him all the way across the room, his eyes inquisitive.

"Mr. Dadier?" he said, and his voice was soft, like the roll of distant thunder in purple hills.

"Yes, sir," Rick said.

"Sit down, won't you?"

He sat stiffly. Stanley's eyes were gray, a pale gray. His hair was not as blond as it had looked from the other side of the railing. His suit was expensively tailored, and he looked the complete picture of the chairman of the English Department at Princeton or Harvard, except this was North Manual Trades and not Princeton or Harvard.

"Why do you want to teach here?" Stanley asked suddenly.

"I have to teach in a vocational school," Rick told him.

"Would you rather teach in another type of school?"

Rick smiled a bit tremulously, wondering if he were taking the right tack. "Sir," he said, "I would rather teach at Princeton . . . but so would a lot of other people."

Stanley smiled, and Rick knew he'd hit the right spot. He felt his hands unclench, and knew he could take whatever Stanley had to offer now. *Fire away*, he thought, and he waited impatiently.

"You said you *have* to teach in a vocational school. That means you have an emergency license, doesn't it?" Stanley asked.

"Yes, sir. A year in vocational high schools to make the license valid for *any* high school."

"A good move on the board's part," Stanley commented dryly. "We need teachers in vocational high schools." He paused and smoothed his thin mustache, patchy in spots, Rick saw, now that he was closer to it. *It's probably a new mustache.* A department chairman must look older, and he figured Stanley for no more than thirty-eight or -nine.

"Which college did you attend?"

"Hunter, sir."

"Oh?" Stanley's brows went up in interest. Everyone's brows always went up in interest. It was better than having a Harvard degree. "That's an all-girls' school, isn't it?"

"It was, sir. They took in veterans after the war. It was difficult to find a school, so many of us were returning at once."

"You're a veteran, then?" Stanley asked.

"Yes, sir. Navy."

"I see." He could tell Stanley was pleased. The veteran hook always pleased people. "Where did you student-teach?"

Stanley pronounced it "styu-dent," and Rick suddenly remembered his diction, and he recalled the Speech I and II classes. He knew he possesse sibilant *s*, and he reminded himself to watch tha When he spoke, his speech was letter perfect, a Stanley's "styu-dent" had given him an invis shot in the arm.

"I taught"—and he hit the *t* perfectly—"at N chine and Metal Trades, sir."

"Oh? A vocational school, eh? That was think ahead."

"Yes, sir."

"How'd you find it?"

"I enjoyed it, sir. It wasn't at all as bad as the painted it."

"If you liked Machine and Metal, you'll lik here. Who was department chairman there?"

"Mr. Ackerman, sir."

"M-m-m, yes, a good man."

"He helped me a lot, sir."

"You speak rather softly," Stanley said sudde "Can you be heard at the back of a classroom?"

"Well, I did a lot of dramatics in college, sir, they could always hear me in the last row of theater."

"Really?" Stanley asked, seeming truly interest

"Shall I project a little?" Rick asked, smiling

Stanley leaned back and smiled with him. " ahead. Project."

Rick felt for his voice at the pit of his d phragm. "*Once more unto the breach, dear frie once more*," he quoted loudly, strongly, "*or close wall up with our English dead. In peace there's no ing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humili but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then i tate the action of the tiger.*"

He stopped there, hoping Stanley would not w him to go farther because he could not remem any more of the quotation.

"An aptly chosen quotation," Stanley s smilingly. "Henry the Fourth, wasn't it?"

Rick hesitated. The passage had been from He V—Hank the Cinq, as they'd called it in school. W it possible that Stanley, the chairman of the Engl Department, did not know this?

"I think it's Henry the Fifth," Rick said polite gambling that Stanley knew and was simply test him.

Stanley nodded knowingly, more pleased n "Right; it is," he said. "Can you be here Friday an organizational meeting, Mr. Dadier?"

"Certainly, sir," Rick said, still not realizing job was his.

"Fine. Give your license to Miss Brady in the joining office," Stanley told him. "She'll list you the books and make out a time card for you. T meeting is at noon, but I'd like you to be here eleven or so. I'll introduce you to Mr. Small, new principal. You can report to the English off That's on the fourth floor, Room Four thirty-ni Any questions?"

"Just one, sir," Rick said. He hesitated, and th asked, "The discipline problem here. Is it ——"

Stanley's eyes tightened. "There is no discipl problem here," he said quickly. "I'll look for y on Friday."

He rose and took Rick's hand, and Rick r uncertainly.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Thank you very much, s

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This is a condensation of the novel, soon to be published by Simon and Schuster

This sort of evened the score.

He strode briskly from the desk and through the ate remembering to keep his shoulders back and is head high.

He caught the bus at the corner. When he was eate and looking through the window he remem- ere he hadn't called Anne. But he told himself it as better this way; he'd surprise her.

The bus belched carbon monoxide, pulled out nto the thick traffic.

When the old-fashioned twist bell in the loo sounded she was standing at the sink with her han in soapy water. She called, "Just a moment," dryi her hands rapidly. She walked down the long ove lifted the flap of the peephole in the door, and aid "Oh, Rick, it's you." She said it happily, and her unlocked the door, wondering why he hadn't sec his key.

He stood there with a little-boy look on his face, both hands behind his back. He was grinning broadly, like a kid on Christmas morning, and she knew then that he'd got the job, but she would not have spoiled his surprise for all the tea in China.

"Hello, Anne," he said softly, secretly.

"Hello, darling," she replied. "Why didn't you use your key?"

"I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?" she asked, playing with the game, still standing in the doorway, waiting for him to break the surprise.

"My hands are full," he said. "*Voilà!*" He pulled and from behind his back, and there was a bou et of red roses, six of them, with ferns and ris green wrapping. "And *voilà!*" He pulled the the hand out, and she saw the bottle of cham- pag. She could read the delicately scripted *Dom stic*, but that didn't matter at all.

"You got the job!" she said ecstatically, pretend- ing surprise, not having to pretend vast joy because he was truly excited.

"Did I get it? Did I get it?" He scooped her into his arms, lifting her off her feet, with the champagne and roses clutched tightly behind her back. "Did I get honey? Did I get it?"

He swung her around, and she shrieked girlishly, "Rick, your son and heir!" and he answered, "Nuts to your son and heir."

But then—remembering that she was six months pregnant, remembering that you don't go wad ing six-months-pregnant women around in the air, even if you did get a job at Manual Trades, and ve if this was the first break you'd had since you got out of school—he put her down.

He kissed her resoundingly, thinking how sweet her lips were, and thinking there was no one on earth he would have rather come home to with the news tha he had got the job at Manual Trades. No one on ear at, and that included Hedy Lamarr and Rita Hayworth and anyone else you might care to name.

"Oh, Rick," she said, "that's wonderful, truly wo derful!"

"And are you going to worry about money any mo dear?" Rick wanted to know. "Are you?"

"No, darling," she said softly, pleased, smiling.

"And are you going to love me?"

"I love you, Rick," she said.

"Are you going to really love me?"

"I really love you, darling."

"Have you cooked supper yet?"

"No, I ——" She put her hand to her lips because she hadn't even begun supper. Her green eyes clouded. "I ——"

"Good! Because I am going out and get something for supper," he told her. "I shall bring supper home to you as befits the wife of a new English teacher at North Manual Trades High School, Incorporated, of America. How about ravioli? That goes well with champagne, doesn't it? Ravioli, and a good *antipasto*. And we'll put candles on the table, and these roses."

"All right, Rick," she said, watching him happily, loving the excitement in his eyes and the high flush on his cheeks.

"And I want you to wear your black strapless, and I'll wear my blue ——"

"Rick, I'd never get into it!"

He swept her into his arms again and kissed her lingeringly this time, and she tightened her arms around his neck, not wanting to let him go, wanting to preserve this bubble of complete happiness forever. He released her suddenly, holding her at arm's length.

"That new maternity thing then," he told her, "the pink one. I want this to be dress-up, Anne. Do you understand?"

"Yes, darling," she said, "I do."

"Good. Now you set the table, and don't forget the candles," he said. "Hop to it, wench! I'll go get the vittles."

They could not have asked for more from the evening.

The candles cast a warm glow onto the stiff regularity of a City Housing Project kitchen, and the food that Rick had bought looked inviting and tempting. They ate with relish, and afterward they turned on the radio and danced in the living room, with the cool breeze blowing off the East River into their eleventh-floor window. They danced and he held her tightly, and they didn't speak, just listened to the music and felt the breeze and were content in the tight little happy vacuum they had built around themselves.

This thing that miraculously surrounded them was all a part of Rick's getting the job, and the impromptu supper suggestions, and the dancing afterward. They did not stop to realize that this thing about them was simply being in love.

Richard Dadier examined his program, and after he'd studied it he could not but admit it was a good one. The program was divided into eight forty-five-minute periods. There was five minutes allowed between periods for change of classes, and fifteen minutes allowed at the beginning of the day for his official class. He reported for work at 8:30 A.M. and his day ended at 3:25 P.M. A short day, even counting the lesson plans that would have to be prepared at night and the fact that he'd have to be at school by about 8:15 and wouldn't leave, most likely, until 4:00. Even so, it was a short day.

His official room was Room 206, in which he would teach all day long. His official class was a second-term class, officially titled 27.

The program looked like this:

8:30—8:45	*Home Room*
1— 8:50—9:35	*English 21—206*
2— 9:40—10:25	*English 22—206*
3—10:30—11:15	*Hall Patrol*
4—11:20—12:05	*Lunch*
5—12:10—12:55	*English 55—206*
6— 1:00—1:45	*Unassigned*
7— 1:50—2:35	*English 77—206*
8— 2:40—3:25	*English 78—206*

He did not realize that it was undesirable to have two English 2 classes. It was undesirable because they, unlike the upper-term classes, did not follow individual programs. They traveled in a group, and that group was a well-knit, solidified thing. It was undesirable because 2's are beginning to feel their oats, are beginning to feel familiar in the school, are beginning to know the score. They are just marking time until they're sixteen and can get working papers. Rick did not realize this.

The Hall Patrol period did not disturb him either. He knew that there were so-called "duty" periods in every high school, and a hall patrol was a nice time to sit and catch up on lesson plans while the monitors did all the work.

He did not as yet know that his hall patrol was in the short end of the first-floor corridor L, and that there was an entrance at the end of that L, and also a toilet. Even if he had known this, it would not have bothered him because he didn't know the locks on every door to that entrance were broken, and he didn't know that this particular toilet was a gathering place for every kid in the school who was cutting, smoking, or just generally killing time.

He was glad they'd given him an English 5 class. Perhaps he would have still been glad if he had known a little about English 55–206, but that is doubtful. Most of the boys in 55–206 had traveled in a block program with a freshman named Juan Garza, and Juan Garza had raised delightful sorts of hell at Manual Trades. Nor was Juan Garza without disciples in 55-206, and those disciples were reported to be some of the worst troublemakers at Manual Trades, even now that Garza was safely ensconced in a reform school. Rick did not know all this.

His program looked fine, especially when he saw that he had two English 7 classes. Everyone knew that English 7's were ideal. They'd come to within a term of graduation, and didn't want to get thrown out of school for fouling up at this late stage of the game.

This was ordinarily true. It was, unfortunately, not true at the present time.

Because most of Rick's English 7's were boys of eighteen and nineteen, and most of them were expecting to be drafted into the Army of the United States. Most of them worked after school, so it was doubly unfortunate that one of the English 7 classes was during the eighth and last period. A last-period class is always restless, and when a boy is thinking about the money he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Let the Teache

Teachers and administrators who know what goes on in the classrooms are the great sources of common sense in education today, but many of them are afraid to voice their opinions.

TOO MUCH TO TEACH

Burnet, Texas

Last year I was teaching the third grade. I was trying to cover fourteen subjects, between the hours of nine and three, five days a week, watching the door for the next interruption, and hoping to teach the students to read in the thirty-minute allotted period. Would you have been frustrated? Would you have known the new word presented the day before? Would the *command* "Let's settle down, please" have meant much to you? I did not have time even to discover the child's needs, much less do anything about them if I had.

MRS. O. L. KASSAW
(Teacher)

THE TEACHERS DO TRY

St. Louis, Missouri

One of the changes that have occurred as a result of the demands of society is the change in the type of pupil we are trying to educate. Time was when colleges received only the cream of the crop of high-school graduates, the high school got only the cream of the crop of elementary-school graduates, and the elementary schools did much eliminating of pupils during their elementary-school years. Now everyone goes through elementary school, almost everyone goes through high school, and a high percentage of high-school graduates goes on to college. How hard teachers have tried to maintain standards of excellence!

The group of citizens that demands that something be added to the curriculum is not concerned about what is subtracted. Each addition, however, requires a subtraction; for the school day still has the same number of hours, the school year still has the same number of months, and the school course still has the same number of years. We must educate a changed pupil, member of a changed family, to take his changed place in a changed society, with a changed cultural heritage. We say that the curriculum, too, must be changed, and we educators are eager to have society crystallize its thinking, and establish its goals.

MARION STRAUSS
(Teacher—retired)

WHY USE YOUR HEAD?

San Antonio, Texas

The idea of discipline in my school is a "talking to." Suspension is unheard of and would shock everyone. In senior classes my husband has had students of low mentality, bad discipline problems and students who refuse to do anything but grudgingly attend some classes. He has been told to pass all of them "just to keep them in school." You can imagine the atmosphere for the brighter student. There are many students in this high school who have perfectly normal minds but have never learned to read. They cannot comprehend what they do read because they have never been required to reason or think. The comparatively small chemistry class was supposed to have been the cream of the crop. Yet my husband had to stop over and over and teach basic math before he could proceed with chemistry.

This school is afflicted with clubs, organizational activities and band trips. Activities are not restricted in number, nor students restricted from participation by their grades. The students join everything they can and major in minors. The teacher learns quickly not to waste time sending discipline problems to the office and suffers in frustrated silence—or quits teaching and gets a good job.

TEACHER'S WIFE
(Name withheld by request)

NO BRAINS ALLOWED

Toledo, Ohio

My 8-A English class numbers thirty-six youngsters whose reading skills vary from third to tenth grade and whose mental abilities cover as wide a range. For convenience, I think of them as "brighties," "middlings" and "little dears."

The task assigned to me is to keep all progressing while I provide for the gifted what is called an "enriched curriculum," supposed to stretch their active little minds to the full and store them with added knowledge. Here's what happens:

"Why can't I read my comic books? I'm always through first anyway," smugly from Larry.

"I have read all those books," says Jane. "I am tired of them."

"I don't want to do any more work," announces Joe. "The kids are calling me a brain now."

And how are the "little dears" coming? Are they discouraged? They need some participation. But the "brighties" won't listen to their stumbling reading, and repetitious stories. If I only had two heads! While one of them stirred and stimulated and fulfilled the clever ones, the other could be a devoted audience, listening to the problems and watching the eye movements of the "little dears." Maybe some of them *could* learn to read after all.

But, as it is, "enrichment" falls short. Are the "brighties" growing mischievous, careless or smug? Are the "middlings" marking time? Isn't it too bad that in the eighth grade we still haven't time to teach so many just to read? Shouldn't something be done about it soon? It's already too late for too many.

(Name withheld by request)

YOU CAN'T FAIL THEM

Bellflower, California

Since students everywhere vary tremendously in their intellectual capacity, obviously many of those who finish high school cannot be expected to achieve desirable standards.

Society will no longer permit us to fail pupils repeatedly, or expel them from school, just because they cannot attain the intellectual standards of the more able. Most of us would agree that this newer point of view, which permits a large majority of our citizenry to complete high school, is a desirable one. Nevertheless, business and the professions should no longer expect the high-school diploma to be an indication of high-level competency. Employers will need to be selective in the employment of high-school graduates.

W. NORMAN WAMPLER
(Superintendent)
Bellflower City School District

Must

to priva

"We are
with high-schoo
but what

PARENTS who want their child good fundamental education in a wholeso ment are in grave danger of being forced t to private schools. This necessity will financial sacrifice on the part of many pare ill afford such a burden on top of taxes they toward public education. It will also mean bright youngsters will be deprived of the e which they are entitled because their pare be able to pay private-school tuition. Is it that the young people most capable of pro an education and returning a valuable ser country are in danger of being pushed out to pay for their education while the energy of the country are being squandered on capable of profiting from the investment? accepting supinely the conditions that are b enrollment of the private schools, should demanding a reorganization of the public that bright boys and girls of whatever fina can have an equal opportunity to receive a an education as is possible for the child wealthy?

The observations and recommendations make in this article are based on twenty-fi teaching in a public high school. That we out thousands of illiterates with high-schoo is deplored by public-school teachers. C however, the load carried by public-high-sch ers and the conditions under which they tea it is remarkable that they send as many we students to college as they do.

Public-school education is now mass edu is heir to all the sorry defects of mass produ idea dominating the schools today is that all must be kept in school regardless of intel pacity or interest in learning. (We are boast per cent of the youngsters of high-school school.) This idea is based on the worthiest all our fumbling is done in the name of de that all children shall have an equal opport

The idea has become fixed in America th dren must have a bookish education. Tr working with the hands has acquired a soc the idea has become prevalent that a person happy unless he has a college degree and hol collar job. Parents refuse to accept a non child and are determined to make their chil the Procrustean bed of academic education bones are cracked rather than admit that t

peak

end
hildren
chools?

ans of illiterates
er deplore it—
ATERINE G. STRUVE

ild ho is not suited to a bookish education. Conse-ent we have many unhappy, maladjusted young op in our schools today who are making teaching ch nightmare that young teachers are leaving the ofe on by the thousands. Poor salaries, it is true, e de factor causing teachers to leave, but the ilo phy of education controlling the schools is, in y o nion, a much more powerful factor.

In der to qualify for teaching positions in the bli high schools, candidates are required to pass an ations in subject matter that would qualify them t in the best private schools. It is not unreason-ble f them to expect that they will teach these sub-cts n the high-school level. But when they secure eir positions, they find themselves being asked to ach lasses in the high schools on the fifth- and sixth-ad evels to students who are not only uninterested l ning but who are also so unco-operative that ey terfere with the learning of other students who w n to learn.

Si e the entire public-school system is geared to the ed re, and academic activities are subordinated to er other sort of activity, the teacher who wants to r re for the capable child finds himself in a con-an tate of frustration. The teachers are told, *after ey e in the schools*, that they will have to teach the ta d students or get out. Hundreds of young ch rs *are getting out*, and it is my opinion that as ac g conditions in the public schools become n lly known, a much greater number of capable u college graduates will avoid getting into such us ting situations.

I e high schools are to be conducted for the masses, cl ing the delinquents and hoodlums, the kind of t r training given should be of the type formerly o led for teaching in the correctional institutions. t at least be honest in stating what we are trying i so that persons interested in that kind of work r cure the proper training for accomplishing their s and can go into the work with their eyes open o are teachers trained to teach academic subjects t the humiliating position in which they now find e lves.

r the past twenty-five years a system of "social otion" has gradually been accepted by the ls. Faced with the impossibility of educating all en to the same level, educators have given up and established the policy of passing pupils from one to the next without requiring them to meet any ards. The theory CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

Your child can learn to read

More is known about the teaching of reading than possibly any other subject; still, thousands of children are failing to master this essential educational tool.

By G. M. WHITE

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM KOTTMEYER, in charge of the reading program in the St. Louis public schools, says flatly, "All children qualified to be in regular public-school classrooms can be taught to read. If they do not learn, it is because they are not taught."

His statement may well be news to many parents whose children have stumbled and suffered through school because of poor reading ability. Reading failure has been attributed to any number of complex factors other than inadequate teaching. Doctor Kottmeyer maintains the chief factors are educational. Here is an accounting of 924 children studied in the St. Louis language-arts centers because of failure to learn to read. Why did they not learn to read?

QUESTION: Are these children so stupid that they can't learn?

ANSWER: No. As a matter of fact, 636 of these cases, or 69 per cent, had normal or superior intelligence. *Lowest recorded intelligence quotient was 50, the highest, 140.*

Q.: Are they physically handicapped?

A.: Yes, as a group they show more physical handicaps than normal groups. Some 494, or 53 per cent, had a physical handicap which might have had something to do with their failure to learn.

Q.: Can they see? Can they hear?

A.: Again, this group shows more seeing and hearing handicaps than a random group—47 per cent had some sight deficiency and 18 per cent had hearing losses greater than a 10 per cent loss in either ear.

Q.: What seems to be the relative importance of emotional disturbances in learning to read?

A.: Emotional disturbances among the children in this group were a relatively minor factor. The best judgment of the St. Louis Reading Clinic teachers making these diagnoses is that some 6 per cent of the 924 cases showed evidence that emotional disturbances interfered seriously with their learning to read.

Q.: Is there any *outstanding* handicapping characteristic among these 924 cases?

A.: Yes. Approximately 94 per cent of these children either have never learned or have never been taught to associate sounds with letters of the alphabet.

No one can state accurately the number of retarded readers in the public schools today. Some estimates run as high as one third of the total enrollment. Others are lower, largely because of disagreement about standards upon which the judgment is based. At the outset of World War II, 433,000 young American men were rejected in the draft because they were illiterate. At that point, to prevent more thousands' being lost to the armed services, a program was started to teach illiterate draftees the rudiments of reading and writing. That program was highly successful, proving that men can be taught to read when they are needed to fight a war.

Nobody disagrees that the ability to read is essential for anyone to get anything from the printed page. Even the most optimistic observers concede that great numbers of children—a horde frighteningly large in a nation governed by its people—are failing to learn to read easily and well.

In many of our schools children are, in effect, being taught *not* to read, to hate reading. They are being promoted each year to the next higher grade, without ever having mastered the one skill essential for them to learn from the books. For them the classroom is a torture chamber and they react accordingly. They often express their frustration by misbehavior or complete passivity in the classroom, and sometimes by more serious delinquency.

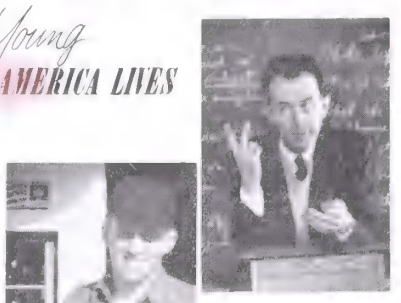
Here is the case of Ronnie, a seventh-grader in St. Louis who alternately moped and clowned in the classroom because he could barely read fourth-grade material. "You can't teach me nothin'!" he told his teacher. "Lots of people have tried. I'm just too dumb to learn." No defiance—just a hangdog look.

His score on a Stanford-Binet Form M showed an I.Q. of 106—comfortably above average. But like most poor readers he was convinced he was stupid and getting more so. His reading-disability analysis read: *Retarded because of failure to develop methods of word attack.* Ronnie wasn't dumb; he simply had never been taught to read.

With special reading training, individually given, his progress was spectacular. In only twenty-seven clock hours of teaching (two hours a week for about three months), he gained two years in reading ability. "Well, what do you know—I can read!" he told his mother. "They gave me a book I can read!" His blue eyes glistened almost with tears, as though he had found a new world—as indeed he had. And along with it, new self-respect and pride. But for these few hours of CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

To learn the real-life decisions of two teachers, turn to How Young America Lives, page 161.

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES



ROBERT S. HART

Bob says, "Oh, teachers get resigned. Besides, a good life is more important than money and I'm happy. I'm a teacher and I like teaching."



EDWARD HOUGH

"It's all right to talk about dedicating yourself to teaching," Ed says, "but the day comes when you have to think about your own kids."

Miss Dove and the Maternal Instinct

'The *terrible* Miss Dove," they called her—not so much from her dogmatic insistence upon punctuality and punctuation as from the awful suspicion that she knew *all* about them.

"AH, poor Miss Dove!" thought the mothers of the outgoing sixth grade as they watched that seasoned mentor of youth descend the steps from the stage of the school auditorium. Ordinarily—try as they might to disguise the fact by poking fun at her bony figure, her sharp nose, and the tight little ball of hair at the nape of her rigid neck—they were afraid of Miss Dove. As children most of them had been exposed to her not-too-tender mercy. Forty-five minutes a day, five days a week, nine months a year for six notably impressionable years of their lives, they had spent in the geography room in the aura of Miss Dove's personality. There, life had been different from life at home. Nobody had cared if they were bored or entertained, gay or sulky. Nobody had asked them to be clever or charming. The teacher had required only that they be industrious and good—but steadily, all the time. "The *terrible* Miss Dove" they had called her, and their title for her had derived less from her dogmatic insistence upon such tiresome virtues as punctuality, correct posture and neatness than from the awful suspicion that she knew all about *them*. She could put her finger on the snively, ignoble spots in their natures as unerringly, they felt, as she could touch with her long map pointer the capital of Bolivia or the source of the Danube.

To her pupils, past and present, Miss Dove was not so much a fellow creature of flesh and blood as a public conscience. But on this June morning some of them, rich and charitable in successful maternity, glimpsed infinite pathos in the spinster's life.

The graduation exercises at Cedar Grove Elementary School had drawn to a close. Diplomas and music-memory medals had been duly bestowed. On the platform forty white-clad children, all with rapt dedicated faces, had presented a tableau of propriety. (At least, thirty-nine of them had. Sterling Baker, a boy remarkable for pinkness and aplomb, had attempted, by practicing Morse code with his mobile ears, to provide comic relief for the transcendent solemnity of the occasion. But, with a single exception, the audience had ignored Sterling. Only his elder brother, Dr. Thomas Baker—the sole adult male in attendance—had suffered a brief fit of coughing.) "Trees" had been recited, with much flutter of the hands to suggest nesting robins, by Fae Patricia Rigsbee, a bisque doll of a girl. Finally the Citizenship Cup had been awarded to Lester Knight, Jr. Thrusting his jaw forward almost to the angle of dislocation, Lester had declared that to him the trophy "rep-er-resented just one more challenge!"

Now, preceded by the principal and most of the faculty, the graduates were marching single-file down the center aisle. Their voices, raised in the song of farewell, had a sweetness independent of pitch or harmony.

"Dear old Cedar Grove, to thee-ee-eee
We pledge love and loy-al-tee-ee-ee ——"

sang the graduates and proceeded to vow, off-key, that whatever CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

"He spoke to the waiter in French
Jincey said, "and wore a cumm





RICHARD AVEDON

"Gertrude smiled for the cameras. It was my first taste of being 'Mr. Gertrude Lawrence.'"

GERTRU

Hurt and angry, they faced each
and said with bitter fu
"I'm thro

IV IT is strange, and it may seem incredible, that whereas the dangers and deprivations of war had revealed to Gertrude and to me our need of dependence upon each other, our reunion, shortly before V-J Day, brought us to the verge of separation.

I had every expectation of being kept on in the E.T.O. for some time, when I was suddenly ordered to attend a naval conference then convening in Chicago. Before taking off from England there was no time or opportunity to get in touch with Gertrude. I wired Gertrude (she was in San Francisco) at once asking her to join me in Chicago. My message, as I learned later, caused dramatic commotion. Until she ripped open the yellow envelope, Gertrude was under the impression that I was six thousand miles away. She headed for the first train.

Fanny Holtzmann communicated with Gertrude's New York publishers, telling them that their author would be in Chicago on the day her book was to be released. Thus, when I took time off from the conference to hurry down to Union Station to meet my wife, I walked into a huddle of newsmen, photographers, radio broadcasters, lights, microphones and several hundred gaping spectators.

Our reunion promised to have about as much privacy as that of two goldfish in the proverbial bowl.

Irritation made me self-conscious, awkward and brusque. I was having my first taste of being "Mr. Gertrude Lawrence," and finding it bitter on the tongue. I was there to meet Mrs. A; not the author of a potential best seller. To have half a dozen cameramen snapping our first embrace, shouting at us to "Hold it!," did not lessen my chagrin. I fe
freeze up.

Gertrude looked at me
ingly. And smiled at the

"But, Richard darling,
tested when I called over
gave the driver the addres
you coming too?"

I explained that I had
been absent from the co
longer than I should hav

"But you're meeting yo

I replied that the Navy
tirely uninterested in tha
as it—the Navy—was con
was in Chicago on duty. T
first. I would join her at
bassador as soon as I wa
do so.

"What will the press th
separate at once, like thi
trude demanded. "They'l
sorts of things. That you d
me. That there is some ot
or some other woman."

I said that for all of
press could think and sa
ever it chose. I had not as
of them to be there.

It was close to the dini
when the conference bro
was at liberty to rejoin G
Before I reached the doo
suite I heard her singing h
found her unpacking the
which her maid had sent
New York, surrounded by
with more being delivere
little while. The unpacking
flower arrangement we
longed by the repeated i
tion of the telephone. Eve
seemed, was eager to welc
to fete her. I heard her pl
to lunch next day, cock
dine at someone's house,
morrow night. We have ar
ment. What about Th

CONTINUED ON PAGE

Copyright, 1954, by Richard Stoddard Aldrich

Please tell me if you are
happy with me - & if

AWRENCE AS

Mrs. A.



MAURICE SEYMOUR

"Darling," she breathed happily, "that's the first time you've shouted at me in months!"

what a unsane A woman is in love!!

RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH

DOROTHY WILDING



Sarah Bernhardt's parasol was cherished part of Gertrude's costume as cockney Eliza in Pygmalion.

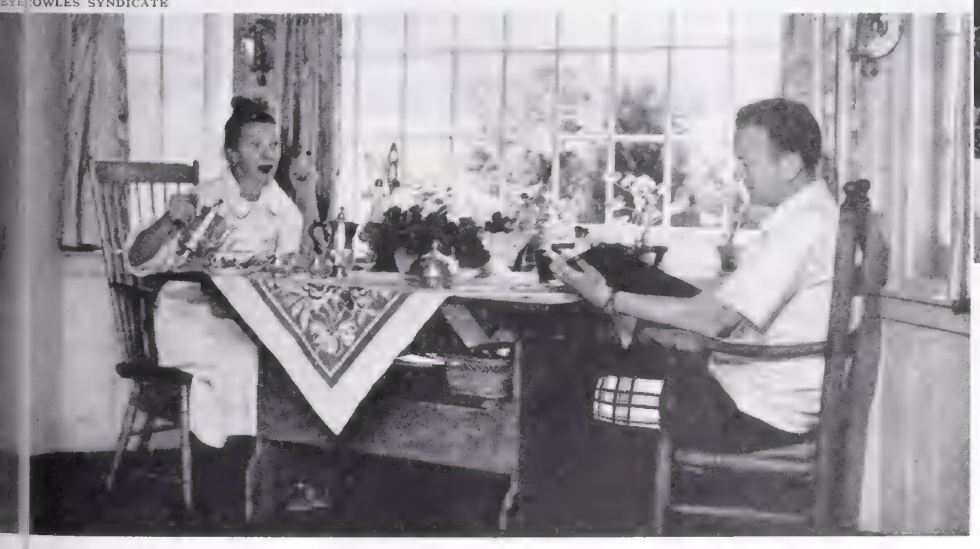
to tell you that my heart is aching almost beyond being able to bear.



AMERICAN HOME MAG.

Happiest on the Cape, she still yearned for "home" in England.

EVE OWLES SYNDICATE



bear it!" Gertrude exclaimed indignantly. "Polly s, and me just sitting here—and he's rich too!"

– and do you know that I am lost without you??

in love, be free, but please truthful – for both our sakes.

Your own "Mrs A"

NEW BEDFORD SUNDAY STANDARD

Horn-rimmed glasses appeared only when "Gee" was feeling crisp and efficient.

THE Decline and fall OF AUGIE SHEEAN

By JOE COOGAN

I WAS thirteen years old on the day that Augie Sheean sold his soul to the devil. Augie, a short, stocky boy with a round, cheerful face, was an eighth-grade classmate of mine, who lived four doors away from me in an old two-story row house on Eighteenth Street in Philadelphia. He was a newcomer to our neighborhood. At just about the time the new school term was beginning, Augie and his widowed mother arrived from Tinahely, a small Irish village, and moved into the house left vacant by the death of old Matt Harvey, a bachelor who had lived in the old house on Eighteenth Street for twenty years. It seems that the Sheeans were cousins of his, and old Matt—who had been a saving and fairly prosperous plumber—used to send money to them when he was alive; when he died, he left them the house and a small legacy.

"It's a mystery to me," my mother
he didn't send for them long ago. Ratt
by himself in that big house when he
had a fine woman to take care of it for

The mystery was cleared up when we g
Margaret Sheean. A tall, heavy-set wom
air of brisk, determined piety, she was, i
breezy way, what my father called
frowner." One of the things she frown
America. "A land of flappers, gangs
leggers and drunkards," she called it.
would have had no living with her. M

Augie was a year older than I and hac
from school in Tinahely, but it was d
he'd have to repeat the eighth grade at S
grammar school to qualify for admitta
Catholic high school. St. Anselm's sc

He'd been warned about



Augie was having
a terrible time
trying to be polite.
His face was scarlet.

ck building which huddled self-con-
ly ainst the stone, majestically sprawling
n. was only about five blocks down the
fr our house, so I was commissioned to
Au there on the first few mornings and
at got to know everybody.
I c e out of the house on the first day of
Au e was standing on his front doorstep
g me. He was dressed in a dark-blue
nc nickers, high black shoes and stock-
l s wearing what everyone wore that
-br vn corduroy knickers and knee-
b ts with a penknife jammed in the top
m. ugie pointed to my boots.
it nting you're going?"
eci d to dislike him. "These are lumber-
oc I'm going CONTINUED ON PAGE 201

...but a man likes to learn for himself

PARIS

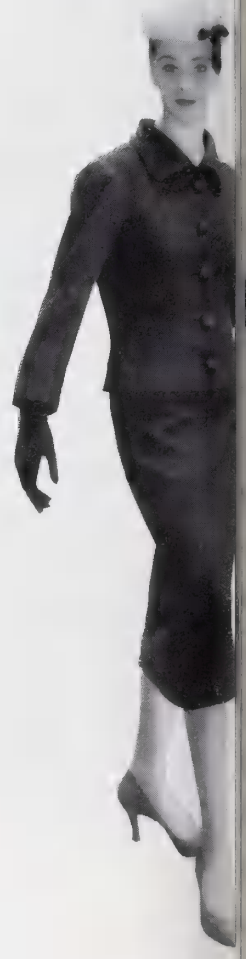
The Paris story in silhouettes—bustlines smoother, waistlines rising and falling, jackets much longer or much shorter. Black the great fashion, black tweed the great fabric, bows everywhere in Paris.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Fashion has an easy, almost loose sort of look. There are few acutely fitted lines. The newest reefer in Paris *(right)* is black wool by Christian Dior, curved and shaped at the waistline, flaring like a bell. The hat is a saucer of velvet and ribbon. The most important suit in Paris *(extreme right)* has simplicity and elegance, is slim, easy, the waistline barely indicated. In the blackest wool with braided buttons, by Balenciaga. Adorable hat—pink satin pillbox, banded with ermine, jet bow and tassel.







Paris furs have a new and differ t ap- peal—disarming little jackets, jac t lin- ings, berets, bags, ermine col s on many, many black suits. Fur fas on is black and white—broadtail, ermi Per sian lamb, ocelot. *Top of page:* Giv waist-length ocelot jacket edge with ermine, over a slim black wool. *left:* Jacques Fath's short coc n on shiny broadtail with an ermine llar

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY RICHARD DORME



Longer jacket silhouette *at the left*—black-and-brown tweed *tailleur* by Christian Dior, bag in amber-brown suède. *Right:* Broadtail beret, back-of-the-head silhouette, the bow important to the profile. Worn with broadtail jacket by Givenchy. *Extreme right:* Short-jacket silhouette in a ribbon-trimmed wool suit by Givenchy, a bow at the hipline.





n th center of this page are two ers ns of the bell-of-Paris sil- ouc e. *At the right:* Jacques Fath ut s an almost-straight jacket ver dress with a flare. The fabric s ky gray tweed, in itself an mp ant fashion. The dress could e v rn almost any time of day, ith ur or black satin tucked into s d p v neckline or with marble- ize earls as photographed. The ack has a Persian-lamb collar, oc ts in a new position. The flat ou is fur, the hat black velvet. Gra nd black, a theme to follow.





Left: Christian Dior does the bell in pleats, puts a modified crinoline under it. The dress is black wool with a draped neckline knotted like a cravat. Like so many Paris fashions this year, this dress with its long sleeves and its afternoon look can be worn for many occasions. *Below:* Big rhinestone buckles are the mark of Jacques Fath this year. He uses them to fasten the wide cuffs of a black tweed suit.





Prettiest necklines in years—high and softly furred or deep and bare. The suit at the *far left* has the ermine collar which is like a signature of Paris this season, a softly bloused short jacket, enormous jeweled cuff links. By Jacques Fath. The dinner dress with the v-shaped bodice *(left)* is taffeta and moire. by Givenchy.





Fashions for football Saturdays: Vera Maxwell's tweed topcoat, a printed wool-challis dress-and-coat costume, v-neck jersey by Lotte. Men wear worsted suit, tweed jacket with gabardine slacks.

FASHION

This is the way young America dresses today and jersey for the girls and just-marrieds, short that don't cost much, velveteen skirts, tapered slacks, gobs of jewelry. Men borrow separates ideas—tweed jack covert slacks, black corduroy with gray flannel. Black-and-brown mol worsted is the newest American tweed. Graphite grays, charcoal brov row belts, solid-color ties are the fashion for men. By WILHELA

Fashion Edito



Her afternoon casual is a fall-weight Peruvian checked cotton. his is the popular (and popular-priced) corduroy jacket. light gray flannel slacks.



OR TWO

WILHELA CUSHMAN



House hunting: she wears a red knitted dress by Gertrude Goldworm, and short sheared-fur coat in sandalwood beige; he wears a shadow-checked topcoat over a tweed suit, with moccasin-type shoes.

Fashion of printed velveteen slacks and of pink-and-red combination, by Greta Plattry. The young man wears a black-and-brown mohair-and-wool jacket with black gabardine slacks.

ft: weed and leather—jacket-and-skirt costume with a cashmere
ea by Samuel Roberts. Accessories are beige leather bag, gloves
l oes. The man's gray tweed, an office-to-country fashion.



This parchment jersey dress goes back and forth, town or country, designed by Vincent Draddy. His charcoal-brown jacket is right with pin-checked brown slacks, and a sweater for the country.



There's something abo



"I HAVEN'T got many clothes," Mrs. William W. Mein, Jr., o Woodside, California, tells us—"too many other ways to us time as well as money." She "spends" on one good suit "to las at least three years" or an evening dress, loves "not to spend" on less important clothes, shops for the $19.95's in jersey and cottons. She wears and surrounds herself with her fa vorite colors—pink, red, gray, yellow greens. She loves to enter tain—"twenty-four is as easy as twelve"—always changes fo dinner, often with "just the family" wears Chinese pajamas, ful skirts and blouses.

Living attractively and happily comes natural to this tall dark-haired, fifth-generation Californian. She has three son and a daughter, gardens, swims and rides practically the yea round, is active in the Woodside Community Foundation, presi dent of the Woodside Gard n Club.

By WILHELA CUSHMA
Fashion Editor of the Journ



Important black silk crepe day a noon dress with jersey midriff w a short broadtail jacket, pearl n



Charcoal-gray knitted-wool sheath, accompanied by year-round red wool coat. Calfskin pumps and big overarm bag.

ner

JOHN ENGSTEAD



Tweeds for fall, winter and spring, for country life and San Francisco. This suit has matching short topcoat lined with moleskin.

Mrs. Mein likes the fashion of long evening dresses. This is green-and-gold chiffon she wears at home or to the theater.



Dramatic red wool skirt—Mrs. Mein loves it with silk shirt for country afternoons. With her, 11-year-old Nicky (Robert Nichol Mein). Other sons are Billie, 18 (William W. III), Thomas Tucker, 16. Tina (Sara Ernestine) is 5½-year-old daughter.



Pink satin and blue wool, beautifully comfortable robe for leisure hours.

Mrs. Mein gardens all year, usually wears blue jeans, cotton shirts and wide calfskin belt.





One wonderful pat

interpreted by

six JOURNAL re

WE are proud to present these Jo readers as fashion models, each a version of one wonderful pattern. is a design flattering to figures rang from 10 to 16, as appropriate to the plus as to the young marrieds. As y see, it is the choice of fabric and the personal interpretation of the design make the dress so becoming.

By NORA
Pattern Editor of



MRS. HUGH LOWE, JR., of Santa Ar California, has twinkling brown that match her pretty short hair. This Nancy's favorite skirts—the quilted India print (January JOURNAL) and th ruffles and roses (April). Her quilted early-American print has an individua in the black felt, braid-trimmed colla and cuffs. Nancy plans to make matc dresses for her daughters, five and eig

LOVELY Mrs. Charles Plummer lives Charleston, West Virginia. Mothe two small children, she is an enthusia sewer and very creative, has been kno make a dress from a pair of drapes. H beige satin dress will be her basic "goin costume this winter. Helen's persona was the addition of a matching pleat chiffon overskirt, lots of colorful bea

BEADS BY MIRIAM HASKELL



JEANNETTE RICE lives in Somerville, Massachusetts, and works for one of the major air lines in Boston. She has a tall, willowy figure and her height and the width of her shoulders require a Size 16 pattern, but she makes obvious waistline alterations. She originally wrote to us to find out where to buy several of the fabrics and trimmings she saw on our pages. Her lightweight mauve tweed dress has deep purple velvet on top collar and cuffs. Purple felt Breton.

MUFFS BY ERNA MAYS



ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Vernon Freitas, of Red Bluff, California, is the charming mother of four children as well as a busy clubwoman. Her job as president of the Junior Membership of the California Federation of Women's Clubs keeps her on the go from September to May. Their present project, legislation to curb comic books. When does she sew? When the children are tucked in bed. Her gray-and-white woven cotton in a damask design is perfect for club meetings, is accented by a brilliant satin bow, a matching velveteen hat.

TOM PALUMBO



MRS. PAUL KINGSBURY's Size 10 figure is the envy of many in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. She sews very professionally and makes all her own clothes and most of her two daughters', although her ten-year-old is starting to do some of her own. She loves bright clear colors and her red nylon-and-acetate jersey has a doeskin finish. The soft fullness in the front (she has used gathers instead of inverted pleats) gives the easy swing for walking and driving that fits our life today.



ALTHOUGH Mrs. C. L. Brown is the grandmother of three, her interest in fashion is keen. She wears her lovely blond hair parted in the center, a chignon in back. We agree with her theory that older women should wear color for both becomingness and morale purposes. Her hobby is gardening, and her rose garden, twenty miles outside New York City, boasts four hundred bushes. Her blue silk dress is topped by a matching cashmere cardigan trimmed with the dress fabric.

All dresses shown on these pages are Vogue Design No. 8437, 12 to 20.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on page 202

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There was silence except for the duke's harsh



he sighed, "Were his kisses sweet as mine, Katrine?"



Katherine

By ANYA SETON

IT snowed in Leicester on Christmas Day of the year 1380, and to the hundreds of guests at the castle the white drifts were good omen for young Henry of Bolingbroke's wedding to little Mary de Bohun. This joint celebration of Christmas and a wedding had turned Leicester to feverish pitch. Each night mummers came to the castle. The halls and churches were bowers of holly, bay and evergreen. The kitchens overflowed with mince pasties, lamprey stews and plum porridge. A stream of varlets could not keep filled the wassail bowls.

On the night of the wedding there was a riotous banquet in the castle hall. Katherine's sides ached from laughing at the Lord of Misrule, who was dressed in a fool's costume and wore a tinsel crown on his head to show that he must be obeyed. The Lord of Misrule had been chosen by lot, and happened to be Robin Beyville.

Katherine sat beside the duke, but not in their usual seats of honor, for those were given to the bride and groom—and Richard.

The king and many of his meinie had come to Leicester for his cousin's wedding, though not his mother. The Princess Joan sent polite messages to Katherine occasionally, but they had not met since the coronation. The duke had told her of the princess' request that he hide Katherine away in one of the northern castles, and of his indignant repudiation of the idea.

Far from hiding Katherine during these three and a half years, he had taken her with him on all his journeys throughout England.

It had been a year of weddings and matchmaking. The duke had married off two of his children in ways most advantageous to their prosperity, if not their happiness. However, nobody expected happiness from marriage, and least of all the duke, though he had achieved it once. He had procured for Henry another great English heiress, such as Blanche had been, but the marriage of these two children promised no such felicity. Henry was thirteen and his bride twelve. In her glittering finery, one could see the child trembling, but she would return to her mother's care tomorrow. The duke had no intention of prematurely taxing the breeding powers that would eventually produce the next Lancastrian heir.

The Chaucers had been invited to the festivities.

"She's an ill-tempered vixen," asserted Philippa suddenly. "She's scowling at me."

"Who?" asked Geoffrey, looking around.

Philippa raised her spoon and pointed at the hawk-nosed Countess of Buckingham. "Her. Bride's sister."

Geoffrey said, "Nonsense! 'Tis simply that she dislikes this wedding, scowls at everyone."

"She glares at *me*," retorted Philippa, "because she dares not to be rude to Katherine. . . . Oh, I *heard* her in the garderobe, squawking to her ladies that I'd no right to be seated above the salt. She called me a pantry wench married to nought but a scribbling wool counter."

Geoffrey recrossed his legs and considered with amusement the Lady Eleanor's contempt. Scribbling wool counter no doubt he was, but a much traveled one on the king's secret service. Peace negotiations,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

TODAY'S DECORATIONS KEYED

TO AN OLD COLOR FAVORITE

Staffordshire Blue



RAPH BY HAROLD FOWLER. STAFFORDSHIRE FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE S. MC KEARIN

A small but beautiful collection of old Staffordshire, suitably displayed, sets both the theme and the scheme for today's informal, decorated living room.

ETTA MURDOCK
Decoration Editor of the Journal

OLLECTION of interesting old china, pewter or ilver is always an excellent means for setting the and personality of a room. Because so much rdshire came to America a century or more ago, iderable amount of it still survives, as treasured in- al pieces or whole collections. Even a Staffordshire , a platter and a cream jug are enough to give your a Staffordshire theme. Display your pieces im- ntly in a cabinet or informally on your bookshelves, g to your collection as you make new finds.

ffordshire collecting, except for rare pieces, is not xpensive for the average income. This was the day dinnerware of early America and even in rural unities it was obtainable in exchange for farm ce. Big milk and cider jugs were abundant, platters and tureens, of course, family-size teapots in exquisite shapes, and commemorative plates, printed with historic scenes, people and places. These are the pieces you are likely to find anywhere in America, for pioneer women took their treasures west in their covered wagons.

For the more sophisticated taste, there were figurines and candlesticks more delicately molded and decorated than the dinnerware, but also not so easily found today, and more expensive. In case you are wondering, not all Staffordshire was blue. The name is applied to a whole group of potteries which were located in Staffordshire, and colors varied according to taste. But blue was the favorite, and so there is more of it around today. The blue itself varies in shade, but the general family is a cornflower or flax blue, dark and rich or pale and delicate.

In decorating a room with a period motif such as the blue Staffordshire, part of the charm lies in using furniture styles compatible with the period. All the pieces in our Staffordshire room borrow their lines from original eighteenth-century styles; even our modern innovation, the coffee table, shows its relationship to eighteenth-century Chinese Chippendale. The accessories, too, are today's version of fine old pieces—lamps inspired by mantel vases and urns, boxes brought back by the Continental traveler. Be sure to choose a fabric design that is really pretty and reflects the "spirit" of your room as well as being matched to your color scheme. The sprightly gaiety of our printed fabric suggests country meadows in midsummer with blue chicory and yellow daisies among tall grasses and richly patterned foliage.

There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

At a recent air-cooled party in our town, one well-bred fortyish husband punched another in the kisser. This hasn't happened in our crowd since sultry nights fifteen years ago, and made us all feel younger, if a mite embarrassed.

Why do I smile such a satanic smile at 5 A.M. when I hear the baby at its gramps' next door yell for its bottle? Do I remember the parents' romantic 2 A.M. good nights at the front door a short year ago?

Our luncheon table's least interruptible spokesman is positive Ike will keep us out of war. "Why," he exclaims, "Ike won't even skirmish when a senator shoots paper wads at him!"

"It's taken my wife fourteen years," muses Peter Comfort, inflating his son's football, "to learn how to cook lentil soup and bake hard biscuit like my mother's. It dawns on me why she dragged her feet: she may not like 'em as much as I do!"

I had to pay Junior $60 in bonuses for good grades in his third year at college. "I learned to study at Exeter," he tells me modestly. "With only ten or twelve in each class I could think of no way to bluff my instructors."

The man and woman next door are renting a new painting each month or two, from our town's art center, at $2 or $3 a month. This gives 'em something they've almost *got* to agree on every month or so.

One of my beauteous wife's faithful admirers brought us a big fish from Canada, wrapped in sprigs of fragrant juniper. "But I'd better warn you," he said, "that the juniper now smells more like fish than the fish does like juniper."

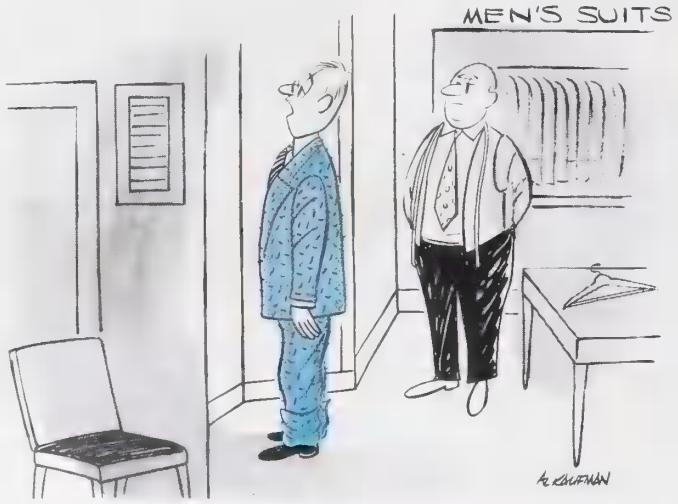
How can you repay a hostess when she sits you down between the most amusing brunette and the handsomest redhead in town? But man is insatiable: he cranes his neck for a peek at his hostess, our state's most decorative blonde.

At last the tweed jacket I had tailored in Dublin has arrived, and it's a lulu: the Irish version of Brooks Brothers. . . . It's long and shaggy and makes me feel like a Killarney squire coaching the diggers in a peat bog.

"They can't do that to me!" exclaimed the thirty-nine-year-old grandmother in the glass house around the corner, when scientists announced that babies needn't be burped. "How can I, without burping the baby, exercise my rights as a grandmother?"

I've stumbled on a fascinating new hobby: the collection of color slides of our friends, the three-dimensional pictures. How glamorous they look, poised in beauty, almost fit to eat! We go out and snap 'em on Sunday mornings.

"This is the school year," vows Betty Comfort, sewing name tapes on three piles of clothes, "when I'm inviting all our kids' teachers to dinner between now and Thanksgiving. And on nights when we eat meat too!"



"I believe in using my own judgment, and in my judgment I should get my wife's opinion."

"With one third of your customers bulging at the waist," I told our sporting grocer at a picnic, "I marvel you don't demand nonfattening hash, crackers and ice cream from your wholesalers and at decent prices."

"Shucks," he grinned, "diet is still a racket."

"Our kids come home from school," says my neighbor who's afraid of his children, "acting as if they'd been taught the world began at nine o'clock this morning. No wonder they assume everything their parents say is obsolete."

Our town is no metropolis, but the pressure gets us down unless we fulfill our vow to drive three times a week into the country, where there aren't more'n four houses in a square mile.

My b.w. says I'm not wearing my old college raccoon coat to the state-university home-coming football game this year. I say I am. . . . We'll probably compromise; I'll carry it and she'll use it as a lap robe.

Sons of the pioneers in our staid town rebelled openly against the hot weather just ended. So many wore walking shorts that at times our post office and liquor store reminded the tourists of a British colony.

We didn't quite eat 100 meals outdoors in our garden this summer. . . . But I've learned to take it calmly when a bee goes after the marmalade on the toast I'm nibbling.

I was bragging to a pretty girl on the plane that this was my eleventh air crossing of the Atlantic when the loud-speaker announced that this was the air line's 47,955th crossing and the pilot's 431st. I changed the subject.

Several of our neighborhood youngsters have started seashell collections from the shells of faraway beaches we've mingled with the gravel in our garden. But they've left us quite a few too.

One of our town's shrewd bachelors told me at the drugstore that to marry a registered trained nurse nowadays is a better financial gamble than to marry a rich man's daughter.

I thought the Normandy landing operations were the most complex maneuver I'd ever participated in, until I tried to assemble the family for a snapshot to put on our 1954 Christmas cards.

. . . When our youngest says, "You aren't too mad at me to kiss me good night,"

. . . Or our daughter changes quickly from her blue jeans to a yellow dress to please me,

. . . And Junior suddenly changes his mind and invites us to clutter up his weekend at his air base,

. . . Or the Dream Woman plants a row of sunflowers and a row of hollyhocks just to humor my corny whim,

Then I grin inside and tell myself that under their influence maybe I'll amount to something when I grow up.

Can this marriage be saved?



DON ORNITZ

SHE: "I have repeatedly tried to show Hobey how his mother is taking possession of our baby and our lives."

HE: "In my opinion, Myra's attitude isn't sensible. My mother has been kindness itself to us."

Much of the difficulty in any marriage could be avoided if husband and wife could talk things over fully, freely and without heat. When they cannot do so, an experienced intermediary and interpreter—a marriage counselor—enables them to understand each other and get on a common ground of agreement. The American Institute of Family Relations has helped more than 20,000 husbands and wives at its headquarters in Los Angeles and has put thousands of others in touch with qualified counselors in their own home communities. In about 80 per cent of the cases brought to them, the Institute's counselors have aided husband and wife to solve their problems and avoid a broken home, even though their conflict was acute and of many years' duration. The counselor in this case was Laurence Smardan. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *Director.*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

MYRA TELLS HER SIDE:

"HOBEY isn't interested in hearing my ideas or opinions," said twenty-four-year-old Myra, whose long blond hair fitted her well-shaped head like a shining helmet, "and he won't discuss his opinions and ideas with me. Whenever I begin a serious conversation with Hobey—if I start to talk about my difficulties with his mother, say—Hobey's face closes and our conversation ends right there. Again and again in our three years of marriage—Hobey has been secretive and evasive from the first—he has slipped away from discussing and facing any uncomfortable facts with me. Actually I know so little of my husband's thoughts, his *real* thoughts, I often feel I'm married to a stranger.

"I hoped our baby would bring us closer together," the young wife said. "Eileen is seven months and nine days old, and her father and I are farther apart than ever. Hobey and I are like two ships drifting in opposite directions, with the baby in a little boat being pulled this way and that between us. Hobey presented Eileen with a tennis racket on the day she was born; he wants her to be a big-time girl athlete. I have different ideas, but we don't talk about that either. Everything about the way we live seems wrong to me. Empty and meaningless.

"Hobey and I haven't gone dancing since Eileen was born. We've been to the movies only twice. If our home life was what it should be—if I could believe Hobey and I were thinking and working in partnership—I wouldn't care. I'm not mad keen for gaiety and unnecessary spending. But to sit evening after evening in silence, staring at the four walls and at Hobey and wondering what kind of a man I have for a husband, adds up to a dreary, demoralizing existence.

"Perhaps if he and the baby and I did more things together," Myra said to the counselor, "I could get a grip on myself. Certainly I wouldn't have so much time to brood. I didn't use to be introspective and self-pitying and faultfinding the way I am now. I'm alone a great deal with the baby. Hobey's new job keeps him away from the apartment for hours on end. He is an assistant football coach in a huge city high school, and I realize he can't help being gone so much. He's the youngest member of the faculty, has held the job only a few months, and is still feeling his way. But I do think Hobey should offer Eileen and me more love and companionship and—and moral support when he is at home.

"We moved to this new neighborhood when the baby was born and I gave up my own job—I was a teacher myself until then—and we have no friends in the community. We see practically nobody except my parents and Hobey's parents—we see too much of them, particularly Hobey's mother—and I'm so bored, dissatisfied and unhappy I can hardly stand it.

"I don't *feel* my marriage belongs to me," Myra burst out. "Crazy as it may sound, I don't feel that my husband and my baby are really mine. My mother-in-law is the reason. I have repeatedly tried to show Hobey how his mother is taking possession of our baby and our lives. Invariably he speaks of my parents, who have never once interfered with us, or else he reminds me I am fond of his mother. I am fond of Hobey's mother—in a way. I grow less and less fond of her all the time. Often I almost hate her.

"My mother-in-law," Myra went on in a dull flat voice, "is too smart for me. She compliments my cooking, lends me her pet recipes, praises my hair and my clothes sense, tells Hobey I'm amusing and intelligent, says my untidy housekeeping is 'cute.' In her own peculiar fashion, I think she likes me. Nevertheless, she is doing her darnedest to get between my husband and my baby and me. She is trying to take over my job, the only job I've got. I'm dead serious. It's a pity you can't meet my mother-in-law, though maybe she would fool you as she fooled me until Eileen was born.

"My mother-in-law is a dynamo of energy, and an expert at managing her own affairs and everybody else's affairs. She brought up Hobey and his brother Ben at the same time she worked a twelve-hour shift as a nurse. Her husband wasn't financially successful and she was too proud to accept help from her family, who had money. Hobey and Ben consider their mother the miracle of the ages, and they think nothing of their father, who is an extremely nice person. He is the low man on the totem pole in the setup, just as I'm low woman. It has always been the three of them in that family—mamma and Hobey and Ben. When Hobey and his brother were growing up, their mother called her sons and herself the Three Musketeers. To this day she trots out the old nickname. Hobey has been married to me three years and Ben is now engaged. Ben's fiancée doesn't appreciate the Three Musketeers line of talk any better than I do.

"In my opinion, bringing up two sons to ignore their father and worship you isn't a very bright or a very kind way for a mother to act. However, I'm not CONTINUED ON PAGE 213

"I hoped our baby would bring us closer together. Eileen is now seven months and nine days old, and her father and I are farther apart than ever."


Ménu
Caviar Madrilène
Savory Toast
Roast Fresh Ham
Cranberry Relish
Green-Bean-and-Mushroom Casserole
Crusty Rolls
Red-Onion-and-Endive Salad
Avocado Dressing
Raspberry-Sherbet Ring
Coffee
(Planned for 8)

Fall Fling

WHEN the first frost comes, how often people feel a sadness and a nostalgia for the "good old summertime." But with me it is just the other way. Maybe it is because I was brought up in a cold climate. I like winter, but of all the seasons—and it is hard to choose—I am partial to autumn. So let the first frost come. I am partial to snappy days out in the woods, and folks who tramp through autumn leaves and have to be stoked at the dinner table like an open fire. I am partial to the good old-fashioned, hearty, company dinner, one that's guaranteed to stick to the ribs—and here we go, as advertised. Let's have ourselves a fling.

The starting point. As you see, this is known under various guises and familiar names, but call it Caviar Madrilène and you won't be out of step.

Caviar Madrilène

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup canned consommé madrilène. Heat 1¾ cups madrilène and add gelatin; stir until dissolved. Chill until partly set. Fold in one 4-ounce jar red caviar (this is only salmon roe, or eggs, with a real Park Avenue name). Pour into 8 small individual molds; chill until firm. Unmold and serve with a spoonful of thick commercial sour cream, seasoned with a little grated onion. Serve with rolls of sliced smoked salmon, fingers of savory toast, ripe olives and sliced cucumbers.

The crux of the matter is a hot, well-intentioned, homely, family-sized and right-for-its-mission roasted fresh ham. That is, frankly, the ham part of a porker, only it stops short of being a ham because of the deceitfulness of man—and woman. However, it behaves as well as it knows how, and turns out a very respectable *pièce de résistance* thusly:

Roast Fresh Ham

Put a fresh ham, about 10 pounds, on the rack in a roasting pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325° F.). If you have a meat thermometer, insert it in the thickest part of the ham and bake until thermometer indicates an internal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER

Line a Day

1 GOING AWAY

How can I leave my lilacs
That perfumed all my spring?
Now they are deep in their winter sleep
Like a bird with a folded wing.

How say farewell to my roses,
Each in its mossy bed?
They are only resting as bluebirds nesting.
They are waiting, they are not dead.

How shall I leave my garden,
With no word said?

A. B.

2 Something choice in the stuffed-celery class is achieved by stuffing the tender inside stalks with some of the savory pastes such as partridge, chicken, smoked turkey, *et al.*

3 Even if a bachelor did invent this salad, husbands will like it too. Cook 4 ounces shell macaroni in boiling, salted water. Rinse and cool. Combine with 1 can tuna, flaked, ¾ cup diced, tart apple, ½ avocado, diced, 1 small onion, chopped, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Mix with French dressing and chill.

4 A honey of a companion to steak at dinner: Grease a casserole and arrange in it alternate layers of peeled mushrooms and grated cheese. Add cream to moisten well. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until mushrooms are done, cheese melted and the whole brown.

5 *First verse:* A delicious soup is made by first mincing very fine enough mushrooms to make 2 cups. Put in a skillet 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Melt. Add 2 tablespoons each minced onion and finely chopped green pepper, the mushrooms and ½ cup minced celery. Cook 5 minutes, stirring it once or twice.

6 *Second verse:* Now put the mushroom mix in a double boiler. Add 1½ quarts clear chicken broth, with a *very* little mace, sugar and pepper and salt to taste. Cook until the celery is tender. Add ⅓ cup finely rolled cracker crumbs and ⅔ cup hot cream. Serve very hot with a broiled mushroom in each cup. A rosette of salted whipped cream makes for a garnish.

7 Another bright and choice addition to your collection is large sardines sans skin and bones, dipped in chutney. If the chutney is mislaid, try chopped preserved watermelon rind in sirup. Reposing on toast fingers, they appeal no end.

8 Are you a yoghurt fan? If so, try it this way. Add ½ cup peeled and seeded chopped cucumber—only the firm part, please—to 1 cup yoghurt and season well with ¾ teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste, and maybe a little onion.

9 Let's skip to dessert for a change of pace. *Canto I:* Drain 1 No. 2½ can purple prune plums. Pit and put plums through sieve or food mill to make 1½ cups purée. Beat 1 egg until light and thick, adding ¼ cup sugar gradually while beating. Then add ¼ cup light corn sirup, ½ cup light cream, ½ cup milk, the plum purée, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. More to follow:

10 *Canto II:* Tint with a little red food coloring. Pour into a refrigerator tray. Set indicator to coldest position. When frozen ½″ around the edge but still soft in the center, scrape into chilled bowl and beat like mad until fluffy. Return to tray. Freeze until firm.

11 Perhaps I've told you this before, but it's worth repeating. Eggplant, peeled, cut into ½″-thick slices, salted, and piled up with a weight on top to extract the brown juice. Rinse and dry. Marinate in French dressing 15 minutes, then broil and serve hot with meats.

12 Witches will soon be riding and goblins knocking at your door for treats, well equipped with paper bags to carry away the loot. Set them up with doughnuts, unsugared to spare the rug, and tiny boxes of raisins.

MYRTON S. REED—FPG



Old covered—or should it be semicovered?—bridge, Sturbridge, Mass.

13 *Looking-Up-and-On Division:* With the after-dinner coffee serve an array of tiny hot savories, made with shapes of buttered toast, spread with Russian dressing, covered with minced chicken mixed with chopped salted almonds and a little more Russian dressing. Run under the broiler a minute or two.

14 I got for myself a present when I found that everyone whose hearing was otherwise acute was singularly deaf to a year or more of hints. It's none other than an electric corn popper. Now I am as popular at parties as a young man at a debutante blowout.

15 Little artichoke hearts in oil are as becoming to a green salad as her first party dress is to a teen-ager.

16 Cold curtain raisers slip back in the wings when the wind blows chill. A tureen of spiced-onion-and-celery soup is what you want. Cook together in a covered saucepan until very soft 1½ cups finely chopped onion, ¼ cup finely diced celery, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon salt. Then force the vegetables through a coarse sieve.

By Ann Batchelder

17 Melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a sau pan. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour. Gradually stir in cups milk; cook over medium heat until slightly thi ened. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ¼ t spoon ground nutmeg, vegetable purée and pepper a garlic powder to taste. Heat and serve.

18 A lobster-and-macaroni-and-cheese creation fr a famous chef, and here's the how of it. Make macaroni and cheese as usual. Season well and h plenty of cream sauce. Add a generous amount of l ster meat—frozen or canned is fine too—cut fine. La more cheese through the dish before covering w buttered crumbs and baking to the bubbling point.

19 Yams are up from the South—to cook and gl with butter and apple jelly thinned with a little wat

20 A supper dish that will light the gourmet is an egg-a cheese dream. Beat 6 eggs, seas with salt, paprika and a little t ragon. Add 2 tablespoons cre and 1 cup grated Swiss chee

21 Melt ¼ cup butter in skillet. Cook egg mixture slow lifting it from the sides of the p with a spoon, until you have smooth creamy windup. Ser on hot buttered toast.

22 Does the idea of a toma and-cucumber salad fail to p pitate? Well, lend me your e Take some smallish tomat and peel. Slice them but n quite through to the stem en Pick out a fine cucumber (do peel it), slice thin. In each slit the tomato, put a slice of c cumber. Read on.

23 Dress with Russian dressi Top each tomato with a cap cream treated with minced fre or dried powdered basil.

24 Glory be! The oyster seas is here; try a new oyster fry.

25 Select large oysters, sprink them with lemon juice, dip melted butter or margarine, th in beaten egg, cover with fi cracker crumbs, well seasone and broil on an oiled broiler p for 2 minutes on each sid

26 Parties there will be after football games—you m be sure. When a cold collation is called for, make jellied cranberry, apple and celery salad in your pre tiest mold, and repose it on a bed of greens. Then —

27 Cut thick slices of ham and turkey into finge Dip one end of each finger of ham and turkey first mayonnaise, then in finely chopped walnuts. Alterna the strips neatly around the mold.

28 Three parts to this, and worth it. It's a Hone Cheese Pie. *Part I:* Make a 9″ graham-cracker cru Mix 1 envelope unflavored gelatin, ⅓ cup honey and teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Beat together egg yolk and ½ cup milk; add to gelatin mixture.

29 *Part II:* Cook over boiling water, stirring co stantly, until gelatin dissolves—about 10 minutes. R move from heat; add ½ teaspoon lemon rind. Coo Stir in 2 eight-ounce cartons cottage cheese, sieved, 1 teaspoons lemon juice and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Chi Stir now and then until it begins to thicken up.

30 *Part III:* Make a meringue with 1 egg white and tablespoons sugar. Fold into gelatin with ½ cup heav cream, whipped. Turn into crust. Chill. Serve with frui

31 Well, the summer is over, the harvest moon r flected in the silver lake. And Jupiter, king of the sk reigns as ever, seen or unseen, in the sky. Your ANNI

hortcakes and Pies *by* Campbell's

SIMPLY WONDERFUL—WONDERFULLY SIMPLE . . . ANY TIME



By Anne Marshall
tor Home Economics, Campbell Soup Company.

e 'l's for a quick'n easy dinner, sur- family with a Campbell's special. n ne refrigerator for leftover meat, hicken (or take a handy can of meat kitchen shelf). Then add a tender ge ble and a flavor-packed can of 's oup. Top with light, flaky pie crust king-powder biscuits. In no time rv g your family a piping-hot, come- al.

re our ways I use Campbell's Soup in ca s and pies. I know you'll think of ri ons, but you'll discover one thing's ne ame—when you add Campbell's, go dness!



CHICKEN PIE

Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ¼ cup milk, 1 cup diced cooked chicken, 1 large potato (cooked and cubed), 1 cup cooked peas and carrots and a dash of black pepper. Put in 1½-quart casserole and top with pastry crust (with or without a picture window!). Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. 4 servings.



TUNA 'N WAFFLES

Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with ⅓ cup milk, 1 cup drained, flaked tuna (7-oz. can) and ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives. Heat thoroughly. Pour over 4 crisp waffles. Presto, a quick'n easy dinner for 4.





SALMON SHORTCAKE

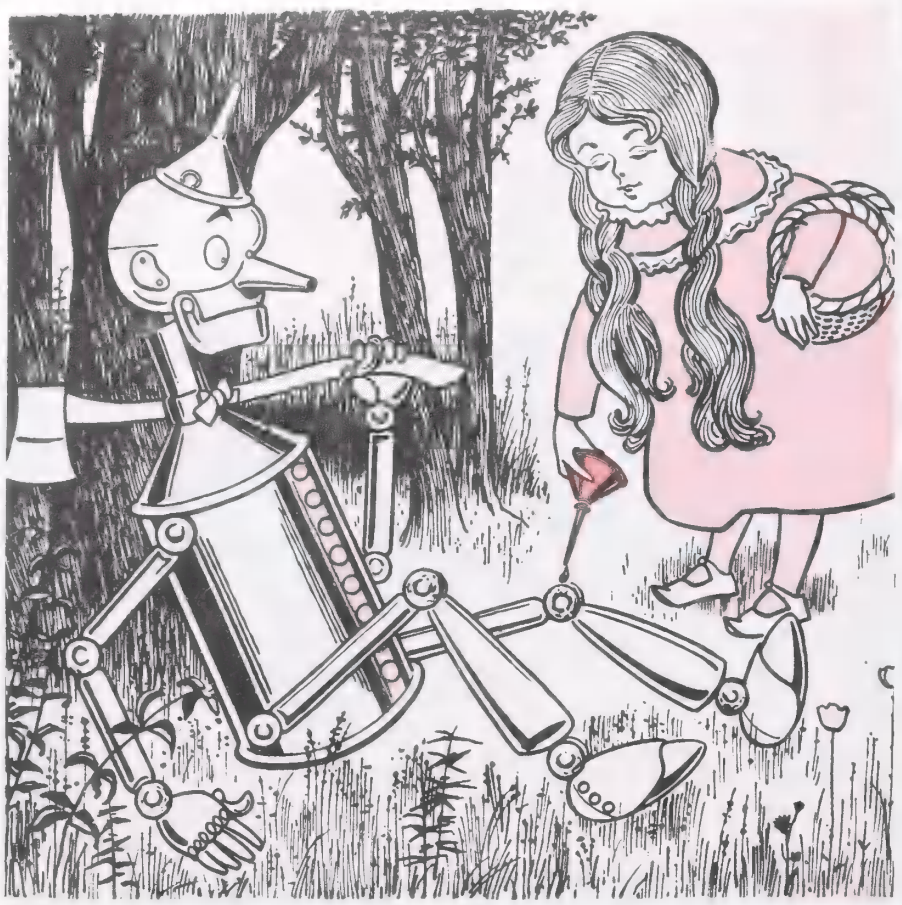
Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with ⅓ cup milk, 1 cup drained, flaked salmon (8-oz. can), 1 cup drained cooked peas and a dash of powdered dill. Heat thoroughly. Serve on hot biscuits. 4 servings.





HAM 'N EGGS 'N CORN BREAD

Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup with ¼ cup milk, 1 cup diced cooked ham (or canned luncheon meat) and 2 hard-cooked, sliced eggs. Heat thoroughly. Serve on hot corn bread. 4 servings.



Here's a good "lesson" about ARTHRITIS...

NEARLY everyone knows the story of "The Wizard of Oz"* . . . and how Dorothy, the little girl in this tale, met a man made of tin.

As the story goes, the Tin Woodman, after a year of exposure in the forest, could not move because his joints were badly rusted. So, Dorothy oiled his joints. Thereafter, the Tin Woodman was able to journey with Dorothy to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

In a way, this fable points up some important facts about the joints of the human body and the disease that often affects them—arthritis. Like the joints of the tin man, the body's joints can also "rust" or become stiff over the years. However, with proper medical care, they can usually be kept flexible and workable in most cases despite arthritis.

The most common type of arthritis . . . called *osteoarthritis* . . . occurs in middle age and later life, probably because of wear and tear on the joints. While it usually does not lead to severe crippling, it may cause varying degrees of disability. Consequently, recurring aches and pains in and about any joint . . . as well as tenderness and stiffness of the joints . . . should never be dismissed as "a touch of rheumatism."

The second most common form of arthritis occurs most often in younger people. Known as *rheumatoid arthritis*, it is a serious disorder that may involve all the joints. It can also be controlled in many cases when proper treatment is started early.

There is as yet no *cure* for either osteo or rheumatoid arthritis. Doctors, however, have many effective treatments for relieving pain and restoring joint function. Greater gains against arthritis will undoubtedly be made as new methods of therapy are perfected.

Meantime, there are some safeguards that all of us can take to lessen the chances of developing arthritis or to control arthritis if it does occur. Among such precautionary measures are—keeping your weight down; maintaining good posture; getting enough rest and sleep and having periodic health and dental examinations.

To control arthritis, see your doctor promptly whenever persistent symptoms occur in any joint, or when you feel "run down." *Give him your complete cooperation and always rely on the individualized treatment he prescribes. So-called "sure cures" generally provide only temporary relief.*

Today, when proper treatment is continued persistently, at least 70 percent of all arthritis patients are spared serious disability and returned to reasonably good health.

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KATHERINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

royal-marriage negotiations, in France, in Flanders, in Italy, he had acquitted himself well in these.

Geoffrey's eyes veered to the Lady Elizabeth, the duke's younger daughter. Last summer when Elizabeth was sixteen she had become the Countess of Pembroke by means of an eight-year-old husband, John Hastings, who had promptly suffered an attack of measles and returned to his mama for nursing.

There was grave doubt that Elizabeth would wait until the years should bring virility to her little husband. At this moment her cheeks were flushed, her dark eyes bright as she lolled against John Holland and teased him with pouting lips. The king's half brother was no Joseph, and his repute for wenching was great.

There remained the Lady Philippa. Decorous as always, she sat smiling at some quip made by her Uncle Edmund. Scarcely a prince in Europe but had been mentioned for her husband, but none found to be suitable. Philippa at twenty-one was yet unwed.

Geoffrey started as a wand of jingling bells thumped him on the shoulder. The Lord of Misrule stood grinning down at him beneath a red-spotted half mask.

"Ho, Dan Chaucer!" shouted Robin. "'Tis crime to doze when all make merry! In punishment we decree that you give us a rhyme. Come tell of love, my master! Tell us of love!"

Geoffrey laughed and rose. He lifted his arm in solemn invocation, and declaimed:

"Since I from Love escaped am so fat
I think no more to be in prison lean
Since I am free, I count him not a bean."

He sat down.

There was a startled roar of mirth and indignation. Robin waved his scepter. "By St. Venus, I command that he shall kiss his wife!"

Philippa bridled at the shouts that greeted this, but Geoffrey promptly rose again and kissed her heartily on the lips. "'Tis nought so great a penance," he cried.

If fifty million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.
—ANATOLE FRANCE

Then Robin's usually level head forsook him. By all the rules of Christmas, no man could gainsay him, and he shouted exultantly, "*Now* shall each man kiss the lady of his heart!"

He whirled, and before she had the faintest conception of what he would do, Robin had grabbed Katherine around the waist, pressed his eager young mouth to hers.

Few people saw it, because Robin's command was being obeyed in a whirl of giggles and coquettish screams. Katherine was astounded.

"My poor Robin—you're mad," she whispered, pushing at his chest, as a voice spoke beside them.

"Here's a pretty little piece of Christmas mumming! 'Twould seem you play your parts well." The voice of stone, the eyes of murderous blue flint.

ROBIN's arms slackened. She released herself and cried wildly. "To be sure, my lord—why not? The King of Misrule must be obeyed. It seems he feels most sportive and has just told me he would kiss *all* the ladies. The Lady Isabella," cried Katherine, seizing the arm of Edmund's wife, and thrusting her at Robin. "Here's a king dies of love for you!"

Isabella giggled and preened herself. She clutched at the young squire's arm.

"My lord," said Katherine to John, moving quickly, "shall we not join the dancing?"

"Nay, my lady," said the duke, "I do not feel like dancing." He strode under the minstrels' gallery toward the guardroom.

Katherine ran after him. She cried desperately, "You *can*not be angry at a boy's tipsy Yuletide kiss. 'Tis unworthy of you."

He stopped by a torchlit recess and turned. "I marked well how little you resisted, no doubt because these kisses are not so unaccustomed."

Her own eyes blazed as hot
knew that Robin's safety dep
control. "I must believe that t
slur gives proof of your love,"
bling. "If you have lived so lon
cannot trust, then all our life i

John's fists fell slowly open.
welcome his kisses, why did y
falderal and thrust Isabella at H

"I spoke for fear of you, my l
would do ——"

"You think you need to guar

"Aye, your Grace," said Kat
at him. "I thought you would s
upon him—though your chiva
breed mercy to such *lowly* folk
and me."

There was silence in the pass
the duke's harsh breath. At last
sorry, Katrine." He grabbed
bent and kissed her savagely. "
sweet as mine, lovedy?"

She gave a sobbing laugh. "
you are my whole life—you kn

He caught her round the wais
said, and pulled her toward th

"No," she cried, "we've be
You cannot so slight the king!

He laughed. "The king will
well as any man."

ON the morning after the
and Katherine lay late in bed,
the castle inhabitants. The fol
Town were already out skating
the frozen Soar. John had be
some time, and thinking. "Lov
"Robin Beyville must go. I'll
my temperance, if I see him n
eyes at you."

Katherine blinked. "Yes," sh
fully, "it were better he leave he
disgrace, my
served you w

"Not in di
shall go toda
tish border—
of Liddel. T
cool his ard
the Scots, wh
ing as usual.

John had
the violent brood that harasse
He could arrange truces with t
no one else could. A new approa
toward the seizure of Castile; th
for enraging the ancient rival te

Two incredibly fortunate de
England her chance to strike.
usurping Castilian, Trastamai
leaving the throne to his degene
And now Charles the Fifth was
successor, Charles, was but a
Spain and France were both,
tually leaderless.

"Aye," said John on a note c
tation, "*this* time we'll succeed

Katherine had no need to a
spoke. "Thank God, darling,"
ing, "that at least you don't
soon."

He frowned. His brothers,
Thomas, were to be the vangu
campaign. But he must remain
while to strengthen domestic af
with both Scottish and We
Richard's council, the Princess
own judgment had concurred
though it irked him and he ha
Edmund's diplomacy.

Katherine reached for the h
would summon Hawise and a
chamber.

The chamber valet came in a
the curtains while another pok
a blaze. A squire presented h
silver tankard of ale. Anothe
scarlet velvet dressing gown.

Welladay, thought Katherine
stag hunt and tonight we'll dance
She smiled, for they danced so
that even the most spiteful w
admire.

CONTINUED ON PAG

In these 3-hour danger periods your skin *"dies"* a little

Every day for periods of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is "open" to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, distressing problems can take hold:

Dryness . . ."shriveling"
Stretched pores . . . roughened, grainy texture



d what skin specialists recommend
r ent these serious skin problems . . .

After each washing— 'e-balance" your skin

e f the more obvious signs of skin b nce" show up as soon as you n shing your face—

Th stiff, drawn-tight feel of your face. Ro h flaking; often a splotchy look.

e e the immediate warnings of skin b nce." But in the 1 to 3 hours that r akes to re-protect your skin, much e sturbing problems often take hold. l es deepen. Inside moisture that s in looking young evaporates away. er kin "shrivels." Skin secretions er in pore-openings—cause enlarged s d blackheads.

) ading skin specialists advise you o ash your face? "Of course you can ur face—and as often as you like," s . "But after each washing, always al ce' your skin *immediately* . . ."

) times faster than Nature

s nd Pond's Cold Creaming right shing "re-balances" your skin in m ute—at least 60 times faster than a does. This quick-acting beauty u promptly *restores* skin elasticity. n ts dryness, flaking, parched shriv- eeps pore-openings cleared—keeps t ure fine and smooth. Always leave on a trace of Pond's Cold Cream for continuing skin "balance" beneath your make-up.

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WORLD'S FINEST...FOR LIFETIME ENJOYMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

greeting, my lady," said Hawise, her broad face through the curtains. k gay as a goldfinch. My lord too." ired with her white-coifed head to- garderobe where the duke's voice heard singing. "'Twas not his mood in the hall!" She enveloped Kather- amber robe, encased the slim feet in red kid slippers.

lo you know that?" asked Katherine. nown through the castle that fool of bussed you last night, and the duke k as iron."

o women walked into Katherine's e. Katherine sat down on a stool and ommenced combing out the long air. "Robin leaves today for Cum- said Katherine.

I'm not surprised. Poor gawk. Yet e who'll be heart-stricken."

" asked Katherine idly.

nette, m'lady—the poor little wench utton he wore under her pillow."

d St. Mary!" cried Katherine. "That 's too young. Robin's shown her no otice, has he?"

Robin's had eyes for no woman but

ne bit her lips and sighed. This, then, xplanation of Blanchette's increasing though Katherine had shown great in the matter of the betrothal to Sir stings. The duke had been annoyed about it. Blanchette could scarcely another such offer, and Sir Ralph ne man to be kept dangling.

'd be no match for her, even if he'd " said Katherine slowly. "She must er than a Suffolk yeoman. I don't at ails the girl."

was silent while n the elaborate of her mistress' offered thought- e seemed brighter visit to Kettle- an I've seen her 's years."

thorpe!" repeated Katherine with ne put down the mirror.

ago in November the duke had de- they should visit Kettlethorpe and atherine's property did. They took lanchette so that the Swynford chil- t see their birthplace, and they had Kettlethorpe for three very uncom- ays.

e had long ago appointed a resident o that the manor had been kept in was being efficiently run. But to Kettlethorpe had presented a pic- k desolateness. Then there had been ways. The plowman's twin lads had d in Sherwood Forest. Cob o' ne former spit boy, had made off, had been caught and brought back. rty had been confiscated. He had ded with an *F* on his left cheek, for ' and was in the village stocks.

ard reported that the unrest and n among the serfs was truly shock- ad walked Katherine to the village re a gibbet had been set up beside where Cob was punished daily from dusk. She recoiled as she saw the o rotting half-naked bodies dangled nooses. Later she had ordered that eed from the stocks, and that his estored to him, for she had been y all the sights on the village green. e had detested Kettlethorpe, and frenzy to get away again! But now bered that Blanchette had not. The sited all the haunts of her childhood, sked questions about her father.

women walked down the passage sery wing. John and Harry had long out to play in the snow, but her two were sitting on a bearskin rug by

ne picked up the baby and put her le, then saw that Tamkin had opened w and was hanging halfway out.

she called, "what *are* you doing? window!"

The boy did not hear her, for there was a noise outside. The nursery windows looked down on Castle Street where a cluster of rustics and townsfolk had gathered, while a man in a long russet gown harangued them.

Katherine went over to her son. "'Tis only some Christmas mumming," she said, shutting the window.

"Nay," said Hawise, peering over the little boy's shoulder. "'Tis that Lollard preacher, John Ball, just come to Leicester."

"They keep singing something, mamma," said Tamkin, "'n' shaking their fists."

"THEY do," said Hawise grimly. "D'ye know *what* they sing?"

Katherine looked out again more curiously. She saw that the preacher waved his arms violently and sometimes pointed at the castle.

"What *do* they sing?" Katherine opened the window wide. The shouts gradually clarified themselves into words:

"*When Adam delved and Eva span—*
Who was then *the gentleman?*"

"What nonsense!" began Katherine. "What do they mean by that?"

"They mean trouble," said Hawise. "This last poll tax has really roiled 'em, and John Ball's doing his best to keep 'em roiled."

"Oh," said Katherine, shrugging, as she turned from the window. "The poll tax is hard on folk, no doubt, but wars must be paid for. Why must they show so much hatred?"

"'Tis easy to hate, lady dear, when you be poor and starving."

"But they're not! Nobody starves in Leicester, or any of the duke's domains. The kitchens ofttimes feed three hundred a day."

"'Tis not everyone wants to be beggars," said Hawise. "And there's mighty few who like to be unfree."

"The duke has freed many of his serfs," retorted Katherine. "The eve of Christmas he freed ten in honor of Lord Henry's marriage."

"'Tis true, but there be ten thousand more in bondage. Ye needna look so fierce—'tis not *my* thoughts I'm giving; 'tis what John Ball yammers out there."

"But what can they *do?*" said Katherine.

"Oh, they'll not do anything." Hawise shrugged. "'Tis nought but talk. England be a great place for windy grumbles. 'Twill all die down like stale ale—no doubt."

The Lancastrian household held their May revels at the Savoy. The servants trundled in barrowfuls of primroses and violets from the meadows and made garlands to hang in each of the hundred rooms. A Maypole had been set up in the river gardens. Each afternoon there was dancing. At night there were bonfires built along the riverbank, and the duke's barges, lit by torches, raced across the river while wagers were placed on each contestant.

No one could be melancholy during these days, and the duke shut his mind to impending problems. On May twelfth he was to set forth for Scotland. The King's Council had commissioned him to ride north and negotiate for a prolongation of the truce. Parliament had finally voted an appropriation, and the poll tax was being raised, albeit there had been some trouble.

Katherine had been a trifle uneasy since she had heard John Ball preaching at Leicester, until the duke told her that Ball had been imprisoned in Kent by Archbishop Sudbury.

"No need to fret, lovedy," said the duke. "With that ranting little firebrand quenched in jail, the people'll quiet down. They've no real cause for grievance."

Katherine was reassured. On Sunday she would leave the Savoy with the duke, who would drop her and her household off at Kenilworth while he continued north. But before they left there was a small private matter to be attended to.

Sir Ralph Hastings would accompany his lord to Scotland, and Blanchette's betrothal should be solemnized.

The duke and Katherine were sitting in the rose garden, watching a troupe of Cornish

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—CHINESE PROVERB

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tumblers and glee maidens who were cavorting on the lawn.

Sir Ralph strode through the archway into the garden and walking to the duke's chair, knelt and kissed his hand. "God's greeting, my lord," he said and bowed to Katherine. "I'm here a day before I thought to be, but love is a sharp spur." He chuckled and swaggered a little. Blanchette's aversion to him, he had assured himself, sprang from charming modesty, being quite certain of his attraction. He was thirty-five and looked younger. He was an excellent horseman and jouster, and had been forbearing to the wife he had been married to for twelve barren years until her lung complaint released him.

Blanchette had no excuse whatsoever for her behavior, thought Katherine, smiling at Sir Ralph, who was asking after the girl.

"I'll get her," said Katherine, rising. "In truth, Sir Ralph, you must have patience with her. Woo her gently. I confess she's sometimes of a heavy spirit."

The knight frowned a trifle, but he spoke confidently. "'Tis natural she should be shy."

"Natural, maybe," said the duke. "But she's played the coy long enough. We'll have the betrothal tomorrow. Blanchette shall be May Queen for the day."

Katherine bestowed a loving glance on John as she hurried from the gardens in search of Blanchette.

The girl lodged in a chamber in the Monmouth Wing, and could seldom be persuaded to leave it. Here she carried on many little occupations of her own. She had wooden puppets that she dressed in scraps of silk. She strummed her lute and sang melodies of her own devising.

And there were her birds. Almost daily Blanchette sent the little page who waited on her to the market. He fetched her singing birds—linnets, thrushes, skylarks and sometimes nightingales that had been netted by fowlers and were offered for sale. She had a ritual with these. She left them in their cages only one night, while she talked to them softly. At the dawning she would free them through her window.

A harmless-enough pastime, but while Katherine stood at the girl's door she heard the low voice inside singing a plaintive tune, and the twittering of a bird. She put her hand on the door and found it locked.

"Let me in!" she called sharply. "'Tis your mother."

After a moment the door opened slowly and Blanchette stood as though to bar the way. Her copper-gold hair cascaded in loose ringlets down her back. She wore a dove-gray chamber robe, unadorned. Never would she willingly wear any of the costly trinkets the duke or Katherine gave her.

"Come, child," said Katherine more gently. "Why must you always act as though I'd harm you? It hurts me when you act like this."

A tiny green linnet hopped and twittered in a wooden cage. The girl's eyes moved from her mother's face to the linnet.

She that was the sweetest and the gentlest of children, Katherine thought, *dear Lord, why is she like this now?* She sighed, then spoke with decision. "Blanchette, Sir Ralph has come. He's in the garden with my lord. Your betrothal shall take place tomorrow."

Blanchette raised her eyes. "I'll n-not," she said. "I'll . . . run away. I'll not do what *he* says—I swear it by my father's soul!" She crossed herself and her face went white as clay.

"This is wicked folly!" cried Katherine. "'Tis not what the duke says, 'tis what *I say* ——"

SHE gasped, for Blanchette flung out her arms and shouted, "You lie! And I hate you! You are nought but his creature—you and the scurvy pack of bastards that you bear him!" She turned wildly and flung herself on her bed.

"Jesu," whispered Katherine. A black wave submerged her and at length retreated, leaving behind a jutting rock of anger as refuge. "This, Blanchette, is too much!" Katherine said in a voice of icy control. "God knows if I can ever find it in my heart to forgive you."

Blanchette twisted slowly around and stared up at her mother. Seeing there anger for the first time in her life, she gave a frightened moan. "Mama ——" she whispered.

Katherine moved away. *Aye*, she thought, *my patience is at an end. I've put up with her humors, with the hatred she shows to John. She blames me, too, that Robin did not love her, and now she speaks to me like that.*

"Since you are lost to decency and make wicked threats, Blanchette," she said, "I shall see that you are guarded night and day. Tomorrow at noon there will be your betrothal to Sir Ralph, and after that I shall send you to a convent until your marriage."

"Mama, I d-didn't m-mean ——"

Katherine hardened her heart and answered frigidly, "Think not to wheedle me into softness. I've been soft with you too long."

One by one Katherine took the measures for Blanchette's imprisonment. She summoned a strong Lancashire lass and told her not to leave the girl alone. She stationed a man-at-arms outside the door. Then she went back to the gardens and told Sir Ralph that he would see Blanchette on the morrow at the betrothal, but that the girl was indisposed at present.

Blanchette acted throughout the morning of her betrothal like one of the puppets she played with. She let the Lancashire wench and Hawise array her in a gown of myrtle green. They twined flowers in her flowing hair and garlanded her with lilies. She never spoke nor seemed to know what they were doing.

When Blanchette was dressed, H to fetch Katherine. "She's ready, said Hawise, "but I fear she's sic something. Her skin's hot to touch

"Bah!" said Katherine. "There' wrong with her than ill temper. "T first time she's acted illness when s her own way." Hawise knew tha true, but still she was uneasy.

The chapel bell began to ring. jumped up and hurried to the N Wing. Blanchette was waiting. S once at her mother and then at th while Katherine said "Come" an girl's hand, which was certainly dry



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for a look at "our pri
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through the courtyards to the
g assembled lords and ladies
h and the Carmelite, Brother
waited by a portable altar in the
duke stood resplendent beside
in his gold-and-pearl-embroi-
earing the chain of Castile and
e Garter.
ne he is, Katherine thought, as
gravely, holding Blanchette by
denly, as Katherine started to
hand in the outstretched one of
nchette gave a strangled cry and
he clutched up her myrtle-green
rantically through the archway.

"What's this!" cried the duke, while Sir Ralph flushed crimson.

"She shall be beaten for it," cried Katherine, herself trembling with anger. "My lord," she said to John, "I beg you let me deal with her."

Katherine hurried back through the archway, and saw Blanchette behind a yew tree, on the inner side of the wall. The girl was doubled up on the ground and had been vomiting.

Katherine's anger vanished in fear. "Oh, my poor sweeting!" she cried, running to her.

Blanchette gazed at her mother without recognition. "Hurts," she muttered, putting her hand to her head. Her fingers touched the garland of lilies and she pulled it off. "White swans," she said, throwing them into the air. "I must let them fly away like the others."

Dear God, thought Katherine, with a stab of terror. As she touched Blanchette, she knew that this was the madness of fever. The girl's body gave off heat like an oven.

Katherine called for help. In the garden they did not hear her, but the sergeant-at-arms came running. He picked the girl up and carried her to the Monmouth Wing.

"'Tis what they call the scarlet sickness, my lady," said the burly soldier as he put Blanchette down on her bed.

On Sunday when the duke departed for Scotland, Blanchette was better. The fever persisted, but she did not cry out and toss so much. Her body was covered with a mesh of tiny scarlet dots. Brother William said that though she was still in danger, he had great hopes of her recovery.

Katherine could not leave Blanchette alone. Hawise and the Beaufort babies were to travel to Kenilworth without her.

Throughout the rest of May and the first week of June, Katherine lived in seclusion. She moved into the Monmouth Wing and slept in the chamber with her child. She saw no one but Mab, who shared the nursing, and Brother William, who came daily.

Blanchette improved gradually, the rash faded, but a succession of complications bedeviled her. For some days her throat was so swollen that she could not swallow, and when this abated she suffered from earaches.

DURING this time the girl reverted to her childhood and looked to her mother for everything. The conflict between them was as though it had never been.

A month after the onset of her illness, Brother William pronounced Blanchette definitely on the mend.

It was in the long golden dusk that the Franciscan friar came to visit his patient and found the girl sitting in the window seat with Katherine beside her. Blanchette's head rested against her mother's shoulder, her little face was pinched and white, and she seemed shockingly diminished, because the lovely hair had begun to fall out in handfuls, and Katherine had resolutely cut it short.

Huddled in her dressing robe, and with the little shorn head, she might have been a child of five, and the Gray Friar felt an unwelcome softness. He saw that Katherine was as pale as her daughter, and he spoke in a warmer tone than usual.

"Lady Swynford, we shall have you ailing, too, if you don't take care. Now the lass is better, I think you should move."

Katherine looked up. "To Kenilworth? But she's not well enough yet for that."

"No," said the friar, frowning. "I meant that you might move to another chamber, one with more air and light."

Katherine nodded thoughtfully. "Then we'll move to the Privy Suite. Those apartments are by far the most comfortable."

She was aware at once of the friar's withdrawal. He said stiffly, "There are many other rooms at the Savoy."

Blanchette, too, stirred and said, "Oh, mama, don't let's leave here."

"Sweetheart, 'twill do you good," said Katherine briskly. "There are such beautiful tapestries for you to look at—I'll tell you stories about them—and you can watch the boats on the Thames, and there's the duke's collection of little ivory saints—you'll like to play with them!"

Blanchette drew her breath in, and Katherine realized that it was the first time the duke's name had been mentioned since the girl's illness. She was reassured when Blanchette murmured, "As you will, mama."

Brother William frowned, but there was nothing he could say. The duke's suite was certainly the most comfortable accommodation in the palace.

"Please sit down and sup with us," said Katherine gently. "You seem wan yourself. There's no fresh sickness about, I hope."

"No more than usual," said the Gray Friar. "Aye, I am awearied." He sat down abruptly.

Katherine's ring of the hand bell was answered somewhat tardily by a varlet she had never seen before. "Where's Piers?" she said.

"Piers be took wi' a colic," answered the lad. "So I come in his stead. I be called Perkin. What's your wish, m'lady?"

She gave Perkin the order for meat and wine.

Brother William, who had been examining the lad, said, "Since I'm here, I'll have a look at this Piers' colic. Where does he lodge?"

Perkin's eyes shifted. He said, "No need of that, Sir Friar. 'Tis but the common gripes."

"*Where is he now?*" repeated the friar.

"How should I know, sir?" said the lad sullenly. "He maught be lying in t'kitchen passage, or he maught've ta'en his pallet to the cellars, or he maught ——"



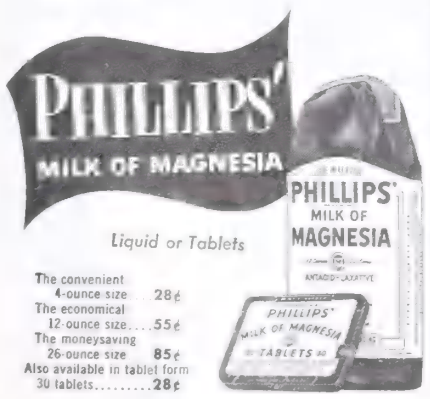
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"—— have left the Savoy altogether on some errand of his own?" said the friar with chill emphasis.

The lad thrust out his underlip and did not answer. Then, seeing that there were to be no more questions, he disappeared quickly.

"What did you mean by that?" asked Katherine, frowning. "The varlets can't leave the castle wards without permission."

"There's a deal being done just now without permission," said the friar dryly. "There's rioting in Kent."

"What sort of riots?" asked Katherine. "Is it the poll tax again?"

"That and other grievances, all ably dinned into the peasants by a priest called John Ball."

"But he's in gaol!" she cried.

The friar crossed his lean shanks. "He *was* in gaol, but the Kentishmen have released him. There's been violence in Essex, too, I hear."

Katherine thought of the russet-clad preacher she had seen at Leicester. "But what is it that the commons *want?*" she said impatiently.

The friar raised his lids and looked at her. "They want the equality of man. They want freedom. They're tired of serfdom or unfair wages for their labor. They're tired of eating black bread while the manor lords eat venison and fat capons."

"But, Brother William," Katherine said, "is it not true that in most cases the villeins are better off on the manors where they were born, and their forebears too? A good manor lord *cares* for his serfs. In time of trouble he protects them."

"You voice the arguments for slavery that are old as Babylon and have satisfied many. There are, however, others who prefer freedom to any benefits. . . . I don't know," he added half to himself. Brother William's chair grated on the tiles. He shook himself to his feet. "The food is long in coming. I cannot wait." He spoke in the harsh tone she was accustomed to from him. "I'll be back in a day or so. *Benedicite.*" And he stalked out.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. —DISRAELI

The next day Katherine and Blanchette moved to the Privy Suite. Blanchette had never before been in the ducal apartments, and could not withhold her admiration when Katherine helped her walk into the Avalon Chamber. Behind the bed hung the great Avalon tapestry with the dark, mysterious greens of the enchanted forest, and the figures of Arthur, Guinevere and the wizard Merlin.

To divert Blanchette, Katherine told her a little about the tapestry, but the girl was not much interested; she preferred to sit in the window and watch the river flow by, and as Katherine had hoped she was delighted with the finger-high ivory figurines of the saints. She picked up the figure of the North Country saint, Columba, who held a dove, and looked up at her mother. "What happened to my green linnet?"

"It's well. I've fed it myself. We'll send for it so you can hang it in your room."

Blanchette was better in every way, recovering not only from the illness but from the strange dark rebellions that had preceded it.

HER pale face flushed suddenly; she looked down at the window seat and said, "You've been good to me, dearest mama."

Katherine caught her breath. Though her arms ached to hug and shelter, she knew that she must not force this new delicate balance. "And why not, mouse!" she said lightly.

Tuesday and Wednesday they had a happy time together. Blanchette played her lute, and Katherine taught her the gay old tune, "*Hé! Dame de Vaillance!*" and they sang it in rondo. Katherine in persuading her child to lightheartedness found gaiety herself, dimmed only by secret worry over Blanchette's dulled hearing.

She could walk about the chambers without help, she was eating well, and some color had returned to her cheeks. Next week they could leave for Kenilworth, Katherine thought.

On Wednesday evening the courtyard clock clanged out seven as they finished their supper.

"Brother William hasn't been here since Sunday," said Katherine idly. "Maybe he'll come tonight—though you scarcely need his skill any more, God be thanked."

"I hope he does," said Blanchette. "I like him. He looks ugly and grim, yet his hands're gentle."

Katherine assented. There was a knock on the door, and she called, "Enter!" thinking that it might be the friar.

It was a page who announced that there was a tradesman below who wished to see Lady Swynford. Guy le Pessoner.

"Master Guy!" exclaimed Katherine. "Show him up, to be sure," and to Blanchette said, "'Tis Hawise's father."

The fishmonger came in, puffing, and bowed to Katherine. "God's greeting! Whew! 'Tis warm for one o' my port to be ahurrying."

KATHERINE smiled and indicated a chair. "A pleasure to see you."

Master Guy's shrewd little eyes became intent. "Where's Hawise, m'lady?" he said.

"At Kenilworth. She left a month ago."

"Ah-h," said the fishmonger. "'Twas what I be telling Emma, but she made me come anyhow."

"Why?" asked Katherine. "Is anything wrong?"

"Nay—not what ye might call wrong." He shrugged. "'Tis more that me dame's a dithering old 'oman." Master Guy frowned.

These last two days there was no doubt that the rebellion had become more serious. The Kentish mob had advanced as close as Blackheath across the river, while Essex men neared London from the north. Dame Emma had kept badgering him to make sure that Hawise was out of possible danger. She had heard a rumor that Lady Swynford remained at the Savoy, though the duke had left.

"What does Dame Emma dither *about?*" asked Katherine.

"She thinks if them ribauds over on Blackheath should cross the river into Lunnon, there maught be a bad time. I tell her all they want is to set their grievances afore the king. Besides, they can't *get* into town. The drawbridge's up, and the gates all closed."

"I know nothing of all this, Master Guy," said Katherine slowly. "I thought the king was at Windsor."

"He's in the Tower now—wi' the Princess Joan and a mort o' the lords and Mayor Walworth. They've got t' old archbishop wi' 'em and Hales, the treasurer, too, or the rebels'd've strung them two makers o' the stinking poll tax up to the nearest trees."

Katherine considered this with astonishment. "Has the king talked to the rebels?"

"Nay, he went downriver by barge this morn to Rotherhithe, but he didn't land. 'Tis said some o' his lords turned poltroon when they saw the great mob that was awaiting on the bank."

"The poor lad," said Katherine, thinking of the sensitive delicate boy she had seen last Christmas at Leicester. She turned back to Master Guy. "I understand these rebels are loyal to the king?"

"Oh, aye—'tis so." The fishmonger nodded. "They fly his banner with those of St. George on Blackheath."

"Then there can be no great danger from them," said Katherine confidently. She rose, and poured ale and handed it to Master Guy, saying, "Forgive me that I did not offer this sooner. How's Hawise's Jack, by the bye?"

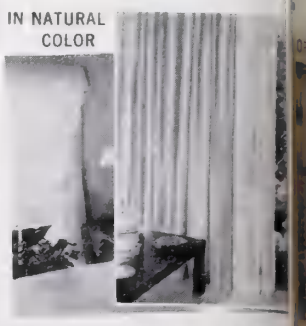
The fishmonger drained his ale and cried, "Spleen! God's wounds, but there ne'er was such a churl for grudges 'n' spleen. A bloodthirsty knave is Jack. I begin to think Hawise well shed o' him." He lumbered up out of his chair. "Well, m'lady, I'll be off." He hesitated. "Warn your men-at-arms to be on guard and make sure the water gates're lowered. Then ye needna have a care."

Katherine thanked him for coming and sent her love to Dame Emma. When the fishmonger had gone, she summoned Sergeant Leach and repeated Master Guy's advice.

"Have no fear, m'lady," said the sergeant.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

He went off to alert his men-at-arms, to order the great crossbarred portcullis lowered at the Strand, and to check on the security of the water gates. He issued extra arms from the well-stocked armory—maces, battle-axes, swords, breastplates and shields—and instructed the varlets in their use.

When dusk fell, the sergeant threw himself down to sleep in the guardroom with a mind as quiet as the evening air.

ACROSS the river at Blackheath the rebel mob had grown until ten thousand desperate, hungry men surged back and forth across the trampled gorse and heath.

John Ball preached his great sermon there on Blackheath, telling them how God had created all men equal in the days of Adam and Eve, and how there were then no rich lords or bishops—and there were no slaves.

"My poor friends," he cried, "things cannot go right in England nor ever will until everything shall be in common. And there shall be no more lords and vassals! Aye, by the Holy Rood, we shall change that now!"

They had heard all this many times before, but never with the growing frenzied hope. As the preacher's voice trembled, their leader Wat, the tiler from Maidstone, climbed up on the stump and rehearsed their instructions.

A powerful, grim man was Wat, and thirsting for revenge—some said because his daughter had been ravished by a tax collector—but no reason was needed to swell the torment of blind hatred in all their breasts.

They had sent to the king a list of the men who must be delivered to them for vengeance. They demanded the heads of Simon of Sudbury, the archbishop-chancellor who had instigated the poll tax and who had imprisoned John Ball; of Robert Hales, treasurer of England. They demanded the death of twelve others whom they had cause to hate—and the head of John o' Gaunt. They greatly feared the duke who was so bloated with lands and power, and yet traitorously craved to be king. A monster of villainy, they thought him.

Wat shouted out the list of heads that they had demanded, and at each name the crowd roared. Soon, he said, there would be an answer from King Richard, who would surely meet them for a parley this time.

"All must be seemly done in our revenge!" cried Wat. "No plundering, no ravishing! Commons be not thieves, remember!"

They stamped and bellowed and waved their St. George pennants. Wat seized the king's standard, he raised it high into the sky. "And commons be loyal!" he shouted.

In one mighty voice they answered with the watchword: "With King Richard and the true commons!"

Wat nodded heavily and got down off the stump. "Christ's mercy, but I hope them aldermen'll soon open the bridge," he murmured.

The peasant army had had no food that day, would have none until they got into London. It was cruel hard to hold in check so wild and mixed a mob. Here were not only angry farmers and bondsmen, but outlaws and gaolbirds, too, aplenty.

Even as Wat spoke, a voice cried out, "To the Marshalsea, men!" and another called, "Yea! Burn the Marshalsea and on to Lambeth!"

The rabble shifted and wavered, a dozen broke away and began to run toward the western road. Others followed brandishing torches, some armed with rusty old swords, with picks and hoes and cudgels.

The crowd that thundered off toward Southwark grew dense, and Wat watched uneasily.

"An' they do more harm'n v
growled, "'twill mayhap hurt
John Ball started. "Not so,'
hoarsely. "Nought can harm o
is God's. They'll but root ou
weeds that choke our crops."
Wat's misgivings were sile
thrilled to the confidence that
spired, but Wat was a man of
mind darted to practical matt
Jack Strawe, Sir Priest?" he asl
his men've entered the city yet b
This was their plan, that the
rallied in Essex should broac
her eastern gate, while the s
crossed over on the bridge.
"If they have not, they soon v
the preacher. "We shall succ
aims!"

LANTERN

By MARY KENNEDY

At night the Balinese boy puts
fireflies in his blouse to light
his way
through somber mountains,
as in my sorrow I have gathered
all my memories of you.
Each gesture, each loving glance
shines with a radiance
that lights my way over the
black, uneven ground
I must now cross.

Katherine awoke suddenly
hour of that Thursday, June thi
was the Feast of Corpus Chris
to the distant bells and thought
processions were starting early
seemed to her that the rhythm
somewhat violent. She sat up in
the velvet curtains back.
She was mildly surprised t
flushed with redness. She slipp
and, flinging her chamber rob
peered cu
window.
Down
neighborl
wark, the
Dense sn
up agains
colored st
Nearer, to
Lambeth
leaping to
"Jesu
pered,
bank's af
She ju
came a ba
door. It
Brother W
into the r
The fri
yourself
Swynford
child—the
She clu
around

happened? There's fire out ther
The friar said grimly, "There
than fire. The peasant army's
London. Hasten—don't waste
ter!"
She obeyed him blindly, forc
to quietness as she dressed
garderobe. She put on a linen sh
stinct pulled down the plainest
an old dark green wool. Then she
Blanchette.
In a few minutes Katherine ca
Blanchette. Both women were
friar saw in one sharp glance
little patient had improved.
"Take hooded mantles," he s
ine. "Put your jewels in your pu
any money?"
"Two or three nobles," she an
ily. "Brother William—what's

FROM far off on the Strand th
fused noises. As they listene
swelled.
"The sergeant and his men'll h
said the friar. "We've plenty of t
away by barge—upstream to sat
to fear," he said to Blanchette,
him dumbly.
"The privy stairs," cried Ka
quicker!"
She scooped some jewels at
her casket and seized two mant
and Blanchette. They went alon
and down the steps to the hidde
stepped into the outer ward n
house, and stopped aghast.
The great portcullis of the gat
lifted as they stood staring in
Roger Leach had ranged him

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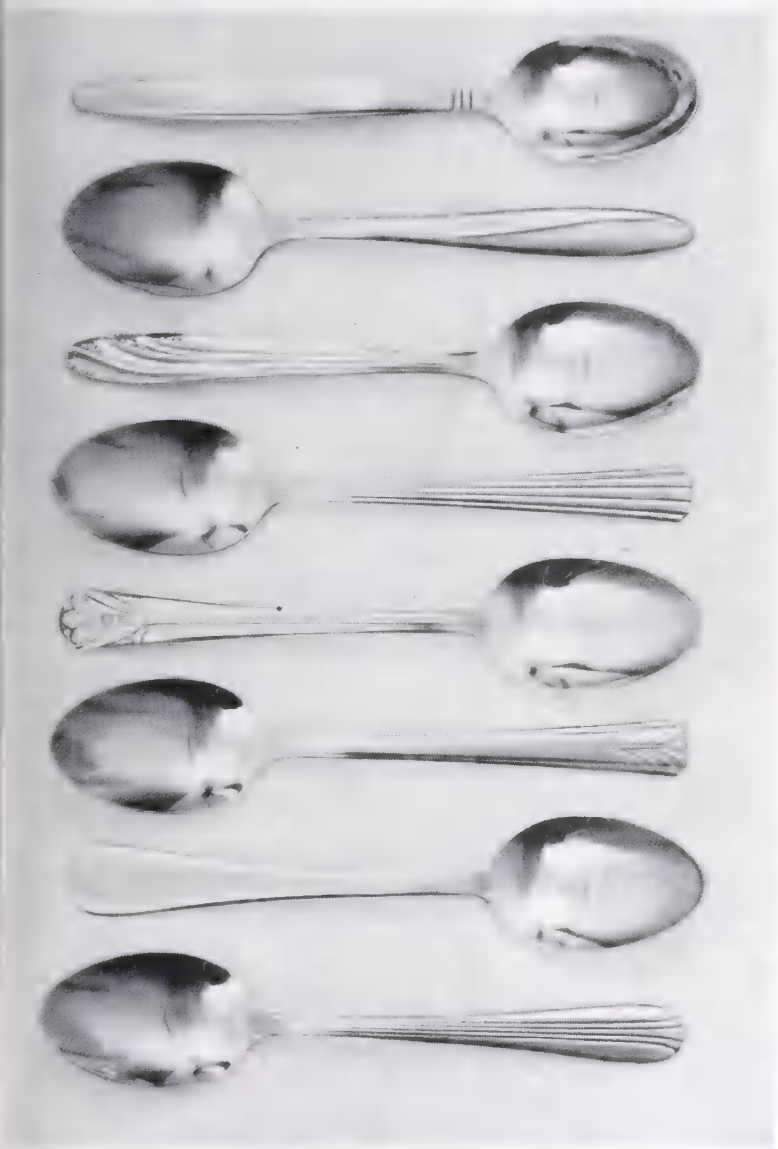
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

s on the inside of the gatehouse.
oud cry and sprang forward with
praised.
nen had their arrows notched, but
time to take aim. The mob poured
gate in a cataract. The bowmen
heir useless bows and fought hand
h mace and sword.
!" cried the friar, grabbing the two
ms. "Back! We must get back up-
hope now of escape by barge. He
women toward the little hidden
s they stumbled panting into the
shock-haired man in leather helm
late veered away from the main
e mob.
ack Maudelyn, who had special
of the Savoy. His sharp, questing
en the friar and recognized him.
ged down the courtyard, flourish-
e. "Ho!" he shouted, his yellow
in a wolf grin. "So 'tis the puling
men!" he yelled. "Here's merry
here to me ——"
s bony fist had shot out and landed
f the weaver's face. Jack staggered
forward with his pike. The lance-
t slashed down across the friar's
re through his habit and pierced
the breastbone. The friar's fist
veaver on the jaw. He reeled, spit-
ooth, and fell down. Bunching his
ne hand against the welling blood,
ked up Jack's pike.
Londoners and Essex men ram-
ugh the gate. None had heard

It is only when the dark comes down that the stars shine.
—WINSTON CHURCHILL

The friar turned
o the archway
erine had got
ned. They shut
it behind them,
d up the stairs
on Chamber.
William helped
hoot the iron
h the hasps on
oor and pushed the massive table

're secure. They can't get in here,"
Katherine foolishly. Then, turning
, she started. "Jesu, brother—
"
hunched and doubled over, hold-
s to his breast while scarlet oozed
ay habit. "Aye," he said, "aye."
o him and pulled him to the bed.
n without resistance.
t," he said. "A clean cloth."
l a corner of the sheet from under
l wadded it into the gaping wound.
erve awhile," he said. He looked
s she bent over him. He saw the
ng, frightened face. "I shall die,"
dull certainty. "No matter." He
his elbow and looked at her again.
ou shall hear the truth!"
—good brother—I beg you to lie
Katherine. "You won't die. For
so deep a wound as that."

iet again, his lips moved in the
ough he scarcely knew it.
the tumult outside grew louder.
shouts and a muffled, sinister
"Oh, that my dear lord was here!"
ried. "My dearest love—to pro-
"
made a sharp motion with his
th flowed into him. He shoved her
ose from the bed. He clutched at
and cried fiercely, "So now, grace-
, you call out for your paramour!
-don't you yet see that it is because
in—and his—that this disaster
you know what they write of you
ys? That you have bewitched the
our enchantments. And 'tis for this
e hate of all men."
false!" She forgot, as he had, the
f the mob. She forgot Blanchette.
you speak to me like that! I've
him harm. I love him."
drew a rasping breath. "Aye—
of your lechery, these Benedictine
y little know they might also write
Katherine Swynford, you and the
duke murdered Hugh Swynford in Bordeaux as truly as though you had yourselves procured the poison that killed him."

"You're mad," she whispered, gazing at him in horror. "Brother William, your wound has made you mad."

"Nay, not mad but dying," the friar said solemnly. "May God forgive me that I break the vow of the confessional—but I'll not die with this vile secret on my soul. 'Twas Nirac de Bayonne who put the poison in Sir Hugh's cup—this he confessed to me on his deathbed—but 'twas you gave your husband the draught to drink."

"The cup," she said. "But I didn't know! Before God, I didn't know!"

"You didn't know! Nor did the duke, who cast his poor tool aside when it had blindly committed the foulest of all crimes for him. But can you take this crucifix and kiss it, while swearing that you did not long for your husband's death? *Can you?*"

She did not move.

THE friar held the crucifix toward her with a shaking hand. Then another shudder seized him. He slumped forward and stumbled to the ivory *prie-dieu.* He clasped his hands together, and began to chant, "*Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam* ——"

Katherine sank slowly to her knees beside the bedpost. Her wide-straining eyes fixed themselves on the round white disk of the friar's tonsure, her lips moved in mindless echo of his prayers.

Blanchette was huddled in the chair. She made no sound, but deep in her brain a voice cried on two notes. It said, "Murder—murder—murder"; and sometimes it changed and said, "She gave poison to your father."

Below in the outer ward the Kentish rebels had arrived with Wat the tiler at their head. He knew now that the duke had escaped them, but they would wreak what vengeance they could on his possessions.

Wat took command at once. Some of the Londoners still pounded at the iron-bound treasure-chamber door. Wat and his men added their strength until the hinges burst.

They dragged out coffers full of gold and silver and piled them unopened in the Great Hall. They took the coronets, the jeweled chains, the diamond-crusted scabbards and broke them up in the courtyard, then ground the jewels to powder.

"We be not thieves!" roared Wat, as he spied a lad who stuffed a silver goblet in his jerkin. He killed the lad with a thrust of his sword and threw the goblet on the mangled pile in the center of the Great Hall. Some of the mob, as the frenzy grew, ran into the gardens trampling on the flowers, uprooting the rosebushes. When Wat seized a torch and set fire to the hall, they roared with joy.

It was a slobbering whey-faced Londoner who led a band up the great state staircase. A weaver by the badge of trade on his arm, his jaw had been knocked awry. A short and meager little man in tattered leather jerkin went in this band too. A branded *F* was on his cheek, half hidden by the grime.

They swarmed up to the Presence Chamber, past a shut door to a suite of empty rooms where they destroyed the furnishings, but the weaver was not satisfied; he pointed back and made them see that they must get inside the shut door they had passed.

Inside the Avalon Chamber, the friar prayed on, through the pounding and the shouts outside, but Katherine rose from her knees, pulling herself up by the bed curtains.

She saw the little door begin to give. She walked to Blanchette and put her arm around the huddled shoulders. "Don't be afraid, darling," she whispered. Blanchette twisted out from under her mother's arm and sprang back. In her eyes there was a look that caused Katherine to cry out in anguish.

The door burst open and a huge red-bearded peasant stepped in, brandishing a sickle, which he lowered in confusion when he saw two women and a praying friar, but the other men shoved past him.

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The friar heaved himself to his feet and grabbed the pike he had taken from the weaver. He backed tottering against the fireplace.

"Kill! Kill!" Jack screamed. He rushed forward with his sword. Blood spurted high, then spattered on the marble mantel and on Blanchette's skirt. The friar gasped once, fell prone upon the tiles and was still.

Again Jack lifted his sword; this Lancastrian friar's head would be carried on a pike to London Bridge with those of the other traitors. But now the outlaw ran forward. "Not in here," he said, "not afore them." He jerked his chin toward Katherine and Blanchette, who stood transfixed against the wall.

Jack furiously shrugged off the restraining hand, but they dragged Brother William's body out into the passage.

Katherine gazed at the flaxen-polled little outlaw. '*Tis Cob o' Fenton*, she thought, *my runaway serf. Soon he'll kill us, too, if Jack Maudelyn does not first.* It seemed strange that Cob should be there when she had last seen him in the village stocks at Kettlethorpe.

The men cast sideways glances at the two women, but did not molest them. Some chopped up the sandalwood chairs, some the gilded table. They pulled down the Avalon tapestry and hacked it into strips.

Wat Tyler strode into the chamber crying, "Come, lads, get on wi' it. What's keeping ye so long?" The smell of smoke came with him.

Jack Maudelyn slithered in behind the tiler. He pointed to Katherine. "Kill ——" he gobbled again, and raised his sword.

"Nay, weaver—by the rood—ye've gone daft!" Wat gave him a shove that sent him spinning. "Who are ye?" He turned to Katherine. The fires were catching fast in the buildings behind them, they must finish this business up, then on to Westminster. Katherine could not reply.

"You then!" The tiler rounded on Blanchette, and drew back startled. Almost he made a sign of the cross, the crop-haired girl had so strange a look. She had lifted a fold of her skirt and dabbled with her fingers in the stains made by the friar's blood, and she was smiling. "Who are ye, child?" repeated Wat.

Blanchette raised her head. "Who am I?" she said in a high, sweet tone. "Nay, that, good sir, I must not tell you." Her eyes moved unseeing over the faces of the men. "But I can tell you who I'll *be*." She nodded three times slowly, and laughed low in her throat.

Wat swallowed. The men did not stir, a shivering unease held them.

"Why, I shall be a whore, good sir," cried Blanchette in a loud voice, "like my mother. A *murdering* whore mayhap, too—like my mother!" She gathered up her skirts as though she would make a curtsy. Then like quicksilver she whirled and ran out of the chamber.

"Stop her!" screamed Katherine, dashing forward. "Blanchette!"

Jack Maudelyn snatched out his hand and grabbed Katherine. He jerked her back so violently that she fell. Her head hit the tiles. A thousand lights exploded behind her eyes, and then there was darkness.

Queen Elizabeth, in her wise way, writing to a mother who had lost her son, tells her that she will be comforted in time; and why should she not do for herself what the mere lapse of time will do for her?
—BENTLEY

ACROSS the Strand from the Savoy's ...tehouse there lay an open field. Two ... Wat Tyler's men carried Katherine there and dumped her on a grassy bank near a little brook, before dashing off to join their fellows heading for Westminster.

Cob o' Fenton had followed the men. Suddenly he jumped and gasped, jerking his head up to look at the Savoy. An explosion had thundered off behind the walls. A sheet of flame shot up as high as the spire on the Monmouth Tower. The tower wavered, seeming to dance and sway like a sapling in the wind; it buckled in the middle, and fell with the rumble of an earthquake, in great clouds of dust and flying stone.

"God's passion," whispered Cob, crossing himself. He took to his heels across the field. He had quite forgotten Katherine, but she lay across his path.

He stopped. She lay on her ... like the marble effigies he'd s... Cathedral. But she breathed. A... her girdle the purse with her ... Roet arms, impaling Swynford.

Through Cob's uncertain he... a strange feeling. He stared ... Swynford arms—three yellow ... the black chevron. These arms ... They were fastened on the ma... meant the fealty that his fath... given to Sir Hugh Swynford ... Thomas before that. They mean... manor house where he himself ... age to Swynfords—homage ... woman.

COB glanced fearfully over his... saw that the fire drew nearer. "La... shaking Katherine. "Lady, fo... God, awake!"

Still she lay limp. She was tall, ... sized and puny. He could not c... in desperation pulled at her ur... into the little brook. She opened ... shuddered. "'Tis cold," she wh... moved her hands in the flowing ... them and stared at their wetness.

"Get up, lady! We must haste ...

He hoisted her by the armpits a... slowly rose, dripping and stood ... while Cob held her. She looked ... matted flaxen hair and the *F* t... cheek, but she did not quite ren...

She turned a... the immense ... nace across th...

"Come! Car... cried Cob impa... pelling her alo... She moved her f... Cob saw that h... clung to her le... peded her. He di... from its sheath ... skirt off just bel...

"Where are ... Katherine said, ... diently she trie... The sick giddin... her eyes was passing, though her h...

"Into town," said Cob, though... know what he was going to do wit...

"Oh," said Katherine, "I've goo... town. The Pessoners in Billingsga... going to the Pessoners?"

"Might as well," said Cob, relie...

He dragged her along until they ... Clement Danes'. The Temple was ... the Strand ahead of them. He had ... that. "Have to go up there, I ... pointed up the hill toward Holborn.

He and Katherine plodded ... reached Holborn Street, where a h... the rebels came marching four ab... singing "Jack Milner."

A fellow outlaw whom Cob had ... the Essex camp called out, "What b... wi' a woman? 'Tis no time for spor...

"Nay—true," Cob shouted back, ... "'Tis a poor affrighted country wenc... lost. I but take her to the city. Then I... Where are ye bound?"

Several of the rebels answered him ... They were off to burn all Robert Ha... erty, though the treasurer himself st... in the Tower, protected by the king.

The rebels veered off to the left a... erine started walking again when ... They came to the edge of a tremendo... who were watching what took place o... in the center of the crossways.

Some forty Flemings had been rou... along with two richer prizes, the detes... chant, Richard Lyons, and a sneak... former the mob had dragged from sa... in St. Martin's. They were all tied arm... in a line that was now diminished as o... another was dragged forward and flun... knees beside the block. A man stood th... an ax, and he worked fast. Already ... heads had rolled into the central gutter... ran crimson.

Cob shrank. "We must get out o' he... whispered, grabbing Katherine's ar... shoved her down an alley until they ... Watling Street, which was nearly de...



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goes
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Peaceable citizens were all at home behind barred doors.

"Lady," cried Cob, "where is this Billingsgate to which ye'd go?"

Katherine stopped and stared about her. "There!" she cried, pointing toward the river. She seized Cob's hand and began to run.

She saw the half-timbered house and the gilded fish that flapped from a pole over the shop. "'Tis here," she said, and pulled the door knocker.

The wooden peephole opened and a frightened eye looked out. "What is't?" quavered an old man's creaking voice. "There's no one here. Go 'way."

"Dame Emma!" cried Katherine. "Where's Dame Emma? Tell her Lady Swynford's here, and I've need of her."

"The mistress's not here. Be off wi' ye!" The shutter began to slide across the peephole.

"Stop!" Cob grabbed Katherine's purse and, opening it, breathed "Holy saints!" as he saw jewels and gold. He fished out a gold noble and waved it through the peephole. "'Tis yours an ye let us in!" Cob shouted.

A gold noble was nearly seven shillings. Half a year's wages for a freeman.

THE door opened. Cob shoved it wider and, pulling Katherine with him, walked in. Cob shut and barred the door. "Here ye are, then," he said roughly, dropping the noble in the old man's outstretched hand.

The old man was called Elias, and usually he worked around the fishhouse as night watch. He had been left here alone this afternoon, for Master Guy had gone to an emergency meeting in Fishmongers Hall.

"Where's Dame Emma?" said Katherine, sinking down on the settle. The kitchen fire was unlighted, the low raftered room that had always shown a homely cheer was empty and gloomy behind its drawn shutters.

The old man would not answer her. Master Guy, alarmed at last, had packed Dame Emma and the maids off to St. Helen's Priory, but no need to tell this strange touseled wench that—or anything. Elias mumbled with feeble malevolence as Cob, who had been rummaging, came back with his finds.

"Ye best eat, lady," said Cob, breaking a juicy hunk off a meat pasty and holding it out to her. As Katherine shook her head, he thrust out his mug of ale. "Drink, then!"

She lowered her lips and swallowed thirstily.

Cob held the mug and suddenly chuckled. "Here's something warms me cockles," he said; "to see the Lady o' Kettlethorpe adrinking from the same mug as her serf."

Katherine raised her head from the mug. "Cob," she whispered. Cob, the runaway from Kettlethorpe—she knew him now. It was no squire had guided her this day. "Cob," she said, "do you know where is Blanchette?"

"Nay, lady," replied the little outlaw, and crossed himself. "For sure now ye must rest. Old gaffer"—he prodded Elias—"where can the lady rest?"

"I know where to go," said Katherine. "The chamber above the fishshop. Aye—I must lie down awhile." Her head spun as she rose, and she dragged herself toward the stairs.

"Ye can't go up there, woman!" squealed Elias, jumping up.

"Bung down—bung down, old goat. She'll go where she pleases!" Cob gave him a negligent shove. "Where's more ale?"

While Cob made himself comfortable in the kitchen, Katherine found her way to the chamber loft. She lay down on the bed which she had once shared with Hawise. She moaned a little, and closed her eyes.

When Master Guy returned home, it was near to sundown and the grave issues of the rebellion so perturbed him that he gave scant attention to the presence of a ragged little churl in his kitchen, or to old Elias' stammered excuses.

When he understood from Cob that Lady Swynford was sleeping upstairs, Master Guy banged his pudgy hand on the table in exasperation. "Why must she come *here?* Well, let her be—let her be. I canna concern mesel' wi' her, one way or t'other—nor ye *neither*," he said to Cob. "Ye can rest a bit, then out ye go. I want none o' the rebels in here."

Cob did not protest. "Aye, I'll be off." He yawned and docilely went out upon Thames

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Street while Master Guy barred his door behind him.

Cob finished out his sleep on a stone bench in St. Magnus' Church porch and awakened when its bells rang out for prime. He munched on the delicious white bread and bacon with which he had prudently stuffed his pockets and glanced once toward the fishmonger's house where Lady Swynford slept, devoutly glad that he was rid of her and wondering that he had taken so much pains to care for her yesterday. *A murrain on her and all her kind*, thought Cob bitterly. He trotted off down the street toward the Tower and the rebel camp beyond it.

Here Cob was swept up by the wild excitement. Their leaders, Wat Tyler, Jack Strawe and the priest John Ball, were all ahorseback, galloping among their forces, which numbered by now nearly eighty thousand men. "Mile End! Mile End!" they shouted. The king was to meet them at Mile End. "Onward march to Mile End to meet the king!"

Cob surged forward with them, swarming and trampling over fields until they reached the meadow where the little king awaited them.

Richard sat pale and stiff upon his brightly caparisoned white horse. His crown was no more golden than his long curls, and in Cob's eyes and those of his fellows Richard's royal beauty shone round him like a halo. "God bless our king!" they cried.

The king smiled at them uncertainly and waved his hand, as Wat Tyler rode up to him for parley.

A dozen nobles were gathered behind the king—those who had been with him in the Tower. The little king gave no sign of fear as he nodded graciously to Wat and, after listening awhile, readily gave the verbal agreement his advisers had told him to.

The abolition of serfdom and a general pardon for all the rebels—these were what the tiler demanded first, and "Aye—it shall be done!" cried Richard in his high, childish voice. "The charters shall be prepared. Ye shall have them on the morrow."

This was not all that John Ball and Wat had drawn up as their requirements, but Wat thought it better not to press for too much at once. He seized Richard's hand and kissed it. Then he jumped on his horse and standing in the stirrups, shouted to the silent straining mob, "The king has agreed there's to be no more bondage!"

In the wild exulting turmoil Cob did not understand at first. He tugged at his neighbor and cried, "What is it? What did Wat say?"

"Why, man—he said we're free! King's granted it."

"Free?" whispered Cob, swallowing. A shiver ran down his back. "I didn't rightly believe 'twould ever happen," he whispered, and a sob rose in his throat. All around him men were leaping, laughing, crying.

HE and others took their time wandering back to the city. As he reached the camp at last a procession came through the postern gate from Tower Hill. John Ball led it on his mule, Wat Tyler and Jack Strawe followed on horses, and behind them seven members of the fellowship, each bearing a dripping head set on a pole. They marched triumphantly to the blithe rhythm of the pipes and tabors, and they held the heads high so all could see.

Cob wormed his way up to the front and gaped with the others. The first head that went by had belonged to Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"How'd they get him?" Cob cried, startled.

A Kentishman answered, "We rat in the Tower chapel—when we hour back. And there's Hales treasurer's head was mangled and profusely.

Four other heads passed by. Ther ened and squinted. "Ah, I know th said. "'Tis from yesterday at the S

"Aye. They say 'twas John o' G Gray Friar. Wat said since we did duke, we must show off his friar in

COB thought to himself that it about the Gray Friar, but you could custard without breaking eggs. He fi brand on his cheek and set to whist

The rebel camp that Friday ni happy one. John Ball spent the ni knees before the cross that was pla Catherine's Hill, thanking God fo tories they had won.

The king, too, and his meinie spe the night in prayer, but it was no thanksgiving. Richard had cried ou when he found what had happen

THE INTRUDER

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

Have you no eyes for me?
Whose wings have often beat
Against your window seat
Dear love, let, let me in.

So wasted white, and thin
And dulling piteously
From long trial and denial,
Dear love, let, let me in.

"The hour is late, the night
Ingrown within my breast
Too late for all delight
And sleep is best."

No, loosen your dark hair
And gaze long, deep, and still,
You cannot fly or kill
The winged immortal joy
The flowering love.

Tower in his
He had wep
gentle old a
and been frig
his mother,
rebels had
roughly but n

Next morn
ard and his pa
fasted while
another confe

"Your G
have to meet
cursed ribaud
fear," said L
bury gravely.
still play for t
tell them to
Smithfield; 'ti

That aftern
led his men t
new rendezvou
been temper
past days, but
victory all bu
had been lus
brating, drink
after mug out o
wine that son
men had take
Lombard cella

Wat and J
rode at the hea
forces into S
where tournan
usually held,
peasant force
in after them. Cob, in the vanguard,
up a tree on the edge of the parade
he was determined to see all that to

Richard had sixty men with hi
knights and lords in flashing armor.
alds' trumpets sounded with a flouri
the king rode out to the center of the
companied by Mayor Walworth and
The mayor beckoned to Wat, who t
and, dismounting, bobbed his knee
ard, before seizing the boy's hand an
it vigorously.

On the edge of the field the watch
stiffened at this effrontery.

"Brother," cried Wat, beaming u
king, "be o' good cheer, lad. Here's n
thousand commons I've brought to y
be stanch comrades, you and me."

Richard withdrew his pale small h
the tiler's clasp and said with childish
ness, "*Why* won't you all go home to y
places?"

Wat drew back and, swaggering
said, "By God's skin and bones, hov
go home till we get our charters! An
more grants we must have too!"

"What are they?" asked Richard q

The tiler drew himself up and rehe
the demands he and John Ball had
cussing for weeks.

When he had finished, Richard inc
small, crowned head and said, "You sh
all this. 'Tis granted."

Wat drew a great exulting breath.
easiness penetrated his fuddled wits. T
young face was unsmiling, the brig

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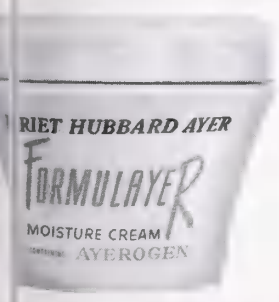
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Plantagenet eyes were not so friendly as Wat had thought.

"Now I command that you shall all go home," said Richard sternly.

"Sure, sure we will," said Wat, but he was dismayed. The comradeship, the equality had somehow disappeared, and he tried to recapture them. He mounted his horse, so that he should be on a level with the king. "Me throat's dry as a bone, king," he cried. "How about a spot o' wine? Shall we share a drink to seal the pact?"

Over Richard's delicate face hot color flowed. He gestured to his squire, who ran and dipped water from a well near the priory and, bringing the dipperful back to Wat, held it out to him with sneering insolence.

"Water? Faw!" cried the discomfited tiler. Wat glared at the squire, slobbered up a great mouthful and with a vulgar noise squirted it out onto the dust.

"By God!" cried the young squire. "This greatest knave and robber in all Kent, look at the respect he shows the king's Grace!"

Wat started. "What was that ye called me?"

"Knave and robber!" shouted the squire.

Wat pulled his dagger and, kicking his horse, charged—not at the king, as it might seem, but past him toward the squire, who ran.

The mayor had been waiting for a chance. He spurred his horse, crying, "So, ribaud, you'd draw steel against your king!" and with his cutlass slashed sideways at Wat, carving deep into his shoulder. The tiler staggered, plunging his dagger blindly at the mayor, but it glanced off the coat of mail.

Richard's horse reared and snorted. The boy pulled him away from Wat, who lay thrashing on the ground, while Walworth and the squire hacked at him with furious blows of sword and cutlass.

"What's happening?" cried voices from the rebel side. "Wat's down, what is it?"

Soon they all saw Wat's terrified horse galloping across the field, dragging Wat's body by the stirrup.

"Christus, Christus!" cried John Ball. "They've killed Wat!"

THE rebel army stood gaping, paralyzed. The lords across Smithfield drew back white-faced and murmuring. Richard sat his horse stiffly in the center of the field. Then he flung his head back and dug the golden spurs of knighthood into his horse's flanks. He galloped straight toward the rebel lines and shouted, "So now *I* shall be your leader, as you wished me to!"

The rebels looked at one another, at Wat's body and up at the shining crowned youth. "Aye!" they cried. "Our little king is leader! Richard! Richard! We hold wi' *you*, Richard!"

The mayor had galloped up behind and, pulling his horse near, said in a low voice, "Lead them to Clerkenwell, your Grace, and keep them there. I'll soon be up with reinforcements."

"Follow me, good people!" Richard called. "Follow now your king!"

The peasant army gazed up at him with confiding trust. Had he not given them their freedom? Richard wheeled his horse and started off up along the Fleet toward the open farmlands.

When Walworth and Sir Robert Knolles arrived later with troops, the mayor also bore with him Wat the tiler's head, mounted on a pike. The rebels stared at Wat's head in terror and, turning again to the king, begged for mercy, which he sweetly granted. The peasants' great revolt was ended.

The loft above the fishshop was dark and gray when Katherine opened her eyes. She lay quietly for a time, wondering where she was, aware at first only of hunger and weakness. There had been a confusion of terrible dreams: sinister faces leering like gargoyles.

Katherine shuddered and sat up dizzily. Her gaze focused slowly and was caught by the little wooden calvary that stood on a bracket above a Pessoner clothes coffer. She stared at the cross, which was the size of Brother William's crucifix. She stared until it wavered and grew, until it loomed big as a window and blotted out all light behind it.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



Should the hostess be served—

☐ *First* ☐ *Last* ☐ *In turn*

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure, builds your poise. That's why, on "those" days, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to special *flat pressed ends!*

Are you in the know?



To snap out of a slump, try—

☐ *Hi-fi* ☐ *Jumping rope* ☐ *Elastic*

Droop shouldered? Make an elastic exerciser, 3 inches wide; for length measure your arm stretch (less 8 inches). Add loops for hand grips. Hold grips behind head; stretch arms out straight, counting slowly to 10. Rest. Repeat 10 times daily. Posture strengthens confidence—and so (on certain days) does Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super, to see which size best suits you. P.S.: Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!



What's a good wampum-magnet?

☐ *Your piggy bank* ☐ *A bureau*

Need extra mazuma? Have Mom help you set up an after-school-jobs bureau. Neighbors phone you for help wanted (to rake leaves, wash cars, run errands). Job minded kids apply to you, pay you 15% of their earnings. And at calendar time, let Kotex keep you *comfortable*. That chafe-free softness *holds its shape;* and you get non-fail *absorbency!*



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Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled *you* were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new *free booklet* "You're A Young Lady Now". Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 18104, Chicago 11, Ill.



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USE IT DA

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obe Rose Jewelry Co.
eman, Joseph & Loeb
Mefford's Jewelers
C. F. Hoffman & Sons
oldstein & Sons, Inc.
Klein & Sons
Fincher & Ozment
The Jewel Box

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Rosenwieg's
Grondona's

KANSAS
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Pfeifer's of Arkansas
Brothers Hardware Co.
ed Vining Jewelry Co.

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Myron Walsh
Gottschalk's
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k. Bluemle and Gibson
Barker Bros.
Dohrmann's
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Denver The May Co.
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Pueblo Fisher Jewelry Co.

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Bridgeport G. W. Fairchild & Sons
Bridgeport Michaels, Inc.
Bridgeport Spectors, Inc.
Hartford G. Fox & Company
Hartford Michaels, Inc.
Hartford Phillip H. Stevens Co.
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New Britain Michaels, Inc.
New Haven S. H. Kirby Jewelers
New Haven Michaels, Inc.
New Haven B. Spector & Bros., Inc.
New Haven Wylie's
Norwich J. & G. H. Bliss Jewelers
Norwich The Modern Jewelers
South Norwalk Michaels, Inc.
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Stamford Grunberger, Inc.
Waterbury J. R. Clayton Co.
Waterbury Michaels, Jewelers
Waterbury W. E. Pierpont, Jewelers
Waterbury The China Shop
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Des Moines Younker Bros., Inc.
Fort Dodge Olson Jewelry
Iowa City Wayner's
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Mason City Peterson China Center
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Kansas City Goldman Jewelry Co.
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Wichita Helzberg's
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St. Paul Emporium
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Jackson Albriton Jewelers
Jackson Carter Jewelers

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Kansas City Emery-Bird-Thayer
Kansas City Glass & China House
Kansas City Hall Brothers, Inc.
Kansas City Helzberg's
Kansas City Macy's
Kansas City The Jones Stores Co.
St. Louis Famous Barr Company
St. Louis Kiefer's Jewlrs. & Optomet.
St. Louis Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
St. Louis Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
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Springfield Shirk Jewelry

MONTANA
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Bozeman Chambers Fisher Co.
Butte Hennessy Co.
Helena Helena Hardware Co.

NEBRASKA
Lincoln Gold & Company
Omaha Omaha Crockery Company

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Manchester Lemay Brothers

Raleigh Neiman's, Inc.
Wilmington Berman Jewelers, Inc.
Wilmington Kingoff's, Inc.
Winston-Salem Hunts', Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
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OHIO
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Akron Polsky's
Canton Deuble's
Canton Hillman's
Cincinnati A. B. Closson Jr. Co.
Cincinnati John Shillito Company
Cleveland Ruth Coulter Galleries
Cleveland Halle Brothers Co.
Cleveland The Higbee Company
Cleveland Sterling, Lindner & Davis
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Columbus Warwick's Gift Shop
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Lorain Lorain Gift Shop
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Middletown Fenzel McDonough
Springfield Denton's, Inc.
Steubenville W. G. Spies Company
Toledo Lamson Brothers Co.
Toledo La Salle & Koch Co.
Toledo Harold W. Taft
Youngstown Chas. Carolyne, Inc.
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Abilene Goulding's Jewelry
Abilene Lesters Jewelers
Abilene Thornton's
Amarillo Bagot Hdwe. Co.
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Amarillo Sam A. Fenberg & Sons, Inc.
Amarillo Lewis Jewelers
Amarillo Wagner's Jewelers
Amarillo White & Kirk
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Austin Kruger Jewelry Co.
Beaumont White House Dry Goods
Corpus Christi Brodkey's Jewelers
Corpus Christi Fedway Stores
Corpus Christi Lester's Jewelers
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Dallas A. Harris & Co.
Dallas Polly Du Pont
Dallas Sanger Brothers
Dallas Titche-Goettinger Co.
El Paso Feders Jewelers, Inc.
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Earl W. Wilkinson
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Vienstock, Lubin & Co.
Harris Store
armalee Dohrmann Co.
Dohrmann's
The Emporium
Nathan Dohrmann Co.
Rankin's
Ott Hdwe. Co.
Barker Bros.

N. Dohrmann Co.
Barker Bros.
Barker Bros.

COLORADO
ings Mahan Jewelry Co.
Denver Dry Goods Co.

Wilmington The Crockery Den
Wilmington John Wanamaker

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Washington, D.C. Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Gainesville Rutherfords
Jacksonville Underwood Jewelers
Jacksonville Charles L. Wells, Jeweler
Miami Burdine's
Orlando Lawton Jewelers
Orlando Long's
Pensacola Elebash Jewelry Co.
Pensacola Nickelson Jewelry Co.
St. Petersburg Louise Ainsworth, Inc.
Tampa Adams Magnon Jewelers
Tampa Beckwith Range
Tampa Maas Brothers, Inc.
W. Palm Beach Palm Beach Mercantile Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta Rich's
Augusta H. Schmerling
Columbus Max Rosenberg Co., Inc.
Macon Carl Hay's, Inc.
Macon Kernaghan, Inc.
Savannah Desbouillon's
Savannah Levy Jewelers

IDAHO
Boise Cash Bazaar
Boise Green Griffin Co.

ILLINOIS
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Bloomington Chadband Jewelry
Bloomington Waldman's, Inc.
Champaign Tepper's China Store
Champaign W. Lewis & Company
Chicago Carson, Pirie, Scott
Chicago Croydon China Co.
Chicago The Fair
Chicago Marshall Field
Chicago Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Danville Fred Frame Jewelers
Decatur Walter Flora & Sons
Elmhurst Midwest China Co.
Evanston Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Oak Park Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Peoria Block & Kuhl Company
Peoria Cardoza's, Ltd.
Peoria Homer Coulter, Jewelers
Quincy Dryden Jewelers
Quincy Halbach-Schroeder Co.
Rockford Martin Gustafson's
Rockford Allens Crockery Store
Rockford Hultberg's
Springfield McDonald Art & Book Store
Springfield John Bressmer Co.
Springfield J. Ralph Tobin & Son

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Anderson Star China Co.
Anderson W. T. Walker, Jeweler
Elkhart Sigmund Sorg, Inc.
Fort Wayne Hillman China Co
Gary Palace of Flowers
Hammond Tilles, Inc.
Indianapolis L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis Wm. H. Block Co.

Monroe Peacock's Inc. of Monroe
New Orleans D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New Orleans Maison Blanche Co
Shreveport La Tienda, Inc.
Shreveport Peacock's Jewelers
Shreveport Southern Gift Shop

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Lewiston B. Peck & Company
Portland Porteous Mitchell & Braun Co.
Portland Geo. T. Springer Co.

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Baltimore Hutzler Brothers Co.
Baltimore The May Co.
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Cumberland Rosenbaum Brothers
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Hagerstown Charles E. Eyerly Co.
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Holyoke M. Stein, Inc.
Lawrence A. B. Sutherland
Lawrence Caliri Bros. Co.
Lowell The Bon Marche, Inc.
New Bedford Poor Brothers
Pittsfield England Brothers
Pittsfield J. F. Kahl Co.
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Salem Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, Inc.
Salem Bernard's, Inc.
Springfield Forbes & Wallace
Springfield Frederick's Jewelers
Springfield Hall Galleries—Albert Steiger Co.
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West Springfield Lotus China & Glass Co., Inc.
Worcester Denholm & McKay
Worcester Sharfman's Jewelers

MICHIGAN
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Battle Creek Griswold China Co.
Bay City Herman Hiss & Company
Detroit Grinnell Brothers
Detroit J. L. Hudson Company
Detroit L. B. King Company
Detroit Pongracz Jewelers
Flint McLogan & Austin
Grand Rapids Paul Steketee Sons

Grand Rapids The Wurzburg Co.
Jackson Beckwith's
Jackson L. H. Field Company
Kalamazoo Gilmore Brothers
Lansing The F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lansing J. W. Knapp Company
Monroe Ohio China Company
Muskegon A. Krautheim, Jeweler
Pontiac Connolly's Jewelers
Saginaw Morley Brothers

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Minneapolis Dayton Company
Minneapolis L. S. Donaldson Co.

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East Orange Jolly Tar Gift Shop
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Jersey City Nelmor Jewelers
Jersey City New Jordan's Gift Shop
Montclair The Potter's, Inc.
Newark L. Bamberger & Company
New Brunswick P. J. Young
Passaic Wechsler's
Paterson Meyer Bros.
Paterson Quackenbush Company
Paterson Van Dyke Furniture Co.
Trenton Reid's Jewelers

NEVADA
Elko E. F. Cox Jewelry
Las Vegas Bertha's
Reno Bohlman's

NEW MEXICO
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Albuquerque Fedway Stores
Albuquerque Zale's Jewelry Co.

NEW YORK
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Albany Van Huesen Charles Company
Albany W. M. Whitney & Company
Auburn H. R. Wait Co., Inc.
Binghamton Rosenthal & Rubin
Brooklyn Abraham & Straus
Bronx Hermitage China Co.
Buffalo J. N. Adams & Company
Buffalo William Hengerer Company
Elmira George W. Peck Co.
Hempstead Community China Co.
Kingston Safford & Scudder
Jamaica B. Gertz, Inc.
Jamestown Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
Mount Vernon Adam Jewelry
New Rochelle Anne's Art Corner
New York B. Altman & Company
New York Bloomingdale Brothers, Inc.
New York Cardel, Ltd.
New York Gimbel Brothers
New York R. H. Macy & Co.
New York W. H. Plummer & Co.
New York John Wanamaker
Niagara Falls Beir Brothers, Inc.
Niagara Falls Jenss Bros., Inc.
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Poughkeepsie Luckey, Platt & Co.
Poughkeepsie H. Arnold Wood Co.
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Rochester Hershberg's, Inc.
Rochester McCurdy & Company
Rochester Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.

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Syracuse Dey Bros. & Co.
Syracuse E. W. Edwards & Son
Troy Adel's
Troy Ann's Gift Shop
Troy R. C. Reynolds Co.
Utica J. B. Wells & Sons Co.
Utica W. B. Wilcox Co.
White Plains The Gift Box
White Plains Mazur Bros., Inc.
Yonkers Henry Resnick, Inc.

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Durham Ellis Stone & Co.
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High Point Albert's
High Point Perkinson Jewelry Co.
Raleigh Jolly's

Youngstown Strauss-Hirshberg Co.

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Oklahoma City Harbour-Longmire
Oklahoma City W. J. Pettee & Co.
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OREGON
Eugene The Gift Shop
Portland Meier & Frank
Portland Olds & King
Salem Allen Hdwe. Co.

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Allentown Smoyer's Jewelry
Altoona William F. Gable Co.
Bethlehem Haber Jewelers
Bethlehem C. E. Hinkle
Chester Cooley-Lilley
Easton A. B. Bixler Jewelry Store
Easton William Laubach & Son
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Erie Erie Dry Goods Co.
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Harrisburg Pomerov's, Inc.
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Hazelton Felin's
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Williamsport Ralph B. Grammer
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York Pottery Hill, Inc.

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Providence Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
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Knoxville W. W. Woodruff Hdwe. Co.
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Memphis The John Gerber Co.
Memphis B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
Memphis Perel & Lowenstein, Jewelers

Houston Good Housekeeping, Inc.
Houston Joske's of Texas
Houston G. A. Stowers Furniture Co.
Houston J. J. Sweeney Jewelry Co.
Laredo Leon Daiches Jewelers
Lubbock Anderson Brothers
Lubbock Hemphill Wells Co.
Lubbock Zale's Jewelry
Port Arthur Gibson Layman Jewelers
Port Arthur W. D. Weller's
San Angelo Nathan's Jewelers
San Antonio Joske's of Texas
San Antonio Naomi's Gift Shop
San Antonio The Vogue
Tyler Dickason, Jewelry Co.
Waco Armstrong's Jewelers
Waco R. E. Cox Company
Waco The Goldstein Migel Co., Inc.
Wichita Falls Kruger Jewelry Co.

UTAH
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Salt Lake City Auerbach Co.
Salt Lake City Cardall's
Salt Lake City Z. C. M. I.

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Burlington Abernathy, Clarkson, Wright, Inc.
Burlington Lippa & Co.
Rutland Economy Dept. Store
Rutland Freeman-Hascall Jewelers
Rutland F. B. Howard Co., Inc.

VIRGINIA
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Newport News Barclay & Sons
Norfolk D. P. Paul Co.
Norfolk Max Schwan Corp.
Norfolk Smith & Welton
Petersburg C. F. Lauterbach's Sons
Portsmouth Cooper's, Inc.
Richmond Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Richmond Richmond Art Co.
Richmond Schwarzschild Bros., Inc.
Richmond E. B. Taylor Co.
Richmond Thalhimer Bros., Inc.
Roanoke Thurman & Boone Co., Inc.
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Seattle Ernest Hardware Co.
Seattle Frederick & Nelson
Spokane Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Tacoma LeRoy's
Tacoma Rhodes Brothers
Yakima Yakima Hardware Co.

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Charleston The Diamond
Charleston Woodrum Home Outfitters
Huntington Anderson Newcomb Co.
Huntington Bradshaw Diehl Co.
Huntington O. B. Wise

WISCONSIN
Eau Claire Lasker's, Inc., Jewelers
Green Bay H. C. Prange Co.
Green Bay Roland Crockery Co.
Kenosha Phillips Gift Shoppe
La Crosse Garvalia China Shop
Madison Robert E. Douglass Co.
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Milwaukee S. J. Casper Co., Inc.
Milwaukee T. A. Chapman Company
Milwaukee Gimbel Bros.
Racine Cook-Gere Co.
Racine Jensens
Sheboygan B. Rudnick, Inc.
Superior Bridelle's House of Gifts
Superior Roth Bros. Co.

WYOMING
Cheyenne Dan S. Park & Co.
Gillette La Bonte Gift Shop
Sheridan Pohl's Gift Shop

We wish it were possible to list ALL the fine dealers who handle Syracuse China. If you do not find a Syracuse dealer convenient to you on this page, write for additional listing to SYRACUSE CHINA, Syracuse 4, N.Y.



INTRODUCING GORHAM "WILLOW," the new American Modern look in a sterling pattern that's a subtle blend of Far East and the West. 3 pcs. shown, $



INTRODUCING GORHAM "THEME," the exciting new American Modern pattern that derives cool beauty from the Scandinavian. 3 pcs. shown, $16.50

Gorham introduces the "American Modern" look in two brilliant new sterling patterns

It takes two, yes, two new patterns to tell you the whole exciting story of this American Modern look. Because American Modern in furniture, in textiles, and now in sterling is no one rigidly stylized form. Rather, it's a timeless kind of good design that draws for inspiration on the whole wide world.

Lovely Gorham "Willow."* for example, borrows its fluid grace and sophisticated use of a simple nature form from the Far East: while Gorham "Theme"* owes much to Scandinavia for its calm reflective qualities and clean-swept look.

American Modern, you might say as you see it here, is modern grown up. There's a new kind of thinking in the way each piece is designed to do its own special job and also have more than one use. To give you an idea: the knife and fork are a new size and weight that are as elegantly correct for a formal dinner as for a casual family lunch. (The knife has Gorham's one-piece seamless handle that never rattles, resists dents.)

And there's the new spreader (or buffet knife) that teams up with the salad fork for buffet dining. But you must see these new Gorham* American Moderns to appreciate how easy they are to live with, how all the pieces are designed to complement each other and fit the different ways you like to serve.

Ask your dealer to show you new Gorham "Willow" and new Gorham "Theme." When you see them, you'll know it's Gorham Sterling, the finer sterling you want to own. Six-piece placesetting (consisting of teaspoon, new size place and spoon, hollow handle spreader and s gives maximum use with minimum of p $32.50. 16 piece starter sets to serve four incl. Fed. Tax. Budget payment plans ava

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS S

*TRADE MARKS © 1954 BY THE GORHAM CO. PROV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

...he whispered, shrinking back onto ...esu, *no!*" She pushed her hands out ...her as though she pushed against a ...ght. Her breath came sharp and fast. ...moment she pulled herself off the ...ooked down at her green gown. It ...ort below the knees and spotted with

...ave mercy on me," said Katherine ...r those were no dreams." Her nails ...nto her sweating palms, she stum...gh the door toward the stairs.

...Guy had brought Dame Emma back ...elen's Priory, the danger being over. ...vife was standing by the hearth, di... maids who were laying the fire.

...mma started as Katherine wavered ... stairs clinging to the rail. "Sweet ...ary!" cried Emma, running to her. ... ye were asleep."

...ette," said Katherine in a faint dead ..."ust find Blanchette. What day is it

...nday," said Dame Emma. "But ye ...ywhere like that, my lady. *Sit down!* ...us, what's happened?"

...Emma poured forth a stream of ...quiry. She made Katherine sit on the ... put a pillow to her head. She fed ...p by sip until faint color came back ...ow cheeks.

...the swimming feebleness had gone, ...y body had taken up its ordered ...g again, and ...ady.

...you a horse ...y borrow?" ..."I must find .... God help ...much time

...ocilelycom... ...d her hus... ...elding and ...y saddle it. ...d Katherine ...f Hawise's ...set-colored ...ut nothing ...suade her to ...rine go un...

...plied through the streets. The dame ...hat she herself would go pillion ...atherine.

...ne made no objection to Dame ...ompany, nor to the armed prentice ...ame routed out from the fishhouse. ...ot speak as they rode through Lon... ...s toward Ludgate, and beyond it to

...Emma's cheerful chatter was soon ...er comely face fell into dismay and ...ound-eyed horror when they skirted ... of the Temple. Ahead of them the ... always loomed in a piled mass of ... walls, of gleaming white turrets ...cles with fluttering pennants. Now ... nothing, no shape against the empty ...ing but a vast expanse of rubble.

...a thing canna *be*," Dame Emma ...d, crossing herself. "Lady dear—I ...w 'twould be like this."

...ne did not answer. She dismounted ...prentice held the horse, and began to ...ard the ruins, Dame Emma behind ...turned through the blocks of fallen ...that had been the gatehouse.

...INE stumbled on, picking her way ...red fragments of beams and black... ...es until she saw high above her the ...f the fireplace that had been in the ...chamber. Up there, where there was ...floor, they had stood when Brother ...was killed—she and Blanchette. On ... the girl had spoken to the black... ...der before she ran toward the stairs. ...e turned. From the place where the ... been a little cloud of steamy smoke

...ing," said Dame Emma, laying her ... Katherine's arm, "come away, do. ...ought here but ruin. The little lass'll ... to safety somewhere, ye'll find her." ...fety," repeated Katherine. "Nay— ...ot think of safety when she ran from me. Dame Emma, go away! Leave me alone awhile! Leave me ——"

She sank to her knees by a block of burned stone. Dame Emma obeyed, profoundly shocked. She withdrew to the mass of fallen stone at the gatehouse. She looked back into the distance where she could just see Lady Katherine. She had moved, and was now with bent head walking slowly about the outer ward. While Dame Emma watched, she saw the tall russet-clad figure lean over and pick up something before coming toward the dame.

Katherine held out an object. "Look," she said. "Do you see this, Dame Emma?"

It was a small, silvery, half-melted mass. The dame said uncertainly, "Is't a clasp?"

"I think so," said Katherine. "It might be the clasp on Blanchette's chamber robe."

The dame stifled her gasp of dismay and cried heartily, "Nay, 'tis no clasp—and if it were, it means nought."

"BLANCHETTE was touched by madness when she ran from the Avalon Chamber," said Katherine in the same toneless voice. "'Twas not from the horror of the Gray Friar's blood, but from the horror of what she had heard him say."

"Think not o' horrors, dear!" cried Dame Emma. "This does no good."

"Ah, but I *must* think on it," said Katherine. "Good dame, you don't know what my sin has been. I did not wholly know, but the Gray Friar did, and God in His vengeance has stricken my innocent child as the first measure of my punishment."

"Nay, nay," Dame Emma expostulated, anxious only to get Katherine back to dryness and comfort.

Katherine said no more, and came with Dame Emma, unprotesting. She mounted the horse and they rode until they came to the Church of St. Clement Danes, when Katherine pulled up the gelding. "It was here that I married Hugh Swynford." She dismounted. "Dame Emma, please leave me here and go home. I've no need of protection—do you think *any* danger could matter to me now?" She turned into the church porch as the dame reluctantly rode off.

Katherine knelt by the altar rail. Here in this church had been the beginning of two long roads: one that ended in a shabby little room in Bordeaux in a death that would not have been except for her; the other road had ended in blood and fire and madness in the Avalon Chamber.

Above in the tower the bell began to toll for vespers, and Katherine arose and pushed aside a leather curtain. It was the priest himself who hauled the rope, and he stared at her in astonishment.

"Father," said Katherine, "was it you who was priest here fifteen years ago? Did you once come from Lincolnshire?"

"Aye, my daughter. What is it?"

"I wish to make confession to you. I am a Swynford, father—Katherine Swynford, Sir Hugh Swynford's widow. Aye, I see that means something to you."

He remembered well the marriage, and remembered the moment when the great Duke and Duchess of Lancaster had appeared in his church.

But when he listened through the grille to the woman's anguished voice, he was appalled. Murder of Sir Hugh, her husband—not deliberate, but murder in God's sight, a Gray Friar had said so. Ten years of adultery with the Duke of Lancaster resultant upon this murder. And she spoke of a child who had been driven mad, who might be dead too.

"Cease, daughter!" said the priest at last. "I cannot grant you absolution, no priest could."

"I know," said Katherine. "'Tis not of my own soul I'm thinking. It is of my child's. Father, surely a merciful God will accept from me some penance that will save Blanchette wherever she be."

"Penance—aye, what penance?" stammered the little priest.

It came clearer to his panicking mind that this woman was protected by the duke, who was all-powerful and might remove a meddlesome priest as easily as he would squash a fly. On the other hand, the duke's great palace had been burned and he was hated by the common folk whose vengeance also might include a priest.

"True contrition, give up your evil life, make reparation, mortify your senses," he gabbled quickly. "Daughter, I cannot tell you what else—go to your own priest. Go—go," and he pulled the shutter over the grille.

Katherine walked from the church with dragging steps. By St. Paul's close she stopped and gazed up at the great cathedral spire. After a while she entered the huge shadowed nave and walked to the chantry by the Lady Chapel where two candles burned on the little altar and shone on the serene alabaster face.

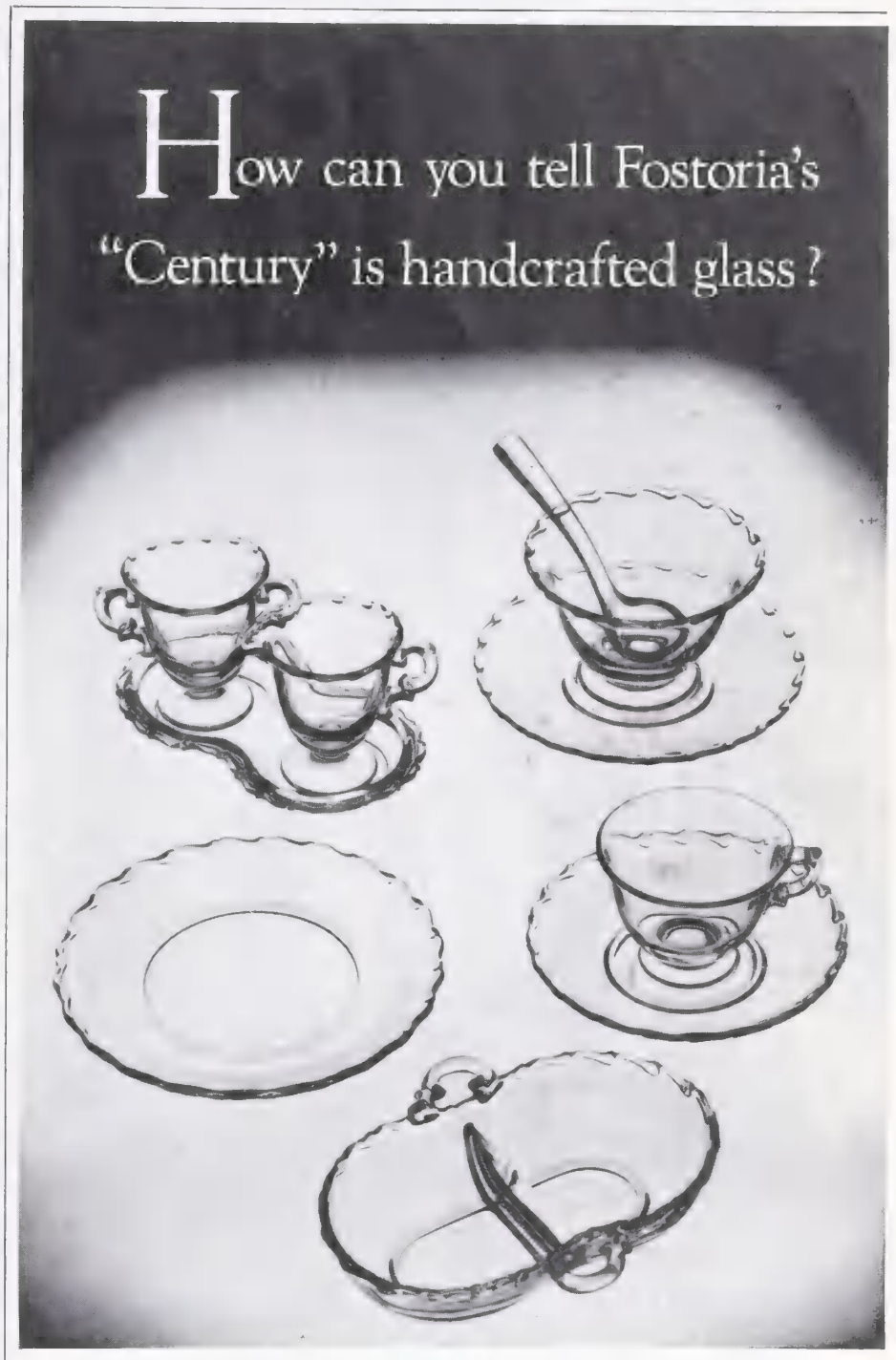
Katherine knelt beside the tomb and reached out to touch one corner of the sculptured robe while she spoke to the Lady Blanche: "Dearest lady—if I have wronged you, too, forgive, but you know that I never meant wrong toward *you*. You know what it is to love him, as I have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

There is perhaps no surer mark of folly than to attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it; and this, I am afraid, in either case, is equally incurable; though nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the highest value.

—HENRY FIELDING

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

loved him. So forgive—and tell me how to save my child who is your namesake."

The lovely face shimmered in the dimness of the chantry, pure and cool as a star. A spirit. How should it give comfort to one who had denied the spirit these long years, who had lived for nothing but her own desires?

Outside the cathedral the gray daylight waned. Along the choir aisles a verger passed and stared curiously at the woman who wept beside the Duchess of Lancaster's tomb. At last Katherine raised her head and spoke to Blanche again: "Lady, I see now that it was yet one more wickedness that I should ask you to help me." She struggled up from her cramped knees.

Then it seemed the candlelight brightened on the alabaster face, and Katherine heard the echo of a soft voice. She saw the Lady Blanche's living face as it had been that Christmastide at Bolingbroke, and remembered what Blanche had said: "Someday you must make pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham, who is especially kind and merciful to mothers."

It was Blanchette that Katherine had borne within her as she had heard those words—and surely it was for Blanchette's sake that the Lady Blanche had given Katherine some answer at last.

Katherine remained until the following Saturday with the Pessoners, and each day searched for Blanchette. Master Guy sent forth two of his prentices to cry through the streets that there would be reward for any information respecting a little maid of fourteen with cropped copper-toned hair, and dark gray eyes, whose Christian name was Blanche. But no one had seen the girl.

On the evening before Katherine's departure on pilgrimage to Walsingham, the Pessoners had an unexpected visitor.

Katherine was upstairs when Dame Emma opened the door to a knock. "Why, Master Geoffrey, welcome! Guy," she called over her shoulder, "'tis Master Geoffrey Chaucer."

Geoffrey came in with appropriate greetings, accepted a mug of ale, then said in a tone of anxious wonder, "Is it really true that Lady Swynford is here?"

"That she is, poor thing," said the fishmonger. "And a fearful time she had o' it last week in the revolt. Burned out o' the Savoy, and her lass gone daft—or dead more like ——" He broke off. "I clean forgot the little maid was your niece."

"Yes," said Geoffrey soberly, "and I'd no idea of any of this until I heard your street crier today."

Geoffrey had returned from a trip the night before the revolt and had been snugly ensconced in his rooms over Aldgate. There he had stayed unmolested, reading and writing, during the three days of the violence.

"Where is Lady Swynford?" he said.

"Ye'll find her sadly changed." Dame Emma came bustling up. "She's shaved off her hair, and fasts like an anchorite. Seems like she blames herself for the loss o' her child—and for the Gray Friar's death too."

GEOFFREY's concern increased at each thing he heard, and when Katherine finally came into the kitchen he could not repress an exclamation of dismay. She was dressed in a coarse black gown of woven hemp such as the humblest widows wore. Her slender white feet were bare and dusty; around her neck there was a wooden rosary, and on her forehead a smudge of ashes. She had beauty still, but the great brooding eyes were circled by shadows.

"Katherine, what does this mean, my dear?" Geoffrey cried, kissing her on the cheek.

"Geoffrey," she said gently, "I'm glad to see you, and I know that you'll help me."

"Aye, for sure, little sister, but ——" He hesitated, at a loss for words.

"Come outside with me, Geoffrey," Katherine said, "I must talk to you alone."

They went out to Thames Street and Katherine turned toward the bridge. She walked on, guiding him up the wooden step onto London Bridge. They passed along the bridge between the clustered overhanging houses until they came to a small tower with pikes set up around it and vultures wheeling and screaming around the decaying heads upon the pikes.

Geoffrey's steps faltered; he tried to protest, but Katherine pulled him on until they stood below an eyeless skull. A piece of parchment had been tied to the pike below this head.

He peered at the parchment, then drew back sharply, crossing himself. "Brother William! May God rest his poor soul."

"Yes," said Katherine, "Brother William! He died because he came to protect me, and he died trying to save *my* soul."

Geoffrey turned. "But, Katherine, you can buy Masses for him. 'Twas not your fault ——"

She drew her breath in harshly. "I can buy Masses for him, and for Blanchette—and I can buy Masses for my husband Hugh, who was murdered. Aye—*murdered*, Geoffrey. You may well whiten and shrink from me!"

"Hush, for the love of God, Katherine," Geoffrey cried. He glanced quickly at the people who passed by on the bridge. "Come over here, where we'll not be overheard." He drew her to an angle made by the tower buttress, and gazed with incredulous pity into her haunted eyes. "Now tell me," he said quietly.

The duke and his meinie started south and on the sixteenth of July they reached Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The duke rode at the head of his men to the old Norman castle. He entered and, pausing in his chamber only long enough to remove his armor and cleanse himself, walked to the beautiful little chapel.

Here he lit a candle to the Virgin and knelt to pray. There was no image of St. Catherine in this chapel, so he could not properly renew the vow he had made, but he repeated it at the end of his prayers. "If I find my Katherine safe and unharmed, I vow to build a chapel to St. Catherine on any place in my lands that the blessed saint shall designate." He kissed the crucifix on his beads and rose.

He went to the hall where his knights had gathered. The hall was smoky from the old-fashioned fire over which the varlets were roasting a bullock; John, glancing in, changed his mind and continued up the stairs to the leaded roof of the keep.

He leaned his elbows on the parapet in one of the square towers, breathed deeply of the fresh summer air.

The sun turned red and sank, leaving a sudden chill that struck through John. He turned away from the moors and looked down into the castle ward where his eye was caught by something familiar in a figure that was mounting the outside stairs into the keep. He leaned over the parapet and stared, then shouted in amazement, "Ho there! You in the brown hood and cloak. Look up!"

The man paused, stared around to find the voice until finally, raising his head, he saw the duke and waved. It was Ge and John's heart beat faster. to me!" he called. Geoffrey appeared into the keep, then the tiles through a tower door

The duke's hand trembled Geoffrey kissed it while he be ing, "Your Grace, I've be afinding you."

"Indeed?" said John, afraid tion that beat against his lips.

"AYE, my lord. A fortnigh pass into Northumberland, were not welcoming to trave dentials. I was turned bac Knaresborough until word were at last on your way south

"Knaresborough," John could not hide his bitter disa

"My lord," said Geoffrey the pouch that hung from hi you a letter from Lady Kath

The duke's indrawn breat tearing silk. "She's well harmed?"

Geoffrey nodded.

"Thank God!" the duke seized Geoffrey's hand. "Ol shall be well rewarded for this is she now? My Katherine?"

"I don't know, my lord," looking down at the leaded til his pouch and drew out a fo "You would better be alone this. I'll wait in the chamber in want me."

The happy flush died on cheeks as Geoffrey disappeare He broke the seal on Kathe read it by the light of the dyi

Geoffrey waited until Newc out for curfew. He heard his last and went back up to the

In the evening light the loomed white as ashes. He know what's in this letter?"

"Aye, my lord. But no on ever shall."

"She cannot mean to give don't believe it. She says fa must never meet again. This c credible commands! She who soft, who has borne my childr hollow voice faltered. "She s ette. You'd think she had Blanchette!"

"'Tis, I think, my lord," G "because of the terror she fe maid, who may be dead. She h other children, but they are i

CONTINUED ON PA



"He's in a stage where he says 'No.' In fact, he's never been in any other stage."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

"But *I* am in need," cried the duke. "She thinks not of that!"

Geoffrey forced himself to go on. "It is because she loves you that she must give you up. Brother William told her this before he was killed. She believes it. And I, my lord, have come to believe it too. The load of sin, and now the knowledge of murder done, would crush you both."

John turned away from Geoffrey and looked out over the parapet into the night of shadows. So it was Swynford's murder that the martyred Gray Friar had meant in all those strange allusions through the years. Nirac, poor little rat—a monstrous, sneaking crime in truth. Sickening. John's flesh crawled at the thought of it—and yet, so long ago, and Nirac had been shriven of his crime by the Gray Friar. His soul was not imperiled. It was Katherine's and his souls that were in danger—so Katherine believed.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there.
—PETRARCH

"By God," he said roughly, crumpling up her letter, "if fate wills it that we are to be damned, then we shall be damned. I'll not give Katherine up. Where is she, Chaucer?"

"Gone on pilgrimage, my lord."

"Aye—but *where?*"

"I don't know, upon my honor. She would not tell. She doesn't wish you to find her."

"Then God help me, she may have set out for Rome—for Jerusalem even!"

Geoffrey was silent. He thought it possible that Katherine had set forth on the longest and harshest pilgrimage of all. He cleared his throat unhappily, for he had not yet discharged all of Katherine's anguished message. "Your Grace—one more thing she bade me tell you. It is not in the letter, be not bring herself to write it." H membering how her control ha at last, how she had covered he tears coursed down between h

"What is that one more thi

"She prays you, my lord—b have borne her—to ask the duc her. Yes—I know, my lord," quickly as he heard a sharp exc this is what she said. Matters h with you for a long time, and th punishment for murder and murder cannot be undone, bu must cease. you both the duche thinks loves fashion, as Swynford wa loved Kath best he coul

"Blessed know you li

Geoffrey quickly. "I've not invented her l

"*Her letter!*" The duke's vo fury. "That I should live to see *me* like this! Dismiss me like a th with rantings about morality! *you* to prate of love that Swyn 'Tis late times to think of that."

"My lord, my lord," whispere treating farther along the roof terrible wrong."

"Wrong, wrong!" shouted t this babbling of wrong. She vow leave me—she has broke it. It's see she never loved me. Kathe has no need to hide from me, for I shall never forgive this, n her."

(To be Concluded)



the biggest step in the world
for the most important feet in the world
deserves all the care in the world!



THE STRIDE RITE SHOE

Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

PORTRAIT OF LECONTE DE LISLE

(Painting on Page 52)

ARTISTS' reputations are in a state of constant revision, but none has been more mutable than that of Jean François Millet. Though he lived to see himself the most famous of the painters who worked at Barbizon, during much of his life he was on the verge of penury. Poverty hastened, if it did not cause, the death of his first wife. His second wife also endured a difficult and insecure existence. Once when a friend managed to bring Millet a small commission from the government, he found the painter and his family destitute. Millet admitted that he and his wife had eaten nothing for two days. "The great point," he said, "is the children have not suffered. They have had food up to the present time." As a result of privation, he was subject all his life to fearful headaches and pains in his eyes. But he never complained. "Art is no diversion," he told a friend. "It is a conflict in which one is crushed."

Yet Millet painted one of the most popular pictures of the nineteenth century, *The Angelus*. Even this, his most famous canvas, he had difficulty in selling, but, once sold, its rise in value was fantastic. It passed rapidly from collector to collector until a few years before Millet's death, when it was bought by a dealer for $7500, about thirty times its original price. By 1881 it had been sold for $40,000, then for $60,000, then in 1889 for $138,000 and finally around 1900 for about $200,000. But today, if the Louvre were to part with *The Angelus*, it would probably bring a much lower sum, for Millet's faults have been made especially conspicuous by the trend of modern painting. He was a powerful draftsman, but he was indifferent to color; he was a touching poet, but he often became sentimental; he was an admirable humanitarian, but he rarely conveyed his feelings with any charm or beauty of brushwork. Consequently his canvases, which were once the glory of the Barbizon School, have sunk in critical esteem to a point below their real worth.

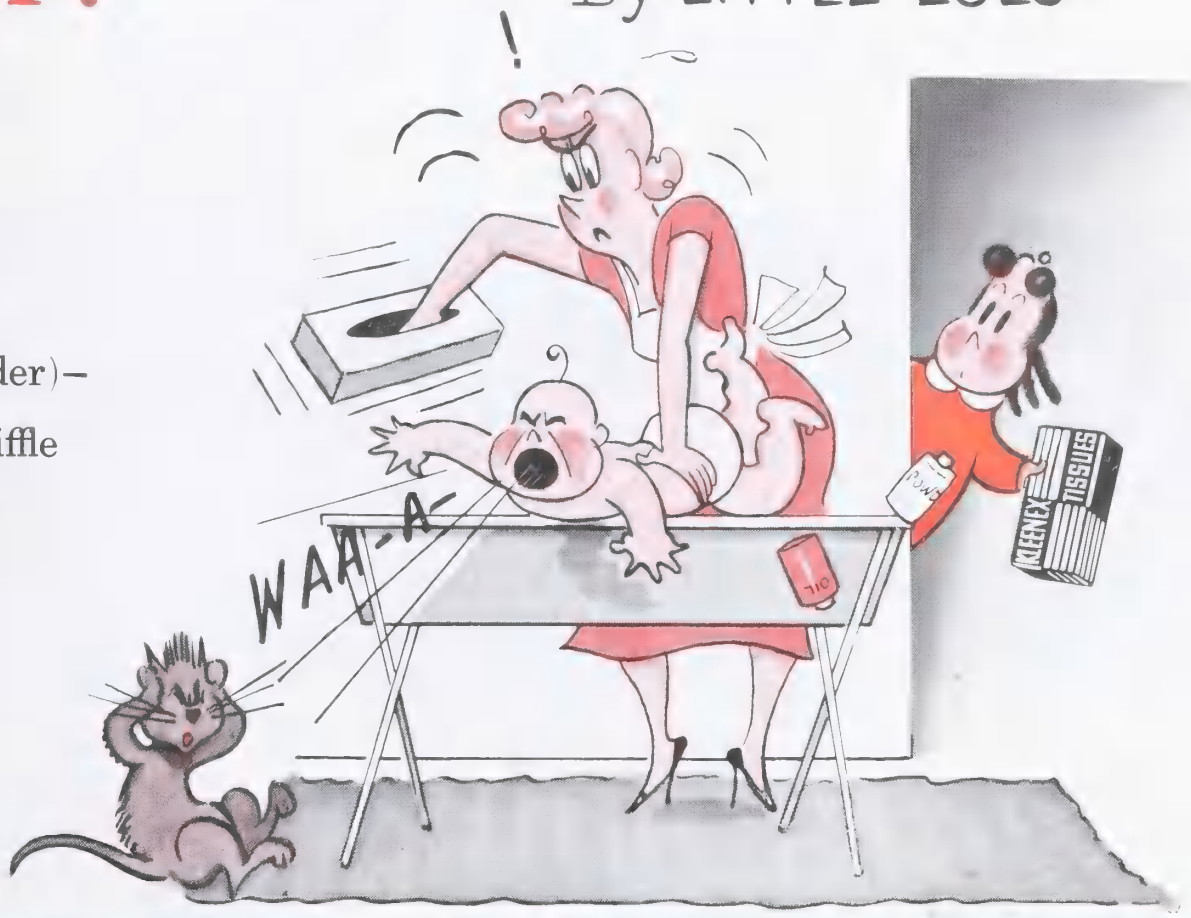
Before he went to live in Barbizon, however, Millet executed a few portraits which helped him to earn a living. These are now especially prized by collectors. they are better than his peasant some even rank among the fi ments of nineteenth-century por color is less important in por than in figure painting or lands outstanding weakness is here l Also, while his portraits show h power of construction, they are subjective sadness, from that "of a melancholy heart" which he a depressing monotony. And, fi Millet always affirmed, "A peasa and a peasant I will die," he ma his sitters a distinction, an aristoing, which is attractive.

Because of its subject, the pa duced is the most interesting of traits Millet executed. It was a cidence that brought together the men of genius, Millet and Lecc one an unknown artist, the othe perienced poet. Leconte de Lisle 1818 in the Island of Réunion, plantation owner. His father sen tany to be educated. Between 1 he lived with his uncle at Dinan the University of Rennes. Durin and before he returned for a p union, he apparently met Millet, in his twenties and who spent th Brittany with his family. There which Leconte de Lisle mention with "three landscapists from Pa Millet was one of these artists, or met, the young poet proved an a romantic subject. He is portraye dressed and standing with one a a wall, which is proudly inscribed This is one of the earliest commi executed and it is the first impo we have of Leconte de Lisle. Th is doubly precious, as a painting o beauty and as the likeness of on iuses of French literature, who *Manchy* Baudelaire considered "a without an equal." —JOH

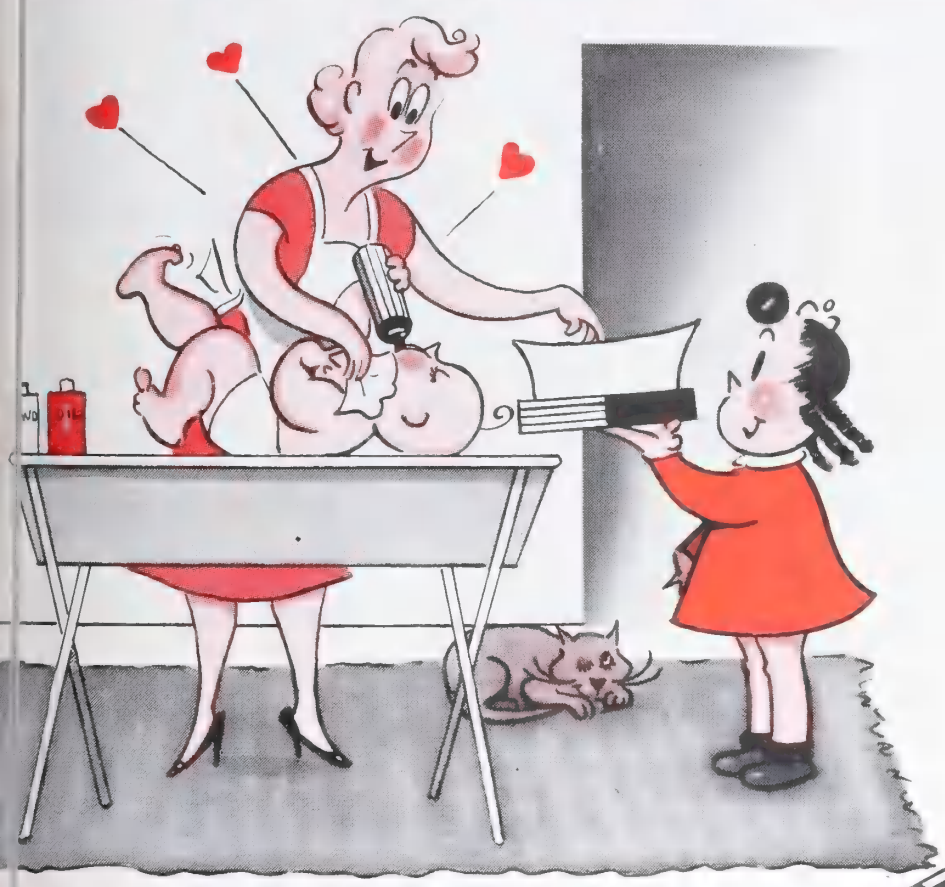
Chief Curator, National G

d you ever?

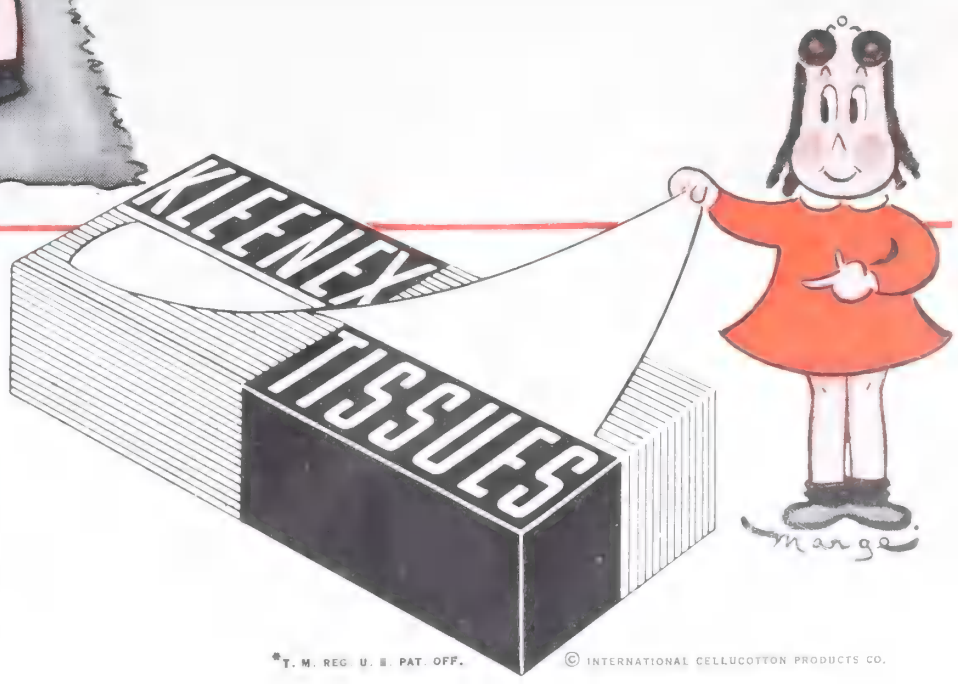
By LITTLE LULU



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Timeless Beauty Ideas

By Dawn Crowell Norman Beauty Editor of the Journal





LEOMBRUNO · BODI

for blondes Your hair may be ash, golden or light brown flecked with high lights. Your eyes blue, green or somewhere in between. Your skin, fair. A flair for color combined with restraint in the use of make-up will help bring your blond beauty into full bloom.

Select colors that reflect flatteringly against your fair skin—cherry reds, watermelon pinks, clear, sunshiny yellows, deep violets. If yours is a flawless complexion, dramatize it with stark black, or an "all-blond" look in beige allowing *one* color accent—a turquoise bracelet, mimosa or pimiento scarf tucked into a belt or pocket. Except in summer, when your sun-tinted skin is a pretty foil for baby pinks and blues, wear these shades in little ways—a soft cardigan, a pretty blouse, a flower near your face. For evening, go all out for one wonderfully feminine color—palest mauve, delphinium blue, clear emerald green. In accessories—small accents of gold, or jewel colors to repeat and enhance the color of your eyes.

A deft touch with make-up is the trick that replaces a "washed out" or monotone look with character and beauty. Eyes brighten and widen when lashes are brushed lightly with dark mascara . . . and when eyebrows are penciled a golden brown. Flesh-colored foundations followed with warm-beige powders (choose a shade just barely deeper than your own skin tone) can create subtle contrast between skin and hair. Lipsticks and nail polish in pink geranium or red-touched-with-blue bring fresh clarity to fair skin tones. Your eye shadow: a hint of green, blue or violet.

Fair skin is delicately textured, tends toward dryness, requires daily cream cleansings, nightly cream softenings. Don't forget hands, heels, elbows.

Play up your pale hair color by playing down its arrangement. A shining silk sheath (like our model's) is pin-curled only on the ends, permanented no more than twice a year. If your hair is oily, shampoo it regularly to keep it immaculate from roots to ends. Dry hair responds to less-frequent shampoos, becomes silkier, more manageable when shampoos are followed with a cream rinse.

for brunettes Your hair is deep chestnut brown or black; eyes, hazel or brown; skin, medium to olive. A sense of drama, guided by careful attention to little details, can turn your basic richness of coloring into an outstanding beauty feature.

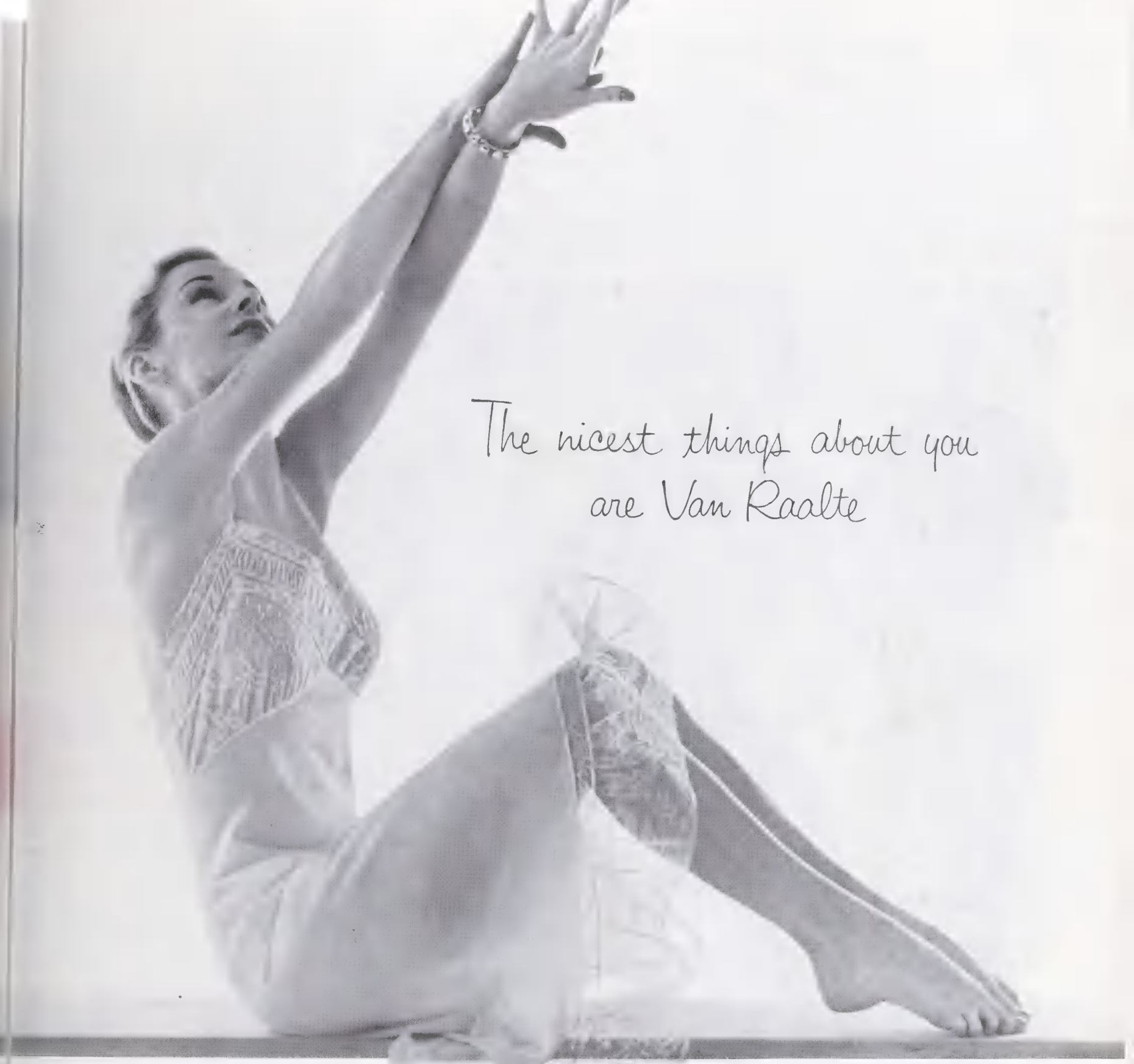
Combine soft flattery with color excitement: a pale pink scarf tucked into the neckline of a scarlet dress or coat . . . a bib of pearls to put a glow in your skin when you wear black . . . a boutonniere of coral carnations or a turquoise velvet ribbon pinned prettily in place at your shoulder. Give a bright surprise to a basic color—shocking pink or electric blue in a sash, a headband, a stole. Try touches of chalk white for bandbox beauty . . . in gloves, in fresh-pressed collars and cuffs, in starchy piqué or linen gilets, vests—or a soft silk blouse. Colors least likely to succeed with you: brown, rust, fuchsia, dark green.

Heighten the contrast between skin and hair with soft-effect make-up. Use clear beige-touched-with-pink in foundations and powders, choosing the tone that comes closest to your own coloring. Avoid the sallowing brownish, orangey shades. Accent lips and nails with bright reds, or reds tinged with vivid pink or coral. Beware of the purply, bluish shades which tend to drab and darken. If your lashes need darkening, brush them lightly with a rich brown mascara to intensify the color of your eyes. For more sparkle, palest topaz or misty green eye shadow—just a touch!

If your skin is oilier than you'd like it to be (brunet complexions often are) skin astringent is your ally. Use it on cotton to freshen and dry the oily spots (around nose and chin) *instead* of constant repowdering. Other oily-skin aids: mild soap-and-warm-water clean-up twice a day—a cake-type make-up instead of creamy bases.

Make a clean sweep of hairline (slick back wispy hairs, allow no powder smudges)—delicately arch your eyebrows by plucking from underneath.

Shampoo and brush your hair as often as it is necessary to turn it into a softly curled halo of high lights—or a sleek-and-shining silhouette—whichever is most becoming to you.



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BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

can be out earning, it can become a torture, even if the English teacher is the best English teacher in the world—which Rick was not.

Rick did not think of all these things. After Stanley had spoken to the gathered English teachers on Friday, including the lovely brunette with the peekaboo blouse—a blouse which seemed to ruffle Stanley until he finally advised her to wear something "less feminine" this coming Monday—Rick had gone down to the general office to pick up the roll book for his class. He took the key to his official room, and then walked out into the corridor to the elevator. He buzzed for it, and then realized it probably wouldn't be running until Monday, so he climbed the steps to the second floor.

Room 206 was close to the elevator and close to the stair well, and it received sunlight from six large windows. It was also directly below a machine shop, a fact Rick would discover shortly. The machines were not running so the corridor was absolutely still as he inserted his key into the door. He noticed that the upper half of the door consisted of four panes of glass, and thought that was sensible in a vocational high school, where any passer-by could look through the glass and see if the teacher inside were perhaps being pinned to the wall or stomped into the floor.

The room was absolutely silent. Rick walked to his desk and looked out over the rows of empty seats, feeling something like a priest in a new parish awaiting his Sunday congregation. He pulled back his chair gently, and put the roll book on the desk and opened it. For each boy there was a plastic-encased white card in the book. Rick glanced d of names quickly:

Abrahms, Morris
Arretti, Louis
Bonneli, George
Casey, Frank
Diaz, Alonso

There were more, a good many did not bother looking at them now make a list of the names before school, and study them when he g

He sat at the desk looking ou empty classroom. When the voice the doorway, it startled him.

"Makes you feel good, doesn't it

He looked toward the door and the new teacher Stanley had intro to earlier. The man was small looking, with intense brown eyes spectacles. Rick tried to think of his

"Yes," he said. "It makes you fee

The small man walked into the didn't think it would affect me t mean, it's just a job. But the minut into my room, I felt differently abo reaching a goal, you know? Like— am."

Some of the small man's enthu beginning to rub off on Rick. "I'm forgotten your name," he said.

"Edwards. Joshua Edwards. The the two first names, like Harry Jam like swing?"

"Well, yes."

"I do too. I have a good collect on bringing some of the records in f to hear sometime. Do you think that?"

"Well, yes, I suppose they would.

"You can call me Josh," the smal "Your name is Dadier, isn't it? I think. Shall it be Dick, Rick, F Richard, or what?"

"Rick," Rick said.

Josh extended his hand, and Ric "Have you ever taught before?" Jo

"No. Just student teaching."

"Me too."

"Did you student-teach in a voca-

"Yes, Central Commercial; do it?"

"There's a nice bunch of ki isn't ——"

"Yes, very nice. These kids will pr rougher, but I figure you can handl if ——"

"If you can handle them," Rick

"Yes, exactly," Josh said, beam that's right. You just have to han that's all. I can't wait until Monday."

Rick entered the building at 8:15 the time clock, gathered up his roll walked confidently toward the au His confidence momentarily waverec entered the high-ceilinged, student-fi and heard what he considered an un mur of many voices. He figured, how this was the customary fall exchang mer experiences between the students

He found Josh Edwards sitting and nodded pleasantly at the pret woman teacher whom Stanley had i on Friday noting with amused sa that she'd exchanged her sheer blo severely tailored beige suit.

"When do we start?" Josh wanted "Look, there's somebody now."

Somebody had indeed climbed th the stage and was fiddling with the ac of the microphone. The somebody tall. He owned a thatch of unruly sprang up from his forehead like cr His brows were thick patches of chic

Rick watched the man as his l struggled with the mechanism of th phone. The man thrust his jaw clos mike and said, "All right, testing, three-four, one-two-three-four."

A boy at the back of the au shouted, "Five by five, Mr. Hallor this started a series of shouts, laug catcalls which Rick felt would soon g hand unless somebody took control uation.

Somebody did. Mr. Halloran pick mike and shouted, "*Shaddup!*"



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was startled by the outburst, rise him that the students im- d down.

Ir. Halloran said in a gravelly, ice. "All right, now dat's the nse like dat. We're here to get r wit, so le's get on wit it."

were quiet and Rick wondered lloran wielded over them.

ssembly in the middle of da reme purpose of meetin' the Mr. Small, so we'll dispense wit is to wedder he'll be here now t, and dat's dat. We're here for The first t'ing is to wish you all back to Manyul Trades ——"

the students groaned audibly. I'm doin' dat right now. Wel- I hope dis'll be one of de best had. Now we come to de sec- o why we're here t'day, and e school term. We will start it teachers call the rolls for dere When your name is called, you enter aisle wit the rest of the ass, and your teacher will den your official room. We don't ey business. And I can guaran- to take care of any you guys ttle monkey business, I'm sure at."

laughed at this, and Rick con- at Halloran, wondering if his was simply affected in order to rt with the boys.

wit de seniors," Halloran said, our way down to de freshmen. teacher you all know well and y from Carpentry and Wood- oor is yours, Mr. Clancy."

the red-thatched, rotund Mr. the steps to the stage. Then , in comparatively brilliant rolled forth and the seniors he ing into the aisle, slapping one back occasionally, clasping dly classmate gestures. Then down off the stage and walked class.

s back at the mike, and he nex' teacher is a new one in Hammond, please."

glish teacher started mounting stage. Her skirt, even though the severely tailored suit, was haps too tight. A loud wolf-call rom several thousand throats. atters worse, she dropped her ted to stoop down for it, and realized what such a stoop r skirt. She looked to Halloran e handed her the book, bowed and then grinned at the boys. nd cheered in appreciation of valry, and who were all too Hammond's reasons for not op down for the book.

ond suddenly seemed to regain e opened her roll book, and the he auditorium were dead silent to speak. Her voice caught and in getting out only a mouselike convulsed the kids.

Hammond, completely rattled urted the name of the first boy cheer of congratulation went up mbled kids. The senior who'd ped into the aisle and shouted, e!" and this caused a fresh out- ter.

d "*Shaddddduppp*" burst from . Miss Hammond smiled trem- nen began calling the roll while ed in cowed respect.

l called the two dozen or so class, she stepped down from every eye in the auditorium was leekness of her legs. She walked ass stiffly.

as over now, and the kids settled n as the rolls were called, one r. Rick sat impatiently in his e heard Halloran call out his ed up his roll book and walked steps. He paused dramatically , then began calling the roll in aurence Olivier voice.

"Abrahms," and he saw movement out there in the seats, but he did not pause to focus the movement.

"Arretti," and another blur of movement.

"Bonneli," and "Casey," and "Diaz," and "Di Zeffolo," and on, and on. There had not been a murmur while he spoke. He slapped the roll book shut, and walked down the steps conscious of the curious eyes of the kids.

When he reached his class the same curiosity was reflected in their eyes.

"Follow me," he said, unsmiling. "No talking on the way up."

That, he figured, was the correct approach. Let them know who's boss from the start.

"Hey, teach'," one of the boys said, "what did Mr. Halloran say your name was?"

Rick turned his head sharply. "I said no talking, and I meant it."

The boy was silent for a second, and then Rick heard him say, "Dig this cat. He's playin' it hard."

He chose to ignore the comment. He walked ahead of his class, feeling the same excitement he'd felt when he got the job, only greater now.

When they reached the door to Room 206, he inserted the key and pushed the door back. "Sit anywhere," he said brusquely. "We'll arrange seating later."

The boys filed in. They seated themselves quietly, and Rick thought, *This is going even better than I expected.*

He walked to his desk, pulled out his chair, but did not sit. He looked out over the faces in the seats before him. Then he turned to a Negro boy sitting up front near his desk.

"What's your name?" he asked.

The boy looked frightened, as if he had been accused of something. "Me?"

"Yes, what's your name?"

"Dover. I didn't do nothin', teach'. Jeez ——"

"Open some of the windows in here, Dover. It's a little stuffy."



Dover smiled, his lips pulling back over bright white teeth. He got up from his seat and Rick congratulated himself on having handled that perfectly. He had not simply given an order which would have resulted in a mad scramble to the windows. He had first chosen one of the boys, and then given the order. All according to the book.

He turned and walked to the blackboard, and wrote his name in big letters:

MR. DADIER.

"That's my name," he said. "In case you missed it in the auditorium." He paused. "Mr. Dad-ee-yay," he pronounced clearly.

"Is that French, teach'?" a boy asked.

"Yes," Rick said. "When you have anything to say, raise your hand. We might as well get a few things straight. First, I want you to fill out Delaney cards. While you're doing that, I'll tell you what it's going to be like in my classroom. The official class is Twenty-seven." He walked to the blackboard and wrote 27. "Please fill the cards out in ink."

"I ain't got a pen," Dover said.

"Then use pencil."

"I ain't got a pencil either."

"I have some," Rick said coldly. He walked back to his briefcase, pulled out eight sharpened pencils, handed one to Dover. "Does anyone else need something to write with?"

A husky boy near the back of the room said, "I do, teach'."

"Let's knock off this 'teach' business right now," Rick said. "My name is Mr. Dadier. You'll call me that, or you'll learn what extra homework is."

"Sure, Mr. Dadier," the boy at the back of the room said.

"Come get your pencil."

The boy rose nonchalantly. He was older than the other boys, and Rick spotted him immediately as a troublemaker. The boy wore a white T shirt and tight dungaree trousers. He strode to the front of the room, taking the pencil gingerly from Rick's hand.

"Thanks, teach'," he said, s
"What's your name?" Rick
"Sullivan," the boy said, sn
was red, and a spatter of freck
bridge of his nose. He had a
and pleasant green eyes.
"How would you like to
school is out today, Sullivan?"
"I wouldn't," the boy answe
"Then learn how to use my
"Sure," Sullivan said. He s
broad insolent smile, and turn
Rick, walking lazily to his seat
"I want those pencils return
gruffly, feeling he had lost som
out the cards as quickly as you
"To begin with, as I've alr
there'll be none of this 'teac
classroom. I'll call you by yo
you'll call me by mine. If you
to say, you raise your hand. Yo
until I call on you. Is that clea
The boys made no comment,
their silence for understanding.
were bent now as they busily
Delaney cards.
"Hey, what's our official cl
asked.
"Twenty-seven," Rick said,
out." He turned his back to
chalked the numerals 27 on th
remembering the vocational-
which frankly warned, "Never
on a class." But he obviously
tion well under control, and
for demonstrating distrust at t
of the game. He put the chalk
"Dover, you will be in charge
the windows are adjusted ever
"Yes, sir," Dover said res
Rick was a little surprised, b
pleased. He remembered somet
told back in one of his educ
something about giving the di
the class things to do, like ra
and cleaning blackboards and e
ning errands. He remembered
had to bring down the list of a
morning, and he decided Sul
ideal man for the job.
"And you, Sullivan," he sa
down the roll book each morni
"Sure," Sullivan said, smili
won a major victory.
Sullivan's attitude puzzled
decided not to let it bother him
blond boy in the third row and s
collect the Delaney cards, pleas
"Sure, teach'," the boy said.
"What's your name?" Rick a
"Foster, teach'."
"Mr. Dadier," Rick correcte
"Oh, yeah. Sure."
"Hurry up with those cards,
"Sure, teach'."

RICK stared at the boy incr
don't want to have to mention t
next boy who calls me 'teach'
self sitting here until four o'clo
noon. Now remember that."
The boys stared at him solem
hostility suddenly erected betwe
and their seats. He sensed the wa
he could say something that w
to crumble immediately. But I
back down on this "teach" inf
so he stayed behind his side of
stared back at the boys sternly.
The door opened suddenly, a
with brown hair matted against
poked his head into the room.
"Mr. Dadier?" he asked.
"Yes?"
The boy walked briskly to Ri
handed him a mimeographed sl
"Notice from the office," the bo
"Thank you."
"Y'welcome." The boy walke
stepped out into the hallway, ar
his head back into the room. H
addressed one of the boys, "
how you like Mr. Daddy-oh?"
He slammed the door quickly
Someone near the back of th
mured, "Daddy-oh, oh Daddy-o
turned toward the class hotly.
"That's enough of that!" he

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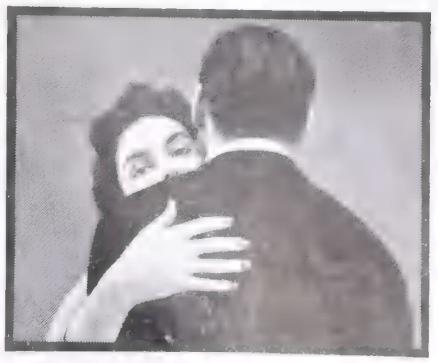
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es went blank. He looked at another moment, and then tion to the notice from the

hat the roll calling had been ster than they had expected, would sound at ten-thirty. It instruct his class that they o their third-period class.

re of the sudden attentiveness . He glanced at his watch.

sound in fifteen minutes," he gong sounds, you will leave directly to your third-period ar?"

gan talking it up, looking at n their desks. A boy in the d his hand.

asked.

hean we won't have you for Mr. Dadier?" he asked.

what it means." Rick smiled, the boy had used his name and. "Say," he said conversa- better hurry if we want to get 's time to go."

s roll book, and began calling s alphabetically, seating them ther. When the gong sounded,

your third-period class now," you all tomorrow morning." oys had already filed out into ck heard someone shout, "Not rst, Daddy-oh!" but when he loor, the boys were gone. He reath and then he consulted his

egan packing his brief case. He e Caesar, true; he had done it u let them step all over you at there was no gaining control ed packing, locked the door, the General Office.

rough the swarm of students in lked to the main-floor corridor, sition of his hall patrol directly ntrance doors.

od flanking the wide doorways, arm bands on their biceps told monitors. He said pleasantly, My name is Mr. Dadier. We'll gether on this post during the ery day."

dded obediently. One, a fat kid dungarees and a striped T shirt, t Rick as if he were expecting tions.

'Would you get a chair for me rooms, please? Tell the teacher adier."

fat boy said.

d the boy go down the corridor, rned his attention to the doors. ur of them, side by side. On the he doors a flight of marble steps ide. He said to the second mon- y who stood with his hands be-

n't been letting anyone in or out s, have you?"

d no one is allowed in the corri- room pass."

ick said again. He looked down noticing the toilet there for the walked to the battered wooden the gold-lettered STUDENTS' nd pulled the door open.

" someone shouted, and Rick tant flush of a toilet. The room illed, and his entrance started a le among the ten or twelve boys standing around smoking.

t," Rick bellowed, "let's just

topped dead in their tracks, drop- igarettes and stepping on them. a rush for the door, but Rick boy and shoved him back into ed room.

oing on here?" he roared. "What fficers' Club?"

e boys snickered, and Rick cut th a dead cold stare.

"Now clear out of here," he shouted. "I'm letting you all go this time, but if I catch anyone else smoking or loitering here, your name goes to the principal. Remember that."

The boys filed out of the room swiftly. Rick watched them go, and then turned to face two boys who lounged near the sinks. "What's the matter with you two?" he asked.

One of the boys was a husky Negro with an engaging grin. He had a wide nose, and thin lips, and clear, large brown eyes. He wore a white T shirt and tight dungarees, and the rich brown of his skin glistened against the white of his shirt.

"We on'y just got here, chief," he said.

"Well, you can only just get right out of here," Rick mimicked.

The boy with the Negro was obviously Puerto Rican. He grinned and a gold-capped tooth in the front of his mouth gleamed.

"Sure," he said, "we jus' get here, chief."

"Look," Rick told them, "I don't want a debate." He turned on the Puerto Rican. "What's your name?"

"Emmanuel."

"Emmanuel what?"

"Emmanuel Trades," the Negro boy said. "Man, don'choo know? This boy yere, he got the school named after him."

"What's *your* name, wise guy?"

The boy lifted one eyebrow. "Gregory," he said defiantly. "Gregory Miller."

"I'll remember that name," Rick said.

"Sure, chief. You do that."

"Or maybe you'd like to take a walk to the principal's office right this minute? Maybe you'd like that?"

Miller shrugged, and then smiled. He was a good-looking boy, with the build of a weight lifter, and an easy, nonchalant charm. "You hol'in' all the cards, chief," he said. "You wanna take me t'see Mistuh Small, that's your choice."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

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Torrington — Wolcott House 1
Waterbury — Hampson-Mintie & Abbott 1

DELAWARE

Dover — Nap & Spence 1-2
Wilmington — H. Feinberg Furn. Co. 1-2

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D. C. — Colony House 1-2
Mayer & Company 1-2

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach — McFarlands 2
Eustis — B. E. Thompson Furn. Co. 2
Fort Lauderdale — Burdine's 1-2
Fort Lauderdale Furn. Co. 1
Fort Myers — Robb & Stucky 1-2
Gainesville — Alachua Furn. Co. 1
Homestead — Homestead Furn. Co. 2
Jacksonville — Cohen Brothers 1-2
Cunningham Furn. Co. 1
Lakeland — Maas Brothers 1-2
Leesburg — Boyd's Furn. & Hdw. 1-2
Melbourne — Johnson's Furn. Store 1-2
Miami — Burdine's 1-2
Monitor Furn. Inc. 2
Moore's 1
Orlando — Lloyd's Home Furnishings 2
Panama City — Danley Furn. Company 1-2
Pensacola — Marston-Quina, Inc. 2
Sarasota — Barkus Furn. Co. 1-2
St. Petersburg — Lester Brothers 1
Maas Brothers 1-2
Tallahassee — Shaw's, Inc. 1
Tampa — Friday-O'Neal Furn. Co. 1
Maas Brothers 1-2
Vero Beach — Tropical Furn. Co. 2
Wachula — J. W. Ernest Company 2
West Palm Beach — Burdine's 1-2
J. J. Cater Furn. Co. 1
Winter Haven — Thornton Furn. Co. 2

GEORGIA

Ailey — Georgia Furn. Co. 1-2
Albany — Albany Housefurnishing Co. 1-2
Athens — Whitmire Furn. Company 2
Atlanta — Rich's, Inc. 1-2
Augusta — Richards Furn. Company 1-2
Bainbridge — Hart-Rollins Furn. Co. 1-2
Williams Furn. Company 1
Baxley — Mills Furn. Company 1-2
Buford — Wilson Furn. Co. 1
Cartersville — Cummings & Shellhorse 2
Cedartown
Stubbs & Hogg Furn. Company 1
Columbus — Hinson Galleries 1
Kirven's 1-2
Cordele — Christopher Furn. Company 1
Dublin — Brown Furn. Company 1-2
Fitzgerald — Home Furn. Company 1-2
Gainesville
Pilgrim-Estes Furn. Company 1
Griffin — Goode & Nichols Furn. Co. 1-2
La Grange — Hinson Colonial House 1-2
Macon — Wood-Peavy Furn. Company 1-2
Moultrie
M. W. Majors Furn. Company 1-2
Pelham — Hand Trading Company 1
Rome
Maxwell Brothers & Garnett Furn. Co. 1
Wyatt's 1
Savannah — Dream House Furn. Co. 1-2
Thomasville — W. Feinberg & Son 1-2
Tifton — Kent's Furn. Store 2
Valdosta — Herrin-Conoly Furn. Company 1
Vidalia — Chastain Furn. Company 1-2
Waycross — R. B. Zachry Furn. Co. 1-2
Waynesboro — Goldbergs Furn. Store 1
Winder
Sanders-Winder Furn. Company 1

HAWAII

Honolulu — Bailey Furn. Co., Ltd. 1

IDAHO

Boise — Hendren's Furn. Co. 1
Caldwell — Case Furn. Company 1
Idaho Falls — Petersen Furn. Co. 1
Lewiston — Lewiston Furn. 1
Moscow — Moscow Furn. & Music 1
Nampa — Case Furn. Company 1
Pocatello — Petersen Furn. Co. 1-2
Twin Falls — Hoosier Furn. Co. 1-2
Weiser — Globe Furn. Co. 1

ILLINOIS

Aurora — Simons Furn. & Rug Co. 1-2
Bloomington — G. A. Ensenberger & Sons 1
W. H. Roland Co. 2
Cairo — Rhodes-Burford 2
Carbondale — Renfro Furn. Co. 1
Centralia — The Fair Furn. Co., Inc. 1-2
Champaign — Robeson's Dept. Store 1-2
Charleston — Miller Furn. Co. 1
Chicago — The Fair 1
Jansen Furn. Co. 1
Rusnak Bros. 1
Chicago Hgts. — Harry Friedlander Furn. 1
The Rau Store 1
Cissna Park — Busch Furn. 1
Danville — Block & Kuhl 2
Penry Furn. Co. 1
Decatur — The Bachman Co., Inc. 1-2
DeKalb — Wirtz & Wirtz 1-2
El Dorado — Craggs-DeVilles 1
Harrisburg — Lloyd L. Parker Furn. Store 1
Havana — Wehner's Furn. 1
Herrin — Herrin Supply Co. 2
Jacksonville — Gustine's Furn. Co. 1-2
Joliet — Fitzgerald Furn. Co. 1-2
Kankakee — Turk Furn. Co. 1-2
Kewanee — Good's Furn. House 1-2
LaSalle — Hummer Furn. Co. 1
Lincoln — Harwick's Furn. 1
Macomb — Wyne Bros. Furn. 1-2
Marion — Cox's 1
Moline — Block & Kuhl 1
Shetter-Tude Furn. 1
Morris — Allan Furn. Co. 1-2
Morton — Dietrich Furn. 1
Mt. Carmel — The Cowling Co. 1-2
Murphysboro — Ward & K Furn. Co. 2
Oak Park — Graiviers Furn. Shop 1
Ottawa — Allan Furn. Co. 1-2
Peoria — Block & Kuhl 1-2
Pontiac — Wright's Furn. & Appl. 2
Quincy — Roy Bennett Ltd. 1-2
Rantoul — Leonard Furn. Co. 2
Rockford — Hess-Lindberg Furn. 1
Rockford Standard Furn. Co. 2
Springfield — The John Bressemer Co. 2
A. Dirksen & Sons 1
Madison Furn. Co. 1-2
Sterling — G. E. Behrens Furn. 1-2
Taylorville — Rost Bulpitt Furn. 1-2
Watseka — L. B. Segur & Co. 1
Waukegan — J. Blumberg, Inc. 1
West Frankfort — B.F.J. Furn. Co. 1

INDIANA

Auburn — Gerig Furn. Co. 1-2
Crawfordsville — Schlool Furn. Co. 1
Crown Point — The House Beautiful 1-2
Elwood — Leeson's New Furn. Mart 1-2
Evansville — The R. & G. Furn. Co. 1
Schear's Furn. Mart 1-2
Fort Wayne — Wolf & Dessauer 1-2
Gary — Radigan Brothers 1
Hammond — Edward C. Minas Co. 1
Indianapolis — L. S. Ayres Co. 1-2
Kokomo — Miller Furn. Co. 1-2
Muncie — C. Cree Gable 1-2
Richmond — Weiss Furn. Store 1-2
South Bend
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store 1-2
Terre Haute — Weberg's 1-2
Valparaiso
Windle's Home Furnishings 1-2
Vincennes — Schultheis & Sons 1
Wolcottville — Patterson Furn. Co. 1-2

IOWA

Burlington — Bennett & Dooley Furn. 1
Block & Kuhl 2
Cedar Rapids — The Luberger Co. 2
Charles City — Andersen Furn. 1
Clinton Byllesby's Home Furnishings 1-2
Davenport — Block & Kuhl 1
Des Moines — Davidsons 2
Younkers 1
Dubuque — Roshek Bros. Co. 1
Fort Dodge — Home Furn. Co. 1
Fort Madison — Home Furn. Co. 1-2
Grinnell — McGregor Furn. Company 1
Marshalltown — The McGregor Company 1
Mason City — Mier Wolf & Sons 1
Muscatine — S. G. & P. Stein Co. 1-2
Oskaloosa — The McGregor Company 1
Ottumwa — McGregor Furn. Co. 1
Sac City — Farber & Otteman 1
Sioux City — T. S. Martin Co. 1
Spencer — Twetten's 1
Washington — Kiple & Deprenger 1
Waterloo — Hurwich Furn. Co., Inc. 2
McGregor Furn. Company 1
Webster City — Brins 1

KANSAS

Garden City — Garnands 1-2
Hays — Home Furn. Co. 1
Hutchinson — Grabers 1-2
Junction City — Johnson Bros. 1
Lawrence — Miller Furn. Co. 1-2
Neodesha — Glenn Utt Furn. 1-2
Parsons — Kinzie Home Furnishings 2
Salina — Norris Furn. Store 1
Topeka — C. A. Karlan Furn. Co. 1-2
Wichita — Hinkels 2

KENTUCKY

Elizabethtown — The Hardin Furn. Co. 1-2
Lexington — Leet Bros. 1
Purcell's 2
Louisville — Stewart Dry Goods Co. 1-2
Mayfield — Rhodes Burford Co., Inc. 1-2
Owensboro
McAtee, Lyddane & Ray, Inc. 1-2
Paducah — Rhodes Burford Co., Inc. 1-2

LOUISIANA

Abbeville — Justin's Furn. Store, Inc. 1
Alexandria — Hemenway's 1
Baton Rouge
Kornmeyer Furn. Co., Inc. 1-2
Bogalusa — Cohen's Furn. Store 1
Crowley — Brandt Furn. Co. 1
Donaldsonville — Matassa Furn. Co., Inc. 1
Houma — John Rizzo 1
Lafayette — Knight's Furn. Store 1-2
Lake Charles — Hemenway's 1
Minden — Webb Hardware & Furn. Co. 1
Monroe — Dixie Bedding & Furn. Co. 1-2
Natchitoches — Mason Salter's 1
New Iberia — Davis Furn. Co. 1
New Orleans
Lester Barnett Gentilly Inc. 2
Maison Blanche 1
D. H. Holmes 2
Hurwitz-Mintz 1
Mintz & Mintz 1
Opelousas — Abdalla's Furn. Store 1
Shreveport — Booth Furn. & Carpet Co. 1
Hemenway's 2
Thibodaux — Block Furn. Co. 1

MAINE

Bangor — Bangor Furn. Co. 1
Portland — Lancaster Furn. Co. 2

MARYLAND

Baltimore — C. J. Benson & Co., Inc. 1
Hochschild, Kohn & Co. 1-2
M. Shaivitz & Sons, Inc. 1
Cumberland — B. Beneman & Sons 1-2
Essex — M. Shaivitz & Sons, Inc. 1
Frederick — Cline's Furn. Store, Inc. 1-2
Hagerstown — Shockey Furn. Co. 1-2
Salisbury — R. E. Powell & Co., Inc. 1

MASSACHUSETTS

Beverly — Scotti Furn. Co. 1-2
Boston — Jordan Marsh Co. 1-2
Boston (West Newton)
Mayflower Wayside Furn. Co. 1
Boston — Paine Furn. Co. 1-2
Wm. E. Tully & Son 2
Brockton — Willis Furn. Co. 1-2
Canton — Connor's Wayside Furn. Co. 1-2
Fall River — Mason Furn. Co. 1-2
Fitchburg — Kidder & Davis Co. 2
Framingham — Jordan Marsh Co. 1-2
Greenfield — Ruby's Furn. Stores, Inc. 2
Haverhill — Boston Furn. Co. 2
Lawrence — Michael J. Sullivan, Inc. 2
Lynn — Titus & Buckley Co. 1
New Bedford — Mason Furn. Co. 1-2
North Adams — Taskin Furn. Co. 1
Northampton — Ruby's Furn. Stores, Inc. 2
Pittsfield — New England Furn. Corp. 1-2
Quincy — Paine Furn. Co. 1-2
Roslindale — Allen Furn. Co. 1
Salem — A. C. Titus Co. 1
Springfield — Red Lion 1
Stoneham — Barbo's, Inc. 2
West Springfield — Sam Salem, Inc. 2
Woburn — Mayflower Wayside Furn. Co. 1

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor — Handicraft Furn. Co. 1
Bay City — C. E. Rosenbury & Sons 1
Dearborn — Daly Brothers 1-2
Detroit — J. L. Hudson Co. 1-2
Irving's Furn. Co. 1
Margolis Furn. Co. 1
Preuss Furn. Co. 1
Pringle Furn. Co. 1-2
Escanaba — Peterson Furn. Co. 1
Flint — Flint Home Furnishing Co. 1-2
MacDonald Furn. Co. 1
Gladstone — Swenson Brothers 1
Grand Rapids — Galewood Outfitting Co. 2
Klingman's 1-2
Iron Mountain
Iron Mountain Home Furn. Co. 1
Jackson — Vermeulen's 1
Kalamazoo — Vermeulen's 1
Lansing — Estes Furn. Co. 2
J. W. Knapp Company 1
Marshall — E. B. Moore Furn. Co. 1
Menomonie — Plankuch Furniture Co. 1
Monroe — Stadelman's, Inc. 1
Mt. Pleasant — Elmore's 1
Muskegon — Pine Street Furn. Co. 1
Owosso — Robbins Furn. Co. 1
Pontiac — Wiggs 2
Port Huron
Vining-Thompson Furn. Shops 1-2
Plymouth — Blunk's, Inc. 2
Royal Oak — Edward Furn. Co. 1
Triangle Furn. Co. 2
Saginaw — Stevens 1-2
Sault Ste. Marie — Cowan's Dept. Store 1
Traverse City — Wilson Furn. Co. 1-2

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis — Boutell's 1
St. Paul — Emporium Co. 1
Weyand Furn. Co. 1-2

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi — Merchiston-Hall Galleries 1
Brookhaven — T. H. Perkins Furn. Co. 1-2
Clarksdale — Hungerford's, Inc. 1-2
Greenville — C. E. Jordan & Co. 2
Levy & Rode, Inc. 1-2
Greenwood
Greenwood Furniture Co., Inc. 1-2
Gulfport — J. C. Clower Furn. Co. 1
Hattiesburg — Pioneer Furn. Co. 1-2
Jackson — Kennington Co. 1-2
Laurel — Rhodes, Inc. 1
Meridian — Hulett Furn. Co. 1-2
Natchez — Byrne Furn. Co. 1
Vicksburg — Marcus Furn. Co. 1

MISSOURI

Cape Girardeau
Excelsior Furn. & Music Co. 1-2
Charleston — Frank Lair Co. 1
Gideon — Gideon Anderson Dept. Store 1-2
Hannibal — Bennett & Wyatt Furn. 1-2
Joplin — Newman Furn. Division 1
Kansas City — Emery Bird Thayer 1
Edward Keith 2
Robert Keith 1
Marshall — Winkelmeyer's 1-2
Mexico — Cline Furn. Co. 1-2
Qulin — Joe Hefner Mercantile Co. 1
Springfield — Martin Bros. Piano Co. 1-2
St. Joseph — Kirwan Furn. Co. 1
Townsend & Wall 1-2
St. Louis — Craig Furn. Company 2
Lammert Furn. Co. 1

MONTANA

Billings — Elliott's, Inc. 1-2
Bozeman — Gallatin Valley Furn. Co. 1
Butte — Christie Furn. Co. 1
Furniture Mart 1
Great Falls — Barbers, Inc. 1
Havre — Valley Furn. Co. 1
Helena — Grand Street Furn. Co. 1
Kalispell — Kelly Furn. Co. 1
Missoula — J. M. Lucy & Sons 1

NEBRASKA

Chaney Furn. Co. 1
Fremont — Kavich's Fine Furniture 1
Kearney — Payne-Larson Furniture 1-2
Lincoln — Gold's of Nebraska 1-2
Norfolk — Ballantyne's Furniture 1
North Platte — Dempster Furn. Co. 1
Omaha — Orchard Wilhelm Co. 1-2
Scottsbluff — Webber Furn. Co. 1-2
Valentine — Walts Furn. Co. 1-2

NEVADA

Las Vegas — Sheppard's 1
Wood's Maple House 2
Reno — Reno Furn. Co. 1

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester — E. M. Chase Co. 2
Portsmouth — Margeson's, Inc. 1-2

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park — Frederick Furn. 1
Steinbach Company 2
Atlantic City — M. E. Blatt Co. 1-2
Avenel
Winter Brothers Wayside Furn. Shop 1-2
Bayonne — Steinert Brothers 1
Elizabeth — McManus Bros. 1-2
Englewood — Franklin Furn. Co. 1
Freehold — Silvert's 2
Hackensack — Denson's 1-2
Hackettstown — Reliable Furn. House 1-2
Haddonfield — Haddon Wayside 1-2
Hanover — E. A. Kirch & Co. 1
Hoboken — Washington Furn. Co. 1
Jersey City — Goodman Furn. Co. 1
Keyport — West Furn. Company 1-2
Montclair — Hampton House 1
Morristown
Grand Rapids Furn. House 1-2
Newark — Cooper Furn. Co., Inc. 1
Hahne & Co. 1-2
New Brunswick — Middlesex Furn. Co. 1
J. Schwartz 2
North Bergen — Castle Furn. Co. 1-2
North Hackensack — Huffman & Boyle 1-2
North Plainfield
Highway Furn. Shop, Inc. 2
Orange — Gold Furn. Co. 1
Huffman & Boyle 1-2
Paramus — Castle Furn. Co. 1-2
Passaic — Locker Bros. 1
Paterson — Bograd Brothers 1-2
C. De Palma Furn. Co. 1
Scott & De Palma 1-2
Perth Amboy — Du Brow's 1-2
Plainfield — Watchung Furn. House 1-2
Pompton Plains — Huffman & Boyle 1-2
Princeton
The Rug Mart-The Furn. Mart 1
Red Bank — Sterling Furn. Shop 1-2
Ridgewood
Ridgewood Rug & Carpet Co. 1
Rutherford — Hayman Furn. Stores 1
Salem — Hitchner's 1-2
Sea Girt — Sea Girt Furn. Shop 1
Somerville — Granetz 1-2
Springfield — Huffman & Boyle 1-2
Succasunna — Suburban Furn. Co. 2
Teaneck — Ronald Furn. Co. 1
Trenton — J. Ferd Convery, Inc. 1-2

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque — Broome Furn. Co. 1
West's 1
Carlsbad — Wertheim Furn. Co. 1-2
Clovis — Allen's Furn. Co. 1-2
Deming — J. A. Mahoney 1
Hobbs — Thompson Hdw. & Furn. Co. 2
White's Auto Stores 1
Roswell — C. Forster Furn. Co. 1-2
Santa Fe — Broome Furn. Co. 1

NEW YORK

Albany — John B. Hauf, Inc. 1
Harry Simmons Co., Inc. 1
Amityville, L. I.
Nassau Wayside Shops 1-2
Amsterdam — Chas. J. Olender & Sons 1
Astoria, L. I. — Harris Furn. Co. 1-2
Auburn — H. R. Wait Co. 1-2
Batavia — Batavia Furn. Store 2
Bayshore, L. I.
Ralph Edwards Fine Furn. 2
Bayside, L. I. — Victor Furn. Center 1-2
Bellerose, L. I. — Bellerose Furn. Co. 1-2
Binghamton — Ellis Bros., Inc. 1-2
Boonville — Clark A. Layng 1-2
Buffalo — J. N. Adam Co. 1-2
Gardner Furn. Co. 1-2
Central Islip, L. I.
Suffolk Wayside Shops 1-2
Corning — J. P. & M. Sullivan, Inc. 1-2
Cortland — Peck's Furn. House 1-2
Elmira — J. P. & M. Sullivan, Inc. 1-2
Far Rockaway, L. I. — Neve Furn. Co. 1-2
Flushing, L. I. — B. Gertz, Inc. 1-2
Simons Furn. Co. 1-2
Forest Hills — Town House Furn. 1
Geneva — Lynch Furn. Co. 2
Glendale, L. I.
Michaels Floor Covering 1-2
Glens Falls — Wilmarth & Son 1
Gloversville — Livingston's 1
Hempstead, L. I. — George's Fine Furn. 1-2
John A. Schwarz, Inc. 1-2
Hudson — R. Gray's Sons 1
Huntington, L. I.
Ralph Edwards Fine Furn. 1-2
Jackson Heights, L. I.
Jackson Furn. Co. 1-2
Jamaica, L. I. — B. Gertz, Inc. 1-2
Jamestown — Wellman Brothers 1-2
Kingston — Kaplan Furn. Co. 1
Latham — John P. Ryan Furn. Corp. 2
Manhasset, L. I. — Flint & Horner 2
John Hamill, Inc. 1-2
W & J Sloane 1
Mineola — J. Katz Furn. Co. 1-2
Mt. Vernon — Fennells 1
Newburgh — Kreisel Furn. Co. 1
New Rochelle — Stan Cassidy 1
Neptune Furn. Co. 1-2
New York City — B. Altman & Co. 2
Cahill & Barros 1-2
G. Cardarelli 2
Gimbel Bros. 2
Hathaways 1
Daniel Jones 1
Lee-Smyth, Inc. 1-2
W & J Sloane 1
Stern Bros. 1-2
Niagara Falls
Mendleson's Furn. Galleries 2
Harry Pugrant 1
Ogdensburg — Sperling's, Inc. 2
Oneida — Edward J. Browne 1
John Froass & Son 2
Ossining — Cartoons Furn. Store 1-2
Oswego — Browne-Davis Furn. Co. 1-2
Port Chester
Jos. Tunick and Sons, Inc. 1-2
Poughkeepsie — Luckey-Platt & Co. 1
Mitchell Furn. Co. 2
Riverhead, L. I. — J. Meyer 1-2
Rochester — Lauer Furn. Co., Inc. 1
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr 1-2
Weis & Fisher Co. 2
Rockville Centre, L. I.
Nassau Wayside Shops 1-2
Schenectady — H. S. Barney Co. 2
Southampton, L. I. — E. A. Hildreth 1-2
Staten Island — Farr Furn. Co. 1
J. Jaeger & Sons 2
Shepard Furn. Co. 1
Syracuse — I. Fleischman & Sons 1-2
Tarrytown — Cartoons Furn. Store 1-2
Troy — R. C. Reynolds Co. 1
John P. Ryan Furn. Corp. 2
Utica — E. Tudor Williams, Inc. 1-2
Valley Stream, L. I. — The Roman Co. 1-2
White Plains — Ardsley Furn. Corp. 1-2
Riley-Hogan 2
W & J Sloane 1
Woodhaven, L. I. — Klingman Furn. Co. 2
Yonkers — Brenner Furn. Co. 2
M. Dee & Son 1

NORTH CAROLINA

Ahoskie — Garretts, Inc. 2
Asheville — Morrison's, Inc. 1-2
Benson — Rose Furn. Co. 2
Burlington — Neese-Shoffner Furn. Co. 1-2
Chapel Hill — Johnson-Strowd-Ward 2
Charlotte
Mecklenburg Furn. Shops, Inc. 1-2
Concord — Craig-Prewitt 2
Dunn — Dunn Furn. Co. 1-2
Durham
Christian-Harward Furn. Co. 1-2
Elizabeth City — Quinn Furn. Co. 1-2
Elizabethtown
Bladen Hdw. & Furn. Co. 2
Farmville — Farmville Furn. Co. 1-2
Fayetteville — Market Furn. Co. 2
Forest City — Grindstaff Furn. Co. 2
Fuquay Springs — Proctor-LarLour Co. 1-2
Gastonia — Rankin-Armstrong Co., Inc. 2
Goldsboro — Creech's, Inc. 2
Heilig Meyers Co. 1
Greensboro — Morrison-Neese, Inc. 1-2
Colonial Furn. House 1
Greenville — Taft Furn. Co. 1-2
Henderson
M. B. Sasser Wayside Furn. Co. 2
Hickory — Wagner Furn. Co. 1-2
High Point — Bloom Furn. Co. 1-2
Jacksonville — Modern Furn. Co. 2
Kannapolis — Snead-Sprott Furn. Co. 2
Kinston — Oettinger Bros. Furn. Co. 2
Laurinburg — Market Furn. Co. 2
Lillington — Wilrich Furn. Co. 2
Lumberton — R. W. Norman Furn. Co. 2
Morganton — Nite Furn. Co. 1-2
New Bern — Heilig-Levine Furn. Co. 1
Newton — Carolina Furn. Store 2
Raleigh — Heilig-Levine Furn. Co. 1
Wayside Furn. House 1-2
Roanoke Rapids
Crutchfield-Bunn Furn. Co. 2
Rockingham — Hallum Furn. Co. 1-2
Rocky Mount — Bulluck Furn. Co. 2
Enterprise Furn. Co. 1
Roseboro — Butler Furn. Co. 2
Salisbury — R. W. Norman Co. 1
Sparks Furn. Co. 2
Selma — Dunn Furn. Co. 2
Smithfield — Home Furn. Co. 1-2
Spray — Wall Furn. Co. 2
Statesville — Blackwelder Furn. Co. 1
Gordon's Furn. Dept. Store 2
Tarboro — W. S. Clark & Sons 2
J. E. Simmons Furn. Co. 2
Washington — Southern Furn. Co. 1-2
Whiteville — Todd Furn. Co. 1-2
Wilmington — Todd Furn. Co. 1-2
Todd Wayside Furn. Co. 1
Wilson — R. E. Quinn Furn. Co. 2
Windsor — Byrd-Walker Furn. Co. 2
Winston-Salem — Colonial Furn. Shops 1
Morris-Early & Co. 2
Zebulon — Whitley Furn. Co. 1-2

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo — Bergstrom-Crowe Co. 1-2
Luger Furn. Co. 1

OHIO

Akron — Polsky's 1
Alliance — Cope Furn. Co., Inc. 1
Archbold — Detter's Furn. 1
Ashland — Gilbert Furn. Co. 1
Athens — Jayne's Furn. Co. 1
Bellville — Meyers Furn. Co. 1-2
Bucyrus — William Wise & Sons 1-2
Canton — Summers Furn. Shoppe 1
Thurin's 2
Chillicothe — Ebenhack & Son 1-2
Cincinnati — Alms & Doepke Co. 1
Kreimer's 1
Wm. Kurtinitis Furn. 2
Paul Schutte Furn. Co. 2
The John Shillito Co. 2
Stille & Duhlmeier Furn. Co. 1
Cleveland — The Halle Bros. Co. 1-2
Columbus — The F. G. & A. Howald Co. 1-2
The F. & R. Lazarus Co. 1-2
Schorr-Ketner & Lane 2
Cuyahoga Falls — Long & Co. 2
Dayton — Elder & Johnston Co. 1-2
Defiance — Hoffman's 2
Dennison — The Hicks Co., Inc. 2
East Liverpool
The Moore Furn. Co., Inc. 1
Fremont — Tschumy Brothers 1-2
Galion — Willard Logan Furn. Co. 1
Greenville — Willhoff's 1
Hillsboro — Stockwell's 1
Hubbard — C. R. Stewart & Sons 1
Kenton — Jennings Furn. Co. 1
Rexin's, Inc. 2
Lancaster — Buchanan's 1-2
Lima — Armstrong & Son Co. 1-2
Lucas — McCready Furn. Co. 2
Mansfield
W. E. Jones Piano & Furn. Co. 2
Chas. Schroer Co. 1-2
Marion — City Furn. Mart 1-2
Middletown
Rathman-Troup Furn. Co. 1-2
Mount Vernon — The Rudin Co., Inc. 1
New Philadelphia
Linn-Hert Company 1-2
North Baltimore — L. L. Trout 1-2
Norwalk — Perfected Furniture 2
Piqua — Buecker's 1-2
Portsmouth — Long & Co. 1-2
Springfield — Robert Gray Barnitz Studio 1
Toledo — Johnson Brothers Furn. Co. 1-2
LaSalle & Koch Company 1-2
Upper Sandusky — Bernard Furn. Co. 1
Van Wert — Balyeat Furn. Co. 1
Warren — The Cross-Leslie Co. 1
Wilmington — G. M. Rice Furn. Co. 1-2
Youngstown — Hume's 1-2
Lowry Furn. & Carpet Co. 1-2

OKLAHOMA

Ada — Pete Green Furn. Co. 1
Altus — Hickerson Furn. Co. 1-2
Ardmore — Collier Bros. 1-2
Bartlesville — Bartlesville Furn. Co. 1-2
Clinton — Chalfant Furn. Co. 1
Duncan — Everetts Home Furnishing 1-2
Hobart — Stanley Furn. Co. 1-2
Chickasha — Collier Brothers 1
Lawton — Colony House 2
Lacy Furn. Co. 1
Marlow — J. F. Callaway & Co. 1
McAlester — Kerr Furn. Co. 1
Miami — Nelson Furn. Co. 1
Muskogee — Nelson Furn. Co. 1
Norman — Landsaw Furn. Co. 1
Oklahoma City
Callaway Home Furnishings 1-2
Harbour Longmire 2
O K Furn. & Rug Co. 1
Okmulgee — Nelson Furn. Co. 1
Ponca City — Glenn Paris & Son 1-2
Tulsa — Cathey's 1-2
Wewoka — J. A. Ligon 1

OREGON

Albany — Frager Furn. Co. 1
Baker — Emrich Furn. Co. 1
Eugene — Rubenstein Furn. Co. 1
Klamath Falls — Klamath Furn. Co. 1
Oregon City — Hogg Brothers 1
Portland — Meier and Frank Co. 1
Salem — Hamilton Furn. Co. 1

PENNSYLVANIA

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

Rick reconsidered. There was no sense getting a boy into trouble on the first day of school. "Well," he said slowly, "I'll let it pass this time. Just get back to your classroom."

"Sure thing," Miller said. He walked to the door with the Puerto Rican and Rick followed them into the corridor. When they were out of sight, he turned to find the fat boy with his chair.

He took the chair, placed it against the wall, and said, "Thanks a lot." The fat boy nodded. Rick unzipped his briefcase and took out the Delaney book, hoping to arrange the cards for his official class. He was reaching for the Delaney cards when the outside doors were thrown open. He got to his feet as three boys came through the inside doors, laughing.

"What's this?" Rick asked sternly. "Where are you boys coming from?"

"Outside, teach'."

"You're not supposed to enter the building through this entrance."

"Oh no?" the boy asked, surprised.

"No," Rick said.

"We was just havin' lunch."

"Well, clear out and go around to the auditorium entrance, the way you're supposed to."

"Sure, teach'," the boy said. Together, the three went down the marble steps and out of the building.

"How'd they get in?" Rick asked the fat monitor.

"Through the doors, I guess," the boy answered.

"I know, but aren't the doors locked?"

"Gee, I guess not."

"Go down and lock them, would you?"

The fat boy hesitated. Then he said, "I can't, Mr. Dadier. The locks are busted."

"What do you mean busted?"

"On all the doors. That's how the kids get in."

"How long have they been broken?" Rick asked.

"Long as I can remember," the fat boy answered.

"M-m-m," Rick said, making a mental note to tell the custodian about the broken locks. "We'll just have to be careful then, that's all."

"Yes, sir."

Rick sat down again. He was seated for about thirty seconds when the outside doors flew open and a swarm of kids started up the marble steps. He dispatched them quickly, sat down for a full minute, and then rose again when a new gang started up the steps. By the time he'd sent them around to the auditorium entrance, the toilet had gathere and smokers, and Rick flushed grily, giving them all warnings. chance to sit down again becaus riod was almost over, and the were opening and closing with ity as the kids began returning building.

When the bell announcing t period finally rang, Rick cons gram he'd taped to the inside of

Fourth period: Lunch.

Allah be praised.

As he walked up to the thir lingered awhile to avoid the st congratulated himself upon w ered almost perfect behavior th shown a tough exterior to whereas tough teachers were no they were always respected. H ticularly interested in being lov terested in doing his job, and teaching. Once discipline becam would be time for joking, time fo

He had formed no preconce what the teachers' lunchroom so he had no reason to be surp he found. The lunchroom co rooms. There was an open door stepped through it into the first

One wall was lined with win posite wall was bare. A long length of the room. The table refrigerator and a sink occupie ing Rick. An old gas stove wa side of the doorway. A teakett stove, blue flame curling aroun

Rick stepped through the do second, smaller room. This w room, as differentiated—he su the other room which could be kitchen. A table was in the cente There were chairs around the t were men sitting in the chairs, had a sandwich in his hands. A rested beneath the bulletin boa

A short stout man standing tin board turned when Rick smiled and said, "Sit down waiter will take your order."

"Thanks," Rick said. The ot table glanced up, smiled, and t to demolishing their sandwiche out a chair, dipped into his bri sandwiches Anne had prepare them on the table before him. T bulletin board continued lookin

"My name is Solly Klein," he one of the new English teachers



"You shouldn't have winked at him when you got on, mister."

ne is Rick Dadier."
the Forbidden City," Solly
going so far?"
."
," Solly answered. "It'll get
led, and then the smile van-
wondered if he were joking

ything to drink?" Rick asked.
onalcoholic, I take it," one of
able said. The man was small
a curling crop of hair that
d like a Navy watch cap. He
in one hand, and an open his-
other.
"I don't suppose there's beer
re?"
if you can get the water tap to

first teaching job?" the small,
l.

Katz," the small, wiry man
udies. Taught at Christopher
re I got appointed here."
have stayed there," Solly said.
o change the subject," Rick
get something to drink?"
hoice," Solly said. "You can
container of milk and stick it
or. If you drink coffee, you can
ffee and use the hot water from
tside. If you drink tea, you can
chaefer a scant ten cents a
'll let you use the tea balls he
e hot water is still free."
Rick started.
you will have to pay Schaefer
ll pop in any minute and put
, as soon as he has his gym-
ropes or playing basketball."
n teacher?" Rick asked. "What
?"
he captain buys the cups."
are the dues?"
tain," Solly said. "They change

me a quarter," one of the men

down the length of the table to
l spoken. He was a tall, hand-
lder than twenty-five, and built
f a Greek athlete.
ounds reasonable," Rick said.
I could use one of the tea balls
my dues?"
elf," Solly said.
the cupboard, found the card-
r of tea balls.
s boiling," George Katz said,
n his history book. "Would you
ball, Dadier?"
said.

d to the cupboard and took
arked with S.K. in bright blue
ight as well all have some tea."
is cup to the table, putting it
Rick's sandwiches. "How about
" he asked the Greek athlete.
me," Manners replied. "I'm
man. Two quarts a day."
," Solly said. "I'll bet you don't
r curse either."
t me wrong," Manners said.
Amoral Alan in my neighbor-

at? In the Virgin Islands?"
st," Manners said.
d they give you a school in the

l," Manners said dryly. "I won't
nyway."
?"
all-girls' school," Manners said.
rse than all-boys' schools."
to his ham sandwich and then
ea.
go to an all-girls' school if you
id, "but you won't find it any
any other vocational school in
ll you something, Dadier. This
can of the educational system.
nal school in the city. You put
ther, and you got one big, fat,
garbage can. And you want to
r job is? Our job is to sit on the
age can and see that none of the

filth overflows into the streets. That's our job."

"Maybe the kids just need a chance," Rick said. "They can't all be bad."

"All right," Solly said, "you give them their chance. But whatever you do, don't turn your back on them."

"I turned my back on them this morning."

"And you didn't get stabbed?" Solly shrugged. "The first day of school. They probably left their hardware home."

"You're exaggerating," Rick said, smiling.

"I am, huh? All right, I'm exaggerating. I turned my back on a class just once. Just once. I never turned my back again after that."

"What happened?"

"I was putting a diagram of a carburetor on the board. I had my back turned for about forty seconds. I had hardly picked up the chalk and started the drawing. A baseball came crashing into the blackboard about two inches from my head. It knocked a piece of slate out of the board as big as a half dollar."

"What'd you do?" Rick asked.

"I got so mad I was ready to rip every one of those stinkers into little pieces. I turned around, and they were all sitting there dead-panned with that stupid, innocent look on their faces. Then I cooled down and played it smart. I picked up the baseball, dropped it in the wastebasket and said, 'You'll never pitch for the Yanks, boy.' Just that. But I never turned my back again. Even writing on the board. I do it sideways."

"Solly's right," George Katz put in. "You've got to realize what you're dealing with. You've got to understand the problem of most of these kids, and adjust your teaching accordingly."

"What teaching?" Solly wanted to know. "There's no teaching involved here. The sooner you realize that, the better off you'll be."

"Well," Katz said respectfully, "I think that's carrying it a little far."

Good Morning, darling . . .



You were so pretty sleeping this morning that I could not wake you. You looked as you must have when you were a child . . . warm, relaxed and dreaming about something quite wonderful. You had a little smile on your face and some of that blue-violet blanket against your cheek . . . and a lump came into my throat as I looked at you.

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Rick rose, cleared his place and dumped the waxed paper and brown bag in the trash basket. Then he washed the cup he'd used and put it back in the cupboard.

When the bell rang, he picked up his brief case. Solly said, "I'll walk down with you."

"O.K.," Rick said.

"What've you got now?" Solly asked.

"Fifth-termers," Rick said.

"Fifth-termers, you say?" Solly asked, his eyebrows raised. He didn't say another word as they walked down the steps.

The first thing Rick noticed when he entered the room was that the class was a small one, not more than twenty boys. He didn't know that there were thirty-five in 55-206, and that many of them had already begun cutting on this first day of the term. The second thing he noticed was the Negro boy with the white T shirt and dungarees. The boy noticed him at the same moment, and the charming grin broke out on his handsome face.

"Well," he said, "hello, chief."

"Gregory Miller," Rick said.

"You did remember the name, di'ntchoo, chief?"

"Sit down, Miller," Rick said. "And *my* name is Mr. Dadier. I think you'd better start remembering that."

Miller took his seat, and Rick looked over to the other boys who were standing around the room, talking or laughing.

"All right," he said, "let's sit down. And let's make it fast."

The boys looked at him, but made no move toward their seats.

"You deaf back there? Let's break it up."

"Why?" one of the boys asked.

"I heard you, smart boy. Get to your seat before you find a seat in the principal's office."

"I'm petrified," the tall boy said. He continued smiling as he walked to the middle of the room and took the seat alongside Miller. The other boys, taking his move as a cue, slowly drifted to the seats and attention to Rick.

"You may keep the seats you Rick said, reaching into his briefc Delaney cards. He distributed th said, "I'm sure you know how out."

"We sure do," the blond boy s

"I didn't get your name," Rick edly.

"Maybe 'cause I didn't give answered.

"His name is Emmanuel too," He smiled at the private joke wh and Rick shared.

"Is it?" Rick asked innocently

"No," the blond boy said.

"Then what is it?"

"Guess," the blond boy said with a *W*."

"I'd say 'Wiseguy' offhand, good at guessing. What's your make it snappy."

"West," the boy said, "Artie W

Rick looked out over the b filled out the cards. There was Negroes in the class, and the res were white, including a few Pu They all appeared to be between seventeen, and most of them wor and dungarees which Rick assun unofficial uniform of the school.

"As you know," he said, "th 55-206, and we're here to lear know a lot of you will be wonde earth you have to learn English. help you get a job as a mech electrician? The answer is yes. Be you'll enjoy this class, and yo surprised to find English one of subjects before the term is finishe

"I'll be s'prised, all right," Mi

"I don't want any calling out room," Rick said sternly. "If yo thing to say, raise your hand. I stood? My name, incidentally, is

"We heard of you, Daddy-ol the back of the room said.

"Pronunciation is an impor English," Rick said coldly. "I'd any boy because he couldn't l nounce my name. It's Mr. Dad and learn it now. Believe me, it my heart to fail all of you."

A small Negro boy wearing a suddenly got to his feet. He put his hips.

"You ever try to fight thirty- once, teach'?" he asked.

Rick heard the question, and trigger response in his mind wh *This is it, Dadier. This is it, n* narrowed his eyes and walked purposefully around his desk. seated in the middle of the roo walked up the aisle, realizing as he was placing himself in a su boys position. He walked direct and said, "Sit down, son, and hat before I knock it off."

HE said it tightly, the way he' lines for Duke Mantee when he' Petrified Forest at Hunter. He what the reaction would be, vaguely aware of a persistent fea up his spine and into his crani he could be jumped by all of single instant, and the knowled taut and tense.

The room was dead silent, a suddenly cold, despite the Se shine streaming through the win

The boy snatched the hat fron his bravado gone. "I'm sorry said, and instantly corrected Dadier."

He sat immediately, and av eyes. Rick turned and walked ba desk. His face was set tightly, an nostrils flare, the way he'd learne time ago in his first dramatics cl

He raised his head slowly, th anger still in his eyes. "Pass the to the front of the room. Pas program cards, too, and I'll sig there, in the first row, collect th them to my desk."

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the first seat of the first row
ade no move to start collecting

ear me?" Rick asked.
oy said, still smiling vacuously.
move," Rick said tightly.
se, collected the cards, and
to Rick.
mechanically signing the pro-
We won't accomplish much to-
getting acquainted. Tomorrow
ooks from the bookroom, and
Our trip to the bookroom
more than ——"
necessary?" one of the boys

second row. Rick automatically
oy. "What'd you say, Belazi?"
is trip necessary?"
Does that answer your ques-

s," the boy said.
does, Belazi. Do you have any
t questions to ask?"

. May I go on with what I was
ith your kind permission?"
zi said, smiling.
. I appreciate your thoughtful-

st thoughtful cat in this class,"
phatically.
ked you, Miller," Rick snapped.
volunteerin' the information."
te it," Rick said, unsmiling.
o manage without your help."
ll make it, teach'?" West asked.
what, West," Rick said. "I'll
ur this afternoon, planning to-
n. Since you're so worried, why
me, and we'll plan it together."
andle that case alone," West

help him," another boy called.
away and looked directly at
first seat of the first row. The
miling that blank, stupid smile.
ny?" Rick asked.
tinued to smile.
k snapped. He looked at the
elaney book. "Santini. What's

Santini said, smiling broadly.
are you ——"
in'est cat in this whole school,"
d Rick. "He smile all the time.
e an idiot."
ck asked, turning.
d his temple with one forefinger.
s," he said, "but no brains."
at Santini. The boy was still
e smile *was* an idiotic one. He
mbarrassed for having brought
e attention of the class. Surely
t an idiot, but his intelligence
so low that ——
pay attention here," Rick said

attention," Santini said inno-
ling.

his throat and passed out the
n cards. "We'll cover a lot of
ics this term," he said. "We'll
vspapers, and we'll read a lot of
rt stories, and several good
have contests, too, for letter
or progress. I'm thinking of
s to the boys who show me
orking. Like tickets to football
ckey games. Provided I get
tion from you."
near of Juan Garza, teach'?"
s piped.
't believe so. Who was Juan

be in my class," the boy said.
ed his card now in the Delaney
's name was Maglin.
t Juan Garza, Maglin?"
ght you might have heard about

was a celebrity of some sort,"
y.
as," Maglin said, and all the

a shame he's not in the class
id, and for some reason all the

boys found this exceptionally funny. He was ready to pursue the subject further when the bell rang. He rose quickly and said, "I'll see you all tomorrow. Miller, I'd like to talk to you for a moment."

Miller's brow creased into a frown. He came to the front of the room and stood uneasily by the desk.

Rick waited until the other boys were gone. "Miller, I've checked your records," he lied. "You've got the makings of a leader. You're bright and quick, and the other boys like you."

"Me?" Miller asked, surprised. "Me?"

The flattery was beginning to work. Rick pressed his advantage. "Yes, Miller, you. Come now, you know you're head and shoulders above all these boys."

Miller smiled shyly. "Well, I don't know. I mean ——"

"Here's the point. We're going to have a damned fine class here." He used the word "damned" purposely, to show Miller he was not above swearing occasionally. "I can sense that. But I want it to be an outstanding class and I can't make it that without your help."

"Me?" Miller asked again, really surprised.

"Yes, you," he pushed on. "Come on, let's lay our cards on the table."

"I don't know what you want, ch—Mr. Dadier," Miller said.

"I want you to be the leader in this class. I want you to give me all your co-operation, and the other boys will automatically follow suit. If you help me, we can make this class the best one in the school."

"Well, I don't know," Miller said dubiously.

"I do know. What do you say, boy?"

"Well . . . sure, I'll help all I can."

"That's my boy," Rick said, rising and clapping Miller on the shoulder. "I'll see you tomorrow." He walked to the doorway, his arm around the boy. "Now take it easy."

"Sure," Miller said. His brow furrowed once, and then he smiled. "Sure," he said almost arrogantly.



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Rick watched him go down the corridor. He zipped up his brief case, and when he left the room for his Unassigned sixth period, he was happy. He had no idea where he was going. He knew that he could go up to the teachers' lunchroom, but he somehow did not feel like listening to more comments upon the imbecility of the students at Manual Trades.

Instead, he decided to leave the building, take a brisk walk. He did not know that a teacher was not permitted to leave the building during an Unassigned period. He headed for the stair well. It was then that he became a hero.

The sunshine streamed through the meshed window, blinding him for an instant. He saw a blur of movement to the right of the window, and blinked his eyes against the sunlight, and then the blur became two figures.

He suddenly realized that the figures were struggling, and figured it for a fight between two of the boys. Then the figures took a definite shape, and he dropped the brief case, and started forward at a sprint.

One of the figures was a tall boy in T shirt and dungarees. The other figure was Miss Hammond.

The boy had one hand clamped over Miss Hammond's mouth. The other hand was around her waist as he forced her backward against the wall.

"Hey!" Rick shouted.

The boy turned suddenly, moving to Miss Hammond's side. Rick saw the torn front of her suit jacket, and the ripped blouse, and then he was clamping his hand on the boy's shoulder and spinning him around.

Fear and panic were mingled on the boy's face. Miss Hammond, her mouth free now, screamed. Rick probably wouldn't have hit the boy if Miss Hammond hadn't screamed, but he brought back his fist as he spun the boy around, and then he threw his arm forward, and his fist collided with the boy's mouth.

The boy bounced back against the radiator, and Miss Hammond screamed again.

"You lousy bastard," the boy yelled, and Rick hit him again, and this time a smear of crimson spread on the boy's mouth. Miss Hammond kept screaming, and the stair well was suddenly flooded with teachers and monitors. Rick held the boy's arm tightly, twisting it up behind his back.

Miss Hammond said, "A jacket, something, a jacket," blubbering incoherently. Another teacher grabbed the bleeding boy, and Rick stripped off his jacket, handing it to Miss Hammond. She slipped into it quickly, still sobbing.

The teachers had grasped the situation and were shooing the monitors away. Martha Riley, whose math class happened to be on the second floor, began comforting Miss Hammond. She led her to the ladies' room.

Rick took the boy to the principal's office. He listened to everything the principal said, listened to the principal say, "We're going to take care of you, smart guy. We're really going to take care of you." He filled out reports and signed them, and told the story at least ten times before the bell sounded for the beginning of the seventh period.

Richard Dadier, though he went through the paces of orientating his seventh- and eighth-period classes, did not remember afterward what he had said. He was totally unaware of them throughout the last two periods of the day.

And he was certainly unaware of the fact that his heroism, tales of which had spread through the school like a brush fire, was regarded by the students of Manual Trades as nothing but the basest, most treacherous type of villainy.

THERE was not a student on Tuesday morning who had not heard of Rick's derring-do. He had been elevated to a celebrity's position, and did not know whether or not he appreciated the sudden fame.

His classes beheld him with a mute curiosity. When he spoke, they listened. No one called him "teach'." There was no calling out, and no buzzing, and no disorder of any kind. Rick's classes watched him, and whereas their silence was appreciated, it was also a peculiar silence. The eyes were not so much admiring as they were appraising. The eyes were waiting for a chance to test the skill of this notorious fellow.

On Wednesday, the picture changed. Mr. Small changed all that at his get-acquainted assembly with the students.

He was a big man, and the kids gave him almost as much attention as they'd given Rick's sudden rise to fame. It was always rough on the pupils when a new man hopped into the principal's chair. Right away came the reforms.

Small crowded the microphon expected no back talk from it present. The kids disliked him ir gave them the usual reform pitch. as if he meant it. And then Small to the attempted rape. "There wa tunate incident here on the first da he said. "One of our boys decide in the streets. The boy's name w Murray. One of our teachers sto cident from becoming a disastrous las Murray may be a little sorry he of line. Criminal-assault charge pressed against him. I think you al that means."

THEY all knew, all right. They a this didn't mean reform school. tally calculated Murray's age, an for a prison rap. All because stepped in and made like a hero.

"I'm telling you this story," Sn "to illustrate an important point and then roared, "*I will stand fo in my school, is that understood?*"

Rick's hands were trembling. the boys in his official class w him. He sensed hostility, and if Sma the righ ing atte had ha

Smal sudden "Boys, smiling ing to g I've tau before them, b felt so about pointe here." sadly. bad st teams pennar have He cler fist an overth "Nor Trades is goi penna What' lows, win th

The boys did not applaud. move. The assembly was dismis the day was shot anyway, what periods in order to give all the to meet Small at two separa there wasn't much time left for school term, for all practical pu start until Thursday morning, had started with a considerabl days before.

Rick had no trouble at all three periods, though he coul ment on the other side of his de forget the resentment; he didn kid in the school feared him, an if they hated him. He was there and since the major problem i school was making yourself thankful for the wall of silence out in front of him. The kids, h using a sort of passive resistan their Gandhi philosophy was into his hands. When the bell end of his duty period, he hea the teachers' lunchroom.

He was a little disappointed ers showed no signs of continui days' banter. Solly Klein was about a friend who taught sh high school and the teachers li and paid very little attention Manual Trades. He ate his sand almost morosely. He'd have lik opinions on the course he was t monopolized the floor until th and Rick went to greet 55-20

CONTINUED ON PAG

NEXT MONTH

If it had happened to anyone else, the shock would not have been so great. But Miss Dove simply wasn't like other people. It was difficult enough to believe that she had even been born—and now there were rumors that she was actually *human*.

She was gone—for the first time in thirty-six years. The geography room at Cedar Grove Elementary School was empty. Could the dismaying report be true?

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE

BY FRANCES GRAY PATTON

Complete in the November Journal, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.



Mighty thrifty!

Good to the last drip! No wonder women from coast-to-coast stock their shelves with Dundee—the glamour towel that comes in the happiest textures, the snappiest colors, the happiest prices ever! Give your bathroom the "Dundee beauty treatment" today.

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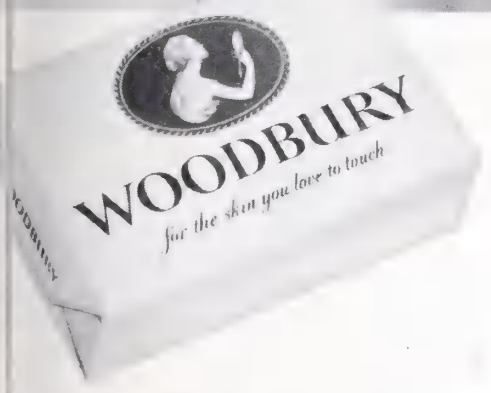
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s never looked
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... because there's never been a beauty care like this! Seven face cream oils and emollients—intended to help *replace* natural oils that wash away—are blended right into New Woodbury Soap. That means the vivid freshness of soap-and-water cleansing *plus* the delicate softness of face cream care. Nothing has ever done so much for your complexion. And no soap has ever given you such beauty baths! The mild lather and haunting fragrance of New Woodbury leave your skin soft and subtly scented head to toe. Get New Woodbury Soap today "*for the skin you love to touch*"!

New Woodbury Soap is enriched with 7 face cream oils



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

The boys were talking when he entered Room 206, but they took their seats immediately. The room was dead silent.

Good, Rick thought. *That's the way it should be.*

He reached into his brief case and pulled out a blue-jacketed book titled Graded Units in Vital English. He said, "I'd like to pinpoint some of your most common grammatical faults today, so that I'll be able to plan the remedial work we'll need throughout the term. Antoro, will you get these books from the closet back there and distribute them?"

ANTORO rose without a sound. He was a good-looking boy, with sandy-brown hair and brown eyes. He walked to the front of the room, extended his hand for the key Rick offered, and then walked to the book closet.

"You'd better give him a hand, Belazi," Rick said. Belazi rose as soundlessly as Antoro had. The book distribution was accomplished. Both boys returned to their seats.

"If you'll turn to Page One," Rick said, and watched the boys move like automatons. "Page One," Rick repeated. "Have you all got that? It's an achievement test. If you'll all look at Part A, now. It says, 'Select the correct word or words in each parenthesis.' Have you all found that?"

No one in the class answered. Rick frowned slightly, and went on.

"There's an example there of what's to be done." He read aloud: "EXAMPLE: He (done, did) what he was told. *Answer:* did." He paused again. "Do you all get the idea? I'll call on you, and you'll take the sentences in order. Don't be afraid of making mistakes. That's what I want to find out. When I discover your weak spots, I'll be able to fix them. Is that clear?"

The class remained silent.

"All right," Rick said, "will you take the first one, Miller?"

He had chosen Miller purposely, hoping the boy would start things off right. The first sentence read: *Henry hasn't written (no, any) answer to my letter.*

Rick read the sentence, and then looked at Miller. "Well, Miller, what do you say?"

Miller hesitated for just a moment. "Henry hasn't written no answer to my letter," he said.

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He knew the game now. Miller had started it, and the other kids had picked it up with an uncanny instinct. He listened to scattered sentences as he called on every boy.

Won't anyone borrow *you a pen?*

The player stealed *a base.*

She speaks worst *than her brother.*

Where was *you when the police*

O.K., Rick thought, *we can pla*
from both sides of the fence. If we're
little smart guys, let's all be little

"Since we've gone over all the
class now, and since I gave you the
swer for each sentence, the homew
night should be fairly simple," he s

"Home——" one of the boys
Miller turned in instant reproval.
"Shut ——" burst from his mout
could stop it, but he never finish
tence, apparently realizing the con
tence would be too incriminating.

But Rick knew the whole story n
class sensed it. A battle of wills
Rick's desk, and he watched it
ment, because it was obviously
was holding the minds of his clas
tive in a clenched fist. He had gi
leadership pitch on Monday, but h
a moment believed that Miller
leader. A troublemaker, yes, but n
to follow seriously. He revised
rapidly.

Rick smiled, sensing the conflict
bring the battle to a head. "Yes, h
he said. "You can begin copying a
questions into your notebooks rig

"Hey, what the hell!" Carter s
words were livid with outrage. "
the first week of school!"

"Talk about slave drivers ——"

"I go to work after school, teac

"That's enough of that!" Rick
tightened his jaws and calmly
copying the sentences. The hon
count as one of the tests the class
ing the term. It may very well dec
you pass or fail this course."

The rebellion ended as sudden
started. Miller flipped open his no
weary superiority, and the other b
suit while Rick watched them
sentences.

His victory, if considered such
been a hollow one. Aside from
tary elation he'd felt when th
broken to his will, he felt no real j

The bell sounded.

"That's all," Rick said. "Pas
down to the front of your row
Antoro, collect them please and
the closet. Your homework is du
when we meet again." He paused.
like to talk to you. Would you mi

The class began filing out. W
and Belazi left, Rick faced Miller

"What do you say, Miller?" he

Miller did not smile. His face
plete repose. "About what, chief

"I thought we had a little talk.

"So?"

"You led them today," Rick sa
being completely honest with th
you led them the wrong way. Wh

"Maybe you should of ough
your own business, chief," Miller
many guys who like whut happen
las Murray. Murray's goan to jail

"I had nothing to do with pres
Miller."

"No?"

"No."

"You jus' pure-white innocent
Miller said.

"But what about our talk th
Miller? I thought we ——"

"Mr. Dad-yay," Miller said, "
forget that li'l' snow job, O.K.?"

"I wasn't snowing you," R
right, he had snowed Miller. Tha
he knew. This was different now.

"Man, the snow was knee de

RICK stared at the boy, feeli
like the fellow who'd cried wolf.
capture Miller's loyalty on a false
The peg had turned out to be a
one, and now Miller had turned t
hadn't believed Rick then, and h
ing anything Rick sold from now

"I mean it, Miller," Rick sa
"You *are* a leader."

"I got a class now," Miller sai
go, chief?"

He walked across the room an
the door, seemingly about to sa

he smiled, shrugged, and left
t his desk.
rem der of Rick's teaching day was
a r etition of what went on in his
eriod nglish class. By the end of the
was s jumpy as a toad. He gathered
book and papers and stuffed them into
ei ca viciously. Then he went to his
at th back of the room, unlocked it,
ok o his topper, slinging it over his
e lo ed the door to Room 206, and
for e General Office.
Ha nond was standing by the time
when got there. "Oh, hello," she said.
lo. ick did not mean to be rude, but
nd w occupied with Miller and the
nt h d received from his classes, and
id t exactly discount Lois Ham-
rol the sequence of events.
was miling, her pale lipstick almost
ains her delicate face. "I've—I've been
g to ank you," she said in a low voice.
cre her eyes momentarily, and then
em ddenly. "I hope this hasn't hin-
ou any way. With your classes, I
'd h e to think ——"
" H lied hastily. "If anything, it's
Ma me a notorious figure."
I. th 's good," she said. "I don't know
t ir that boy. He just ——"
sm d and said, "Well, tomorrow is
I th the hard-
t w be over
s wk is gone."
pe ." She ex-
her hand, and
ick ook it she
d r fingers.
s ain. Very

't ention it,"
d.
tc d her leave
e. W en she was
e t k his card
e rk, inserted
th clock and
d. It was
d was tired
ou get home.

5 e next day
s t as tired.
l class dis-
e at his desk
o over the
ea He rose oys of about
an began stuffing alked past Josh
Ed ards poked hing at them. Their
n. Pal," he said, nalt, and then the
h ay, huh?" I up.
o case. said abruptly.
ig d. "As y?"
l hile crain' us."
ir le as it ring the even cadence of
'l Rick omething came alive in his
, pha'ed, "Josh!" and wished des-
e ike were sober.
T owck at the same instant. There
u Jtold. The three who had gone
c ily came out of the darkness,
c path. Rick turned, trying to
" r four boys who were closing fast.
addy-oh." The voice came out of
, and if he'd had any doubt be-
c as no doubt now.
ned beside him. "Back to back,
id.

were glad about how things had
This was an ideal trap, worthy
, worthy of cutthroats anywhere.
liked it better if Daddy-oh had
but the shrimp with him was
worry about.
em shouted, "This is for Douglas
bastard," and threw his fist and
ect with flesh and bone. He felt
head lurch back, felt the teacher
ainst the shrimp's back and then
swinging wildly.
boy slammed his fist on the back
h's neck, and Daddy-oh grunted
rward, and another of the attack-
his knee up. Daddy-oh grunted
then swung out and one of the
s fist and backed away respectfully.
oh was facing the side with four

Josh put his glass down and said, "This has been a week, Rick. A mighty week."

"Are you disappointed?"

Josh seemed to consider. "Not really. No, I think the kids'll shape up. This is just an adjustment period, I suppose. Me to them and them to me." He paused and added, "I hope."

"They're not exactly what I'd call and students."

"No, not exactly," Josh answered, "But they'll come around. I'm not because any Einsteins."

"Another drink?" Rick asked. and his me split this." The bartender ca ging until Rick ordered two more of the sa ement and

"We're lacking music," Jos he stomach. music when I drink." He ros ause his arms the jukebox, fishing a quarte

and stabbing at five butte opped struggling to the bar, finished his his briefcase and then straddled the stool the gutter, tearing Let's have another one, ok, and then ripping

He signaled for th g, and breaking the heard the whir of th ng it over with a knife. record onto the turn got ideas, but the sport den blast of an orc en the sport is over you room. orhood before the cops

"Kenton," Josh e kid put the knife away far advanced for th all strolled off down the the street lamp near Third

DEATH OF THE OLD FARMER

By BARBARA SHOOK

The long days pa morn-
boards crea of the
Shutters clasp RD BEECHER
and spe
"It's harv
he's g to
The pe e was
w ser, and
glanced up

e kitchen wall had become
could almost see eyes on it,
t the advancing black hands
grinning mouth.
ard the key in the latch, her
breath caught in her throat.
She whirled and shouted,
"Rick? Rick?"

And then the door was open, and he stood there, blood caked on his mouth and streaked on his face, his left eye almost closed, his cheek ripped wide in a flap of flesh. His suit was torn, his new suit, and there was a rip in his shirt, and she saw the flesh of his chest.

"Rick," she said, "Rick," and led him into the apartment. "Darling, oh my darling, my poor darling."

He didn't speak. He flopped down onto the couch, lifting his legs as if the effort was an extremely painful one.

"I'll get a doctor," she said in a rush, and he shook his head. She stood there not knowing what to do, knowing only that he was hurt badly. She ran to the bathroom, unable to control the tears. She got iodine and peroxide, and gauze and adhesive tape, and rushed back, helping him out of his jacket. She undressed him, biting her lip when she saw the bruises on his body, almost screaming when the red welts were exposed.

"Darling, darling," she kept repeating through her tears, working hastily with her medicines and her bandages.

She splashed peroxide into the wound on his cheek and Rick winced, and she said, "Oh, I'm sorry," and he said, "That's all right." She put the flap of skin back into place, wondering if that were the right thing to do, and then she covered it with gauze and adhesive tape and began treating the other cuts on his face.

"They didn't hurt your teeth," she said.

"No," he answered.

"Were they ——"

"The boys, yes. Me and Josh. I took him home first. We got a cab. I'm sorry, honey, but he ——"

"It's all right," she said.

"We were high. We shouldn't have got high. We'd have stood a better chance ——"

"How many were there?"

"Seven, I think. Big kids."

She washed his face, and then got him into his pajamas and threw a robe around his shoulders. She got a pot of coffee going, remembering something about hot drinks being good for shock.

He drank the coffee gratefully. He began telling her what had happened then, leaving nothing out. She listened with her hands clenched in her lap. When he finished his story and his coffee, she sat beside him on the couch and held him close to her breast, stroking his face.

They sat silently and after a long while Rick said, "I think I'll survive, don't you?"

"You'd better," she said. "I'm too young to be a widow."

He laughed, and she laughed with him, and she knew that everything was really going to be all right.

The first snowfall came on Monday, October nineteenth, a little more than a month after Rick and Josh were attacked. His face bore no marks now. The wounds had healed very rapidly.

He was not afraid of facing the boys again. That did not enter his mind at all. He was surprised, on Sunday night, when Anne asked, "Are you going back, Rick?"

"Why, of course I'm going back." Anne had stared at him and then nodded, and he knew she'd been pleased over his decision.

He tried to forget about his face on that Monday after the beating. And when Stanley asked what happened, and of course Stanley knew damn well what had happened, Rick had made some inane remark about having run into a belligerent doorknob.

The kids knew what had happened too. The kids got the story straight from the horse's

Cheerful homemakers choose
PEQUOT PASTELS



Carol and her architect husband are living in a small, rented house while their dream house is a-building.
Carol is a planner too, here she is enjoying one of the lovely things she has already acquired for her new home—Pequot sheets. She's probably dreaming of how well the newest shade, Orchid, will look in the master bedroom! Good planning Carol!



Harmony of line and color is the keynote of Marian's modern split-level home. Here's a living example, her daughter Nancy's cheeks and the delicate hue of Pequot sheets in pastel pink!



Sue is a stylist, noted for her unconventional creations. Something of the same daring is to be found in the way she has furnished her apartment. Color is boldly used, yet the overall effect is as subtle as the Pequot Candlelight sheets she has selected for her bedroom.

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He walked across the room an
the door, seemingly about to sa

INUED FROM PAGE 129

'm jus' tryin'a figure how to tie
nglish class, tha's all."
ently, sipping their drinks, lis-
lence of the bar now that Josh's
juke had been exhausted. A
ghteen came into the room, and
him walk to the cigarette
unch out a pack. He glanced at
. and then left the bar.
o home," Rick said suddenly.
ant."
itions," Josh said. "How does
father?"
m not one yet."
, Rickie?"
counting on his fingers, and
d. "Soon." He stood up and
his topper.
y," Josh said.
lit it," Rick offered.
his's on me." Josh put a bill on
and waited for his change.
go home, Rickie?"
l Avenue."
ou down," Josh said.

ut of the bar and into the dark-
eet. The street lights had come
warm yellow glow on the con-
oked up at the sky, receiving an
ression of blackness and pin-
s, and realizing it was later than

home," he said. "Got to hurry."
sh agreed.
a narrow side street behind the
stores that
d Avenue. A
urned at the
e block, but
in darkness.
down the street,
footsteps be-
most instantly.
dy comin',"
hout turning.
ome," Rick answered, trying to
n Anne, and worried lest she was

d the footsteps grow closer, and
past them, and they glanced up
y.
kids," Josh said.
e three of them, boys of about
so, and they walked past Josh
hout even looking at them. Their
ed on the asphalt, and then the
llowed them up.
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Wha's funny?"
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One of the boys grabbed Daddy-oh from behind, struggled for a grip in his short hair, and then gave that up as a sorry task. He lopped his arm around Daddy-oh's neck, tightening his forearm across the Adam's apple, pulling his head back.

"All right, you bastards," the shrimp kept yelling, but the shrimp was on the ground now, and feet had taken over because it was easier to use feet when a guy was down.

You had to hand it to Daddy-oh because he went down swinging all the way. He hadn't said a word. He was spitting blood, and his clothes were torn, but he kept swinging until they dragged him down to the pavement and gave him four sharp blows to the stomach. He stopped swinging then because his arms were pinned to his sides.

They gave it to him. He stopped struggling at last, and they grabbed his briefcase and dumped everything into the gutter, tearing the papers and the notebook, and then ripping the stitching on the bag, and breaking the clasp, and finally working it over with a knife. The kid with the knife got ideas, but the sport was over now, and when the sport is over you get out of the neighborhood before the cops show on the scene. The kid put the knife away reluctantly, and they all strolled off down the street, heading for the street lamp near Third Avenue.

The clock on the kitchen wall had become a leering face. She could almost see eyes on it, could almost twist the advancing black hands into a crookedly grinning mouth.

When she heard the key in the latch, her breath caught in her throat. She whirled and shouted, "Rick? Rick?"

And then the door was open, and he stood there, blood caked on his mouth and streaked on his face, his left eye almost closed, his cheek ripped wide in a flap of flesh. His suit was torn, his new suit, and there was a rip in his shirt, and she saw the flesh of his chest.

"Rick," she said, "Rick," and led him into the apartment. "Darling, oh my darling, my poor darling."

He didn't speak. He flopped down onto the couch, lifting his legs as if the effort was an extremely painful one.

"I'll get a doctor," she said in a rush, and he shook his head. She stood there not knowing what to do, knowing only that he was hurt badly. She ran to the bathroom, unable to control the tears. She got iodine and peroxide, and gauze and adhesive tape, and rushed back, helping him out of his jacket. She undressed him, biting her lip when she saw the bruises on his body, almost screaming when the red welts were exposed.

"Darling, darling," she kept repeating through her tears, working hastily with her medicines and her bandages.

She splashed peroxide into the wound on his cheek and Rick winced, and she said, "Oh, I'm sorry," and he said, "That's all right." She put the flap of skin back into place, wondering if that were the right thing to do, and then she covered it with gauze and adhesive tape and began treating the other cuts on his face.

"They didn't hurt your teeth," she said.

"No," he answered.

"Were they ——"

"The boys, yes. Me and Josh. I took him home first. We got a cab. I'm sorry, honey, but he ——"

"It's all right," she said.

"We were high. We shouldn't have got high. We'd have stood a better chance ——"

"How many were there?"

"Seven, I think. Big kids."

She washed his face, and then got him into his pajamas and threw a robe around his shoulders. She got a pot of coffee going, remembering something about hot drinks being good for shock.

He drank the coffee gratefully. He began telling her what had happened then, leaving nothing out. She listened with her hands clenched in her lap. When he finished his story and his coffee, she sat beside him on the couch and held him close to her breast, stroking his face.

They sat silently and after a long while Rick said, "I think I'll survive, don't you?"

"You'd better," she said. "I'm too young to be a widow."

He laughed, and she laughed with him, and she knew that everything was really going to be all right.

The first snowfall came on Monday, October nineteenth, a little more than a month after Rick and Josh were attacked. His face bore no marks now. The wounds had healed very rapidly.

He was not afraid of facing the boys again. That did not enter his mind at all. He was surprised, on Sunday night, when Anne asked, "Are you going back, Rick?"

"Why, of course I'm going back." Anne had stared at him and then nodded, and he knew she'd been pleased over his decision.

He tried to forget about his face on that Monday after the beating. And when Stanley asked what happened and of course Stanley knew damn well what had happened, Rick had made some inane remark about having run into a belligerent doorknob.

The kids knew what had happened too. The kids got the story straight from the horse's

The first hour of the morning is the rudder of the day.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

Cheerful homemakers choose
PEQUOT PASTELS



Carol and her architect husband are living in a small, rented house while their dream house is a-building.

Carol is a planner too, here she is enjoying one of the lovely things she has already acquired for her new home—Pequot sheets. She's probably dreaming of how well the newest shade, Orchid, will look in the master bedroom! Good planning Carol!



Harmony of line and color is the keynote of Marian's modern split-level home. Here's a living example, her daughter Nancy's cheeks and the delicate hue of Pequot sheets in pastel pink!



Sue is a stylist, noted for her unconventional creations. Something of the same daring is to be found in the way she has furnished her apartment. Color is boldly used, yet the overall effect is as subtle as the Pequot Candlelight sheets she has selected for her bedroom.

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Pequot Mills

"All about Sheets" and "Easy Sewing Magic With Sheets" are valuable, informative booklets every woman should have. Send 10¢ for each booklet to cover mailing to: Dept. L-6, Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

mouth—all seven horses, in fact—and the kids knew that Daddy-oh and Edwards had been worked over but good on Friday night. The kids knew it, and they liked it.

And so the silent treatment, which had begun on the day after Small's delightful little speech, ended just as abruptly. Rick was surprised by the change. The kids settled down to normal, for a vocational school, behavior. They called out, and they shouted, and they laughed, and they cursed, and they were disobedient and plain ornery. And Rick settled down to trying to teach them.

He found the I.Q. of every boy in his classes listed on their permanent record cards. He checked all the cards, making a rough computation and coming up with an average intelligence for the class of 85. He was familiar enough with the Stanford-Binet test to know that an I.Q. between 80 and 90 was considered Low Normal.

Santini, the smiling boy, had an I.Q. of 66, and the Stanford-Binet test classified anyone within the 50-to-70 range as a moron.

There was one boy with the surprisingly high I.Q. of 113. In Rick's mind, the Stanford-Binet table took photographic shape and form:

Normal	90-110
Superior	110-120

He looked at the figure on the record card again—113. And then he looked at the boy's name:

MILLER, GREGORY

On impulse, he turned to the card headed WEST, ARTHUR FRANCIS, almost relieved when he saw an I.Q. listing of 86. He left the records with a new knowledge, and wondered why a teacher in a vocational school wasn't told about little unimportant things like average I.Q.'s before he started teaching.

He spent the next week observing his classes. He taught, or tried to teach, while he was observing, but he was really stalling for time, trying to learn all the things he'd never been taught. He sensed that the beginning of the teaching process had to come from the kids themselves. He knew that there could be no beginning unless the kids desired it. Standing up there in front of the room and throwing facts at them was a waste of time, until they realized that there could be no teaching and no learning unless there was a give and take.

At ten minutes to four, when Rick was leaving the building, he met Josh Edwards and Lois Hammond. Lois said, smiling pertly, "This has been a very special day, Rick."

"Oh, really? What happened?"

"I've been put in charge of the newspaper," Lois said.

"Well. Are congratulations or condolences in order?"

"It's a very important job," Lois said primly.

"Well, then, congratulations." Rick turned to Josh. "How were *your* monsters today, boy?"

"So-so," Josh answered. "I'm getting there."

"Well, fine," Rick said with false enthusiasm, looking at Josh again. The beating had done something to Josh. He was not looking well lately. There were heavy pockets of shadow beneath his eyes, and his cheekbones stood out too prominently.

"Unless you like walking in the snow," Josh said, "I can give you a lift to the bus stop. I've got my brother's car."

"Nothing I like better than a walk in the snow," Rick said, attempting to get a smile out of Josh. "Unless it's a ride in the snow. Lead me to it, boy."

"I'm dropping Lois off too," Josh said.

They walked down the corridor and out of the building, and Lois took Rick's arm as they went down the steps. She looked at the slushy snow and said, "I hate snow. I'm scared to death of slipping."

"Careful," Rick said, aware of the pressure of her hand on his arm, feeling uncomfortable because he was used to Anne's hand on his arm, and this hand did not belong to Anne.

THEY began crossing the schoolyard, and Rick spotted Miller leaning against the fence, then he noticed West beside him with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. Rick glanced at Miller, and the boy smiled disarmingly.

"Hello, Mr. Dadier," he said politely. "Nice day, ain't it?"

"If you like snow," Rick said, smiling back.

"Oh, yes, I like snow," Miller said. West's eyes traveled the length of Lois Hammond's body, and then a smirk filled his mouth.

"Good night, boys," Rick said.

"'Night," Miller said. West did not answer.

"It's this way," Josh said. When they reached the car, he unlocked the door and walked to the driver's side. Rick helped Lois in and then slid onto the seat beside her.

Josh crowded in and Lois moved closer to Rick. Her foot brushed his lightly. "It's crowded," Lois said, smiling. "I like crowded cars in the winter. They're cozy."

Rick remained silent. He did not like this warm feeling within him and he did not like the feeling of guilt that accompanied it. He knew that Lois Hammond was a woman and it had been a long time since he'd looked at any woman, as a woman, other than Anne.

The car was in motion now and when Josh rounded a corner Lois was hurled against Rick. She lingered there for the fraction of a second and then pulled away.

He thought of Anne. He remembered the touch of her hair and the color of her eyes and he remembered her sweetnes
He thought of Anne and forgot
pletely.

"I'm going to bring my reco
week," Josh said. "Remember
about them, Rick?"

"Yes."

"Going to bring them in," Josh
the kids a lesson in jazz."

"Sounds good," Lois said, turn
for his comment.

"Yes," Rick said. "I think the

"I hope so," Josh said. "You g
don't you, Rick?"

"This is it."



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Look in the classified pages of your telephone directory, under Cleaners, for "Sanitone Approved Service." There you will find listed the Sanitone Dry Cleaner in your town.

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For years, you have heard that Sanitone Dry Cleaning makes clothes so much cleaner you can actually SEE the difference. Here's how you can prove it: send the coat of a suit to any dry cleaner—the pants to a SANITONE Dry Cleaner. If you don't agree that the pants look definitely cleaner than the coat, send the Sanitone sales slip to us and we'll refund* every penny you paid for cleaning. Try it. See for yourself that you really can wear clothes "for best" many more times if they're regularly Sanitone Dry Cleaned.

*Offer void after December 31, 1954

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fragrance I was wearing. He act
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n?" Lois said. She faced Rick
ick smiled back warily. Josh
to the curb and Rick stepped
and said, "See you all tomor-
ved at him but he spotted his
, running to catch it. Anne was
didn't want to be late.

k had his brief encounter with
s West was, coincidentally, the
ua Edwards brought his record
chool. It started like any ordi-
t that Rick had grown wary of
knowing that the students of
Trades had a knack for turning
nto the extraordinary within a
utes.
boys a written assignment to
then went over the test papers
d-termers. He was grading the
he became aware of someone
his desk. He looked up.
ed there with his thumbs looped
es.
West?" Rick asked.
d. "Give me the pass, hand-

d up at him. "What?"
me the pass, handsome. I got
hn."
West," Rick said tightly.
t to go to the john."
u, West. Sit down."
d stopped writing, anticipating
ps hoping for it.
West said, "keep the pass. I'll
"
around the desk and Rick
air back, blocking the passage.
going anywhere, West. Get back

o to the john," West said, his
"You want me to —— all over

filthy mouth, West," Rick said.
sit down, do you understand?"
t stop me from going to the

go when you learn how to ask
properly."
or the —— pass," West shouted.
give it to me or ——"
ounded at that instant. West
g. He smiled then with a supe-
t told Rick he didn't need the
yhow. "Saved by the bell," he
ed his back, gathered his books
lassroom.
d his brief case, thankful for the
eriod ahead of him.

o Unassigned period ahead of
-301. There was another English
. Edwards. They walked into the
like prisoners being forced into
. They looked at Edwards sitting
ooked at his goggles perched on
ked at the intense, serious eyes
goggles. *Man*, they thought, *why
such a ugly child? And such a bor-
bargain?*
ed into the classroom, and took
esigned to their fate. *What's it
y, Josh-wah? A letter to grandma
How you feeling, grandma? Your
othering you, girlie? Come on,
through with the attendance and

closed his Delaney book and
e boys. "I've got a surprise for
he said.
d of surprise?" Vallera asked.
se I think you'll like," Edwards

t?" Jones asked suspiciously.
a test," Edwards answered.
you'll like."
was walking to his coat closet at
e room. "As you know," he said,
not the only form of expression.
other means of expression too.
ulpture—uh—art in general. And
ther form."
he closet open now, and he was
something that looked like . . .
o you like that? A record player!
we're going to listen to some
ards said. He was walking back to
his desk now, the phonograph under one arm, the leather case of records dangling at the end of his other arm.

"What kind of music?" Pasco asked suspiciously.

"No long-hair stuff," Edwards said. "Today we're going to hear swing, and jazz, and even a little bop. I think you'll like these records. I've been a collector for a long time, and there's some exciting stuff here."

He was setting up the player, plugging it into the outlet. He said, "The player's not my own, but it'll do. Let's see now." He fiddled around in his record case, and came up with a shining black disk. "We'll play this one first," he said. "I Can't Get Started is the title. It's one of Bunny Berigan's best records."

He put the record onto the turntable, dropped the arm into place, and stepped back, a broad smile on his face.

So this is Bunny Berigan. What's so special? So it's a guy singing. Does he stack up against Como? Where does he shine to Tony Bennett? Guys singing are a dime a dozen. Who does Josh-wah think he's fooling? This is exciting stuff, huh? Ain't he got no stuff by the Hilltoppers?

"Listen to this fine trumpet work," Edwards said. "This man is the predecessor of James and Spivak and Elman. Just listen."

James? He mean Harry James? But who's Spivak? And who the hell is Elman? Man, this guy lives in another world. All right, so we hear a trumpet player. What else you got, Josh-wah? Come on, this one is almost over.

The needle raced through the record, clicked in the retaining grooves. Edwards lifted the record from the turntable and picked up another.

"This is the old Will Bradley combo," he said. "It's called Celery Stalks at Midnight."

"What else you got, teach'?" Brothers shouted.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

BEAUTY WONDERS NEVER CEASE when you reach for Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs . . . dainty cotton-tipped applicators that are the *perfect cosmetic accessories!* That's because they're especially designed to end make-up slip-ups . . . to give you the artful finesse you need to look simply ravishing from head to toe. They're *longer* and *slimmer* than baby's Q-TIPS . . . so right in size and shape, and so "talented", they serve as a "beauty operator" in the boudoir. And I reach for them all the time . . . when applying rouge and eyeshadow . . . as well as removing nail polish, mascara and lipstick smudges and the like. Q-TIPS come in a pretty dressing table box . . . with lessons in loveliness by that master of make-up Ern Westmore, to teach you beauty "Q's" of Hollywood stars such as:



Smoother, quicker nail care . . . rouging the right way . . . allure for the lips, eyes and brows . . . hiding flaws, hair helps and perfume pointers.

You cannot rely on faltering finger-tips . . . if you use cosmetics, you *need* Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs!

A WOMAN'S FACE IS HER FORTUNE (an old saying and a true one!) . . . so don't let a bad complexion "rob" you of your natural beauty! Instead, win it back . . . by letting me send you this:

SAMPLE OF CUTICURA SOAP . . . for if used *regularly* and *correctly*, it will make your skin *softer* and *smoother* in just 7 days! That's a promise . . . because CUTICURA (unlike leading soaps) is *superfatted* . . . and as it deep-cleanses, it supplements the natural oils of the skin and keeps your skin soft, smooth, supple, satiny and healthy. I'll send you a trial-size bottle of CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID along with the generous sample of CUTICURA SOAP. Send 10c to cover mailing costs. See OFFER #1 in box.



And be sure to use emollient CUTICURA OINTMENT at night to soften your skin and help clear up blackheads, pimples and other externally caused blemishes . . . then apply "*invisible*", greaseless CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID under your make-up during the day to speed healing!

DREAMS COME TRUE when you sleep on sheets of 100% Du Pont NYLON . . . for they answer every woman's *wish* to be luxurious and her *need* to be practical, too! Du Pont NYLON makes possible so many new advantages in sheets . . . sheets that are caressingly smooth . . . and give such an exquisite feeling of dreamy luxury. Yet Du Pont NYLON makes them amazingly *easy to care for* . . . light in weight, so *compact* they can be stored in little space and so-o-o *durable* they keep their delicate beauty through many washings and wearings! And speaking of washing . . . sheets of Du Pont NYLON wash so quickly and easily, are feather-light to handle and need little or no ironing. You'll find both regular and fitted sheets of Du Pont NYLON at your Favorite Store . . . in a rainbow of pretty pastels as well as sparkling white. And I suggest you get some of each . . . particularly the fitted sheets . . . which cut bed-making time in half and give a heavenly feeling of smooth, wrinkle-free comfort.

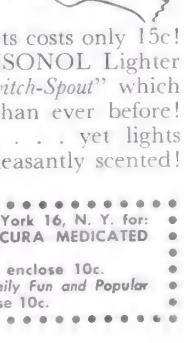


I KNOW YOU'RE PROUD of your beautiful furniture and want to keep it looking lovely . . . so you can thank your lucky stars for O-CEDAR DRI-GLO, the new miracle furniture polish that goes on in minutes and lasts for months. You see, it contains a modern, non-oily silicone ingredient that makes furniture *gleam like a mirror* with a long-lasting "*Bone Dry*" shine . . . yet all you do is smooth on DRI-GLO, let it dry and wipe off. That's actually all you do and DRI-GLO *protects* furniture, too . . . even spilled liquids can't mar its rich beauty. And finger marks whisk off like magic...dust can't cling to its "*Bone Dry*" surface! In fact, DRI-GLO is so good it's *guaranteed* to outshine and outlast any furniture polish or wax you ever used. You can get it at any Grocery, Hardware or Department Store . . . but I'd like you to get a



GENEROUS SAMPLE of O-CEDAR DRI-GLO . . . to let you try it before you buy it! See OFFER #2 in box!

ENTERTAINMENT WILL SOON MOVE INDOORS for the Winter . . . and with windows closed all day, you must be *sure* that the air smells fresh and inviting. And you can be if you use GOOD-AIRE . . . for I've tried *everything* and *nothing beats* GOOD-AIRE for making odors disappear! You just press the valve on the GOOD-AIRE can and poof! . . . household odors *vanish instantly!* Imagine . . . with only a touch of the finger, odors from cooking, bathrooms, pets and the nursery are *gone*. GOOD-AIRE also "does away" with odors from stale air and tobacco smoke . . . and that's *most important* when you're entertaining! So use GOOD-AIRE *every day* . . . because "*GOOD-AIRE is good etiquette*". It's only 98c for the regular size and $1.89 for the large economy size . . . at Drug, Grocery, Hardware and Department Stores. It's made by the makers of Bridgeport® Aer★A★Sol Bug Bombs and other Aer★A★Sol Products . . . you know it *must* be good.



I WISH YOU COULD SEE how glad people are when I bring out "*Sorry*" . . . the exciting slide-pursuit PARKER GAME everybody loves! It combines *chance* and *skill* to perfection . . . as each player risks "going back" to get his men from "Start" to "Home" before the others. And "*Sorry*" is such a *fast-moving* game it holds everyone's interest right through to the end . . . because at any moment an early "winner" can fall by the wayside! Two or three can play . . . but we think it's more fun when we play partners. And there's point scoring . . . which makes it a *perfect* party game. "*Sorry*" is just *one* of the famous PARKER GAMES you'll enjoy . . . "*Monopoly*", "*Clue*" and "*Keyword*", for instance, are equally absorbing! So get *several* PARKER GAMES . . . to keep you *and* friends amused on long Winter evenings. And then send for this:



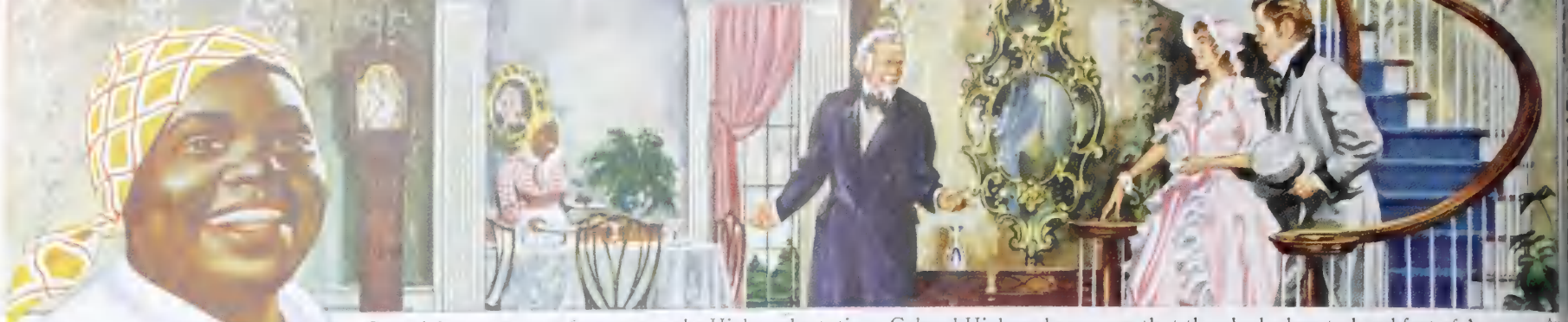
WONDERFUL BOOKLET . . . "*How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games.*" It contains tips on entertaining . . . plus suggestions for special party themes and refreshments. OFFER #3 in box.

DON'T NAG if your husband keeps forgetting to reflint (and refuel!) your beautiful table lighters . . . just take matters into your own hands! That's what I do . . . for it's so simple, really, to buy RONSON *extra-length* Flints and it takes only seconds to replace worn flints. But be *sure* they're RONSON Flints you buy . . . because they're *40% longer* than ordinary flints and give *500 more lights!* I find that RONSON *extra-length* Flints don't jam or powder, either . . . and since they're precision made and finest quality, they give the *surest sparks* of all! As for economy . . . well, the "*Five Flinter*" packet of 5 *extra-length* RONSON Flints costs only 15c! You'll want to get a couple of cans of RONSONOL Lighter Fuel, too . . . in its brand-new patented "*Switch-Spout*" which makes refueling *any* lighter *faster* and *easier* than ever before! What's more, RONSONOL costs only 25c . . . yet lights instantly, burns cleaner, lasts longer and is pleasantly scented!



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- ☐ OFFER 1 . . . SAMPLE of CUTICURA SOAP *and* CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID. Please enclose 10c.
- ☐ OFFER 2 . . . SAMPLE of O-CEDAR DRI-GLO. Please enclose 10c.
- ☐ OFFER 3 . . . PARKER'S BOOKLET "*How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games*". Please enclose 10c.



Overnight guests were frequent at the Higbee plantation. Colonel Higbee always saw that they had a hearty breakfast of Aunt Jemima's pancakes before they left. Soon the lightness and flavor of these pancakes became the talk of the countryside.

You can't duplicate it in a homemade batter; you don't get it in any other n

the matchless

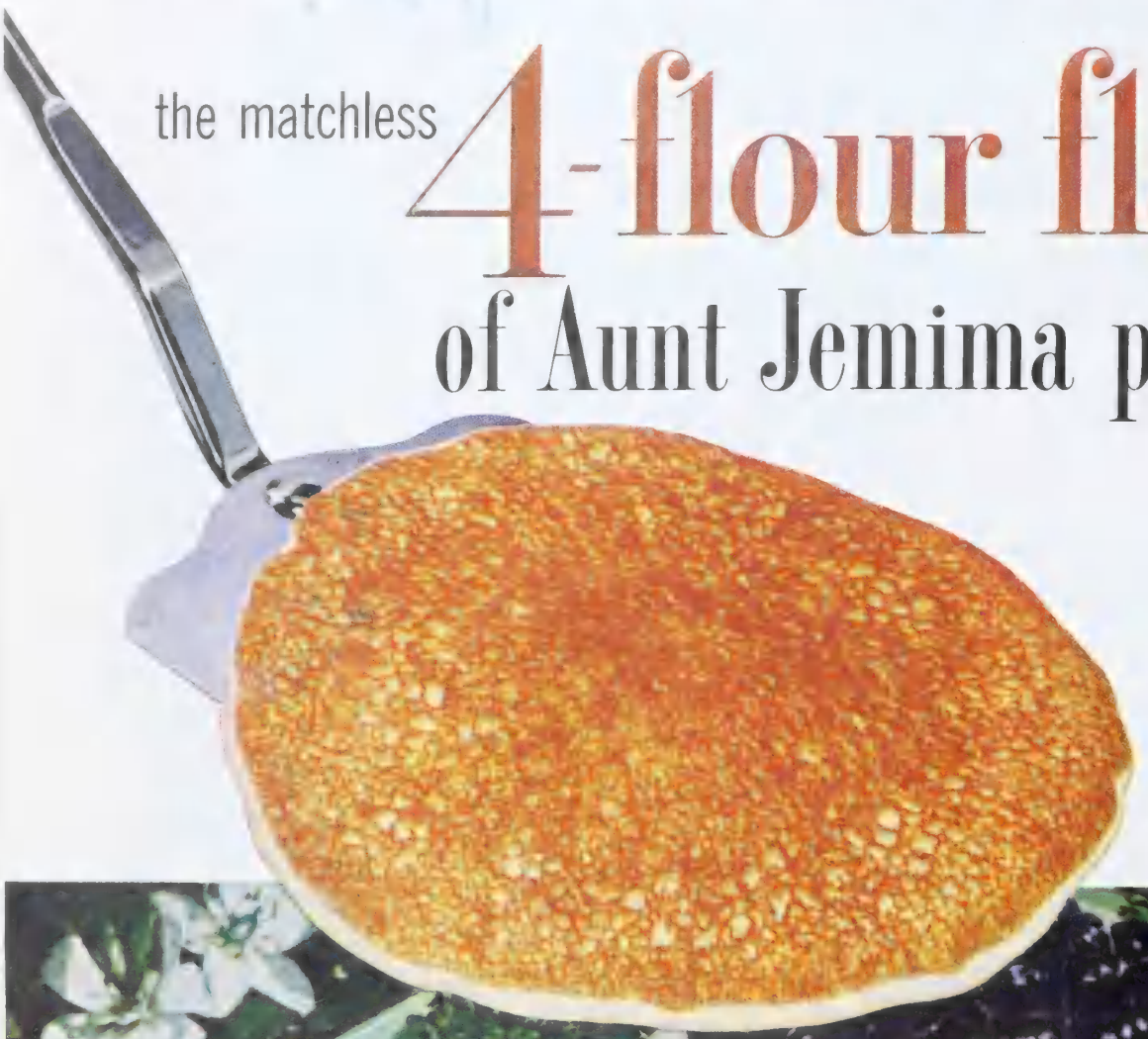
4-flour flavor

of Aunt Jemima pancakes



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The treasured Aunt Jemima recipe com
flours in a special way. **Wheat** flour for lig
corn for tenderness, **rye** for richness,
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Overlap slic
Canadian
hot Aunt J
cakes. Serv
berry sauc
sauce, add
of cornstar
of frozen
heat until
add a little

Listen to D
Breakfast Cl
and TV

TINUED FROM PAGE 133

good one," Edwards said, en-
ten to it."
any recent stuff?" Magruder

sten," Edwards said, his head
d the player.
me on, teach'," Kramer said.
ot nobody singin'?"
just heard Bunny ——"
mean somebody who knows *how*

, I have. As soon as this one is
I see what else I have."
it off now," Liggett shouted.
ifted the arm near the end of the
quickly took the disk from the
've got a lot of vocals," he said.
m, I'm sure, will —— Here's one
e Morse. It's called Cow-Cow

, Josh-wah!" Alexander shouted.
idin' in that damned box?"
our language, Alexander," Ed-
d.
s see what the hell he's hiding,"
outed to the class. Vallera leaped
nd started for the record case. Ed-
ed. "Sit
ra."
u got in
teach'?"
d.
n the

r Santa

ay from
ds!" Ed-
l.
nt some
' Vallera
ching for
Edwards
n away,
cked up
case, his
wide-

oose the
e yelled.
away!"
se some
!" Jones

the hell
ay," Val-
He shoved Edwards, and Edwards
nd then went flying back against
oard.
way from that case!" he screamed,
already had a record in his hands,
it up and shouted, "Clap Hands,
s Charlie!"
record ——" Edwards started.
nt to hear that one?"
he class shouted in unison, rising
seats, ready to join in the fun. The
already left Vallera's hands, was
rough the air in a dizzying black
he floor, and the crash was lost in

ee!" Vallera shouted. "You want
s?"
he class bellowed. "Throw it out!"

s saw the second record leave Val-
ds, sail across the room and smack
ll. He turned, whirling and rushing
llera.
abbed his arm and spun him back
t shoved Vallera away from the rec-
and yelled, "Here's Kalamazoo.
bid for Kalamazoo?"
Edwards yelled. "No! Stop it, stop
n't know what you're ——"
ord hit the wall, splashed off it in a
ng black pieces. Someone else was
ord case now, and Edwards was
ross the room. A boy in the first
out his foot, and Edwards fell for-
is face, his glasses shattering on the
his nose.
t!" he yelled. "Please, you don't
t ——"
d turned into a real party! If those
eren't smashing all over the joint
like hand grenades! Man alive, this was a surprise all right, the best damn class they'd had all term!

"Concerto for Cootie!" And another crash, and then the crashes came one after the other, like machine-gun fire, because everybody had his hands in the record case, and everybody was yelling all at once and throwing records.

THEN one of the boys grabbed the case, and shouted, "Here it goes!" He held it in both hands, swung it down beneath his knees, holding it the way a basketball player holds the ball when he's taking a foul shot. The case sailed upward and then plunged toward the floor, upside down, the records tumbling from their slots, crashing, shattering, the case thudding to the floor too.

"You stinkers!" Edwards screamed. "You dirty stinkers!"

The boys realized all this screaming and crashing around was going to bring somebody soon, so they cut out for the door, leaving Edwards on the floor with his broken records and dented case.

It wasn't until Rick came up from his Unassigned sixth period that he found Joshua Edwards. He walked into the room and saw Josh in the middle of the floor, his fingers idly running over the dented case, the broken records scattered around him.

"Josh!" he said. "What the hell ——"

"My records," Josh mumbled. "They—they broke my records, Rick." He looked up, and his face looked pathetically young without glasses, and there were thin streams of blood running down his nose. He suddenly began to cry bitterly. Rick put his arm around Josh's shoulder and Josh kept crying and saying, "Why'd they want to do that? Why'd they want to do that? They broke my records."

Rick kept his arm around Josh's shoulders, and listened to the sobs that racked his friend's body, and he wanted to cry himself, but he didn't.

The first note came on November fourth, the day after the Election Day holiday. It was not in the mailbox when Rick left for school that morning, and it was not placed in the mailbox until 10:44 when an overburdened mailman gave only a cursory glance to the small envelope typed MRS. RICHARD DADIER, and dumped it into the box for 11C.

The delivery of the note was preceded by an important flow of events at North Manual Trades which left no doubt about Mr. Small's reformative policy. The incident in Joshua Edwards' classroom had disturbed him deeply. The records had meant little to him. The record player, on the other hand, had belonged to the school.

The parents of every boy in Josh's sixth-period English class had been summoned and Small had informed them that Joshua Edwards would be reimbursed for his loss, and that North Manual Trades would be likewise reimbursed for the damaged record player. There had been twenty-six boys present that day, and the sum total of the damages had been divided by twenty-six. Small advised the parents that he would not like to call in the police, but he was sure they all knew that willful destruction of private or public property was a criminal offense. The parents got the point, and they forked over the cash, and there were many raw, red behinds that week, and a few battered heads. Money did not grow on trees, and being called to school was humiliating even when it didn't cost anything.

Nor were the red and aching behinds the only punishment the boys in Josh's class suffered. They were brought in a group to Mr. Small's office, whereupon Mr. Small delivered a shouting, ranting ten-minute speech. He concluded by telling the boys they would spend their next week at school in the auditorium, all day. They would come supplied with fountain pens, paper and ink. They would sit three seats apart from one another and there would be three Unassigned teachers watching them during each period. They would write all day long, "*I shall learn to respect the property of others.*"

Anne Dadier, on that morning after Election Day, had given Rick his breakfast and then gone back to bed, rising finally at 9:10. She went into the bathroom in her shorty nightgown, and when she spotted herself in the full-length mirror, examined her profile. She turned, looked at herself full-face, and thought, *You can hardly tell this way. Except that my hips have gone.*

She turned her back to the mirror, looking over her shoulder, her eyes traveling over her good, long legs. *This is the best view*, she thought. *All expectant mothers should be forced to walk backward.* She shrugged, and then brushed her teeth, washed her face and brushed out her hair.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN

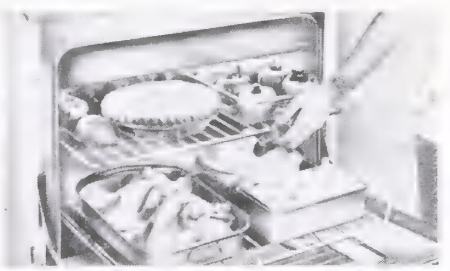
In a day of literary superlatives, there is one book for which the word "greatest" is slight. Abraham Lincoln called it "the best gift God has given to man." Among God's gifts, it is always there to turn to, in sad moments, in happy moments, any moment. This book of books is the Bible. It has passed the test of centuries of reading, yet has still more to give to each new generation. Those who know the Bible do not need to be told of its values; those who do not have only to turn to its pages to learn them. This year the Laymen's National League, an all-faiths organization, is observing National Bible Week, October 18-24.



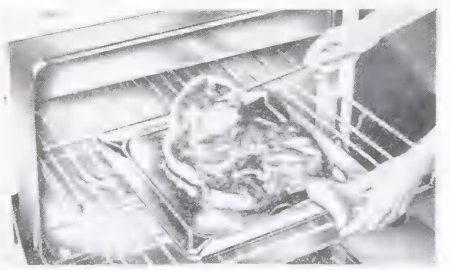
Every big range feature in this 30-inch Holiday

and the beauty of it is
–it's a **TAPPAN**

Whatever you want for easier, more enjoyable cooking is here at its best—in just thirty space-saving inches! Yes, only Tappan brings you *every* big range feature in the most modern, most efficient range beauty you've ever seen!



Food for thirty is a cinch in this large, roomy 24-inch Chrome-Lined Oven. Chrome lining is beautiful and it *reflects* the heat for faster, tastier roasting and baking.



Charkrome grill gives you steaks and chops with that seared-in flavor. Another example of cooking convenience is the grill location at an easy-to-reach height.

TAPPAN GAS RANGES
In models to fit every kitchen, every budget. For city gas, Philgas, other LP (bottled) gases and electricity. The Tappan Stove Co., Dept. L-104 Mansfield, Ohio



GREAT VARIETY SALE!

MANY STYLES! MANY SIZES!

DOLE HAWAIIAN HARVEST

Slices, Chunks, Tidbits, Crushed, Spears, Juice, Fresh-frozen Chunks and Juice—and Fruit
Choose your favorite cuts in the can size you prefer. All ready-to-serve! Extra delicious becau
Hawaiian Pineapple is brighter, tenderer, tastier! Good for you. And thrifty, too! See your gro

serve DOLE each day a different

...INUED FROM PAGE 135

...the new shine of her hair, the ...ment her pregnancy had brought ...*hat's not true*, she thought. *My ...ut a little, and I look better this* ...ted the brush strokes, and when ...she took a last look at herself in ... mirror. She left the bathroom ...the bedroom to dress.

... of December, Doctor Bradley ... it be nice if the baby were born ... Day? Or would it? It would be ... a sort of super Christmas pres... n't be very nice for the baby, ...use he'd miss out on either a ...nt or a Christmas present. It ...ir to cheat him of ——

...nk of him as him. *I suppose I ... want a boy. Rick wants a boy, I ... l love a boy.*

...Rick, do you know? she thought, ...d and reached for the slip her ...ven her. She put on a blouse and ... went into the kitchen where she ...offee going. She drank a little ... and made herself some toast, ...cups of coffee, and then decided ...get downstairs and do some

... her coat and locked the apart... down the hall to the elevator. ..., her colored neighbor, was ...ont of the elevator door.

...ne," she said warmly. Viola was ...n with a ready smile, and Anne ... feel a warm sort of happiness ...

...la," she answered, smiling. ... kids are holding the elevator ...Viola said. She shook her head. ...e." She smiled suddenly and ...do you feel?"

...he said.

...st met Viola Jackson two days ... she had moved into the proj... and, Fred, had been out sweep... ridor, and when they'd stepped ...r he'd explained, "If you got a ...ive in, you got to keep it nice." ...ed himself, and Viola—hearing ...on—had come out and joined ...ad been the beginning of their

... elevator now," Viola said.

...ped and they got in and punched ...or button. They got off in the ... Anne walked to the mailboxes, ... box.

... phone bill, and a handbill from ...rmarket, and also a letter. The ... neatly typed:

MRS. RICHARD DADIER
1935 East 174 Street
Bronx, New York

She looked in the upper-left-hand corner for a return address, but there was none. Anne walked to the windows near the radiator and unfolded the letter. It was a plain white sheet of paper. There was no date on it and no salutation. In the center of the page, neatly typed, were the words:

WATCH RICHARD.
THERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN!

The note was unsigned.

Rick almost missed Gregory Miller, walking past the stair well.

"Hello, Mr. Dadier," Miller said.

"Hello, Miller," Rick said briefly. "You cutting a class?"

"Why no, chief," Miller said. "I was just goan to the john." He held up the large wooden room pass. "You—uh—cuttin' a class, teach'?"

"What do you mean by that?" Rick asked.

"Why, nothin'. Nothin' at all, teach'."

"*Mr. Dadier*," Rick snapped.

"Sure. Mr. Dadier. That's what I said, wunt it?"

"No, it wasn't what you said. And you know it wasn't."

"You got somethin' against me?" Miller asked suddenly.

"I might ask the same of you," Rick answered.

"Me?" Miller asked, seemingly surprised. "What is it, chief? Why you got the knife out for me?"

"I haven't got a knife out for anyone, Miller. You're imagining things."

"You do, chief. You sure as hell do. Why, tha's what I like to know. Why?"

Rick stared at Miller. "Are you serious?"

Miller looked confused. "Why, sure I am."

"You've got the nerve to ask that! After all the trouble you've caused in my classroom? After all you've done?" He paused and then blurted, "I wouldn't be surprised if you were in on that beating I got a while ago."

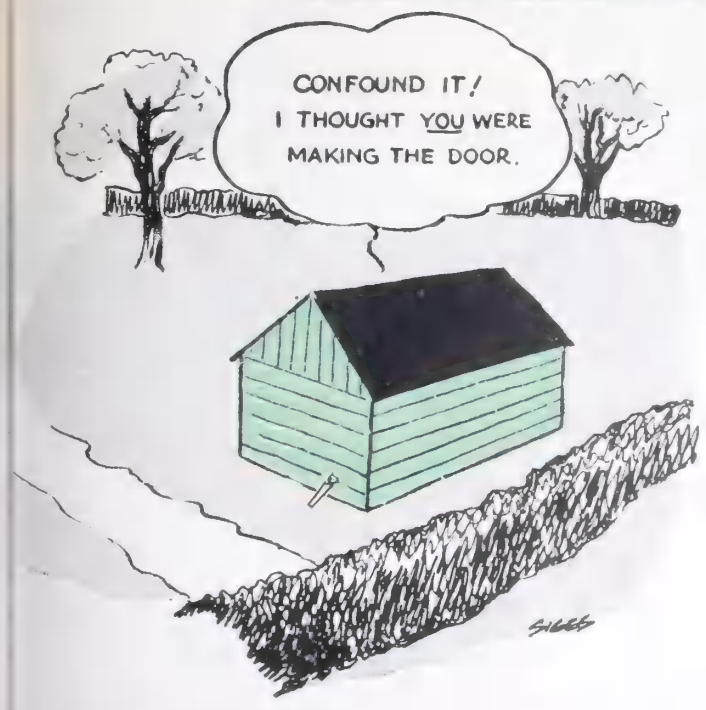
Miller's eyes tightened, and he looked at Rick soberly. "You doan mean that, chief," he said softly.

"I do mean it," Rick said, refusing to budge an inch.

"You really got it bad, huh, boy?" Miller said. He shook his head and glanced into the corridor, and Rick's anger suddenly bubbled over.

"Shut up, Miller," he said. "Just shut up, you little ——" He took a step toward Miller, and the boy backed off, his eyes narrowed.

"You gonna hit me, Mr. Dadier?" he said. "Tha's all you need, boy. Tha's all you need to wash you up. Go on, hit me."



Your Neighbors Will Tell You

...there's nothing finer than an ABC WASHER



"Shampoo" Washing's the Reason

ABC owners pass the good word. They'll tell you how gentle, thorough the ABC-O-MATIC is in washing clothes. "Shampoo" washing, with "Centric" agitation, is water-thrifty, super-cleansing . . . washes clothes in concentrated suds the way you wash your hair. See the colorful new ABC. Ask about the two separate washing cycles . . . for regular fabrics . . . delicate fabrics. You'll be glad you did.

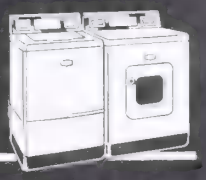
...and ...there's nothing finer than an ABC DRYER

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Want safe automatic drying? Better see the new ABC Dryer. The single drying temperature is pre-set to prevent overheating clothes. You simply dial the drying time on the colorful control panel . . . and forget line-drying drudgery. Clothes dry fleecy-soft and fresh, easy to iron . . . many pieces so wrinkle-free they need no ironing. Performance-proved ABC Dryer matches the handsome ABC-O-MATIC WASHER.



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ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY
Makers of America's finest washers and dryers
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Matchmates give YOU *a holiday from hard work*

Now!... "CHARCOAL" BROIL Right in Your Kitchen Range with KITCHEN BOUQUET





Costs so little ... Adds so Much!

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You don't need charcoal to "charcoal" broil. Just brush steaks, chops, hamburgers with Kitchen Bouquet—your broiler does the rest! That tempting "charcoal" broiled crust helps seal in all the savory meat juices!

Get more meat for your money! Cook the Low-Temperature Kitchen Bouquet Way!

Find full information on modern, low-temperature cooking—along with many exciting recipes—in the folder in each Kitchen Bouquet package. For over 75 years, good cooks have depended on Kitchen Bouquet to give meats, fish, poultry and gravy rich brown color, stepped-up flavor!

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Give everyday dishes a "party touch"... make them go farther, too! Just add a can or two of B in B Broiled in Butter Mushrooms. These choice hothouse beauties are real "lifesavers" for unexpected guests!

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Simmer ■ in B Mushrooms in their own buttery broth. Drain, arrange on platter of broiled chops, poultry, hamburgers or fish. Serve ringed with your favorite vegetables. Eat your fill... B in B Mushrooms are low in calories, low in cost, high in appetite appeal!

3 Convenient Styles!

■ in B Whole Crowns
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B in B Chopped Mushrooms



★ B in B BROILED in BUTTER MUSHROOMS and KITCHEN BOUQUET are products of GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO., West Chester, Pa. ★

Rick gained instant control of himself, and now that he was calm again he could not understand Miller's anger. Nor could he understand how a seemingly innocuous conversation had led to this explosive point.

"I'm sorr——" he started, and Miller backed off another pace.

"Go ahead, Mr. Dadier," he shouted, "go ahead and hit me. I doan know what's eatin' you, but I'd sure like to see you hit me."

Rick turned his back to Miller. "I'll see you in class tomorrow," he said coldly.

"And maybe you won't!" Miller shouted. He turned and started off down the hallway. Rick walked down the steps, his own anger slowly returning.

The little bastard, he thought. *The little black ——*

He stopped abruptly.

It's not because he's black, Rick thought. *That has nothing to do with it.*

Then why did you think that? What you think isn't important. What does Miller think? Miller, the boy you almost called a little black bastard. What does he think? Does he think you think of him as a little black bastard?

It had never occurred to him that Miller might feel that way. *That would be ironic*, he thought. *If Miller thought that about me. If that were the nub of all the trouble.*

Could he go to the boy and say, "Look, you've got me all wrong. I don't care what color your skin is"?

Could he do that? How could he make an issue of the color of Miller's skin and at the same time state that the color of that skin was a thing of no importance? And suppose he was wrong? No, he could not take the direct approach. If color was a sore spot with him, Miller would not want to discuss it frankly. And if it wasn't, there was no sense making an issue of it, and risking a fresh breach.

As it turned out, the whole thing was simpler than he ever imagined it could be. Miller, apparently forgetting his parting threat, diligently appeared at each English class, and it was during one of those classes that the opportunity presented itself.

The class was discussing a story Rick had read to them. Rick had asked Antoro a question, and Antoro had got to his feet and fumbled haltingly.

Taglio, bored, shouted, "Oh, sit down, you crazy wop. You don't know what you're talking about."

"You're a bigger wop," Antoro had answered, smiling, and Rick had stepped in, though he knew the boys were joking.

"That's enough of that," he said sternly. "I don't like name calling in my classes."

"I wasn't calling no names," Taglio said. "I was just kiddin'."

"That's the way it starts," Rick said. "Just kidding. Like a fist fight in the streets. You shove a guy jokingly, and he shoves you back, and the next thing you know you're at each other's throats."

THE class regarded him silently. He had their complete attention, and sensed that he was broaching a subject in which they were interested.

"All right, Antoro, you're of Italian descent. So's Taglio. You call Taglio a wop, and he calls you a wop, and everything's O.K. But suppose Levy calls you both wops? Is it O.K. then?"

Rick paused and waited.

"No, it's not O.K.," he provided. "It's not O.K., and you'll snap right back and call Levy a kike or a mockie."

"Aw I didn't mean nothin'." Taglio said.

"I know you didn't. That's just my point. You shouldn't use vicious expressions, whether you're joking or serious. Look, my parents are French. Do you know how many times I've been called frog? Do you think I like it? Well, no, I don't.

"Do you think Morales or De la Cruz or Rodriguez like being called spics? Well, I can tell you they don't."

He looked out at the class, saw the three Puerto Rican boys smile in embarrassment.

"Do you think Kruger or V being called krauts? Do you th Erin like being called micks Rick paused. "Do you think Mi or Baker like being called nig

The class stirred a little, ar they'd all used every one of th at one time or another.

"No one likes fun poked at H or nationality," Rick went on. tolerate it in my class. So don't kidding or not kidding. I'm Just don't use derogatory exp classroom. Is that clear?"

The kids remained silent. S nodded, and some of them fi seats. Miller smiled. He smile Rick could not read the smile, his little lecture had made a p of all, he felt he had delivered Miller.

THE executive ax began falli fore Armistice Day. Rick had would fall, nor did he even kno over his head. He considered visit to his classroom a part c cedure.

The department chairman ar 206 just before the fifth period tered the room smiling, walked "Hope you don't mind a litt Dadier?"

"Why—why, not at all," Rick

"I'll just sit at the back of th ley said. He took the last seat and opened a black notebook.

Worry is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere. —ANON.

The class ting Stanley behaving lik fore the Ch There'd be day, Rick k primarily on dents, throw the duller kid ley he was he steered aw and West, not wanting to risk ments.

At the end of the period, S the desk and smiled briefly. watch the distribution of your said. "You seem to favor sever

"Oh, do I?" Rick asked in watch that."

"Yes, do." He paused and notes. "Ever call on Morales?"

"Yes," Rick said, a little flu do."

"Nice boy."

"Yes."

"Ever call on Rodriguez?"

"Why, certainly. Yes. Yes, I

"Like him?"

Rick shrugged and smiled. Not too bright, but not a bad k

"Uh-huh. What about Mill didn't call on him once."

"Didn't I? No, I guess I d quite active in the class usually hoping Stanley would unders meant. Stanley did not return th

"I'll have a report typed up ance, Dadier. I may drop in ag

"Please do," Rick answered

Stanley began stopping by fr beginning, Rick resented the would watch Stanley scribblin the room, and wonder what St ing; he felt something like a bu scope slide of a noted entomol

He began to realize, after Stanley's visits were probably needed, and he found himself l to the unannounced appearan partment chairman. With pain admitted to himself that his st entirely to blame for the lack went on in his classes. He was cope with them, and unless so what he was doing wrong, he'd be prepared to cope with them ley's visits were the answer to h where he had made lesson pla fore, he now devoted more tim

CONTINUED ON PAG

Now even
igher, lighter,
more delicate
than ever!

is is the
gel Food
ke Mix
th the
ites of 13 country
sh eggs right
in the mix

WATER IS ALL YOU ADD

EW!

illsbury Angel Food Cake Mix





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

lined his lessons in the minutest detail. And when Stanley asked to see his plan during one of his visits, Rick felt amply rewarded, even though Stanley made no comment.

He was grateful, too, for the obedience of his classes whenever Stanley was present. He had never fully licked the discipline problem, and doubted if he ever would. He had succeeded, though, in forcing some sort of obedience out of the kids, usually by threats of homework or tests or visits from parents.

He tried to reach them, and he tried harder when Stanley was present because he did not have to fight the shouting and the ranting then.

There were times when they irritated him so much that he felt like chucking the whole mess and taking a job as a shoe clerk. And there were times when he simply did not understand. Like the afternoon four of his eighth-period students stayed after school voluntarily, helping him erase the boards and stack the books away in the closet. He'd found himself talking about Anne, and the baby to come, talking to these kids the way he'd talk to anyone else. When they left they all waved and said, "So long, Mr. Dadier. See you tomorrow." He'd liked the kids that afternoon, and couldn't wait to get home and tell Anne about how nice they'd been.

And then the very next day, those same four kids had raised all kinds of hell, creating a havoc he'd never had before in that class. The same four kids. What could you do when they ran hot and cold like that? He had no answer.

He had no answer to why Stanley dropped in so often, either, but he enjoyed the visits. He kept teaching in his own fashion, hoping for some miraculous thing to happen, hoping he'd break through if he simply kept at it, hoping he'd find the way.

He did not find the way, but he did find Stanley's reasons for lavishing so much attention upon him.

It was two days before Thanksgiving. Stanley had dropped in, taken his seat at the rear of the room, and Rick had taught as well as he knew how to teach, calling primarily on his best students.

At the end of the period, Stanley came to him and said, "You're unassigned now, aren't you, Dadier? I think Mr. Small would like to talk to you."

"Is—is anything wrong?" Rick asked.

"Mr. Small will discuss it with you," Stanley said noncommittally. "Get down there as soon as you can, Dadier."

"Yes, sir," Rick said.

He picked up his brief case and went down to Small's office, and told Miss Brady, the secretary, that Stanley had asked him to stop in.

"Oh, yes," Miss Brady said.

Rick walked to Small's frosted-glass door and knocked.

"Come in, Dadier," Small called, and Rick entered the room. He had not been in this room since the day of the organizational meeting, when Stanley had taken his new teachers to meet the principal.

SMALL indicated a chair, said, "Sit down, Dadier," and picked up his pen to sign something on his desk. He capped the pen without looking at Rick and then lifted his head.

"Now, then, Dadier."

He paused and stared at Rick, and the stare was a frigid one. "Do you like Negroes?" Small asked.

Rick blinked, surprised. "Sir?"

"Do you like Negroes?" He frowned at Rick belligerently.

"Yes, I do. That is, as much like anyone else." Rick's brow I don't understand, sir."

"What about Puerto Rican spics, Dadier?"

"Spics, sir?" Rick asked, prised by Small's choice of lan

"Yes, spics. Do you like th

"Why do you ask, sir?"

"I'll ask the questions, Da don't you like spics?"

"Sir, I like them or dislike t people."

"And just what does that

"It means there are Puerto Puerto Ricans I dislike."

"What about wops?"

"WOPS?" Rick asked, real by Small's vocabulary. "Italia

"You know what I mean about them?"

"Is this some sort of joke, si smiling and thinking he'd fou last.

"No, it is not a joke," Sma I'll thank you to remember t the ques happen cipal of Remem and an tion."

The from Ri may I a all abou

"No, what it i me, Dad think mockies donkeys niggers? Dadier?

"No," grily, "it you insi

"I n Dadier. you not rogatory classroo did you cial, rel tional g

"I cer Rick sai

"Sit Small s

"Did you use the expression classroom?"

"Yes, I did. But only to ex

"Did you use the expressio

"Yes, in the same lesson kids ——"

"And 'kike' and 'mockie,' D you, a Fascist? A Communist Dadier?"

"What are *you?*" Rick sho Inquisitor?"

"What?" Small sputtered.

"I used those expressions what should not be said. I use tive examples."

"*You did not!*" Small roare

"Are you calling me a liar, M asked, his voice cold white.

"I am telling you exactly wh to me by one of your own stu ing my conclusions upon wh told me and upon reports fron to the prejudiced teaching pra by you in your ——"

"That's enough!" Rick shou about enough, Mr. Small. I d fire me right this minute, do y I told you I used those expres examples. I never once, not i and not *anywhere*, ever referr group ——"

"This boy said you did," S his voice somewhat on the de

"Which boy?" Rick snapp

"A boy in one of your clas

"Who? What's his name?"

CONTINUED ON PA

CHILD TO WOMAN

By CANDACE T. STEVENSON

Red coat and hat, I saw her in the park
The tailored pigeons clustered round her feet,
A pretty child that one would scarcely mark
As more than any child, dark-haired and sweet.

I see her often now to woman grown,
With friends submissive to her winning ways.
I catch her words in gentle undertone,
Scattering round her little crumbs of praise.

Why show your age? You don't tell it!

25, Dry Skin Tells Your Age, If You're Not Careful!



'Moon Drops'... and these 3 new flowing cremes... can change your beauty life overnight!



'Build-Up' *Firming Facial for Tired Skin.* Lifts weary contours at jawline, throat, brow, corners of the eyes. 3.50*



'White Sable' *Liquid Cleansing-Creme.* Cleans skin cleaner, helps keep it younger looking day by day. 1.50*. With hormones, 2.25*



'Waking Beauty' *Night Creme.* Ultra-enriched night creme for sensitive dry skin that needs *extra* care. You wake to a *younger looking* skin. 3.50* and 6.00*. With hormones, 4.00* and 7.00*

*PLUS TAX

...rkable new formula acts like a 'fountain of youth' for dry skin!

...ou're only 25 — dry skin can make you look ...r than you really are! Yes, dried-out skin is ...iveaway of age. Small wonder, then, that ...f women are blessing Revlon for this new ...alm that combats dry skin as nothing else ...ps you stay younger looking longer than you ...ned possible!

...the lusciously smooth look and feel of a ...der skin? That's because a baby's skin con... ...h percentage of moisture. Unfortunately, this ...diminishes every day you live. Obviously, then, ...nt to look younger, you must *replenish* your skin's inner moisture every day. And that's just what 'Moon Drops' does! When you smooth this greaseless, flowing creme on at bedtime . . . when you wear it under your makeup by day, you can actually *feel* the moisture flow into your skin, helping it look smoother, fresher, *years* younger . . . 24 hours a day!

So economical to use, you'll say every drop is worth its weight in gold!

3.00* and 5.00*



Revlon's new wonder balm

'Moon Drops'

brings rejuvenating moisture to aging or drying-out skins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"I prefer not to divulge that," Small said, quietly pompous.

"He was lying," Rick said tightly. "He was lying, and you took his word over mine."

"Mr. Stanley substantiated ——"

"I called on my best students whenever Mr. Stanley was observing. I can't help it if he drew the wrong conclusions. If he'd visited my second-period class, I'd have called almost exclusively on Simpson, who happens to be the brightest kid in the class, and who also happens to be a Negro."

"Gregory Miller is in your fifth-term class," Small said. "He has an I.Q. of 113. I consider that bright, Dadier. Yet Mr. Stanley visited that class four times, and you called upon Miller only once. Why, Dadier?"

"Because Miller is a troublemaker, and I didn't want to risk trouble while being observed by the department chairman. I didn't call on Harris in my eighth-period class either, and Harris is pure white Protestant. But Harris is a troublemaker, too, and I wasn't going to put my worst foot forward while the department chairman was taking notes."

"I see," Small said quietly.

"Was Miller the one who put this idea into your head?" Rick asked. "Did he make the complaint?"

"I prefer not to divulge the boy's name."

"Why not? Don't you think I have a right to know?"

"No, I do not think so. You can understand that a complaint of this type demanded immediate action. Perhaps I was a bit hasty, Dadier, but you can't blame me for misinterpreting the facts, especially in the light of the complaint." He paused. "If I was wrong, I apologize."

"You were wrong, sir," Rick said, not able to resist the twisting of the knife, "but I shouldn't have lost my temper, either."

"In that case," Small said, smiling benevolently, "shall we let bygones be bygones?"

He extended his palm across th
Rick took it.

"There," Small said, "that's be
like tiffs in my school family, Mr.

Rick heard the added *Mister*, an
he had regained his position in th
esteem, or at least he felt he had.

"Well," Small said, "let's just f
this little incident, eh? I've alread
it, believe me, and I have a mem
elephant."

"Yes, sir," Rick said, backing t

He made his way up to the secon
started down the corridor. That w
heard the din coming from Josh
room, and he forgot his own tr
walked rapidly to Josh's room
through the glass panels. Josh sat c
desk, and the kids were romping
room, yelling at the tops of their
rapped on one glass panel, and Jos
him, and then walked to the door.

"Hello, Rick," he said, smiling.
new pair of glasses, and they chan
pearance of his face, but the sad
eyes, behind the new glasses, despit
changed the appearance of his face

Rick looked through the glass p
observing the disorderly conduct
"Any trouble, Josh?" he asked, c

"Trouble?" Josh's eyebrows cli
his forehead. "No, no trouble."
over his shoulder. "You though
quiet them down, Rick? I would
Not today, pal. Today is a very sp

"What happened, Josh?"

"Mr. Stanley and I had a deli
chat. I'm leaving. I quit."

"No. No, you didn't."

"Ah, but I did. Off for Thanks
that's the last I'll see of Manual Tr

The bell sounded and doors we
all along the corridor.

"I'll see you later," Rick said.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



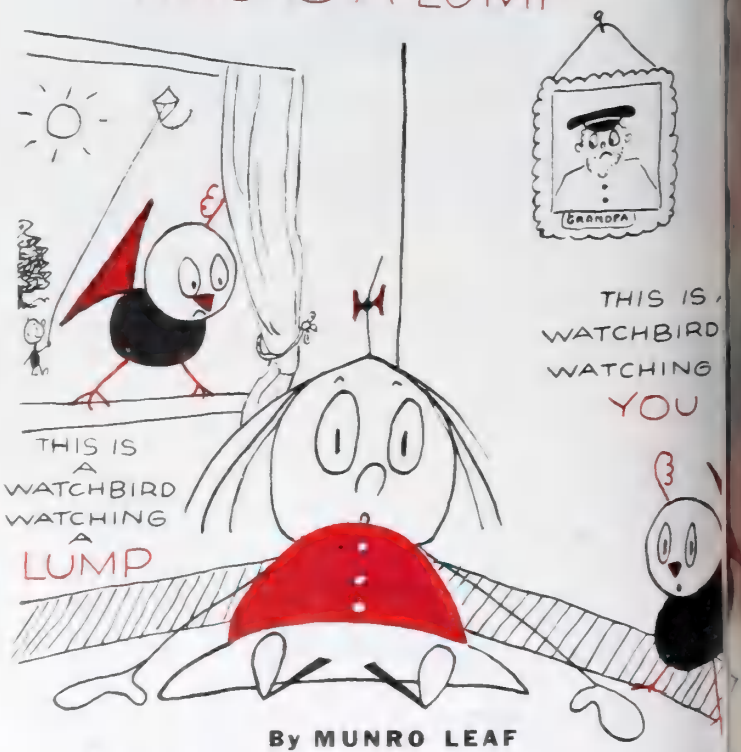
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EVERY KERNEL POPS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

THIS IS A LUMP



By MUNRO LEAF

THIS goggle-eyed goose slumped down in the corner is a Lump. It can't even get up to go outside on a beautiful day, because it has just about forgotten how to walk and play. A Lump just sits around and watches things instead of doing things itself. It doesn't work, it doesn't play, it doesn't make things, do things, and you wonder if it even thinks things for itself. It just watches and watches and gets duller and droopier until it is just a *Lump*. This one's grandfather had more pep at the age of ninety-two.

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Twenty guests - or just a few?
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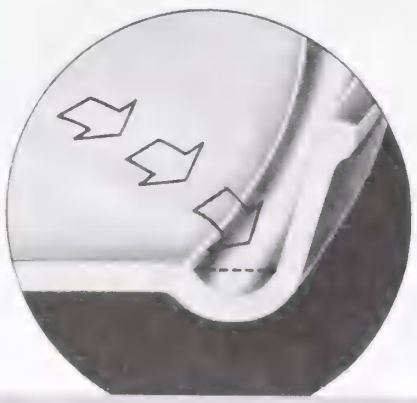


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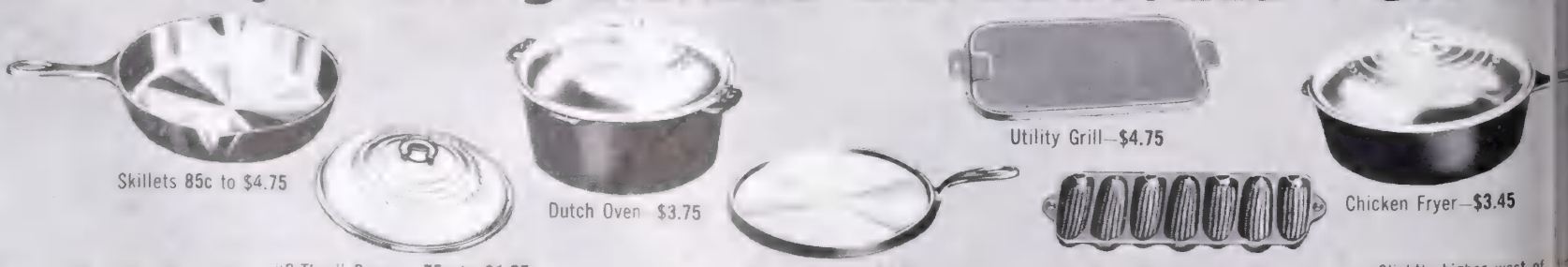
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Slightly higher west of

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

king about Josh all through the ighth periods, and almost forgot ish with Small. Finally it was day was over. He packed his cked up his coat, and locked the s waiting across the hall.

, boy," he said. "I've got my Come, let's go."

hed out, and when they reached sked, "Are you in a hurry to get

ought we'd take a little ride. Un- a rush."

.K.," Rick said.

ked the car. Rick opened the door when he'd settled himself behind started the car. He drove uptown, dly spoke until Josh turned onto iver Parkway. Then Josh said, cursing me out."

you mean?"

w, Rick. Quitter, coward, turn- l fit, don't they?"

el that way about it," Rick said, u quitting?"

good question," Josh said. "I that question a lot of times, Rick. od question."

y?"

t the beating, Rick. You took the and you're not quitting. The not that either. I loved those it wasn't the beating, and it cords. You're going to tell me the in September, ly November don't I give it I gave myself gument, and I up with the

t was that?"

no good. I'm

r."

silly. You —"

he truth. It's not my fault, because want to be a teacher—you know n not one. You're only a teacher learns from what you say or do. getting anything from me, believe

u're hardly giving it a fair chance. of breaking through to the kids, u've done that ——"

the kids, because they don't want a good teacher should *make* them n. There *are* good teachers in the chools, Rick, you know that."

—"

e, and we've got some good ones rades too. Do you know Sokoloff? good; and there's Jamison

y don't you stick with it?"

I'm no good, Rick. What's the ding myself? Could I live with my- that? Could I come to school all e being a teacher, fake it all the n, just blab all day long, and then d look at myself in the mirror and I'm not a fake? Could I do that?"

know, Josh. I suppose ——"

know I couldn't. I should have he day my records were smashed. er never gets into a setup like that.

chers ——"

n't, Rick. The kids respect them. e got no respect for me because I'm er. I can be a fake teacher or a real think I'd rather be a real man."

ve in silence, the evening shadows ; across the road. There was no e car, and their breaths fogged the Josh reached over to clear it with a d before making his U-turn.

doing the right thing, Rick?" he

know. If you feel right about it, I ght."

what *I* figured," Josh said.

ve to the project, and Rick glanced and saw how late it was. He hadn't called Anne, and he knew she'd be worried. He got out of the car and then leaned over when Josh opened the window.

"So you've got one more day, Josh," Rick said.

"Yes."

He had a sudden feeling that he would not see much of Josh tomorrow, and so he took off his glove and held out his hand. When Josh took it, he said, "Lots of luck, boy."

"Thanks," Josh said. Then he turned the car into the stream of traffic and Rick walked to the entrance of his building.

THERE were three notes. The first had come a long time ago, and said WATCH RICHARD. THERE'S ANOTHER WOMAN!

She had thought about it all that day, wondering first who had sent it, and then why. She did not for a moment attribute any truth to the message. There was not another woman, and there was no reason to watch Rick. *Richard*, as the informant had called him, which probably indicated that the informant didn't know Rick very well, or at least not well enough to call him by the name everyone else used.

The second note came a week later. She fished it out of the mailbox, and when she saw the neatly typed MRS. RICHARD DADIER, she knew this would be another note, and was tempted to throw it away without opening it. But she did open it and it read:

AT SCHOOL.
ALL DAY, EVERY DAY.

That was all, just that, but it started a new train of thought. She had never considered this before, never visualized the school as a trysting place. She always looked upon it as a place of labor, but now she began remembering stories about places of labor, stories about men and their secretaries, and she also began remembering Rick's part in an attempted rape long ago. She began thinking about the woman who had provoked that attempt, and Lois Hammond began taking shape in her mind.

Your friend is the man who knows all about you, and still likes you.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

AT SCHOOL. ALL DAY, EVERY DAY the note said, but after all, what *could* a man do at school, all day, every day? There wasn't even a coed teachers' lunchroom, unless Rick was lying about the talks with the other men teachers, and all his other time was occupied with classes and duty periods and what not. Of course no one said you *had* to eat in the teachers' lunchroom. Oh, nonsense! Picture Rick in some out-of-the-way place, holding hands with that Hammond woman. *I don't even know what she looks like. And I'm sure Rick doesn't either. And I can't see him holding hands with her. And even if he were holding hands, what's so terrible about that?*

She sat in the kitchen and stared at the clock on the beige wall. The notes were before her, three notes now, and the third read:

LOIS HAMMOND

And the clock read 8:22.

Rick was usually home by 4:30, at the very latest.

She looked at the notes again, and then she looked at the clock and vowed to discuss it with him that night, because if it was true, she wanted to know, and if it was not true, she wanted Rick to know. She picked up the notes and put them into their envelopes, and then she put the three envelopes into her purse.

She went into the living room and she turned on the radio. She was not frightened this time. She did not for a moment believe that Rick had met with another ambush. She tried not to think that he was with Lois Hammond, but she could not forget the notes.

He came into the apartment at 8:40.

She heard his key in the lock and stayed in the living room, until she realized it would look strange, her not going to the door. She rose hastily then, and rushed into the foyer.

He was closing the door, and she went to him and kissed him tenderly, but he didn't seem terribly interested. His face was tired and somehow sad-looking.

"How was it today?" she asked, trying to keep her voice light.



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4. Entries will be judged by R. L. Polk & Co. on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties.

5. °This contest is open to all residents of Continental U.S. and Canada except employees of PIONEER Rubber Co., and its advertising agencies and their families.

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"Lousy," Rick said. He shrugged out of his coat and dropped it onto the sofa. "I had a fight with Small."

"Rick, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did. And Josh is quitting and ——"

"What did you fight about?" she asked, momentarily forgetting her resolve to discuss the notes with him.

Rick sighed heavily. "Oh, we fought. He said I'd been intolerant in my classroom."

"What!"

"Honey, please don't have me repeat everything a dozen times. I'm ——"

"If you don't want to talk about it ——"

"I didn't say I didn't want to talk about it."

"I'm sorry, Rick," she said.

They were both silent for a moment. Then Rick sighed again.

"Someone made a complaint to him. You remember that little lecture I gave? My bright idea? Well, someone misconstrued it. Accidentally on purpose."

"Who?"

"He wouldn't tell me."

"What did *you* say, Rick?"

"I told him he was wrong. I told him . . . what difference does it make? We kissed and made up, but he's still a louse!"

Anne nodded, troubled by what Rick had told her, and then abruptly remembered the notes. "Have you—have you had supper yet?" she asked.

"No. Where would I have supper?"

"I don't know. I just thought—well, it's rather late. I thought ——"

"Oh, Josh and I went for a ride. I thought I might be able to talk him out of quitting, so we went for a ride in his car."

"You and Josh?"

"Yes, me and Josh. Anne, what's wrong with you? I just told you it was Josh and me, and now you ask ——"

"I'm sorry, it's . . . the chops got overdone waiting for you, and now everything is cold ——"

"Oh, I'm not hungry anyway."

She stood there awkwardly, whether he had already eaten, a him again, afraid because she lo ribly and did not want to lose hi

"Should I . . . some eggs, mayb of coffee?"

"Coffee," Rick said.

She went into the kitchen and ting the coffee ready. She called fr "Does Miss Hammond know J ting?"

"I don't know, hon."

She stood at the stove, her back room. "Did—did you tell her, Ri

"Me? Why, no. Why should I

"I—I thought you might have In the halls, here and there."

"No, I didn't tell her," Rick sai suddenly wished she was in the where she could see his face.

"Is she very pretty, Rick?"

"Who?"

"Lois Hammond."

"I suppose so. If you go for th

"What type?"

"Dark. Busty."

"She's dark?"

"Yes."

"And . . . busty?"

"Very."

"Oh."

"I like blondes," Rick said fro room, and again she wished she see his face.

"Do you now?" she asked, try her voice sound light.

"Indeed I do."

He was suddenly behind her, circling her waist. He'd entered th softly that she hadn't heard him. mouth on hers, and clung to him ti ing, *The notes are crazy, this is my with Josh, the notes are crazy.* A pulled her lips away and pressed his tightly, her arms moving up neck, her fingers spreading, holdi

"Hey!" he said, surprised.

"Do you love me, Rick?" she a close to his neck.

"Why, of course I love you."

"No. I don't mean 'of course mean'"—she shook her head, he against his, not knowing what "I mean, do you *love* me, Rick?"

"Yes, darling."

"Even though I look like a hor

"You do not look like a horse

"I do, Rick, really, darling, deny it. But do you love me any

"Honey, honey," he said, strok closing his eyes, smiling. "Honey more than anything in this world

WILLIAM SMALL, in his own wor memory of an elephant." That m not ignore the fact that Richard D out of college, had in effect told S up. In reality, he had shouted, "Tha but this was the equivalent of "S

So when the yearly chore of p Christmas Assembly rolled aro which any teacher at North Ma would have happily shirked, Sma be condemned for choosing Ric for the job. Did he not have Stanle Dadier had done a lot of college

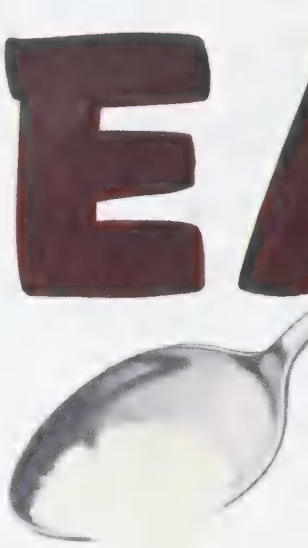
Of course Small could have r from his third-period hall patrol, one or two of his classes, was he be magnanimous. He was not of that, and so Rick carried a full p was left to his own devious mean ter of the Christmas Assembly. T means meant that he would have Unassigned sixth to the preparati sembly, as well as a good many hours.

Rick was truly happy about the to work at once. He ran off noti teacher and announced that a sea was on. He spoke to all his class assembly, and at night—forsakin plans—he wrote a show. It was for Broadway. It was intended f ment of the students and teache Manual Trades High School. wasn't a bad little thing. It dealt

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Manual Trades, accompanied
gels. Rick didn't know where
ally entered into the show, but
l get some of the senior boys
halos, and the costumes alone
l for a laugh.
asses about the show as soon as
d writing it. His notices had
results. Aside from a handful of
e turned out for anything from
ition to a discussion of nuclear
ere were such kids at Manual
d nothing to work with.
k came when George Katz vol-
e Santa Claus role. Rick ac-
ces gratefully. The Santa Claus
ally, the most difficult one in
Rick had planned it with a
l.
reak came in 55–206, and that
rise. It came from Miller.
ained in class after most of the
d left. Rick looked up, saw
ed, "What is it?"
hat Miller was the boy who'd
Small, and he had not forgotten
principal's office.
kin' 'bout your Christmas
adier," Miller said.
t it?"
angels you tole us about in
a lot of lines to say? I mean,
ot of memorizin' to do?"
much." Rick looked at Miller
y do you ask?"
a idea. Mr. Dadier. Whutchoo
a of colored angels?"
at Miller warily. "Colored
ked slowly.
d to be just as wary as Rick. He
evelly. "I figured maybe they'd
. well, I figured it'd maybe be
aughs, you know? Like four or
m white sheets, with halos. You
s for laughs, don'tchoo? You
onna get seniors, if you could,
ig. I got some friends, Mr.
y not on'y big, they black."
know," Rick said, undecided.
ds of mine," Miller went on.
sing aroun', you know, and
ld do a Christmas carol, if you
good on Silunt Night, and they
t Ye an' all the others." Miller
gly embarrassed. "You—you
on colored boys in the show,
rse," Rick said. "I just don't
might be good," Miller said
d and then said, "How do you
. . . colored boys would react
in the audience."
you think somebody goan take
er smiled confidently. "Naw,
ries there. They'll jus' think it's
a's all."
now," Rick said, really not
," Miller said, possessed of a
you know Green Pastures?"
Rick said, surprised that Miller
ith the play.
red angels in that one, Mr.
even a colored God. They did
the Y in Harlem, and nobody
it. It'll be all right, you'll see."
k said, nodding his head,
ld. Look, Miller, let me check
Small today. If he likes the
you see, I don't want to offend
ikes it, you can tell your friends
sed. "I hope, Miller, that *you*
n coming out for the show too."
I was," Miller said, surprised.
bass in the group."
," Rick said. "I'll let you know
row."
d with Mr. Small that afternoon,
in favor of the idea. He was es-
d that the idea had come from
ents.
ay, Rick passed the informa-
ller. He asked the boy to wait
was annoyed when West waited

"I want to talk to Miller alone," he said to West. "Would you mind waiting outside?"

West shot Rick a disgusted glance and then walked to the doorway.

"I spoke to Mr. Small, Miller," Rick said, keeping his voice low. "He thinks it'll be fine."

"Tha's good," Miller said, smiling. "I'll tell the boys. When do we start?"

"Well, can you get me the boys' programs, so I can arrange some sort of schedule?"

"I'll get the programs," Miller said. He started for the door, turned. "An' thanks, Mr. Dadier."

West, standing in the doorway, said, "What're you doin', Greg?"

The two boys passed out into the corridor, and Rick did not hear Miller's answer.

Was Miller plotting some trick? If Miller had been the one who'd complained to Small, couldn't this be some sort of extension of his complaint? Was it possible he'd try to foul up the show?

Rick made up his mind to watch Miller and the other angels very carefully, and to drop them from the show at the first sign of any sort of trouble.

As it turned out, his fears were entirely ungrounded.

There were six angels in all, counting Miller. They were all big boys, with one member of the sextet standing at six-two. Miller, in fact, was the shortest boy in the group, and Rick arranged them according to height.

The angels were surprisingly co-operative. The speaking roles, as Rick had written them, were not really individual parts. He surmised correctly that the success or failure of the angels would depend upon their actions as a group. Everything they said, therefore, was said in chorus.

Rick introduced Mr. Katz to the boys and told them he'd be playing Santa Claus, and that the angels and St. Nick would have to work very closely together. Rick handed out copies of the angels' parts, and then they all

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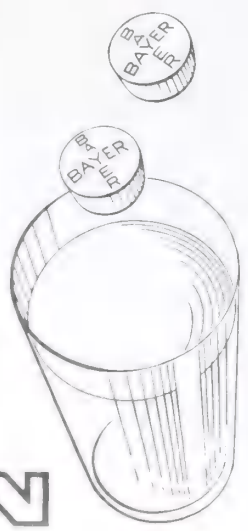
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BAYER
ASPIRIN

sat on chairs in the center of the stage and began reading the parts.

They'd read a few paragraphs when Rick noticed that one of the angels was silent. He called a halt and asked, "Is there any trouble there? I'm sorry, I don't remember your name."

"He Brown," Miller said. "He can't read so hot, Mr. Dadier. We'll teach him his part. Don' worry. He can't read so hot, but he got a good memory."

"Well, all right," Rick said reluctantly. "Let's take it from Santa's second speech."

GEORGE KATZ had memorized the role, and he gave it all the stiffness of the Magna Charta. Rick let that pass because he was sure the stiffness would work out once he began walking the show through. Besides, the choral speaking was presenting more of a problem than George Katz's interpretation of St. Nick.

They went over one passage several times, with Rick trying in vain to synchronize them.

"We tacklin' this all wrong," Miller said. "We not givin' what Mr. Dadier wants. You want this together, don' you, chief?"

"Yes, I do," Rick said.

"Yeah. Well, we ain't doin' that." He looked at the script and said, "Look, fellers, you see there where Santa Claus he say, 'How're all my heavenly messengers today?'"

The boys nodded and mumbled, and Miller said, "O.K., so his last word there is 'today.' Now, here's the beat. One-and-two-and. You got that? One-and-two-and. Then we suppose to say, 'Oh, we jus' fine, Santa.' O.K., so we speed up that one-and-two-and, an' then we come in on the down beat. We say, 'Oh' on the down beat, an' then we stop a beat, an' then we say, 'we jus' fine, Santa.' Now, you got that?" The boys talked it up a little more, studying the script.

"You want to give us that speech, Mr. Katz?" Miller asked.

George Katz stiffly said, "How're all my heavenly messengers today?"

Miller said, "One-and-two-and Oh, beat, we jus' fine, Santa." He paused and looked at the boys again. "O.K. I'll give you the beat one more time, then we'll try it in our heads. Could we have that line again, Mr. Katz?"

"How're all my heavenly messengers today?" George Katz asked stiffly.

"One-and-two-and," Miller whispered.

"Oh," the boys said in chorus together—and Miller whispered "beat"—"we jus' fine, Santa."

"That was very good," Rick said, surprised and pleased. "Let's mark that on the scripts. We'll do that for every speech you boys have."

"Could we try it silent, Mr. Dadier?" Miller asked. "Doin' the countin' inside our heads?"

"Why, certainly," Rick said.

George Katz dutifully said, "How're all my heavenly messengers today?"

"Oh," the boys said in chorus, "we jus' fine, Santa."

"Very good," Rick said, excited now. "That was excellent. Now if we can do that for all your speeches ——"

"We can do it," Miller said confidently. "It's jus' like singin', chief, 'cept there's no melody."

They went through the script, marking out the rhythm of the speeches, Rick deciding where the pauses should be. When the bell rang at the end of the fourth period, he reluctantly walked up to Room 206. Miller was in the room already.

"Hey, teach'," Miller shouted watch that stuff."

Rick, still happy over the reh and asked, "What stuff, Miller'

"Draggin' in after the late b settin' a bad 'zample for the pu

The class laughed, and Rick ler, surprised.

"Well, ain'tchoo, chief?" Mi eyes roguishly innocent.

Rick, still a little stunned, sai so, Miller."

"You spose so? Hell, mai know?" Miller asked. "You stupid!" and the class roared its

"He's confused," West sneere

"That's enough of that," Ric suddenly shocked into reactio knock it off."

"Knock it off!" West shouted the man."

"He say 'Knock it off,'" Mille when he say 'Knock it off' ——

"He *means* knock it off," We clapping Miller on the shoulder

Rick blinked at Miller. Was helpful kid w out t rhythm torium believe let it he co stand days t he lea fact.

He Miller the r game, rules and un just as an arbi fore the English over w not st drew a separat from a demic.

It w ing situ confus Rick r along w ler at re student

lationship seemed to vanish They were just two people workir mon goal.

And then rehearsal would b Miller drew his line again, and he up to that line, always baiting Ric always annoying him until Ric onto Miller's side of the line an faced with the choice of retreatin over onto Rick's side of the line. would never do.

Rick tried to understand it, conclusion he could draw was t provided a normal outlet for Mi ship qualities—and there was possessed these qualities—where room provided no such outlet.

RICK learned to accept the goo the bad Miller, and he felt som psychoanalyst treating a schizoph while he wondered which was sonality, hoping it was the good bad.

The good certainly prevailed hearsals, and the show traveled speed. By December tenth, the Santa Claus were a working unit

The angels, apparently putting hearsal time on their own, de punch lines as one man. They and Rick burst out laughing eve performed, even though he'd hea hundred times. The boys develop dead-pan delivery. It couldn't hav

CONTINUED ON PAGE

WHAT IS NEPHWEEK?

NEPHWEEK means "National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week."

The purpose of NEPHWEEK is to create interest in the employment of physically handicapped workers. The resolution creating NEPHWEEK was passed unanimously by the House and Senate and signed by the President on August 11, 1945. As a result of programs initiated by NEPHWEEK, more than three million handicapped persons have been placed in suitable jobs. The American Federation of the Physically Handicapped, 1370 National Press Building, Washington 4, D. C., is eager to co-operate with all programs, agencies and individuals to the end that every disabled man and woman who wants to work can do so.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

And the boys *could* sing! With remarkable versatility, they dropped their comic approach when attacking the carols. They did God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen; Deck the Halls; The First Noel and Silent Night. Rick saved Silent Night as the last number in the show, using the six-foot-two boy—who had the best voice—as a soloist and hoping the audience would join in on a repeat of the chorus. As it turned out, the audience did join in on the day of the Christmas Assembly, but Rick didn't know that until long after the show was over.

Miller was the picture of helpfulness. The boy did anything that was asked of him, and frequently many things Rick wouldn't have thought to ask. Like the night Rick stayed to repaint one of the flats which showed to bad advantage under the amber gels. He'd brought his Navy dungarees, changed backstage, and sprawled out on the floor with his paint buckets and brushes.

Miller drifted in, watching him for a while. Then he asked, "You got an extra brush, Mr. Dadier?"

"Why, yes."

"I thought maybe you could use a hand. Otherwise, you be here all night."

"Help yourself," Rick said, smiling. "That brush is a little hard, but I think it'll work."

Miller picked up the brush and tested the bristles. "Be all right," he said, and then he sprawled out beside Rick and got to work.

They talked about the show at first. Then, perhaps because they were both in dungarees, the formality dropped, and they began talking about other things: movies they had seen, teachers and students around the school, even—surprisingly—the books Miller had read outside of school, many of them excellent books.

With me, a change of trouble is as good as a vacation.
—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

It was at this point that Rick asked, "How'd you happen to come to a vocational school, Miller?"

"Oh, I dunno." Miller worked the paint into the material in long strokes and then looked up. "Jus' like that, I spose."

"Had you considered an academic high school?"

"Yeah, I gave it some thought."

"I mean ——" Rick hesitated. "What are you majoring in, Miller?"

"Automotive," Miller said.

"You want to be a mechanic?"

"I spose," Miller said. He seemed suddenly embarrassed. "Way I look at it, there ain't much choice."

"How do you mean, Miller?"

Miller looked up, and there was no malice in his voice. "I colored, Mr. Dadier."

"I don't understand you," Rick said.

MILLER smiled. "You figure me for a lawyer or a doctor or somethin'? Can't fool myself like that, Mr. Dadier."

"Would you like to be a doctor?"

"No, no, nothin' like that. I jus' don't . . . well, you know. I mean, I rather be a mechanic than a elevator op'rator, or a bootblack, or a porter. I figure a mechanic always got somethin' to do, like a skill, and maybe it won't matter he black or white."

"But you'd like to be something . . . more than a mechanic?"

"I spose." Miller grinned embarrassedly. "I figured one time I could maybe be a singer, but I ain't good 'nough for that. Lots of colored folks drift into singin', you know. Nat Cole, Pearl Bailey, you know."

"Yes," Rick said. "What would you like to be?"

"I dunno." Miller looked up and suddenly asked, "You think this is a good school, Mr. Dadier?"

"Sure I do," Rick lied.

"Yeah?" Miller said, his brow wrinkled. "You really think that?"

"Yes, I do," Rick lied again.

"You see, I wunt mind bein' a mechanic, I mean, if I felt like—like I was learnin' somethin'. You don't hafta be a mechanic all your life, you know. You could branch out, maybe have your own place, a little shop. You could use bein' a mechanic like a start, you know."

"Yes, I know," Rick said.

"I guess maybe I really did wa mechanic when I first come here. H English an' language an' all those to me. Tha's why I di'n' take the tec guess I'm good with my hands."

"But what you said about being

"Well, that too. You got to be sen it, and I know a black man got a r It's easier to be a mechanic, you kn

"You can't always take the e Miller," Rick said.

Miller lifted his eyes. "You ain't Dadier."

"I know. And I understand what against. But black men *have* ——"

"OH, sure, I know. But you go your choice, an' I ain't no crusader I'm jus' a guy figurin' on how he c livin' the best way. You see, if I g mechanic, I got to be a *good* mecha plenty white mechanics, an' a white get preference over a black man black man's *real* good. An' I jus' ain to be a good mechanic here, tha's

"Aren't your teachers good?"

"Oh, they O.K., I guess."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I dunno," Miller said. "In the b tried real hard, but what's the sense no real school. This jus'—jus'—I d jus' like a—like a big dump heap,

A garbage can, Rick thought. *W have we got? Miller believes that to*

"That's not true," he said. "You say that, Miller."

"Aw, it's true," Miller said. "Yo a short while. Y out, you'll see."

"But there are do learn here."

"Yeah, maybe, seen none. Nob know what's goin Ever'body thinks jus' fine, but it never be a mecha place, Mr. Dadier. Ever'body jus' fo here."

"Including you, Miller," Rick sa

Miller stared at him for a moment thought he would lose contact wit right then, thought the conversati come to a complete halt.

"I spose," Miller said.

"Why, Miller?"

"What else you goan do?" He Rick with honest puzzlement on hi

"That's the easy way, Miller. Yo ways take the soft way out. Sometin got to do whatever's best, even if things harder. Can't you underst Miller?"

"No," Miller said, shaking his he can't see anybody takin' the hard the easy way's open. You got to pro me, man."

"I wish I could, Miller. I wish t some way to show you."

"There ain't, man, I'm tellin' you. the easy way, an' you get along, an aroun' jus' like ever'body else, and t

"And you forget about being a n Rick said.

"I guess so," Miller said sadly.

"And what will you be?"

"Somethin'll turn up," Miller said always turn up."

"And meantime, you'll just drift tide."

"I spose," Miller said.

Rick wanted to mention the Eng wanted to say something about M havior there as contrasted with his connected with the show. He sensed that anything about the class would trusion here, so he held his tongue, turned back to painting.

They left the school at about 9 lighting cigarettes when they were o building. They walked together to T nue, Rick in his street clothes now, in the dungarees, his leather jacket high on his neck.

"I get a train here, chief," he said

"G'night, Miller," Rick answered you tomorrow. And thanks for the

ntion it, chief," Miller said, and

ay, in English 55-206, there was
the behavior of Gregory Miller.
er took the easy road that raised
ned and didn't give a damn about
Rick was not disappointed be-
not surprised.

ck broke through was December
two days before the Christmas
happened in a class for which he
no lesson at all. He had meant to
on plans over the weekend, it be-
ek which would be terminated by
ement of the Christmas vacation

ot home late Friday night after
earsal. He'd spent all day Satur-
husband, devoting more time to
had in the past month. On Sun-
parents dropped by, staying for
Rick never did get to attack his

bus Monday morning he hastily
ext, picking out a yarn he thought
e Fifty-First Dragoon. *This is a*
thought. He had never read the
but war stories were sure-fire
ls. He'd read it to them, and then
conversation around to his own
ces, and that would, he hoped,
d.

21-206 with the announcement
oing to read a story to them, and
pted the knowledge gratefully.
d the text, cleared his throat, and
at the story was written by Hey-
He also learned that it was not a
led the Fifty-First Dragoon.
ead, a story titled The Fifty-First
Rick felt a twinge of panic as
ading aloud. The story told of
ght named Gawaine le Coeur-
was enrolled at a knight school
not exhibit the proper spirit or
knightly pursuits as jousting. In
e's lack of enthusiasm may very
n termed cowardice.
nt professor wanted to expel the
headmaster had a better plan. He
the boy to kill dragons.
n teaching the boy just that.
died and learned, and progressed
ragons to papier-mâché dragons
ragons. Each time he lopped off
y dragons' heads with one expert
x.
ve Gawaine a diploma and the
called him in for a little talk.
o get out there and meet life," the
said, in effect, "and life, as far as
rned, is dragons."
ect of getting out there and meet-
not appeal to Gawaine. So the
promised something that would
laying of dragons. He gave Ga-
ic word, and the magic word was
.

ne had to do was repeat the magic
nd no dragon could possibly hurt
awaine went out to meet his first
next day. The dragon charged at
ng smoke and fire and Gawaine
he word Rumplesnitz out before
s ax and lopped off the dragon's

, he went out every day, and he
ned without the ears of another
.

awaine—who had taken to drink-
s in the local tavern—went out
t of revelry to meet his fiftieth
dragon shook in his boots be-
ine's fame had spread afar. Ga-
d up to the beast, raised his battle-
n lowered it again. The dragon,
awaine was protected by an en-
asked what the trouble was. And
s forced to admit he'd forgotten
ord.
, this was a fine kettle of dragons.
n charged forward, and Gawaine
the magic word Rumplesnitz, but
o time to say it. There was time
g his ax, and off came the dragon's

Now this was very confusing. Gawaine had *not* said the magic word Rumplesnitz, and yet the dragon hadn't harmed him. He went back to the knights' school and explained what had happened to the headmaster.

The headmaster admitted the truth. Rumplesnitz was not a magic word, it was Gawaine all along who was killing the dragons. The word just gave him confidence, that's all, and wasn't Gawaine glad that he finally knew the truth?

Gawaine wasn't glad at all. Why, all those dragons he had killed could have devoured him if he hadn't been just a little faster than they!

Gawaine did not rise at dawn the next day. At noon he was still in bed, trembling under the bedcovers. The headmaster and the assistant professor dragged him out of bed and forced him into the forest, where the boy met his fifty-first dragon, having killed fifty to date.

The dragon was a small one.

Gawaine never came back to the school. They found nothing left of him except the metal part of the medals which he always wore into battle. The dragon had even eaten the ribbons.

Gawaine's secret was never revealed, and he went down in the school's history as a hero. There still hangs a shield on the dining-room wall, and fifty pairs of dragons' ears are on that shield. The legend "Gawaine le Coeur-Hardy," and the inscription "He killed fifty dragons" is gilt-lettered onto the shield. The record has never been equaled.

That was the story, and Rick read it well. He was delighted with the story because it was a new experience to him as well as to the boys. But he was sorry in a way that it was not a war story, because it was decidedly allegory, and allegory was probably far above the heads of these kids.

He faced the unusually silent class and wondered just what he should do next.

"Well," he said, "that was a pretty good story, wasn't it?"



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"Yeah," the kids said, and he could tell they meant it.

"All about a knight who kills dragons, right?" he asked.

Finley, a kid near the back of the room, said, "He didn't really kill those dragons."

"What do you mean, Finley?"

"He was cheatin'," Finley said. "He had a magic word."

"What was the magic word?" Rick asked, and the class chorused, "Rumplesnitz!"

"It wasn't no magic word," Bello shouted. "He was just killin' the dragons his own self."

"Now, I don't understand that," Rick said, pleased with the response. "If it wasn't a magic word, why'd the headmaster give it to him?"

THE class was silent for a few minutes, and then Shocken said, "'Cause Gawaine was scared. He was a coward."

"But he *did* kill fifty dragons, and you just told me Rumplesnitz wasn't a magic word."

"Sure, he killed them," Finley said. "But he was cheatin'."

"Was he cheating? Remember now, there was no magic word."

"So what?" Finley sneered. "He *thought* there was a magic word."

"Yes," Rick said, beginning to get a little excited now, surprised that they had garnered so much from the story. "That's just it. Gawaine thought it was a magic word. And did that help him kill the dragons?"

"Sure," White said. "He scared of the dragons. If he don't have the magic word, he run away. He thinks it's magic, so he feels strong. He thinks he can kill any old dragon and the dragon can't touch him. That's why he needs it. Otherwise, he's a coward."

"How do you know that?" Rick asked the class.

"Well, once he finds out the word ain't magic," Daley said, "he gets et up."

"And is that why the headmaster gave him this magic word?" Rick asked, praying the response would continue. The kids were alive today, and he responded to them the way they were responding to him.

"That principal, he's a smart cat," Davidson said. "He knows Gawaine need something."

"What does Gawaine need?" Rick asked. "What's the word for it?"

"Con——" Daley started.

"Yes?"

"Confidence," Daley said triumphantly.

"Ah-ha, that's it," Rick said. "Confidence." He paused and made a sour face. "But that doesn't seem real," he said. "I mean, do you really think a word could give someone the confidence he needed?"

"Yeah, sure," Speranza said belligerently.

"How?"

"Well . . . like sometimes I'm scared before we take a test or something, an' I say three Hail Mary's, and I feel O.K. after that."

"It gives you confidence, is that right?"

"Yeah, sure," Speranza said.

"But still . . . a word like Rumplesnitz. I mean, after all, Hail Mary is a prayer. Rumplesnitz isn't a prayer."

"I don't think," Padres said slowly, "thees word means that. I mean, I don't think Rumplesnitz ees suppose to be nothing. You know what I mean?"

"Not exactly," Rick said. He was tense and tight, and he knew now that the kids were really discussing this thing the way it should be discussed. He heard Padres say:

"Thees Rumplesnitz, thees ees a fake, you know? The Hail Mary, that's real. Rumplesnitz, it don't mean nothing. Thees Gawaine, he fooling heemself."

The kids were squirming because they all had something to say. They didn't call out because they wanted this lesson to proceed in an orderly fashion. They were enjo they felt something of the sar was feeling, and they wanted t ideas.

"But I thought this story w knight who kills dragons," R watch told him there were three the period, and he wanted to wanted them to realize that the thing while it meant another. asked.

"Yeah, it was," Finley said.

"And only that? Just a kn dragons?"

"Well, you could twist it a said. "Then it becomes everyb just Gawaine."

"You mean the story has a m asked.

"Sure. It tells about fake wo you don't need them. If you' quick, you can kill dragons—r like that, you know?"

"Yes," Rick said, "exactly. A a better one because it tells a sec cause it gives a message, and b only about a cowardly knight?"

"It's a good story," Bello sai

"And will you remember th story that tells two stories at the story that sage?"

"What ranza aske

"An al said, and word on Someone said, "Tha good stor the bell so

He sat thinking, *through, through,* the kids n desk while second-pe in. He wa to try a re same story period cla go, thinkin *I've broke broken thr I've reache*

And wh to his hall end of the second period, he wa kids in his seventh-term classes. H at least a dozen times on his way first floor, and each kid made quest: teach us about the fifty-fi

He would teach them now, he teach them because he'd broken that was half the battle. He woul the same story, and then he wo his seventh-termers, and everyth all right.

But he didn't give it to 55-206, give it to his seventh-termers, messenger found him and told mother-in-law had called, and th been taken to the hospital in lab

THE green canopy of the hos out for the sidewalk. White lette LENOX HILL HOSPITAL, added trance *sotto voce*.

He noticed these things, and Anne, and he cursed because it pened while he was at home. Th the large entrance. The girl beh was on the phone, and he waited She put down the phone at last, a "Mrs. Dadier."

"Maternity, sir?" the girl aske

"Yes, my mother-in-law just c

"One moment, sir." She cor papers on her desk. Then she sa the delivery room now, sir."

"How long —— I mean . . Bradley here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you let me know —— H I find out?"

"The doctor will come down livery, sir."

THREE WHITE DOVES

By JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA

I whisper at the temple of your love,
O my sweet, soft one.
I send three white doves
Out of the sky of my soul
To carry my fire to you.
Three white doves—
Love, Song, and Rest.

In the coolness of your breasts
My three white doves
Will find a nest.

He took her hand, and she clung to it tightly. He kissed her damp forehead and there were suddenly tears in his eyes and he leaned over the table and held her close, and she pressed her cheek to his and he could feel the tears on her skin also.

"It was terrible, darling," she said, half sobbing and half laughing. "Oh, Rickie, it was really very hard."

"Do you feel all right?" he asked.

"I feel tired," she told him. "Oh, Rickie, I'm so glad it's over, so glad." She laughed sleepily, and then she bit her lip, and the tears came again.

"And you feel all right?"

"Just tired, darling. Darling. I want to sleep for a year."

"All right, honey, you go to sleep."

"No," she said, "no, don't go. Please don't go yet, Rickie. Wait until they chase you."

"All right," he said.

"Did you see the baby?" she asked suddenly.

"Honey, I think you ought to get some sleep. I think ——"

"It's a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad. I knew you wanted a boy." She smiled and closed her eyes, and he thought she was asleep for a moment. He made a slight movement away from her, but she opened her eyes and held him tight. "Does he look like you, darling?"

"I—I don't know," Rick said.

"I'll bet he does. Oh, he was so much trouble, Rick. The little stinker." She laughed and then said, "Are you happy, Rick?"

He was ashamed of the tears that ran down his face, and he buried his face in her shoulder. "Yes," he said, "I'm very happy." He held her closer to him and said fiercely, "Anne, I love you so much, so terribly much."

"I know, darling," she said soothingly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

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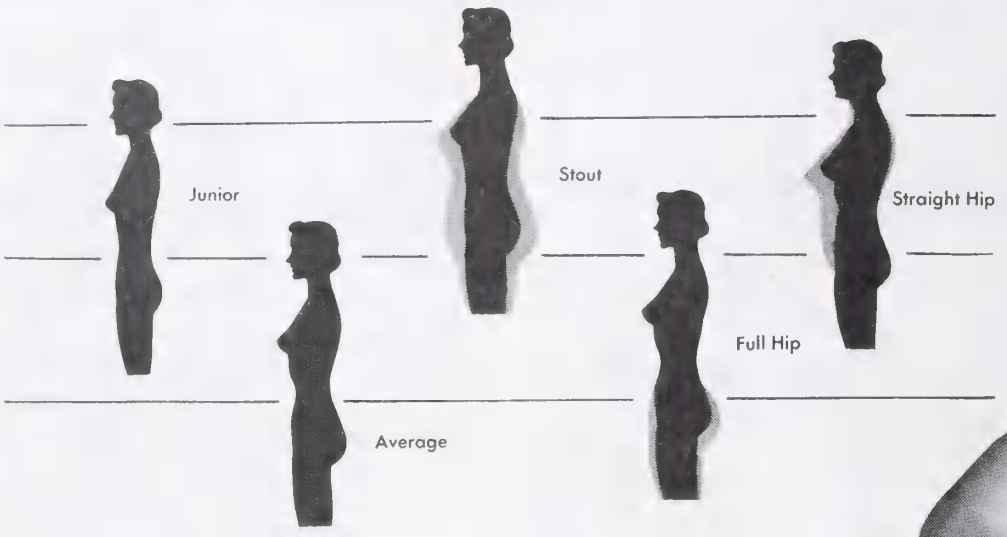
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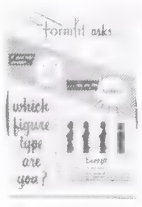
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NUED FROM PAGE 153

the back of his head idly, and
t for a few moments, and then
click of the nurse's heels. Her
e want her to rest now," gently,
urse knew what had happened

omorrow," Rick said.
darling," Anne said. "Is my

n all right, just sleepy. Tell her
k."

e tomorrow? You will, won't

leaned over and kissed Anne
en the nurse wheeled the table
idor.

e the next day.
her in a private room even
originally arranged for a semi-
hey felt it would be better for
hout seeing another mother and
When he came he brought a
uet of roses.
the bed. She was still pale, but
been combed and it framed her
gold. She looked very pretty
he looked tired.
about the hospital and about
didn't like, and then she asked,
e the baby, that's what I'd like
r all, creation is something——"
"
't do every other day. The least
lo is ——"
"
d talking and
m curiously.
ick?"
is dead," he
oping to les-
at way. "The
l him. It was
lt, Anne. It
sometimes."
iet for a very long time. She did
him. She stared at her hands
the white sheet and finally she
d.
" she said. "Please forgive me,

in his arms because she'd begun
t the sobs racking her body.
" she kept repeating. "Oh, Rick,
forgive me."
oney," he said desperately, want-
p crying, wanting to comfort her
wing how, "we can try again.
" he said, unconsciously repeat-
Bradley's words. "The baby was
normal. It was just an accident."
eel so ashamed. The things I
t you, and now this. I can't even
by right, Rick. I'm so sorry and
Rick."
now, Anne. Come on, honey, it's
eve me, it's all right, Anne."
ve me, Rick? Do you love me?"
v I do, Anne."
ck."
, darling."
r what I thought? About those
and Lois Hammond? Rick, I'm
could die. Rick, please ——"
es, darling?" he asked gently.
im about the notes then, and he
a tremendous hatred attacked
ment, a hatred for the unknown
but the hatred disappeared be-
ld not afford the luxury of hate
cause the honest emotion inside
ething that hatred would never

vas all over, when she'd purged
doubt and the suspicion and the
, "Hold me, Rick. Hold me close,
d he tightened his arms around

silent then. He thought about the
oy, and he didn't know what he
except this emptiness within him.
agine how Anne felt, because she
one who'd had the baby growing
eding on her blood, a part of her,

and now to lose it. Because he wanted to take her mind off it, he began talking, and he told her about The Fifty-First Dragon, but he did not tell it well because it didn't seem to matter so much now.

She listened, and she was pleased, but he could see that she was still thinking about the baby. So he kept talking until it was time to go, and then he kissed her and left her. He wandered down to the elevator trying not to hear the proud fathers everywhere around him.

He walked out into the street, knowing he should go home, not wanting to go home, not knowing what to do with himself. He wondered if he should go back to school the next day, realizing the next day was Wednesday the twenty-third, the day of the Christmas Assembly. He finally went home, and when he spoke to Doctor Bradley on the phone that night, the doctor advised taking Anne out of the hospital the next day because there would be a lot of visitors.

So Rick stayed out of school all day Tuesday, and he stayed out of school Wednesday, too, missing the Christmas Assembly.

He took Anne home on Wednesday the twenty-third, and he didn't think about anything but her on that day.

He didn't go back to Manual Trades until January fourth, when the Christmas vacation was over, and by the time that Monday rolled around, everyone in the school had completely forgotten The Fifty-First Dragon.

It was almost like greeting his classes again for the first time. It was almost exactly like starting from scratch.

The size of a man can be measured by the size of the thing that makes him angry. —J. K. MORLEY

The door to Room 206 was locked when Richard Dadier reached it for his fifth-period English class on January fifteenth. He tried the knob several times, peered in through one of the glass panels, and motioned for Santini to open the door. Santini, sitting in the seat closest to the door, shrugged his shoulders innocently and grinned his moronic smile. Rick felt a sudden flow of anger.

Easy, he told himself. *Easy does it.* He reached into his pocket for the key, and slipped it into the keyhole. Swinging the door open, he walked briskly to his desk. A falsetto voice somewhere at the back of the room rapidly squeaked, "Daddy-oh!"

Rick busied himself with his Delaney book, glancing around the room, flipping cards over as he took the attendance. He turned over the last card and waited for them to quiet down. They never would, he knew, never.

REACHING down, he pulled a heavy book from his brief case. Without warning, he slammed it onto the desk.

"Shut up!" he bellowed, thinking, *I'm beginning to sound just like Halloran.*

The class groaned into silence, startled by the outburst.

"Assignment for tomorrow," he said flatly. "In the blue book read the first ten pages of Army Ants in the Jungle."

"Here in the class?" West asked.

"No. At home."

"Whut page?" Miller called out.

"Two seventy-five."

"What page?" Levy asked.

"Two seventy-five," Rick said. "What's the matter with you?" He turned rapidly and wrote the figures on the board. He heard a chuckle spread maliciously behind him, and whirled quickly. Every boy in 55-206 wore a dead pan.

"There will be a short test on the homework tomorrow," he announced grimly.

"Another one?" Miller asked lazily.

"Yes," Rick said, "another one." He glared at the boy. "And now," he said, "the test I promised you yesterday."

A hush fell over the class.

Rick began chalking the test on the board. He turned and barked over his shoulder, "All books away. Antoro, hand out the paper."

This is the way to do it, he realized. *I've figured it out. The way to control these louses is to give them a test every day of the week. Write their fingers off.*



"Begin immediately," Rick said in a businesslike voice. "Don't forget your heading."

"What's that, that heading?" Belazi asked.

"Name, official class, subject class, subject teacher," Rick said wearily.

"Who's our subject teacher?" Belazi asked.

"Mr. Daddy-oh," West said quite plainly. He sat next to Miller, his stringy hair hanging over his pimply forehead. An insolent smile perched on his mouth, and Rick looked at the smile and at the hard luster of West's eyes, and then he turned his attention to Belazi.

"Mr. Dadier is the subject teacher," he said. "And incidentally, anyone misspelling my name will lose ten points."

"What!" West complained, outraged.

"You heard me," Rick snapped.

"Well, how do you spell Daddy-oh?" West asked, the smile curling onto his mouth again.

"You figure it out, West. I don't need the ten points."

"Don't worry, teach', I can spell your name all right," West said.

Rick bitterly pressed the chalk into the board. With the chalk squeaking wildly, he wrote out the rest of the test.

"No talking," he ordered. He sat down behind the desk and eyed the class suspiciously.

A puzzled frown crossed Miller's face. "I don't understand the first question, teach'."

Rick leaned back in his chair and looked at the board. "It's very simple. There are ten words on the board. Some are spelled correctly, and some are wrong. If they're wrong, you correct them. If they're right, spell them just the way they're written."

"M'm-m," Miller said thoughtfully. "How do you spell the second word?"

Rick leaned back again. "Just the way you want to," he told him. "You're taking this test, not me."

Miller grinned widely. "Oh. I didn't know that, chief."

"You'll know when you see your mark, Miller."

He remembered the day h after the Christmas vacation. Miller stopping him in the hall him he'd heard about the ba'by He'd stared at the boy and t both halves of his character could be an angel in a Chris could express concern over the son, and the half that raised h room. He had given it up as a thanked Miller for his sympath the boy. He knew what to exp now. Even after the show, and the long talk he'd had with th road. That was what he wou easy road was the hell-raising of-the-boys road. *And I'm t road,* Rick thought bitterly.

He sighed and made himself the desk, and then he looked ou

When did I give up, he wond *start taking the easy road? Or Yes, I've given up. No, I haven*

But I have, I have. And w baby was born, when my son w fore that? No, before that was Dragon, and oh what a lesson give me a lesson like that once teach for the rest of my life. O one kid got something out of i point to one and say, "I showe if I could only do that, but whon

I've shown no one. And after to Miller, all my big talk about easy roads, it's Miller who's now we're both on the easy roa and a fake teacher.

"Keep your eyes on you Belazi," he cautioned.

Everyone is a cheat, a poten was right. We have to keep them They should really hire a polic be funny, he thought, *if it wer How long can you handle garb ginning to stink yourself?*

"All right, Belazi," Rick "Bring your paper up. I'm s points from it."

"Why? What did I do?" Be

"Bring me your paper."

BELAZI reluctantly slouched the room and tossed his paper was a big boy with a sinewy, bi and he stood with his thumbs tops of his dungarees as Rick –5 on the paper in bright red.

"What's that for?" Belazi as

"For having loose eyes."

Belazi snatched the paper fro slowly started back to his seat.

As he passed West, West lool of the room. His eyes met sneered, "Chicken!"

"What?" Rick asked.

"I didn't say nothing, teach' innocently.

"Bring me your paper, West

"What for?"

"I heard what you said, We bring me your paper," Rick tol Right this minute."

"Aw, bring him the paper, smiling good-naturedly.

"What the hell for?" West "What the hell did I do?"

"Go on, Artie," Miller said him the paper."

"I don't see why I should," the smile gone from his face n

"Because I say so, that's wh tightly.

West's answer came slowly, p supposing I don't feel like?"

"Look, Artie," Miller said.

"Keep out of this, Greg," "Just keep the hell out of it, un

Miller's eyes opened wide i the smile clung to his mouth. T in the room were suddenly int

Rick walked crisply up the a beside West. "Get up," Rick s

"I don't see, Mr. Daddy-o should," West answered. He p name with great care.

"Hey, Artie," Miller said, "wh

"Get up, West," Rick interru and say my name correctly."

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…u know your own name, Mr.

…d snapped out and grasped West …of his shirt. He pulled him to his …tearing the collar. West stood an …than Rick, squirming to release

…d crushed tighter on the collar. …e slight rasp of material ripping. …nto the hateful eyes and spoke

…ce my name correctly, West,"

…had grown terribly quiet. Along- …is eyes wide, the smile gone from …, Miller sat and watched.

…t me to pronounce your name, …sked politely.

…d me."

…, Mr. Daddy . . ."

…nd lashed out, slapping West …cross the …felt his fin- …gainst hard …blood leap …pper lip in …son smear, …widen with …then nar- …iately with …natred.

…the knife …view. Long …, it caught …nlight that …ough the …windows. …away in- …eying the …with re-

…you intend …hat, West?" …s exception- …e mused. *I …htened, but …calm. Ex-*

…ne a little …ou'll see," …l.

…that knife, …said.

…nd get it,

…k a step …West and …arm swing …orth in a …arc. West's …rd.

…Rick caught …or out of the …eye. Some- …hind him! …stinctively …hing into a …h. The boy …his head, and Rick struck again. …it was Belazi, the kid who'd been …ing. Belazi dropped to the floor …on the hard wood. Rick looked at …an instant. He turned quickly to

…that knife, and give it to me now,"

…into the boy's eyes. West looked …gerous. Perspiration clung to his …head. His breath was coming in …s.

…seemed to catch its breath to- …one moved to help Belazi, who lay …the floor. West backed away and …forward, passing Miller's seat.

…over, West. Hand it over."

…ped retreating, realizing that he …who held the weapon. He stuck …ction knife out in front of him, …air with it. His back curved into a …e crouched over, head low. Rick …und and waited. West advanced …his eyes fastened on Rick's throat, …and moving constantly, murder-

…, you stupid bastard," he said. …get the knife. Come on, you dumb …nd get it."

Rick wet his lips and watched the knife, and West paused suddenly and searched Rick's face. He began speaking softly.

"See the knife, Mr. Daddy-oh? See the pretty knife? I'm gonna slash you up real good, Mr. Daddy-oh," West told Rick, "and then I'm gonna slash you some more. I shoulda done this right from the start. I shoulda realized that you was too stinkin' dumb to take a hint, Daddy-oh."

The chair, Rick suddenly remembered. *There's a chair. I'll take the chair and swing. Under the chin. No. Across the chest. Fast though. It'll have to be fast, one movement. Wait. Not yet, wait.*

"Ever get cut, Mr. Daddy-oh? Ever get sliced with a sharp knife? This one is sharp, Mr. Daddy-oh, or are you too stinkin' dumb to know that?" Hypnotically, advancing, closer and closer, his voice a whisper, his eyes gleaming hotly.

West, Rick realized. *West. Not Miller. West was the one. West told Small. West complained. Oh, God, it was West.*

"I shouldn'ta played games, Daddy-oh," West said. "Your kind only understands a knife in the ribs. Well, you gonna get it now. And then you're never gonna bother us no more." He smiled and advanced, and Rick backed away down the aisle. "Your wife get them notes, you bastard? Richard Dadier, 1935 East 174th Street. I shoulda come there in person. I shouldn'ta played games with notes and complaints. I shoulda come to your house and give you the knife right then."

Anne, Rick thought. *Oh, West, so it was you. So you were the rotten bastard who did it. You, West.* He backed away down the aisle, and his thoughts were jumbled. *The empty seat in the third row. I'll lead him there. I hope it's empty. Empty when I checked the roll. I can't look, I'll tip my hand. Keep a poker face. Come on, West, follow me so I can crack your ugly skull in two. One of us goes, West. And it's not going to be me.*

"No, sir, Mr. Daddy-oh, no more games. I'm through with games now. And I'm through with your tests. Just gonna fix your face so nobody'll wanna look at you no more."

One more row, Rick calculated. *Back up one more row. Reach. Swing. One—more—row.*

The class followed the two figures with fascination. West stalked Rick down the long aisle, stepping forward on the balls of his feet, waiting for Rick to back into the blackboard. Belazi rolled over on the floor and groaned.

And Rick counted the steps. *A few more. A . . . few . . . more.*

"You shouldn'ta hit me, Mr. Daddy-oh," West mocked. "Ain't nice for teachers to hit students. No, sir, it ain't nice at all. Not at ——"

The chair crashed into West's chest, knocking the breath out of him. It came quickly and forcefully, with the impact of a striking snake. Rick had turned, as if to run, and then the chair was gripped in his hands tightly. It sliced the air in a clean, powerful arc, and West covered his face instinctively. The chair crashed into his chest, knocking him backward. He screamed in surprise and pain as Rick leaped over the chair to land heavily on his chest. The knife clattered to the floor, and Rick pinned West's shoulders with his knees and slapped him ruthlessly across the face.

"Here, West, here, here, here," he squeezed through clenched teeth. West twisted his head from side to side, trying to escape the cascade of blows that fell in rapid onslaught on his cheeks.

West shouted, "Greg! The knife! Get the knife!"

The knife! Rick suddenly remembered the fallen weapon. *Where's the knife? What happened to ——*

Sunlight caught the cold glint of metal, and Rick glanced up expecting to find Miller there, expecting West's friend. Belazi stood over him, the knife clenched tightly in his fist. He grinned idiotically, his lips parting over rotten teeth. A shout came from the class, and a hiss seemed to escape West's lips.

Rick kicked at Belazi, feeling the heavy leather of his shoe crack against the boy's shins. West was up and fumbling for Rick's arms. A sudden slice of pain started at Rick's shoulder, careened down the length of his arm. Cloth gave way with a rasping scratch, and blood flashed bright against the gray tweed.

From the floor, Rick saw the knife flash back again, poised in Belazi's hand ready to strike. He saw West's fists, doubled and hard, saw the animal look that had come on Belazi's face, and again the knife, threatening

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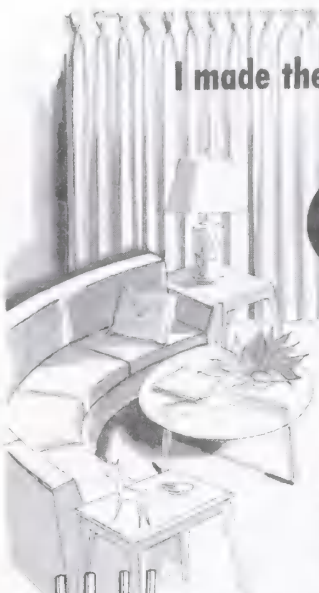
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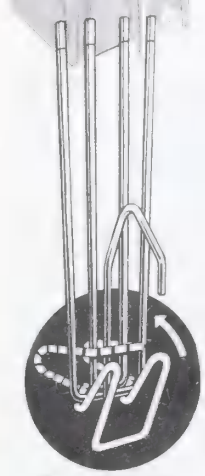
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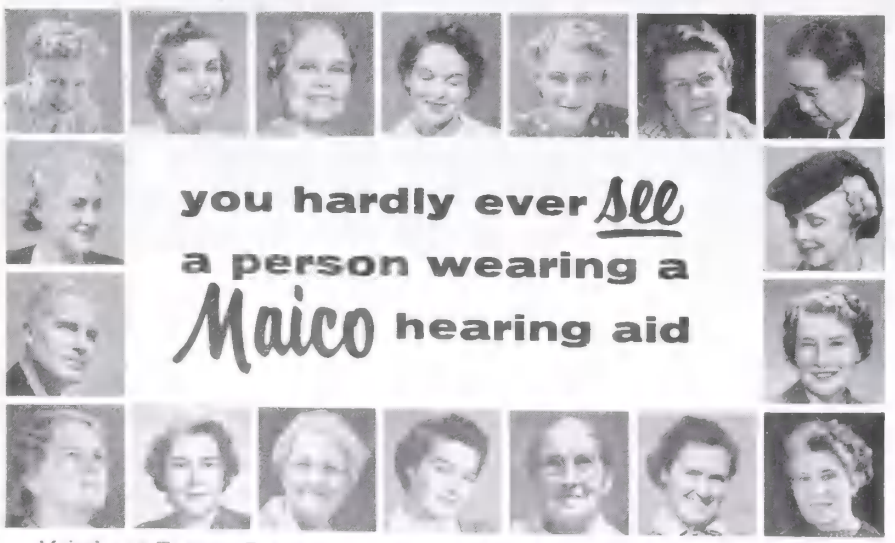
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and sharp, drenched now with blood, dripping on the wooden floor.

The noise grew louder and Rick tried to rise, felt pain sear through his right arm as he put pressure on it.

He's cut me, he thought with panic. *Belazi has cut me.*

And the screaming reached a wild crescendo, hands moved with terrible swiftness, eyes gleamed with molten fury, bodies squirmed, and hate smothered everything in a sweaty, confused, embarrassed embrace.

"Lee him alone, you fool!" Miller was shouting.

Leave who alone? Rick wondered. *Who? I wasn't* ——

"Lousy sneak," Levy shouted. "You dirty lousy sneak."

Who? Rick thought. *What* ——

Miller seized West and pushed him backward against a desk. Rick watched him dazedly, his right arm burning with pain. He saw Morales smash a book against Belazi's knife hand. The knife clattered to the floor. Belazi's hand reached out for it and Santini, the smiler, stepped on it with the heel of his foot. The knife disappeared in a shuffle of hands, but Belazi no longer had it. Rick stared at the bare, brown spot on the floor where the knife had been.

Whose chance is it now? he wondered. *Whose turn to slice the teacher?*

West tried to struggle off the desk where Miller had him pinned. Erin brought his fist down heavily on West's nose. He wrenched the larger boy's head back with one hand, and again brought his fist down fiercely.

A slow recognition trickled into Rick's confused thoughts. Through dazzled eyes, he watched.

Belazi scrambled to his feet and lunged at him. A solid wall seemed to rise before him as Carter and Antoro flung themselves against the onrushing form and threw it back. They tumbled onto Belazi, Carter's red hair flashing wildly, holding Belazi's arms, pommeling him with excited fists.

They're fighting for me! No, Rick reasoned, *no. But yes, they're fighting for me!*

His eyes blinked as he struggled to his feet. Belazi and West were subdued now, and Rick looked at them briefly and then said, "Let's—let's take them down to Mr. Small." His voice was very low.

Antoro moved closer to him, his eyes widening as they took in the livid slash that ran the length of Rick's arm.

"Man, that's some cut," he said.

Rick touched his arm lightly with his left hand. It was soggy and wet, the shirt and jacket stained a dull brownish red. He looked among the crowd of faces around him, and found Miller, and their eyes met, but he could read nothing on Miller's face.

"I—I think I'd better take them down to Mr. Small," he said.

He stared at the boys, trying to read their faces, trying mostly to read Miller's unsmiling face. He wondered if he should thank them. If he could only hit upon the right thing to say, the thing to cement it all.

"I'll—I'll take them down. Suppose you—you all go to lunch now."

"That sure is a mean cut," Kruger said.

Then Miller came out of the circle of faces. He stepped forward, and chose his words carefully. "Maybe we should jus' forget the principal, chief, huh? Maybe we oughta go to lunch."

Rick looked at Miller, and aga met. He did not pretend to und knew only that West had stepped Miller had drawn, and Miller ha sented with a choice. He could eitl the line with West, or he could hel West back over that line. He ha help Rick. He had fought for hi the fight was over, and throug fathomable code of his own, he w ing on Rick again.

Or was he?

THERE was something strange eyes, and the smile that usually d face was not there now. His eyes tive and his entire body seemed t ward, tensed, waiting. He did not from Rick's face, and those e pleaded with a mute intensity. R him, and he did not understand then abruptly he realized that M chosen the easy road when he' fight aga Gregory made a for once had led h hard road

And no another Rick weig fully. It things a l he just sen to lunch a about Bela It would t say, "All just forget then go ba ing the wa to teach lat be easy, kids wou had a goo Dadier shown hin fine guy b all about getting West in easy.

When spoke, he Miller. H speak ster mandingly have bee working alongside was simply explaining a job tha done.

He said, "I'm taking them dov and Miller said nothing, and then "I have to."

Miller continued to stare at hir ment, and the circle of faces seer together, and Rick wondered if he wrong choice. And then one o broke into a smile, and that face w Miller's.

Miller said, "Sure, Mr. Dadier. he shouted, "All right, le's break

The circle held for just a momer shoved Belazi and West ahead knowing whether to expect resista But the boys parted to let him th Rick walked past them with his h

He was not surprised to hear a v him pipe in a high falsetto, "Oh You're a *hee*-ro."

But a second voice shouted, "C mouth!" and Rick smiled as he s the corridor with Belazi and We him. He remembered what he earlier, before the fight, rememi he'd thought about just one kic that's all, one kid he could point "I showed him the way," and make it all right, if he could only s

And so the smile mushroomed face, and he walked down to Sm smiling all the way, smiling happ the second voice he'd heard had Gregory Miller.

The heartbreaking hesitation of Lincoln, the troublesome doubts and perplexed questionings, reveal as nothing else could the simple integrity of his nature. He must go forward, but he must carry the people with him, the North as a whole, the border states if possible, even the rebellious South if charity might suffice. Though in arms, they were Americans, and their hearts must be brought to willing allegiance; how otherwise could a democratic people emerge from the bitterness of civil war? He was not made for a dictator, and blood and iron he accounted poor cement to mend the sundered democracies. He trusted the better impulses of men to prevail in the end, because with Jefferson he believed in the essential justice of the plain people. In this faith he exemplified his democracy. Not a great political thinker, he was a great leader because he never forgot that he was one with those he led.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON
Main Currents in American Thought
(Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.)

) easy to wash clean when it's



PYREX®
WARE

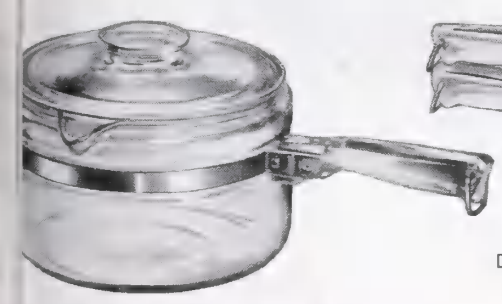
Food particles, odors, flavors don't cling to clear, sparkling PYREX Ware!

DISHWASHING'S a lot easier when you have clear, sparkling PYREX Ware! Even the stickiest foods slide right off that smooth, hard surface. And it's non-porous, so it won't absorb cooking odors.

PYREX Ware is wonderfully strong and durable, too—it keeps that sparkling, brand-new look even after years of the hardest everyday use.

To make your kitchen life a whole lot easier, look at the many helpful items on this page. Then go to your favorite housewares store and pick out all the beautiful, work-saving PYREX Ware *you* need!

ooking, serving and storing are easier, too, with clear, sparkling **PYREX** ware



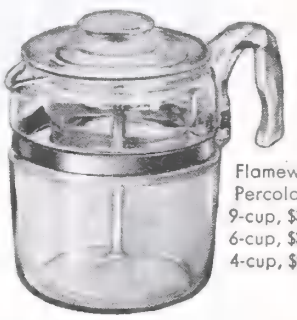
meware Saucepan. 2-qt., $2.75; 1½-qt., $2.50; 1-qt., $2.25



Flameware Double Boiler. 1½-qt., $3.95.



Flameware Teapot. 6-cup, $2.25.



Flameware Percolator. 9-cup, $3.95; 6-cup, $3.45; 4-cup, $2.75.

an see what's cooking in l-clear PYREX Ware! ok faster, too—and brown nly. What's more, you can ve and store in the same ch saves you lots of time vashing.

dsome, durable PYREX re on *top* of your range—kling PYREX Ovenware—clusively for oven use—for ur baking. You'll find it's r, thriftier way to cook!



Ovenware Knob-Cover Casserole. 2-qt., $1.00; 1½-qt., 89¢; 1-qt., 79¢.



Ovenware Oven Roaster. 3-qt., $1.39.



Ovenware Utility Dish. 1½-qt., 69¢.



Ovenware Mixing Bowl Set. 3 bowls. 1-qt., 1½-qt., 2½-qt., $1.39.



Ovenware Round Cake Dish. 8¼ inches, 59¢.

Ovenware Pie Plate (plain). 8½ inches, 39¢.



Ovenware Measuring Cups. 32-oz., 79¢; 16-oz., 59¢; 8-oz., 29¢.

s only one **PYREX** BRAND ware, a product of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark in the U. S. of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

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You just can't match the wonderful taste of good hot oatmeal



Ask yourself. What other breakfast cereal—hot or cold—tastes as downright delicious as Quaker Oats? And gives you so much good nourishment?

You get more protein from oatmeal than from any other leading cereal. That's why Quaker Oats helps adults keep fit—not fat. Helps children grow strong, healthy bodies.

People eat more oatmeal than any other breakfast cereal. It tastes so good. It is so good for you. Isn't it time you treated yourself to good hot Quaker Oats?

America's most popular cereal
. . . hot or cold



Mother's Oats and Quaker Oats are exactly the same

Quick as coffee! Cooks in only 2 minute



All you do is pour Quick Quaker Oats into boiling water. (Or start it in cold water for extra creaminess.)



While the coffee's perking, your o completely cooked—creamy-smo cious—in just 2 minutes.

QUAKER OATS



"I QUIT TEACHING!"

By BETTY COE SPICER

PHOTOS by DAVID LINTON

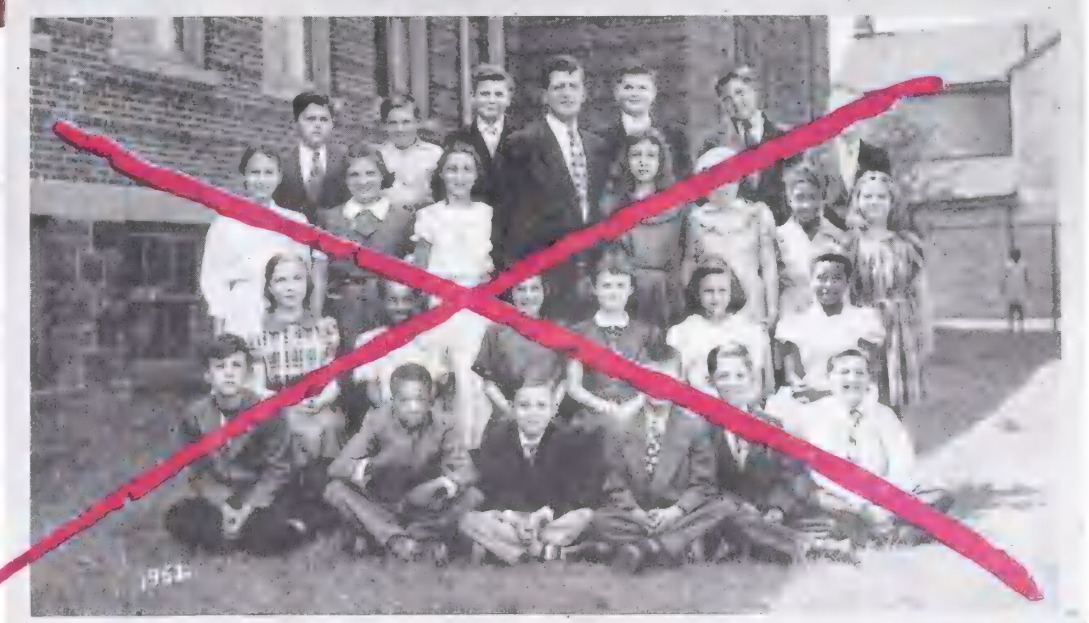
Ed Hough, of Trenton, N.J., is a city teacher who loved his work but had to leave it.

"I ALWAYS made myself a promise that if anything in my life ever lowered my human dignity I was going to quit it," says red-haired six-footer Ed Hough.

Even if he was quitting a job people called him a natural for—teaching—a job he'd always wanted to do more than any other?

"Quit it or fight it till I die." Ed has an easy grin, but his expression is thoughtful now as he looks through the window to the yard where his three-year-old twin sons are working out a construction problem involving identical bright blue toy steam shovels. "You remember we had a flash snowstorm just before Thanksgiving last year?" he asks. "It was a bad one and it hit without warning. Well, in a way that snowstorm made up my mind for me. Dennis, my oldest boy—he's six—came to me and asked me for snow boots so he could go outside and play." Ed turned back from the window. "I couldn't get them for him. Maybe that's not a big thing, but when a man puts in years educating himself to be a teacher and has five years of teaching behind him, he ought to be able to buy snow boots for his kids without wondering where the money's coming from. I kept hoping something would happen so I could stay in CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

d runs a 6-pump Calso gas station in Trenton. ex-teacher helps as manager. In schools, Ed 700 a year; at gas station he'll clear at least t the change cost Ed a dream of half a lifetime.



Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

taught fifth-graders at McClellan School, grew up rby, knew neighborhood problems, and put in more n a 9-to-3 schedule working them out. "Ed was a rn teacher," friends and neighbors tell you, troubled.

Nobody said "Hold on." It would have made a difference.

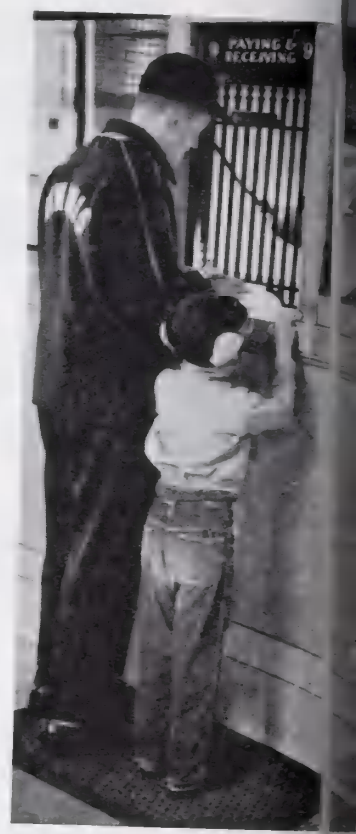
The nation lost a teacher. Ed gained a better life.



More home life. *Teacher Ed's "free summer" never existed. Last vacation was 8 years ago. Now, incredibly, he and Lilli have time together, time with children, even time for parties.*

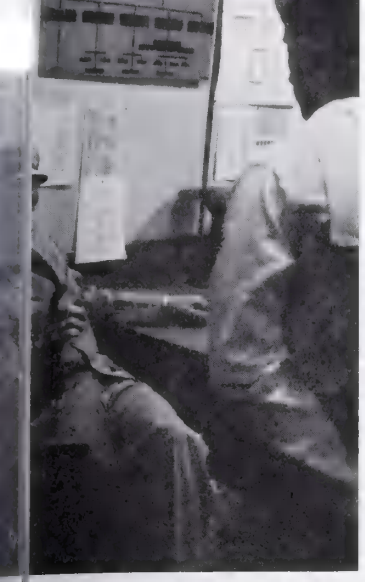


More conveniences. *Houghs rented run-down house for $48 a month. With friends, they still marvel over new home in Levittown, Pa. ($61.50 a month), and its equipment that works.*



More money. *In teaching ... refereed for $7.50, bought milk ... for babies at $7.49, had a ... over for Lilli. All that's ...*





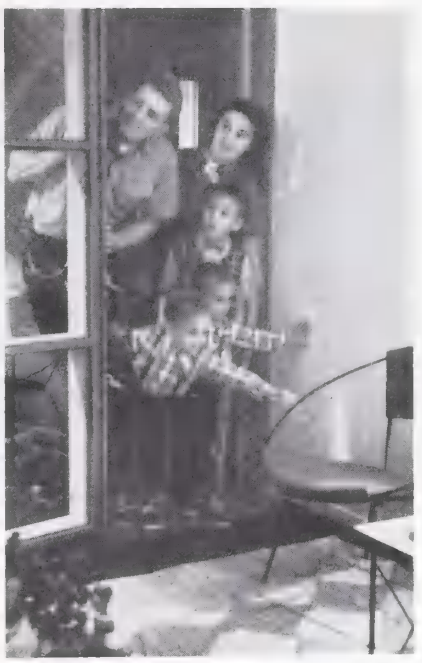
ticipation. *Lilli says, "He's id 'no' to a need." Conscien- Ed heads civic groups, aids ves, serves in Naval Reserve.*

ED FROM PAGE 161 teaching. nd dollars a year would have he difference. But nothing did o I thought I'd better quit this ll probably die fighting it."
't only the snow boots, of here was also the expense of home instead of renting an in- t thirty-year-old farmhouse. t food budget got tighter still nd his family left the farm with le garden and chickens. "We lly know how badly Ed was until we left the farm!" dark- li, his wife, adds ruefully. Per- of all there was the long list of jobs Ed had to take to keep up ills his $3700-a-year teaching uldn't cover; everything from snow in the winter to officiat- eball and football games, swim- track meets. He has been a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206



More self-respect. *New clothes for Ed, when wife and children had to go without and wear shabby old things, was a decisive blow. It bothered Ed so much he resigned. First item on new shopping list: clothes for five.*



More house. *Shower, freezer, new furniture—nothing is taken for granted. "We keep looking to be sure it's there."*



More present. *As father, Ed can now provide. As citizen, he's disturbed by a question: "Who'll teach my sons?"*

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES



More leisure. *Teacher Ed studied nights, part-timed as referee, salesman, snow shoveler to add to $308 monthly income, fought exhaustion meeting bills. For first time, he has days off.*

More future. *With $1000 raise, he could have kept his job. This year, Ed figures he'll up his earnings $2000.*





Bob teaches at Woodrow Wilson, big rural high school with 54 on faculty, 1320 in student body. Bob checks in at 8:30 A.M., *as 26 yellow buses wheel in pupils from 30 miles around.*



Bob's wife, Clara Belle, taught at same school for last two years t income, netted $111 a month after taxes plus sitter to care for 3 c Soon there'll be 4; she's resigning. Devoted students gave her a

"TEACHING IS MY LIFE"

By JEAN TODD

PHOTOS By ERICH HA

Bob Hart, of Verona, Va., is a rural teacher who says, "My place is here."

WHEN pretty Clara Belle Hart came down the attic stairs one night recently, having just told Suzanne and little Mary Jane a bedtime story of Proserpine and the Pomegranate Seeds, she discovered her tall husband and her small son side by side on the green sofa. Bob blue eyes serious behind scholarly glasses, was listening critically while eight-year-old Bobbye read about Tommy and His Pumpkin Vine.

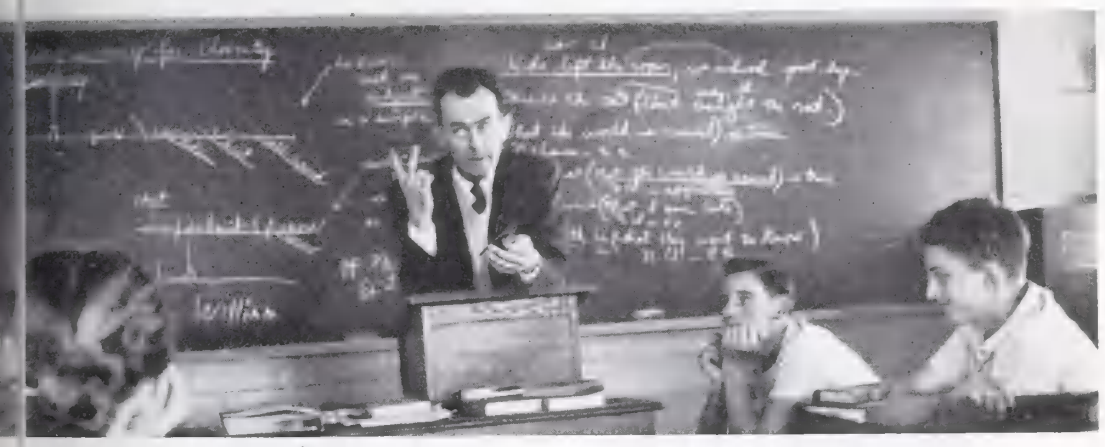
"Look at that!" Clara Belle said. "Bob teaches high-school English all day long, and then he comes home and teaches *third*-grade English!" But Bob, looking up from the book, said reasonably, "It's only natural; I'm a teacher and I *like* teaching."

Bob's obvious pleasure in his work explains why he is satisfied to make what he calls "a contented living" teaching at a rural high school in Virginia, although he must forgo certain luxuries to do so. His present salary ($3400 a year) is the highest he can expect to make as a "collegiate professional" with fifteen years' experience with a master's degree he would earn a scant $100 more. Supporting a family, buying a house and maintaining the "decent standard of living expected of teachers" is no easy task; each summer Bob substitutes in the Verona and Fort Defiance post offices to supplement his salary, and two years ago Clara Belle found it necessary to turn to teaching herself, in order CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Young
AMERICA LIVES



Jane (3), Suzanne (5) and (8) grow up with books. In Bob's own family of twelve, ld chose between two mules on or a start to college . . . The mules had few takers.



"Grammar man" Bob is chairman of English department, teaches five classes a day, knows all his students by name and disciplines them with humor. "It's a good feeling to work with young minds. You place service before profit in your work."



Home was bought when half built for $5000. Harts put in a bathroom three years ago, just finished children's rooms—"By borrowing, although we really don't approve."



Bob gardens till dark. Back yard yields peas, tomatoes, Lima and snap beans Clara Belle thriftily puts up.

In land where cattle draw top prices, teachers don't. After 15 years' work, Bob earns $65 a week.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164 to ease the financial strain. But even though Clara Belle isn't teaching this year (the fourth Hart child is expected in a few weeks), Bob says confidently, "We'll manage somehow"; and any suggestion that he might turn to a more lucrative field is met with polite amazement. "Bob's *gift* is in teaching," Clara Belle says; and Bob adds firmly, "My place is *here*."

Here means many things: the broad Shenandoah Valley sheltered by the Blue Ridge Mountains on the east, the Alleghenies on the west; the tiny hillside cottage colorful with flowers and bursting at the seams with children and laughter; the large busy high school which holds all Bob's enthusiasm for the day, all his hopes for the future. "I wouldn't *want* to teach anywhere else," Bob says. "Wilson High is a rural school; I was a country boy and can understand the problems of country children. I remember how it was to milk the cows, water the mules, get up at dawn."

Early rising is natural for Bob even today, and for his family as well: brunet, violet-eyed Suzanne, excited over her first year at school; young, newly independent Bobbye, mentally reviewing for a spelling test; blond cherubic Mary Jane, "*insisting* on being fully clothed like the rest of us, even though she's not going anywhere!" Clara Belle hustles the family to the kitchen table, serves a hot hearty breakfast; by eight is waving her three "scholars" off down the steep, dusty road.

Although classes at Wilson High officially start at nine, Bob is due there at CONTINUED ON PAGE 209



Bob faces teachers' ironic dilemma: s[tudy] is a luxury he can't afford. A sum[mer] spent in courses for master's degree could u[sh]er salary only $100 a year—and mean g[iv]ing up summer job that pays $[6]0.



While Bob sometimes becomes tense, Clara Belle usually takes schedule in stride. Teaching dismayed her at first: "I had to learn to be stern." Placidly, she handles church and P.T.A. work, budgeting and heavy housekeeping.





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IF YOU have to juggle your silver place settings to make sure guests get the matching pieces . . . you're *silver-shy.*

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You'll cherish your 1847 Rogers Bros. through the years, for it's made to serve you a lifetime. Forks and spoons are reinforced with extra silver at the point of extra wear. Knives have seamless hollow handles that will not split or leak.

Of course you know there are many grades of silverplate. Some even have the "Rogers" name. But none brings you the heavy, over-all plate of pure silver . . . the deep-cut design of 1847 Rogers Bros. And every piece of 1847 Rogers Bros. bears the time-honored IS quality trademark of The International Silver Co.

A service for 8—52 pieces—can be yours for as little as $79.75, including chest. No Federal tax. Only $1.00 down.

So visit your silverware store. See why you shouldn't be silver-shy.



A product of The International Silver Company



HAROLD

A few pieces of good furniture acquired one at a time, some Victorian heirlooms and homemade accommodation pieces, make this young-marrieds' room attractive and comfortab

How much charm will $200 buy?

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

"IF I had my great big living-room window and the floor provided for, I wouldn't worry so much about making do with what furniture I already have and a few new pieces," said Lillian Hough as she surveyed the living room in her brand-new home.

And she was right. A pretty wall color, a rug to cover a nondescript composition floor, and fresh draperies immediately give a room personality and charm. But with windows requiring a minimum of 12 yards of material and an asphalt-tile floor which she felt had to be covered, the prospect of the expense of these two projects seemed staggering at first. However, Lillian Hough overlooked the possibility of denim, a decorator's economy fabric today; and the availability and economy of the new fiber rugs, strongly woven and interestingly textured, was also news to her. Her 12′ x 15′ rug in a glowing turquoise cost only $87.95. The striped cotton denim cost 75 cents a yard, and by limiting its use to side draperies a substantial saving in yardage was achieved. The split-bamboo blinds were $3.60 each and added a certain distinction to the window treatment, as well as not cutting off the much-needed light in the room. Already the sunny yellow walls, turquoise rug and brightly striped curtains have lifted the room right out of its impersonality.

Now for the furnishings. The eighteenth-century-style desk already owned by the Houghs was their best piece of living-room furniture and so was given the center of attention in front of the window. The club chair and sofa are basic types bought to last until the children grow up, with slip-covering from time to time to refresh the effect. The Victorian chairs are secondhand, and the rush tray an inexpensive expedient for a coffee table.

From now on the furniture in the Hough family will be bought one piece at a time with a view to quality and permanence. Until these purchases have been made they will make do with home-carpentered items such as the magazine stands at either end of the sofa, so simpl nailed together that even a beginner could attempt then These stands also serve as lamp tables. The copper ju and Italian pottery vase were fitted with lamp adapte and fresh plastic shades.

Cost of Basic Furnishings Newly Purchased

Rug 12′ x 15′	$ 87.95
2 Victorian chairs @ $35.00	70.00
18 yds. striped denim @ 75c yd.	13.50
20 yds. turquoise denim @ 75c yd.	15.00
6 yds. red denim @ 75c yd.	4.50
6 yds. gold denim @ 75c yd.	4.50
2 matchstick blinds 36″ x 72″ @ $3.60	7.20
2 prints @ $5.00	10.00
	$212.65

ron most brics without sprinkling

WITH THE NEW G-E
TEAM AND DRY IRON!



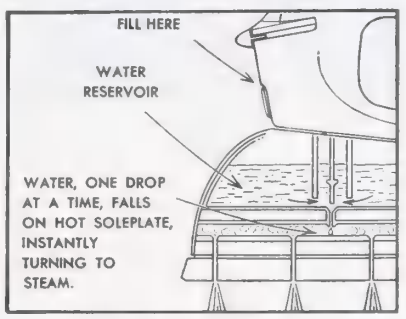
IT'S TWO IRONS IN ONE!

GE STEAM & DRY IRON

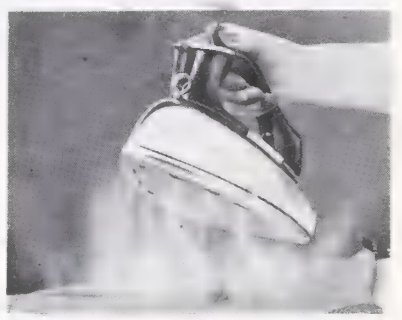
USE IT AS A
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1. IRON WITHOUT SPRINKLING . . . everything except heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics! The steady flow of steam moistens fabrics, saves you the time and work of sprinkling, and of ironing pre-moistened clothes.



2. INSTANT STEAM! Drop by drop, water falls onto hot soleplate . . . flashes instantly to steam. Steam stops automatically when iron is placed on heel rest. Uses tap water in all but extremely hard water areas.

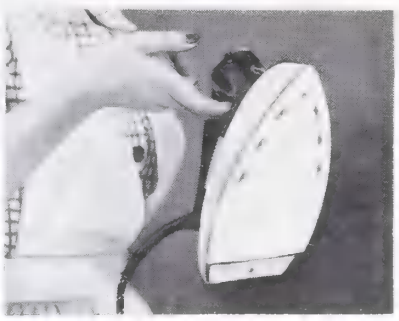


3. PRESS LIKE A TAILOR! Press suits, skirts and sweaters without a damp pressing cloth! You can *see* where to put creases, so you press *perfectly!* Save money on pressing bills—you can do it at home, professionally.

E AS A
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1. FOR HEAVY COTTONS, LINENS and starched fabrics, use it as a *dry* iron. Just press the button to change your steam iron to dry—no need to let iron cool down or even empty the water! You make the change instantly!



2. LIGHT, LIGHT WEIGHT! Only 3¼ pounds! Weighs less than a woman's purse. Means easy handling and less work. Larger soleplate—more than thirty square inches—covers wider ironing area in fewer strokes.



3. NO MORE SCORCHING! Visualizer Fabric-dial gives perfect heat for whatever fabric you're ironing! See it at your G-E dealer's today! General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

ther wonderful irons at aler's: G-E Visualizer Iron G-E Budget Iron ($9.75*), ravel Iron ($14.95*), G-E ravel Iron ($12.50*).

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC



One end of 8′ wide porch is now a sitting room, the other end a dining area. Fireside chairs are peel (around $10). A fiber tray ($6) set on a luggage stand ($3) makes a coffee table. Bookshelves are planks on brackets. Map is wallpapered to a board.

Young Home-Builders

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

The Bob Hart family winterizes a porch to expand a small house for a growing family.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON



HARTS' cottage, in Verona, Virginia, was bursting at the seams. But little used was a screened back porch, 8′ wide and 30′ long. To add living area, while watching every penny, Bob decided to invest up to $750 to convert the porch, a sum he could afford to pay back at $25 a month. Bob admits himself "no great shakes as a handy man," but is gifted in having a carpenter as friend. The friend, who between jobs has often worked for Bob and Clara Belle for a low $1 an hour, again agreed to help. The project: a 21′ section of porch was to be walled in to become a sitting-dining room, leaving a 9′ section open as an entry to the house. Also to be built was a tile-and-brick fireplace for heating during the mild, short winters.

The three new porch walls are plywood-paneled (the fourth adjoins the house, is asbestos-shingled and needed no work). The fireplace is small (30″ wide), with no ornamenting. The floor was covered in linoleum. Total cost came to $756: chimney and fireplace material and labor, $249; electrical work (center light, three double convenience outlets, two switches), $24; supplying and laying linoleum, $65; construction (including carpentry work and materials), $418. Furniture came from the house and from sales. And a mellow, snug new room is happy result.

Big advantage of a view (here the Shenandoah Valley): porch-room needs little decoration. Casement windows are new; blinds were cut from an old porch blind. Clara Belle sewed cotton stripe draperies, moved dining-room furniture to porch. Between here and sitting-room area children have space to play.

...r lotion
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...ead!

Immediately smooths, whitens "Detergent Hands"



Rough, puffy "detergent hands"—Of all leading hand lotions, only new Angel Skin has this special formula to *counteract* the drying chemical action of detergents, help *prevent* irritation



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...softens and
...uticle that
...ngnails.
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...goodness of
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...r, softness to
...iscolored elbows.
...y flakiness on
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...ickiness! Angel Skin is a *new* kind ...tener—has no gummy "thickener" ...t your hands. *All* of Angel Skin's ...ess goes in at once



89¢, 49¢, 25¢, plus tax
(Slightly higher in Canada)

Chapping actually heals
Roughness clears—right away
Blotchy redness fades out
Split cuticle skin smooths

Like most women, you probably dread to put your hands into harsh detergent suds. You just *know* how your hands will look afterwards—red, rough, puffy! Now—to meet this urgent problem of "detergent hands," Pond's has developed a new lotion to give your hands *immediate relief*. It's revolutionary new Angel Skin!

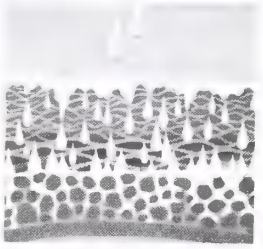
Unlike other leading hand lotions, only Angel Skin has this *new kind of formula* specially designed to *neutralize* the drying chemical action of harsh detergents, help *prevent* irritation.

For new Angel Skin gives *more* than just superficial smoothing. Angel Skin's rich goodness penetrates deep down to the living skin tissue—where roughness, redness and dryness begin. It actually *heals* chapped skin!

Smooth on Angel Skin . . . *feel* it disappear! Angel Skin contains no gummy "thickener." All of its richness goes into your skin at once—never leaves a trace of stickiness!

Get fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin today. Many women tell us they buy two bottles—one for the dressing table, another for the kitchen sink—so they'll *always* have Angel Skin within easy reach!

MAGNIFIED SKIN DIAGRAM SHOWS ANGEL SKIN'S DEEP-SOFTENING ACTION



ANGEL SKIN penetrates the outer skin surface

Gives immediate help to living skin tissue where chapped redness and roughness begin

Angel Skin
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JUNIOR®

YIPE!!

GANGWAY! I'M A ROCKET SHIP!!

POOR MR. KIDDER! HE ALWAYS FORGETS TO WATCH OUT FOR JUNIOR

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COME INSIDE, MR. KIDDER, AND HAVE A BOWL OF "CREAM OF WHEAT." IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER

JUNIOR! PICK UP MR. KIDDER'S LETTERS!

I WANT SOME "CREAM OF WHEAT," TOO...IT'S YUMMY!

WE EAT A LOT OF "CREAM OF WHEAT" AROUND HERE, MR. KIDDER. IT HAS VITAMINS AND MINERALS. IT'S HOT AND NOURISHING...AND IT HELPS GIVE US STRENGTH!

WHERE IS MY MAIL?

IT GOT DIRTY, SO...

I'M WASHING IT FOR YOU SEE?

BETTER HAVE ANOTHER BOWL OF "CREAM OF WHEAT," MR. KIDDER. IT'LL BE READY IN JUST 5 MINUTES!

THE MAIL'S DRY NOW, MR. KIDDER

I'LL BRING MY OWN "CREAM OF WHEAT" WHEN I COME BY TOMORROW...

HEY! LET ME OUT OF THIS MAIL BAG!

YOU'RE RIGHT! A HOT CEREAL IS BETTER FOR YOU!

EAT HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT"®

INSTANT QUICK CREAM OF WHEAT

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT



DI PIETRO

By LILLIAN HOUGH

Teache

Ed's raise in salary hasn't changed our eating family still calls for favorite dishes of teac

When a long-time friend heard that the JOURNAL would be printing some of my recipes, her first reaction was, "Be sure to give them our Hamburger Bean Pot Soup, Lill. It brought us both through the hard years."

This delicious soup makes a little ground beef go a long way. Rather than make meat balls, I crumble the meat, throw it in, and anyone who gets some is lucky.

HAMBURGER BEAN POT SOUP

Wash 1 cup dried marrow beans. Add to 3 quarts water and bring to boil. Boil 2 minutes, remov let beans soak in the Then simmer beans 20 No. 2 can tomatoes, 1 c 1 carrot, cubed, 1 ¼ cup uncooked rice, onion, 1 beef-bouillon spoon salt and ¼ tea Brown ½ pound gro tablespoon hot sho soup to boil, add m simmer 1 hour. Make





Ed loves a home-baked pie or cake for dessert. On the farm I used to do a lot of baking, and there's still nothing I'd rather do on a rainy day. But because of my weight problem, I don't bake often now. I decided I'd just have to remove the temptation.

I have a favo that I like t thin with fr This recipe is it is so mo moist for a se day, if you c the house th.

POUN

Cream ⅔ cup garine and l very thorc smooth and looking. Ad eggs, one a beat well. S cups flour, baking powder and ¾ Stir dry ingredients alternately with ⅔ cu with 1 teaspoon va overmix. Pour into 8 greased loaf pan and b erately slow oven, 325°



HANS KNOPP

elping mother
ake rolls
is a favorite
ndoor sport on
ny afternoons.

Pets

By CLARA BELLE HART

ripe hunting again. Now I've stopped teaching, e' ess money but more time to bake and experiment.

E's practically nothing that nd e children don't like. That fie verything—puts the joy in ke he work out of cooking on ec udget.

re y amazing how much va- he can be when a little ham- is xed with a whole f agination. Bob t ink he's eaten u ess he has had so 's always there wh .

F I' BISCUITS

ar skillet sauté ¾ no ed onions in 2 bo s salad oil. Then c chopped green a 1 pound ground Sa until meat is , a an 8-ounce can o ce, 1 No. 2½ can pe 2 tablespoons ed arsley, ⅛ tea- pper, 2½ tea- t, ⅛ teaspoon ounce can whole- n, and 1 table- spoon vinegar. For added flavor you may add a clove of garlic, crushed. Simmer for ½ hour. Serve shortcake style with hot, split biscuits. Serves 4 to 6.





Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

This is the time of year
for pork in our family,
and here's one of our favorites.

SAUSAGE-SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

pound link sausage until emove from the skillet and p sliced onion in 2 table- the sausage fat. When the tender, add 1 No. 2 can , 1 No. 2 can sliced apples and 2 tablespoons brown sugar. Place alternate layers of sausage and apple-sauerkraut mixture in a 1½-quart casserole and top with a few sausage links. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for ½ hour. Serves 6.

Take half a melon, for instance...



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DOW

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says Marie Gifford, Armour's Home Economist and pastry authority.



Make this Toasted Coconut Pie with Ease and Confidence

You'll enjoy making this beautiful pie because it brings you so many compliments. For the cream filling and meringue, use your own favorite recipes. Or, follow the can't-fail recipes in my new Pie Booklet, offered you free, below.

To make sure your crust is tender and flaky, use Armour Star Lard. And follow my quick 5-minute Pie Crust recipe. This *better* lard has more shortening power than any other type of shortening! It needs no refrigeration. It blends like magic.

Quick 5-Minute Pie Crust Recipe

Measure 1½ cups of all-purpose flour. Sift with ¾ teaspoon of salt. Add ½ cup of Armour Star Lard. Blend with flour until mixture resembles coarse meal.

Add 2½ tablespoons of tap water. Mix lightly and form dough into ball. Roll out on pastry cloth to thickness of ⅛ inch or less. Fit into 9-inch pie pan. Trim and crimp edges—prick all over with fork. Bake in 425° F. oven 12-15 minutes.

Pour cool cream filling into pie shell. Top with meringue, sprinkle with ¼ cup of coconut. Bake quickly at 425° F. 5 to 6 minutes.

FREE! NEW PIE BOOKLET. 32 wonderful pies. Many helpful hints. Write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 146, Box 2053, Armour and Co., Chicago. We will appreciate it if you include a carton top with your request.



America's Perfect Pie Shortening

Armour Star Lard

MISS DOVE AND THE MATERNAL INSTINCT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

temptations might beset them "upon life's stormy sea" (i.e., in junior high school), they would cling to the ideals of their first alma mater. Every mother who heard them (even the rare, candid soul who considered her own darling's eligibility for graduation a minor miracle) grew damp in the eye.

"The men and women of tomorrow," murmured Lester Knight, Jr.'s, mother. Like her son, she had a gift for appropriate platitude.

Mrs. Rigsbee, sandwiched between Mrs. Knight and her own young sister, Jincey Webb, suppressed a sneer. "What does anyone expect them to become? Yaks?" she whispered to Jincey. It was obvious to Mrs. Rigsbee that, except for favoritism, her Fae Patricia would have received the cup.

JINCEY shrugged. *What dull, provincial lives these women lead,* she thought. *Never tasting glory or despair. Moving about in their little orbits from market to P.T.A. to country club to market. Merely motorized vegetables!* She raised her lovely eyes to the ceiling. *At least I have suffered. I have lived!*

At the tail end of the line came Miss Dove. She walked with her usual measured tread. She wore her usual dark dress. Her face was impassive. Her eyes—those dispassionate, undeluded eyes that could strike terror to mamma and moppet alike—were cool and gray and perfectly dry. She looked precisely as she always looked. But the mothers, regarding her through a haze of emotion, saw her with a difference. She was no longer the terror who had haunted their school days—who had made them wash out their mouths with soap when they chewed their pigtails or used inelegant language; who had forced them, through dread of her silent contempt, to sit still until the bell rang no matter how badly they needed to go to the bathroom; who had known, though she hadn't stooped to question their word, when they were fibbing. She was not even the cold-blooded monster who had, later, remained unenchanted by their own children's infantile graces—by Sistie's bashfulness, and Bubbie's imperfect articulation, and the adorable way Jackie-Boy stomped his foot, like a regular little man, when his will was crossed. She was Woman Bereft.

For the sixth-graders were leaving her. Each one irreplaceable and differing from all other children as star differed from star, they were marching straight out of her life as sixth-graders had marched, June after June, for thirty-five years. They would never return.

"Poor Miss Dove!" the mothers sighed in silent unison. "Poor chickless, childless Miss Dove!" Sentiment drew them together into one yeasty lump of compassion. Forgiving the miscarriage of the cup, Mrs. Rigsbee reached for Mrs. Knight's hand and squeezed it. Tenderly she laid her other hand over Jincey's.

Jincey withdrew her fingers. She lifted her head in a delicate, fastidious way, as if to hold it aloof from banality. On her pale face was the expression of languid hauteur that is natural to a young beauty whom tragedy has touched.

Miss Dove noticed Jincey. It would have been difficult not to notice the girl's head with its red-gold hair that seemed to give off sparks like a cat's fur stroked in the dark. Miss Dove noticed, as well, that Thomas Baker noticed, and that his eyes appeared dazed.

Miss Dove was not pleased. She was acquainted with the details of Jincey Webb's disappointment. She could imagine (though she could *not* imagine allowing herself to wander into such a predicament) that to be publicly jilted was galling to the self-esteem. But she gave short shrift to the wan weeds of melancholy. If Virginia—for Miss Dove believed in calling people as well as facts by their proper names—would stop mooning about in an atmosphere of broken orange blossoms, play-acting and walling her eyes, then she might reap some benefit from experience and enjoy a fuller, saner life.

As for Thomas Baker—surely a qualified surgeon, accustomed to the stern realities of sickness and health, could keep his mind from meandering in the maze of a girl's red hair. Surely he must realize that those distracting tresses had done Virginia harm. If her mother had kept them braided, the nonsense of beauty and glamour would never have begun. (Miss Dove reflected complacently upon her own hair—washed once a week, brushed night and morning, and screwed into a sensible bun out of folly's way.) And if Thomas wished to contemplate something other than his profession he might well consider the flippant attitude—that sad family failing!—that his young brother had recently displayed upon the platform.

But though Miss Dove was alert, though she did observe the marvelous hair and the doctor's eyes, she remained unaware of the sticky emotion oozing toward her from the matrons. Her condition in life, Miss Dove believed, excited universal envy. That other women should pity her—and especially women who depended upon the protection of men and who, with the advent of maternity, lost the power of reason and replaced system with a vague, yearning sort of mawkishness that they held sacred and called instinct—would have seemed incredible. Had she guessed the preposterous truth, she would not have laughed. Miss Dove had no sense of humor. That touted faculty she regarded as morally vestigial and, like the appendix and the tonsils, apt to breed trouble. She looked through air as clear as glass upon the human scene; in it she saw much that was right, much that was wrong, and nothing that was funny. No, Miss Dove would not have laughed. She might, however, have come to a full stop in the aisle. She might have stood there, sweeping her impudent sympathizers with a gelid gaze that would have left them little doubt as to her opinion of mothers.

Since she did not guess, she continued her stately progress as rear guard of the graduates. The position was of her own choosing. Seven years before, a disconcerting thing had happened at Cedar Grove. The last child in line—a girl called Jincey whose angelic countenance and pellucid hair had moved most minds to poetry—had whipped a water pistol from her frilly bodice and had shot the boy preceding her in the seat of his trousers. Other guns had appeared as if at a signal. The graduates had broken rank. They had rioted through the building, leaping desks, drenching bystanders, and singing, instead of the school's inspiring anthem, a ballad known as Pistol-packing Mamma. Since that unhappy day Miss Dove had deemed it prudent to let the children know that the eyes of decorum were upon them, aft as well as fore.

Now, nineteen and wretched, Jincey recalled that occasion. She smiled, remembering the surge of daring, the intoxicated leap toward freedom. And she remembered, also, the disciplined years that had, paradoxically, given her the heady moment of bravado. Miss Dove did not provoke her to pity. Jincey saw her as the symbol of a bygone era when life had been unchancy and plain as the map on a wall. She remembered how the t as a yardstick, had touched the g earth, turning it slowly to illustri dictable, diurnal revolution upon i Jincey experienced again an old, d conviction that if you obeyed the l sneezed in your handkerchief, and hand for permission to speak, anc margins even—that globe, and a sented, was certain to be your oyste

For the first time in weeks it Jincey that a broken heart was a c thing to lug around.

Miss Dove followed the class in The mothers arose. They fanned with their programs. "It was the er thing," they said mournfully, "b now we'll have the children all to all day, all summer!" Then, starin down a tunnel of ninety hot, unbro intensive maternity, they added as their optimism, "Poor, dear Miss D

"It's nice to see you here, Jinc mean so much to little Fae," M said. "That green dress with your Her glance was caressing, as b glance cast by a fruitful married wo a girl whose hopes were blighted, patronizing too. Lester, Sr., was the glance said. He didn't own a Adam's apple was prominent, he s his jokes were ancient. But he had when he said he would—waiting a

"She came to please me. She pie," Mrs. Rigsbee said, giving he affectionate spank. "We're driving club for lunch. You can get a swim bath, Jince. I put your things in the

Jincey felt smothered, crippled, b solicitude. And to be called "a cuti more than she could bear. "I belie Thanks all the same," she said. She the resolve and the words that clot simultaneous, "I want to go see M

Before her sister could argue, caped and went her way.

"Hi, Ellen. Hi, Jane," said Dr Baker to Mesdames Knight and "This makes me feel my age. You here *in parentis* and me *in loco!*"

"Wasn't it sad?" said Mrs. K bawled at the song. And poor Miss

"'Poor'?" Thomas demanded. "S me stiff the way she always did. I sweating—perspiring—and wonderi a clean handkerchief." He took a chief from his pocket—it was qui and mopped his brow. "No. She'll 'the terrible' to me, and nothing el

"But she's old, Tommy," plea Rigsbee, "and lonely. Year after y people's children leave her forever!"

Thomas thought he could enc equanimity a lifetime minus the co the affected Fae Patricia, the pompo Jr., his own ebullient sibling, Sterli other twelve-year-old. But he did his unorthodox sentiment. He was, a young physician with his way "Wasn't little Jincey with you?" employing an elaborately casual hadn't seen her since she was Fae's spotted that fire-engine hair!"

"She *was* here. It's the first time able to drag her out since ——" Mr finished with a wave of her hand. ' off to speak to Miss Dove."

"A palpable error," Thomas s could have waited and spoken to raised his left eyebrow in the cocks dening, irresistible manner of th bachelor who doesn't underestimate

BACK in her classroom—her cas were—Miss Dove sat at her big de raised dais and closed her eyes. E five rows of lesser desks stood tenan blackboards were washed clean of dr isthmuses and peninsulas. The sa were shrouded in oilcloth. But Miss not closing her eyes against the s these things. She was trying to visuali

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

NEXT MONTH

"It seems to me that you're getting big ideas," Alfred Wayde said.

"What sort of ideas?" asked Willis.

● His father laughed harshly. "Like marrying the boss' daughter, and you don't want to marry any boss' daughter. You're trying to be something you aren't. Maybe you'll end up like a Harcourt . . . but you'll never *be* a Harcourt."

John P. Marquand's distinguished new novel

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

begins in the November JOURNAL



Baked Pork Chops

Hunt Style

*Make 'em **your** way...or make 'em **our** way...*

*but make 'em **delicious***

with Hunt's Tomato Sauce!

enjoy this delicious dish using either recipe for baked chops, or the delicious

at's the nice thing about Hunt's Tomato so handy to have in the kitchen! And ily's going to love its wonderfully rich avor. For Hunt's Tomato is *all* tomato, just right. No starchy fillers, no "soupy" t's why men really go for it.

se delicious chops. And then use your cooking skill and add Hunt's Tomato Sauce to your stews, meat loaf, casseroles. It helps you *gain flavor* for your cooking!

4 pork chops (1½ lbs.) fat
⅓ cup finely diced celery
2 tablespoons brown sugar
juice of ½ lemon ½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard ⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
½ cup water

Brown chops in fat. Place in shallow greased baking dish. Sprinkle with celery, brown sugar, lemon juice and seasonings. Pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce and water over chops. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1¼ hours or until chops are tender. Makes 4 servings.



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RECIPES FOR YOU! *One on the back of every can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce — at your food store.*
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

the twoscore children who had left her. For six years she had pruned and polished and molded them and had sought to blow into their clay the breath of purpose. Now they had passed beyond the aid of her precept or example. She did not wish them back. She wished only to be sure that they would do well without her. But she had to wait and see. Miss Dove was like an author whose book was on the press, like a flight instructor whose cadet had departed on a lonely mission in the sky. For weal or woe, her job was done.

But as the author ponders the merits of his third chapter, as the instructor wonders about forced landings, so Miss Dove tormented herself with questions. She thought first of Fae Patricia. The child was tractable and honest, but she had given herself a great many airs today as she'd recited Kilmer's poem. *Did I teach her enough humility?* Miss Dove wondered. *Enough common sense to withstand the adulation of a fatuous mother and many fatuous men?* Miss Dove thought, with a pang, of Fae's aunt, Jincey Webb.

Jincey had been a likely child. Not intellectual or original, but thoroughly nice—cheerful, obliging and amenable to suggestion. Though she had been subject to animal spirits (witness the "pistol-packing" episode) she had, deep down, recognized the beauty of discipline. Her sense of order had been innate. Her notebooks had been things of sheer delight. And her posture had been superb—spine straight, head erect, feet planted on the floor. And then, within a few years of her leaving Cedar Grove, something had happened to the girl. Everything about her—her complexion, her figure, her direct eyes and, most demonstrably, her hair—had taken on a kind of burnished symmetry that had dazzled the beholder. Worse, it had dazzled Jincey. At the state university she had been elected "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." She had won a talent show and had gone to New York, where she had got a small job singing TV commercials—though her voice was slight. Soon her engagement had been announced. She was to marry the scion of a wealthy family. She would have a Mediterranean honeymoon aboard a private yacht. She would live, when she returned, in a penthouse—a twelve-room cottage with a terrace and a lily pool built in the sky above Manhattan.

She had come home for the wedding. She wanted it to be in the little stone church where she'd been christened, with all her old friends there to bless her.

But two days after Jincey had arrived at home her fiancé had eloped with a night-club entertainer. He had not apprised Jincey of his intention. She had heard it, a *fait accompli*, on a radio gossip program.

No one is wicked enough to wish to appear wicked.
—QUINTILIAN

MISS DOVE had not been greatly astonished by the turn of events. She had seen a photograph of the defaulting groom and had noted a shiftiness in his eyes, an overfullness indicative of petulance about his mouth. What had astonished her had been Jincey's behavior. The girl had not conducted herself with the poise and pride that should have distinguished an alumna of Cedar Grove. She had wept and wilted. She had secluded herself in her sister's house, where she had allowed close friends to dab her forehead with Eau de Cologne. She had not—though Miss Dove would have phrased the matter with more urbanity—had the guts to spit in the eye of circumstance!

Was there something more I could have done, Miss Dove asked herself now, *before the girl was twelve?*

She sighed and considered the case of Sterling Baker. It was odd and discouraging how an idiosyncrasy could run, like warped thread, through a whole family. Thomas, Andrew, Randolph and Sterling—Miss Dove had taught them all. They all had cleft chins. All had fine muscular control—they could wiggle their ears and raise one eyebrow without twitching the other. They were all quick to learn and responsive to ethical values. None of them knew how to lie. But, try as she had, Miss Dove had never been able t
love for clowning. And, of cou
no help from their mother. "
serious soon enough," that
woman was reported to have
them to fate and the terrible Mis

Recalling Mrs. Baker's remar
pursed her mouth as though she

THERE was a hesitant step at
Jincey Webb stood on the thre
morning, Miss Dove," she said.
that of a well-instructed child,
uninflected. It made her unch
seem fancy dress put on for a ma

"Good morning, Virginia," sa

Jincey advanced. Her green
sound reminiscent of wind in g
shook off a peculiarly unacader
Like a homing pigeon Jincey w
the third seat in the third row.

"This was my place," she said

"Will you sit there now, Vi
Dove said politely.

Jincey took her seat. "The roo
empty," she said.

Miss Dove was not adept at si

Jincey made another try. "Lik

Miss Dove said nothing.

"It doesn't smell the same, e
said. "Remember the boys' corc
dirty and sort of cheesy at th
week? And wet sneakers?"

Miss Dove maintained her sil
cuss odors, especially in referen
or clothing, she considered coar

"Is that the same map?" Jinc
pointed to the large map of the
up for the su
the blackboar
Dove. "Is
orange?"

"It is a new
Dove said. "
ple."

"I liked th
Jincey said. "I
world."

"Cartography is a fluid art,
Dove.

With the flat of her hand Ji
her hair back from her forehead.
that in moments of perplexity lo
Miss Dove," she said, and her
"tell me what to do!"

Miss Dove was not at a loss. Sh
in three short words. "Do your du

Jincey's eyes glazed with tea
your duty when your world has er

"You are nineteen, I believe
Dove. Her statement was devoic
Miss Dove had been nineteen w
world had ended. Ended and
father had died, leaving her as
mother, two little sisters and a
debt. Miss Dove's whole life of se
dresses and loose blowing hair
like the pendulum of an unwour
Miss Dove had gone on. She ha
hair out of the way. (She could st
the feel of the silken stuff in he
how, when she'd pulled it fiercel
her temples, her skin had strainec
She had squared her slender shou
sponsibility. She could rememb
world. It was a charming memory
tale read to a sleepy child. But th
was real. Whether she was happy
not ask herself. She was strong.
ful. She was Miss Dove.

"This is how it was," Jincey sa
Miss Dove all that had happened
of it was wicked. All of it, as Mi
surmised, was a chronicle of vani
cence. She told of meeting Mi
Stork Club. "He spoke to th
French," she said, "and wore a cur

She told of the places he had
dine. "Did you ever drink cham
Dove?" she asked.

"No," said Miss Dove.

"It tastes like cider," Jincey sa
effect is different." She told of
ments Michael had paid her. She
proposal. ("You are my rainbow
had said.) She was on the verge o

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

Flannelette to keep you comfy...

advice to keep you smart!



ke a princess, feel warm as
wonderful flannelette . . . one
ear's fabric favorites. Such
rints, such coziness . . . with
ity, durability.



Feel like a pauper one washday later! Flannelette deserves its reputation for shrinkage. One sudsing, and size 16 can shrink to 12 . . . *unless it's labeled "Sanforized"!*



Dress-length shirt! New, come-into-my-parlor type flannelette in smart, comfortable shirt-dress style. Always in fashion, cut this year along slim, tapered lines.



Shirt-length dress! Oops—your short-sighted buying is showing! If you had looked for the "Sanforized" label, your cotton would *never* have shrunk out of fit . . . out of style.



ye in pajamas as cute as a
ear. Designed for warmth,
buttoned neck and tapered
s cuddle close to protect her
he kicks the covers off.



Bye-bye looks *and comfort.* A cuddle becomes a tight squeeze when shrinkage sets in. So, whenever you buy cottons—especially flannelette—look for the label "Sanforized"!



Moral: No matter where you buy,

no matter how much you pay, always check

to see if it's a "Sanforized" cotton

ESPECIALLY IF IT'S FLANNELETTE!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

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You start by pouring light, s oil—Wesson Oil. No lost m out and melting solid shorte too—pour just what you ne waste a drop.

Wesson Oil gives you an ex safety for light, digestible fry Wesson *heats hotter without* costliest solid shortenings. when fat smokes and burns down—harming your fried fo fries so safely—you can enj foods at the same meal!

You'll taste the difference, t fry with this pure vegetab There's a fresh *delicacy* in special *lightness* you'll find kind of shortening.

WESSON "FRENCH F S"

Cut potatoes into strips ⅜-i ⅜-inch thick. Pat dry with pa Fry until light brown in deep heated to 385° F. (For ext potatoes may be soaked in co hour before frying.) Wesson I to be light and digestible.

SKILLET BURGER BA S

Burger Balls:

- **1½ pounds ground beef**
- **1½ teaspoons salt**
- **1 slightly beaten egg**
- **½ cup dry bread crumbs**

Sauce:

- **¼ cup Wesson Oil**
- **1 cup chopped onion**
- **½ cup chopped green pep**
- **1 clove garlic, minced**
- **2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce**
- **1 tablespoon Worcestersh**
- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **1 teaspoon celery seed**
- **Dash of pepper**

Combine ground beef, 1½ te egg and crumbs. Shape into bal in diameter. Brown in skillet i Oil, remove from skillet. In cook onion and green pepper utes. Add rest of ingredients, ing. Add meat balls; cover, a minutes. Makes 6 servings.



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Wesson Oil

SEE "HAWKINS FALLS" — NBC-TV NETWORK MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

NUED FROM PAGE 176

he had experienced when he'd
is arms, but at that point Miss
r.
Virginia, is the *sine qua non* of
Dove said.
told of the evening when the
vs had come over the radio.
ent black," she said. Tears
er cheeks. She looked very ap-
ry pretty, and about ten years
y I had a telegram. It said,
you can understand.'"
" asked Miss Dove.
y sobbed. "I still can't. Can

said Miss Dove. "Have you a
Virginia?"
aid Jincey.
on her desk, Miss Dove took a
tissue. Like a queen stepping
throne to distribute largess,
vn from her dais and gave the
She returned to her desk.

her eyes. She blew her nose.
do—exactly?" she asked. She
ls and waited to be told.
Miss Dove knew the answer.
m was uncomplicated when
ely. And yet, she hesitated. To
ctly what steps to take toward
as apt to weaken him. It de-
is inalienable right to trial and
s tonic to the character. But
d the claims of childhood upon
ting in her old place. And she
er handkerchief.
Miss Dove said quietly. "First,
n to your sister's house. Enter
fall upon your knees, and give
Heavenly Father."
incey gasped. "For what?"
ing you from a fate worse than
Dove said. The expression, ut-
recise, calm accents, sounded
or melodramatic.
?" Jincey echoed.
," Miss Dove repeated flatly.
that the young man to whom
your affection discovered that
you had altered."
d, dumb with misery.
wever, an honorable avenue of
uld have requested you to re-
his commitment."
to cry again.
choose to take that honorable
Dove said. "Why?"
w," said Jincey.
tell you," said Miss Dove. Her
. She might have been explain-
ice between longitude and lati-
ecause he was a cad, a coward
low principles."
Jincey. She sounded as if she
blasphemy. But over her face
ression of exquisite relief. "I
must be something wrong with

lay in a rashness of judgment,"
e. "His lay in dishonor." She
the distinction sink into the
isness. "And then, after you
l gratitude to the Power that
a disastrous alliance, you must
luty to your neighbor and your-
find a useful occupation."
k I could teach?" asked Jincey.
not," said Miss Dove. "But
spheres of service."
a nurse."
," Miss Dove agreed. Nurses
d. Their shoes had low, solid
ir hair! Miss Dove thought ap-
ncey's hair tucked into a net and
starched white cap.
er a nursing order," Jincey said
l become a nun." She laid her
aceful gesture of renunciation,
m.
is about nunneries?" Thomas
ded from the doorway. He
ed and breathless, like a doctor
s arrived in time to countermand
ription.
ning, Thomas," said Miss Dove.

"Good morning, Miss Dove," said Thomas. He came into the room, a tall, lean young man with a humorous mouth, a steady eye and a stubborn chin. "Why, Jincey!" he exclaimed, affecting surprise. "Holy mackerel, kitten, you're all grown up!" His tone implied that fact to be arranged primarily for his benefit.

"So are you," said Jincey.

"Naturally," said Thomas. He was twenty-seven. He had fought in a war and studied medicine and was on the staff of the local hospital. Of course he was grown up. "But it's rather odd of *you*. Though extremely becoming."

"Thank you," said Jincey. "It's nice you approve."

"The last time I saw her was before I went east to med school," Thomas told Miss Dove. "I was being separated from the Navy and she from Cedar Grove. She shot my brother Randy in the ——"

SIMULTANEOUSLY A BIRD

By HANNAH KAHN

Suddenly you stir, sensing me here,
and turn your head . . . your eyes hold mine in flight
and something quivers in the moving air,
something unsaid that underlines the night.

Intangible the thread that binds us two;
you, half asleep and I somehow remote
as though I were a stranger watching you
with time suspended on a single note.

And then you speak. I cannot hear the word
and yet I think it is my name you call. . . .
Simultaneously a small dark bird
invades the sky and in this interval
I am again myself and you are he
deeply beloved and very near to me.

"Virginia cannot enjoy being reminded of that," said Miss Dove.

"It was very reprehensible," Thomas said. "You must be relieved, Miss Dove, to be finished with us Bakers. Sterling was mamma's last black lamb."

"Sterling has many sterling qualities," Miss Dove said with no intention of making a pun. "Except for his levity ——"

"Levity is a handicap," Thomas said. "I'm a martyr to it. I often think it's what's kept me single. I'm going fine with a girl, you know. Everything's leading up to Lohengrin. And then—just at the throbbing, tender moment—I can't resist a wisecrack!"

Jincey laughed. Her laughter was sweet bells in tune. She tossed her head. The dazed expression passed over Thomas' eyes.

"Sterling's behavior was inexcusable," said Miss Dove.

"He was giving me the SOS with ear jerks while Fae was reciting Trees," said Thomas. "I taught him to do that."

"It was rude," said Miss Dove.

"I'll speak to my mother when she returns from Boston," Thomas said. "She knows how to deal with smart guys."

"I dare say," said Miss Dove.

Thomas turned to Jincey. "Did you always sit there?" he asked her. "I was first in the first row."

Miss Dove looked at Thomas' old desk. All the Baker boys had sat there. She was aware of a constriction in her chest.

Jincey wrinkled her shapely nose. "Does this room smell different to you, Tommy?"

Thomas took a step toward her. He inhaled deeply. "And much better," he said.

Jincey laughed again.

Miss Dove deplored what seemed to be transpiring before her eyes. Jincey's new-found purpose was not yet proof against blandishment. In the Webbs the vein of romance ran as close to the skin as did the vein of comedy in the Bakers.

"I expect the hospital keeps you busy, Thomas," she said.

"Yes. It calls me now." He glanced at Jincey. "My car's out back. If I could drop you off somewhere ——"

"Fine." Jincey rose. "Good-by, Miss Dove. And thank you. I'll remember." (It struck Miss Dove that she'd forgotten a good deal already.) "I'll think about the nursing career. Maybe Tommy can advise me."

"I'll advise her very carefully," Thomas said with the utmost gravity. And suddenly, just before he left with Jincey, he gave Miss Dove a smile of such ineffable sweetness as she had never seen before. She remembered a metaphor, read somewhere long ago and scarcely thought of since that spoke of life—or was it love?—as "honey on the tongue."

Miss Dove took her flat-brimmed hat from a cupboard in the corner. She put it on without benefit of mirror. She closed the windows and drew the green shades down over the glass. In the dim, watery light the room looked mysterious, like a room in a dream. Miss Dove was not a fanciful woman, but for an instant she had a fleeting vision of children—familiar children and yet new—stirring in the shadows. All the end-of-the-year fatigue fell away from her. She felt elated and greedy for the future. It was a curious sensation. Perhaps it was what people meant by happiness.

I am fifty-four, she thought. *I won't have to retire until sixty-seven.* She paused, calculating. (A different kind of woman would have counted on her fingers.) If they didn't tarry—and recalling the smile and the laughter, she didn't expect they *would* tarry—then she could take the first child straight through to graduation. The child would need her. Jincey would be a doting dandling mother. She would rock her children to sleep and kiss their bruises and call them by baby-talk names like Punkin and Boo. Thomas, as a father, would cut a sorry figure indeed. A father who was a "martyr to levity." A father who "couldn't resist a wisecrack!"

And yet, Miss Dove reflected, possibly all that, along with shiny hair and silly shoes and pretty smells (for Jincey's agreeable scent still hung on the air), was part of a plan designed by an Authority she did not question. For if everyone lived upon Miss Dove's own lofty plane—if everyone perceived with perfect clarity the hard, serious truths of human life—then there would be no parents and no children. There would be only teachers.

In this magnanimous mood Miss Dove left her classroom. In the foyer of the building, under the picture of Galahad and his horse, the art teacher was serving refreshments to the graduates and their guests. Miss Dove moved among the mothers, greeting them graciously. As she approached Mrs. Knight she saw that lady slap a slice of coconut cake out of the hand of her illustrious son.

"Lester, Jr., you pig!" Mrs. Knight sputtered between clenched teeth. "You're going to be sick, sick, sick, and serve you right!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Knight," said Miss Dove. "I'm sure you are proud of Lester."

MRS. KNIGHT wheeled around. As she gazed up into the teacher's serene, cloudless, omniscient eyes—as she imagined a summer uncluttered with the care and feeding of children—pity was the least of her emotions.

But she managed to compose her features. She put her arm around Lester, Jr.'s, shoulders. "All that he is he owes to you, Miss Dove," she said.

Miss Dove inclined her head in acknowledgment of the tribute. "It is my rule," she said, "to regard my each success simply as one more challenge." END



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DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

worst bugbear has been laid to rest. We always plan to present the house with special gifts at Christmas and keep a fund especially for this. We feel the little house has sheltered us so steadfastly, we owe it gifts from time to time—and I admit they tend to be gifts that make life for us easier and more serene. Such a gift was the dishwasher—oh, most memorable of additions. Almost no single thing takes the drudgery out of homemaking as the dishwasher does.

And now behold a new wonder—the electric incinerator, as unbelievable as roses in a snowdrift! In the country, rubbish disposal comes to be so acute that you can hardly bear it. Even in many small towns there is no rubbish collection. We have tried all kinds of dodges: burying it in big pits—always dug up the next night by the wild folk in the woods; lugging to the dump—a hazardous trip over shingle nails and tin-can covers up an entirely unrepaired road.

Often the burnable trash sits in the barn for days because it is too windy to risk a fire. Holly rushes about tossing eggshells and cottage-cheese cartons in her wake. Winter blizzards add to the trouble, for rubbish knows no season.

Now the anniversary of the paying off of the mortgage is celebrated by a tidy little affair about the size of a television set which sits calmly in the cellar, hooked up to the furnace flue. It runs by electricity (though it can be had with gas for those who have gas). And it reduces everything except cans and bottles to a fine small ash, which you pull out at the bottom in a drawer!

A happy family is but an earlier heaven. —SIR JOHN ROWRING

Like the freezer, I know this incinerator will pay for itself in a short time. The freezer ate up its purchase cost so fast we never did get it figured out how. Our new friend will save hundreds of trips to the dump, the flat tires from same, the gas, the shortness of temper; does away with the fire hazard of any outdoor burning, saves hours of housework, and is a health protection besides.

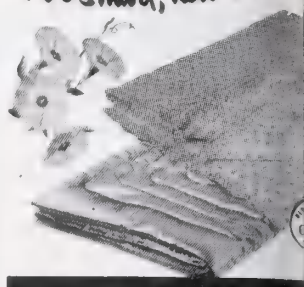
I guess now all that's left is for some big-hearted manufacturer, bless them all, to invent a thing that will take down curtains, wash, starch and iron them and *rehang* them while I am walking in the woods observing nature!

Tiki and Teddy devote their time to rushing through the leaves; the black and white of Tiki and the red-gold of Teddy look dramatic in the whirling tawny drifts. Above them the blaze of sugar maples illumines the sky. Tiki and Teddy are like schoolboys. When Tiki is studying his lessons—bringing in that leather object—Teddy decides he wants to do the same thing. When Teddy is heeling and sitting, Tiki runs to heel and sit with him. This complicates Jill's training considerably, especially as Jonquil is also jumping up and down at the door and Holly is squeaking like a boat pulled on shingle.

Everybody wants to be Obedience-trained at the same moment, and then no matter who has been taking the hurdles, everybody knows when the lesson is over and they converge at once on the refrigerator. So they all get rewards and, being dogs and not humans, they are all happy.

After supper, we have a last race in the leaves. The sight of nine dogs running as the moon rises is a most beautiful thing for eye to look on. The wine-dark air, the lighted fire of the great maples, the lesser lantern of the fireplace shining through the windows of the old white house, these seem wonderful to me as I follow the dogs with my pedestrian feet. Tiki (High Heritage) flies past, Teddy (Especially Me) swings like a kite after the flying shining Irish. The others run, run, run.

I walk, but my heart runs too. END



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FALL FLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

185° F.—about 6 hours, allow- nutes per pound. One half hour is done, cut the rind off and aking a pattern of diamonds or with cloves and season with d ½ teaspoon sage. Increase and finish roasting. Remove nd garnish with parsley and bles.

n have applesauce, cranberry served fruit such as plums, sh-plum jelly. Be sure there's ard about, and a jug of

NBERRY RELISH

d fresh cranberries and 1 and cut up, using the coarse d grinder. Mix with ½ cup or and if you taste you'll know ½ teaspoons ginger and 1 cup . Chill. This makes 4 cups.

mbination. This refers to mush- n—or as I call them, string— they are tied up with a string, d the French are so thoughtful and slice them, and so do we. h the beans," and you all know s. So here is a casserole with e mushroom hobnobbing to- ce

N-EAN-AND-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

l mushrooms, sliced, and 1 , sliced, in ½ cup butter or 1 ¼ cup flour and cook until his to 2 cups milk, warm but nd 1 cup light cream in the nd don't let it alone for a min- irred.

nd sharp Cheddar cheese, ⅛ sco, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 1 ½ teaspoon pepper and 1 sodium glutamate. Simmer e is melted.

kages frozen Frenched green water until just tender. Drain. mushroom sauce and one 5- ter chestnuts, drained and o a casserole, sprinkle with ½ d, slivered blanched almonds. tes in a moderately hot oven it bubbles through the top and casserole has been prepared ome cool, allow 35 to 40 min- roughly through and bake as e.

a hurry, you may substitute ns sliced mushrooms and two whole green beans for the n items. For the sauce, sub- und jar ready-to-use cheese heese, reduce milk to ½ cup teaspoon.

late, they say, and we hear it are never too late to learn. ut I wish it applied to other e on time, and something hap- me. Something stops me from am going to hurry now to tell too late. about a different kind lled Savory Toast. Read on and y.

AVORY TOAST

nd butter or margarine. Mix easpoon thyme, ¼ teaspoon spoon salt and ½ teaspoon ork into the butter or marga- er fork. Cut slices of bread in e or in strips and spread with ace on a baking sheet. Toast own in a hot oven (400° F.) minutes. These make a sea- onable addition to the appe-

CADO DRESSING

¾ cup salad oil, ¼ cup wine lespoons lemon juice, ½ cup vocado, ¼ teaspoon dry mus- tard, ¼ teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, ½ tea- spoon grated onion, a dash of pepper and 1 small clove garlic, crushed. Beat all together with a rotary beater or in your electric blender. The blender makes a smoother dressing. Makes 1½ cups. Pour some over crisp salad greens, endive and sliced red on- ions separated into rings. Toss all together.

Give it the raspberry. Once upon a time, as the old fairy stories begin, a man had an idea. He wasn't the first man to have an idea, but this was so revolutionary that it stood out like a sore thumb. It was the idea that came to pass and emerged as "frozen food." The man's name was Birdseye, and I was among the little group that was the first to taste those fruits and vegetables in treatment new, anyway. And this is why anywhere, any time, you may have al- most everything to eat that grows on land or in water. And so in any season you may have dessert ——

RASPBERRY-SHERBET RING

Pack 1½ quarts raspberry sherbet into a ring mold. You may make it, which is easy, or you may buy it, which is a good deal easier. Freeze it until firm. Just before serving, dip ring quickly into warm water. Unmold on your best company serving plate. If it gets broken, don't worry. Someone may give you a handsomer one. Fill the center of the mold with chilled drained canned black sweet cherries and frozen pineapple chunks, nicely thawed. Dust the top of the mold with shredded coconut.

Well, I guess this is enough of *my* fall fling, and I should love to hear about yours.

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TELL ME DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

The doctor rummaged about his desk and produced a copy of a medical magazine. "Here is a report of a woman of twenty-three who had the onset of menstruation at twelve and irregular menses until she was twenty-one. After being married for one and a half years, menstruation ceased—not due to pregnancy, however. An operation for appendicitis at about that time revealed normal ovaries and an infantile uterus. Physical examination gave normal results except for atrophic—meaning shrinking—changes in the vaginal lining. Hormonal treatment was begun and the first course resulted in the return of menstruation. Basal body-temperature readings, however, did not indicate ovulation. Following the third series of treatments, this patient became pregnant in the next cycle. Later she delivered a child successfully, after which cyclic menstruation was resumed.

"Your history closely parallels this one up to the time when this young woman first received active treatment. We shall hope that the subsequent history will also prove similar."

"That would be wonderful! I remember you said that the treatment of infantile uterus some years ago wasn't very satisfactory."

"Doctors certainly did not know as much about endocrinology two decades ago as they do now. They have been working on the problem of infantilism for many years, however."

"I am beginning to feel very hopeful."

"Then again I must caution you that I cannot promise anything. All I can say is this: the uterus which shows only an arrested development reacts favorably to hormone stimulation, and can often be made to menstruate and otherwise function. It is important to recognize this condition in the young, adolescent female, and I think that if the methods of treatment which we have today had been available when your menstrual function first failed, it probably could have been corrected at that time. *Any adolescent who fails to menstruate at the appropriate time should have a thorough examination by a competent gynecologist.*"

"Of course I am anxious to know what you are going to do for *me*, Doctor."

"The first thing will be to place you on a reducing diet. Not a drastic one, which might lead to sudden loss of weight for a short time, followed by a gain equally rapid when the first enthusiasm wore off. When we have succeeded in getting your weight down to that of a normal young woman of five feet five, we will start the hormone therapy. Your ovaries, although smaller than I would expect, are far from minute in size. I consider this very much in your favor. I am hopeful that we shall be able to stimulate them to increased hormone production so that they will activate the uterine lining into a state approaching normalcy. You see, there is a difference between the uterus which fails to develop in early life and one in which development begins but becomes retarded."

"There is one thing which puzzles me. You say my uterus is undersized—of the infantile type. If I *should* be fortunate enough to become pregnant, after all the treatment I am to have, would it be big enough to hold my baby?"

"In other words, would you be likely to abort?"

"That is what I mean, Doctor."

"Well, I can't guarantee against that, Mrs. Dill, but I do not think it is likely. You see, the normal nonpregnant uterus is relatively tiny in comparison to the pregnant uterus at term—its capacity enlarges several hundred times—and I don't think it would make too much difference about the initial size."

"Suppose I don't get pregnant after all this treatment I am going to have?"

"Sterility is quite another problem. You must not forget that you might have been sterile, even though you menstruated regularly from the time of puberty. If you can be made to menstruate and ovulate, you will have a good chance for pregnancy, provided your husband is fertile. That is an entirely different subject. Let us solve our present problem first, if we can."

"I am ready, Doctor."

Another article in this series by Doctor Safford will appear next month.



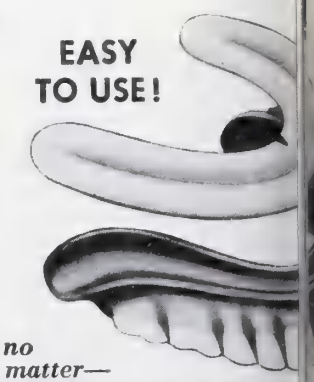
MUST WE SEND OUR CHILDREN TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

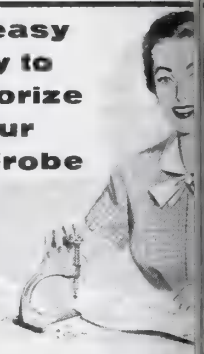
behind this type of promotion is that "the whole child" is benefited if he is not allowed to experience failure; so he is promoted to the next higher level in order that he may stay with his companions of the same chronological age without having mastered the material of the grade level he is leaving.

As he passes on from year to year, the gaps in his foundation increase until he finally reaches "high school," where the teachers are told they must take him where he is and not where they think he ought to be in order to profit from high-school work.

The curriculum has been adjusted to the abilities of the slow learners in so far as possi-



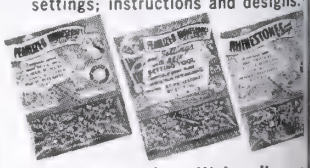
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is very little that can be found
m. The problem, in many cases,
rderly conduct on the part of the
ents. If they do not become re-
ey sink into a state of apathy.
n portion of the human race is
in learning from books, pressure
and compulsory-attendance laws
hese young people antagonistic
ers, who are to them the symbol
they hate. They take revenge on
orce them to stay in school by
iserable for the teachers and for

ustrate from a group of pupils I
in a class in high-school English.
ublesome boy in the class (who
almost unbearable for teachers
es for years) worked in a flower
vacations and weekends. He was
work and was giving satisfaction
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ool and work full time in the
Failing to get their consent, he
ucceeded in making life a hell on
teacher and his classmates. An-
r of the class had worked on a
the summer, had loved it and
main on the farm, but he also
he consent of his parents, so he
tted the first troublemaker. One
er so happy as when working as a
key" in a filling station, but he
ed the privilege of following his
ions. I could cite innumerable
and girls who would have been
had been allowed to do work
e with their abilities and inter-
thing they all had in common
studying from books.

gedies and near tragedies are
t by overly ambitious parents.
of one marking period, a big,
-old boy—good and conscien-
low learner—on receiving his re-
h consistently low grades burst
llable sobs and said that he
home because his parents would
him. I could not quiet him and
him to the school infirmary and
he care of the school nurse while
his father to come to the school.
ke it clear that unless he could
n and be proud of him because
t character, he was in danger of
together. I believed that the boy
a state of despair that he might
life unless the tension was eased.
y the condition in which he had
, the father seemed to grasp the
they left with the father's arm
around the shoulders of his boy. In many cases, however, parental pride predominates over parental love and sympathy. Disheartened teen-agers sometimes resort to suicide.

Another boy, with an I.Q. of 84, who has a bright older brother in college, and who has been made to feel that it is a disgrace not to go to college, comes to me regularly with the query, "Mrs. Struve, how can I get smart? I gotta go to college." How would *you* answer?

An excellent carpenter is doing some work for me. When he has to communicate with me, his wife writes his letters for him. He was lucky enough to escape compulsory school attendance and learned his trade by the apprenticeship route. He has no inferiority complex; he knows that he excels in his line of work just as a good letter writer does in his. He is one who literally sings at his job. Until we lay aside the false and snobbish attitude that all learning must be book learning and develop a sense of pride in any kind of job well done, we are going to produce rebellious, unhappy misfits, who will vent their unhappiness and sense of frustration on all around them.

The policy of passing students on without requiring them to meet standards is deleterious to bright pupils as well as to slow learners. Many of the bright pupils get by with so little effort that they fall into lazy habits. There is not sufficient challenge to stimulate them to effort. Deep respect is due to those boys and girls whose ambition and desire for knowledge motivate them to achieve a high degree of excellence in their scholastic endeavors in spite of the fact that they could get by with little effort if so inclined. To their everlasting credit, there are many such students, who are the real reward to the teachers for their dedication to a difficult job.

Other offenders against young people are the employers who insist on a high-school diploma as a requirement for employment. This demand has caused the schools to drop practically all requirements for high-school graduation except that a pupil has sat in a class for a certain number of hours. If the young person has to have a high-school diploma to get a job, say the educators, the schools must give him one. The employers have defeated their own purpose, because the high-school diploma no longer has any meaning for many young persons other than that they have spent at least twelve years in a schoolhouse. Why not give the nonacademic young person a chance for a job and dismiss him if he proves unsatisfactory?

There was a time when a high-school diploma could at least serve as a character reference. This condition, unfortunately, is no longer true. It is practically impossible to have a student expelled from school now, because the administrators argue that no matter how vicious a young person is, it is better for him to be in school than on the streets. (The question of his harm to other young people is passed over.) The maladjusted students have found out that they will be passed along regardless of achievement or conduct. Consequently, these young people take greater and greater liberties each year. In instances like these, high schools are substituting for reform schools, and normal well-behaved children must be neglected because of the time-consuming struggle to keep under control these insolent and froward young people.

Now I am not advocating putting these young people out on the streets to run around in unsupervised gangs. I am advocating *setting up standards*. After every possible effort has been made to teach the retarded students the reading skills necessary for further progress in academic subjects, by means of remedial reading classes, individual attention, and any other methods of awakening the interest of such pupils, then I believe we should sift out those students who are unfit for, and totally uninterested in, an academic education. I would favor placing them in training centers for which they are suited, such as trade schools, conservation camps, farms, or other projects



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where they can be taught to live useful lives and to acquire some means of earning a livelihood. There they would have a chance to achieve a sense of satisfaction in doing what they are suited for. So that mistakes could be avoided and justice done, I would see that such decisions were never made on the basis of one examination. A series of achievement and aptitude tests, using all known methods of measuring a child's abilities, performances and attitudes, could be administered over a period of four or five years. Moreover, I would advocate giving such a child a yearly opportunity to re-enter the academic world if he could show that his interests or his aptitudes have changed. The large number of juvenile delinquents in school today shows that the regular type of school is not able to deter them from unsocial activities. I believe that the establishment of the CCC during the depression years was one of the wisest moves ever made in this country and that it is a plan that should be continued in normal times. [Where the project was real and contribution was actual, the Civilian Conservation Corps programs were a success. They were not successful when young men felt that they were doing "made work" which had no real social utility. *Ed.*]

Among the institutions set up for training the young, there should be college-preparatory high schools for young people capable of going on to higher institutions of learning. Entrance to these schools should be based on total school record and examinations in academic subjects. The training given in these high schools should be equivalent to that given in the best private schools. There would be many disgruntled parents and students, at first, because of the rejection of nonacademic youngsters, but people have a way of accepting conditions when they m all have to face sooner or limitations. Since the exam open to all young people, justifiable complaint of un tion. To avoid that injustice be given continuing tests Parents who still insisted intellectual children to c schools could send them to p pay for their education. Ge should continue to be prov not seeking college-prepara

It is my sincere belief tha cational practices are failing character or happiness and will be disastrous to our c know personally any teache the practices they are require of us believe that by keepin that pupils who receive high are meeting established st teaching them to evade truth that, by setting up unrealis able goals, we are developing alities who will break down w fronted with the demands teachers, however, are afr voices in protest because t They are reluctant to give u they have spent years in prep uncertainty of getting into teachers have given years to selves to teach, they want to want standards established a help, however, must come and influential laymen. T magicians; they cannot trans into a genius; they could, proper conditions, do much child than they are doing no

LET'S ATTACK THE PROBLEMS . . NOT THE SCHOOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

the total number was not too large, a good teacher was able to do an amazing job through flexible grouping for different kinds of activities. In larger schools the possibilities for improving learning through appropriate grouping are increased greatly.

DR. GRISWOLD: Most of what has been said regarding teaching in elementary and secondary schools applies with equal validity to teaching in universities. This is a relative problem. Many a professor has said to me, "I wish I could pitch it to the best students." But he has fifty students, has to try to reach them all.

Question: How can this grouping according to ability be made more acceptable to parents and children?

DR. WOODRING: I believe Mr. Laramy suggested the answer by what he is doing in his junior-high school. In mathematics classes children are divided into sections on the basis of demonstrated mathematical ability. In English or language studies they are divided on the basis of their special ability in that area; in music, the same. They are divided on the basis of ability in each subject, without any social distinctions being implied. A child might be in the top group in mathematics, in the middle group in English, and so on.

MR. LARAMY: Parents do not object to that kind of grouping. They appreciate the effort that is being made. I have a youngster in the eighth grade who can read at only about the fifth-grade level—and he is placed with our slowest-reading eighth-grade group. His mother tells me he is happy in school for the first time because now he can compete with others at his own level.

DR. HOHMAN: ***When parents of certain children having difficulty in school consult me, I ask them, "How would you like to go out and do nuclear physics at Los Alamos?" I tell them I know what would happen to me—I would g very short time. "Therefo can't do nuclear physics w pieces and your child can' work without going to piec any question that we do p by pushing beyond capacit***

MR. LARAMY: That's righ should be stimulated and enc way to do their best work. B have push and it good.

Culture is simply the hospitality of the intellect. Your mind is open to new ideas and large views: when they enter, you know how to receive them, and to entertain, be entertained, and take what they have to offer without allowing them to dominate you. —TOM KETTLE

DR there in the still! push everyt curric any in or dif I am I hear schools provide little encoura ing Shakespeare and Milton hand, we must realize there ar who can get little meaning fro

DR. GRISWOLD: Certainly individual differences into think there has been too muc out of Shakespeare and Milt and the more difficult types of the false assumption that nob good out of them. This mater down process has come fron tudes in the schools and from confused standards and out of fear of political reprisals in ou

DR. CHASE: Yes, of cou schools today claim to be me needs; but in far too many won't find any differences in th set or in the experiences the ch ing. I think the biggest challe our schools is to put success w of every child, but make him to grasp it. When we confuse su



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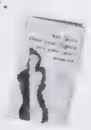
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with mere promotion to the next grade, we blur the satisfaction of genuine achievement. You even hear the children say, "Well, I passed, but I didn't really deserve it." They take no satisfaction in it themselves.

Question: What one skill or attitude would you consider essential in achieving an education, Doctor Griswold?

DR. GRISWOLD: Well, that is hard to answer when you reduce it to one, but I would say the most essential skill or attitude in achieving an education is, quite obviously, a desire for it. Nobody ever learned who didn't want to.

DR. CHASE: I agree, but if you say, "What skill?" and want a simple answer, then I would say, "Reading." But I would want to add the ability to think, to apply critical judgment, to discriminate among different sets of values. The school's first task is still the intellectual development of the child, though this is related to other kinds of development.

DR. HOHMAN: I would stand firmly on reading. If a child can learn to read and distinguish the meanings of words, he will have accomplished the most. Certainly the minimum objective of elementary and secondary education is to teach the maximum number of children to read with ease, interest and understanding.

Except for a tiny percentage of children who have brain damage, I believe that all children can be taught to read. There certainly are a large number of children who can be taught to read but are not.

DR. GRISWOLD: I should say that teaching maximum numbers of children to read with ease, interest and understanding was *a* minimum objective if not *the* minimum objective. The schools generally are not accomplishing even this minimum. Objective tests do not prove reading ability. They are highly impressionistic and unreliable. The only reliable test is the written essay, and that is practically extinct.

DR. WOODRING: The child should learn to read well as a part of his elementary education. This is surely one of the minimum objectives of education and one on which nearly all educators will agree, with the possible exception of a small number of the extreme lunatic fringe in progressive education. If we can agree that reading is one of the *more* important things, and then can agree that some things done in the school are *less* important, we will be ready to give more time to reading.

Most children could learn to read better than they do if they read more—the really good reader is usually a child who does a good deal of reading at home as well as at school. Maybe it would help if more parents had the fortitude to turn off the television set occasionally despite the child's protests.

DR. HOHMAN: Doctor Woodring, how far do you think we have gone wrong in largely omitting drill in various subjects? My own feeling is that much of adult life concerns drill—doing a routine job over and over again.

DR. WOODRING: Drill is of some use in learning skills, but in grasping bigger ideas it seems to me of very little value. If you mean by "drill" the same thing I do, I do not see that drill is very valuable in studying literature and history, for example.

DR. GRISWOLD: I think drill is absolutely essential in reading, writing and arithmetic.

DR. HOHMAN: Would you call mathematics a drill subject?

DR. GRISWOLD: You bet!

DR. HOHMAN: Well, by drill you at least learn the business of doing things you don't like to do.

DR. GRISWOLD: And if you don't face that sometime, you are not going to have an educated man. There is no compromise.

Question: What is important in education? What ought to be taught?

DR. WOODRING: ***We seem to be in agreement here that the proper use of the English language ought to be taught and that it is an important aspect of education, but there are some people in education who would apparently question that. There has been a growing philosophy which holds, not that English isn't important, but that other things are equally important.***

The most important things are those which lead to other things that are important. Reading is important because it opens the way to all things that have been written. Basket weaving, I would think, is considerably less important, because it doesn't open so many doors, although I can quote college catalogues that give credits for basket weaving. Also, the important things for the school are the things which the school can do best. Religious education is important, certainly, but in the public schools we have excluded the teaching of specific religious points of view—not because the teaching of religion is unimportant, but because we feel it is the function of another agency.

At the elementary-school level, the three R's—the basic skills—are important. That's obvious, because without them the child can not progress. At the secondary-school level those studies that enable us to live intelligently and make decisions are important and ought to be taught.

DR. GRISWOLD: I favor more thorough preparation for the liberal arts, and more thorough liberal-arts training for the teachers themselves, who will thus, I think, be much more disposed to communicate the ambition for learning and the purposes of learning.

The ultimate purpose of all schooling is self-education, as I understand it. Each teacher tries to give his students the utmost momentum to continue to educate



themselves when formal schooling is over. That is the root of a liberal education.

Question: Well, if certain things are to be taught, do we just push a child through school, at no time making him really prove that he has learned them? Shouldn't he be penalized for not mastering these subjects, just as he will be penalized in life after school? If a student is failing, say, in seventh-grade subjects, shouldn't he be flunked out of school?

DR. WOODRING: The trouble is we have to keep him in school under present laws. Maybe the laws are wrong.

DR. HOHMAN: But we don't have to keep him in the kind of schools we have now.

Question: Does this mean that we are confusing education with merely being in school—with so many years of attendance? Shouldn't we either change the schools or change the laws?

DR. WOODRING: In many states, including my own, a high-school diploma means that you have attended school for twelve years.

DR. HOHMAN: Is that education?

DR. WOODRING: No, I think not. It seems to me we could give a diploma with honors, meaning high achievement; a passing diploma; and a certificate for twelve years' attendance.

DR. CHASE: I wouldn't solve the diploma problem by having three kinds. I think this only makes it worse. It has been tried, and it doesn't provide a solution. Possibly the diploma will become merely a certificate of attendance, and maybe that is where we are now.

I think we need an individual certificate that tells with some explicitness what the achievement of each child is, and does it in positive terms. Now, if the child's chief distinction is that he has taken more interest in keeping the school grounds clean than any other child, I would put that on the certificate; but I would also indicate his reading level, his mastery of mathematics, and so on, so the employer or college could look at the certificate and get a meaningful picture of the individual's achievement and current stage of development.

DR. WOODRING: For the lower third of school population, or possibly 20 per cent, high-school education with anything like the traditional set of standards is impossible. The question is, what are these children going to do between the ages of thirteen and seventeen? We can hardly turn them loose on the streets and they can't get jobs.

DR. HOHMAN: They could be taught useful skills. I am certain that we could train a lot of slow learners in such occupations as carpenters' helpers, farm workers, plumbers' helpers, assistants in garages, and many other occupations, if we devoted some of our education to the vocational training of these slow learners. At the present time education for many of these slow learners is education by failure. We promote them year after year until they reach the age when they are permitted to quit school. They then leave having failed to achieve any skills in the academic subjects because of their lack of capacity and they have been given no training for the jobs for which they are capable.

DR. GRISWOLD: Yes, that's right—why vocational training has a great role to play.

DR. WOODRING: Henry Ford said once that 70 per cent of the jobs in his factory could be learned in two hours. Any jobs that most of these students will ever be able to fill do not require four years of vocational training. Suppose you are going to pull a lever or punch a button all your life. What vocational training do you need for that?

MRS. WHITE: I think we also must take into account education for leisure and recreation if we are going to make a fundamental, early step toward the prevention of juvenile delinquency and dissatisfied, neurotic adult life.

MR. GOULD: Doesn't this come right back to reading? What better training for leisure and recreation is possible thi read? The treasures of all the v to readers.

MRS. WHITE: Agreed! Now I ask a question of Doctor Hoh parents help?

DR. HOHMAN: There was a t a little less so now—to exclu from the school curriculum. T told, "You must not try to teac read, because if you do you wil our methods." Am I overstating of the parent, Doctor Chase?

DR. CHASE: No, we certainly that period.

DR. HOHMAN: ***Teachers sha involving parents is importa would be better if we had par tions separate from parent-t izations. Parent-teacher orga dominated by teachers—and scared to death of their o Schools are so dominated by s istrators that any teacher is a cize the school system in any of losing his job. The whole of group is on the defensive and to resent any possible criticis out. I find nearly all teacher for a return to some kind teaching fundamentals so t can be backgrounded with ta further knowledge in school.***

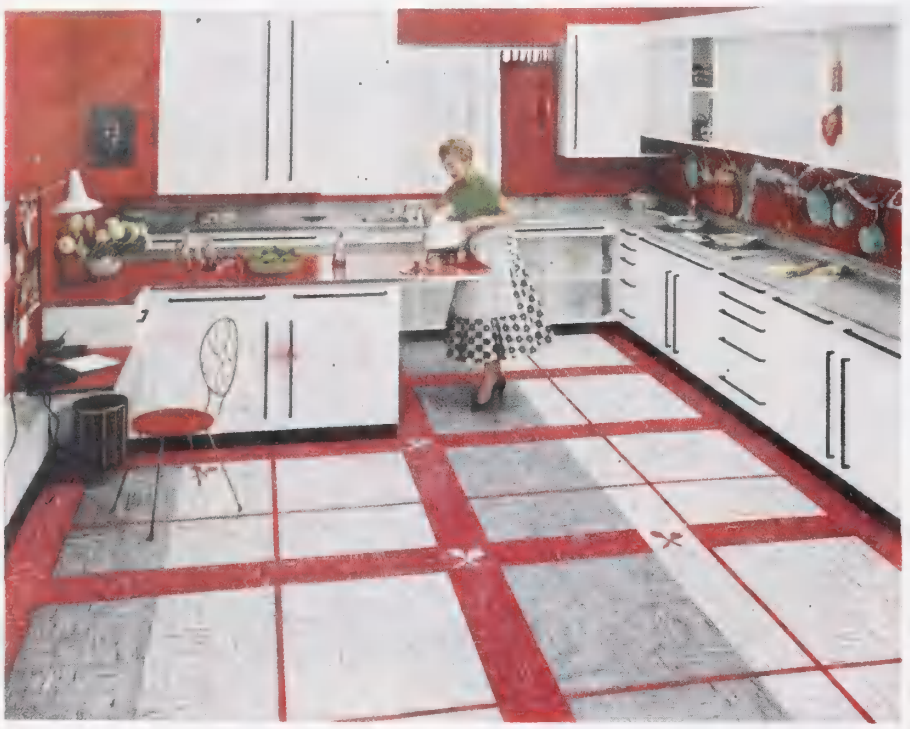
It would amaze you to see the average schoolteacher is say something that will offen intendent or principal of th the teachers that I talked to terrible defects in present-d and yet none of them would c ing it out loud.

MRS. WHITE: Well, I am her vidual and I speak as one. Of cc and do not speak for my scho teacher must conform to the p school system, as any employee i to his employer's policies; and a also recognize his position as an the public. He is therefore ofte put into practice his own ideas. we know that large primary cla expensive, from a stark human point, and that small first-g (twenty to twenty-four) could foundation to the whole schoo but this will not happen until p influences school policy. I have change the subject—maybe scared—but, Doctor Chase, wh say about the responsibility of

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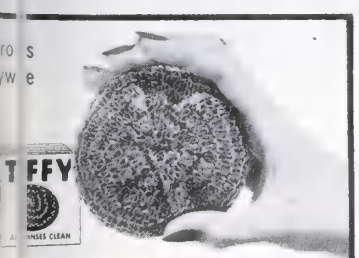
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DR. GRISWOLD: May I speak up for the women? What Doctor Chase says is doubtless true. Women have more influence upon our educational system than men do—much more. The whole educational process begins with them—in the home—and depends more upon their example and active encouragement than almost any other factor if it is to continue until it becomes self-sustaining. This is the strongest argument I know of for higher education for women. The more girls I see entering college and taking full and intelligent advantage of that opportunity, the greater faith I have for our educational system.

Question: Doctor Chase, don't you think we should face up to the fact that we are keeping many children in school longer, I gather, than they can be taught in school?

DR. CHASE: **I think we ought to face up to situations where it is clear the youngster not only isn't learning anything useful but is learning things that are detrimental to himself, as well as engaging in activities that are detrimental to the learning of others. There are cases, I think, where the youngster could learn more from an occupation than from being kept in school. Formal education should be terminated, or reduced, for each individual at the point where it becomes evident that continued learning would be better motivated by work responsibilities than by remaining in an educational institution. Because of the wide range of individual abilities, schools must provide widely differing sets of experiences. They must also make it possible for each child to have a continuous development by moving at his own rate, rather than being dragged along so fast that his feet seldom touch the ground, or held to a midget's gait when he is able to take giant strides.**

Somehow we have to get the American people to have a new concept of the role of the teacher. We have to get them to understand what is involved in quality education. I think if the issues were clearly drawn, our citizens would be against neglecting either the bright or the dull child. They would choose, instead, to strive for the optimum development of each child.

This would mean earlier termination of formal schooling for some than for others. Not only are we failing to group instruction on sound educational bases, but we are not using the right bases of selection for higher education. By and large, we know how to do these things much better than we are doing them, but we have not developed sufficient public understanding to provide support for more enlightened policies.

DR. GRISWOLD: I agree profoundly with what Doctor Woodring and Doctor Chase have said. Both of them have been in closer touch with the school system than I have, though I have been in direct contact with the products of that system since I started teaching in 1930. Of course you can't force-feed education to anybody. Motivation is of basic importance. I don't regard the universities or the liberal-arts colleges as perfect. I know that some teachers' colleges are doing a better job with the liberal arts than many a so-called liberal-arts college. However, I think the liberal-arts colleges have an important contribution to make to the whole of education which they haven't been making in full, a contribution in keeping with their particular traditions and character. I think they should try harder to infuse that character and that motivation into the process of secondary education, for that is where higher learning begins.

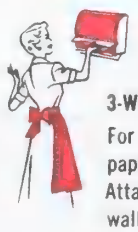
Mass-production methods of education are deplorable and we have suggested many reasons why they exist. One other reason is that we are not spending nearly enough on education. (We ruled out discussing money before policy, but I would like to rule it back in here at the end.) We can afford to spend two or three times as much as we are spending on education today without denting our national economy—I would demonstrate that simply by comparing the amount we spend on education with what we spend on cigarettes, cosmetics and liquor. The best kind of education, generally speaking, is the most costly kind, but in the long run it is the cheapest. As a nation and a civilization, we cannot afford to do without it.

END

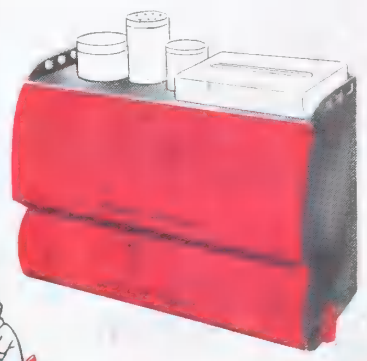


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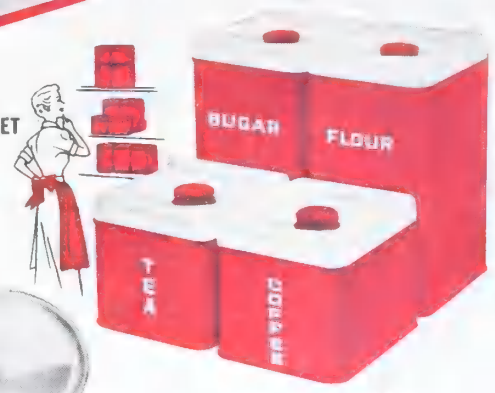


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to save space! Holds 5 lbs. flour,
5 lbs. sugar, 1½ lbs. coffee,
1½ lbs. tea.
Chrome $9.98
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*red, yellow, white,
blue and green



STEP-ON BEAUTYCAN
WITH BUILT-IN "DE-FUMER"
Chlorophyll "De-Fumer"
kills odors! Watertight
inner-pail, smooth-working
step-on feature.
Chrome, 14 qt. size $9.98
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WAXED PAPER WASTE BAGS
"Hang-Up" Package of 50 $1.49

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LINCOLN METAL PRODUCTS CORP., Brooklyn 38, New York

THIS KITCHEN IS THE FAMILY CE



Entering kitchen from living m, you look past range to sewing center beyond. Double en range has cooking units at le, space freeing right oven top as wor. On facing wall is refrigerator ext generous 10-cubic-foot model it, a hardwood counter serves r work space or snack bar, has de- under chairs, a window facing out over paved terrace and be ya

"I'D like cooking and dishwashing," said a friend of mine, "if I weren't lonesome when I did it." Her answer, and maybe yours, is a combination kitchen-playroom-sewing room—and hobby room!

She and her husband have grown children, so hobbies now take the place of baby watching: horticulture, jewelry making, woodworking, sewing, painting and entertaining are favorites. Still, the kitchen could serve just as well for a young mother with toddlers or homework-age children, because there's so much sit-down space for work and play, so much leeway for watching over things.

We'll tour to see all that's going on. But let me tell you first how easy it is to keep up! Her floor of vinyl-asbestos tile, counter tops of red linen-weave plastic, metal cabinets, clay wall tile and curtains are all washable. The only aids not in the kitchen are down a short flight of steps—an upright freezer, an automatic water heater and an electric incinerator to handle garbage and wastepaper disposal. Admiring it all, it came to me that here's a kitchen as bright as tomorrow carrying on the great tradition of grandmother's day, when family and friends all made a kitchen the true heart of home.



Here you face living-room entry; stone wall is the back of a fireplace (there's a door at its left). Kitchen cabinets of steel have gay blue baked-on finish. At right, sink below mirror has an extra covered compartment with a drain for collecting garbage. And next to it, a front-opening dishwasher leaves counter space continuous.

STUART



Kitchen has cooking area at right. Through middle of room runs a 7′-high partition (peaked ceiling of the room is 16′ high). Partition separates cooking area from laundry center on left. At far end of room is the hobby center.





While she sews in kitchen, he does woodworking nearby. In her corner, a high cupboard holds dressmaker dummy, iron and board, sewing supplies. From table at right, cork-topped shelf folds out; patterns can be pinned in place for cutting. Sewing machine, when closed, fits under table. A clay-tiled stand holds her African-violet collection.

Near laundry center is the hobby sink. This work sink, handy for flower care and paintbrush cleaning, is stainless steel set in durable clay tile; under counter there's storage space for vases, tools, art supplies. In right end, ventilated clothes hamper wheels under counter, right next to washer and dryer. Ideas for you?

YOUR CHILD CAN LEARN TO READ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

concentrated instruction in reading, he might have thought himself "stupid" and behaved that way throughout his life.

Other youngsters from the St. Louis public schools, sent to the language-arts centers because they are the most seriously handicapped by reading failure, progress more or less slowly; but given time and individual attention, they all learn to read. They *can* learn, and the glory they take in it is something to see. A chubby, red-faced boy breezed into a center one icy day last winter, puffed, and said, "Boy, comin' here, I just about almost got nearly run over by a truck—just when I'm learnin' to read too!" A Korean veteran who only a few years ago learned to read at the language-arts center located in the Ashland elementary school returned on leave to tell Supervisor Kay Ware, "I'm not a prayin' man, but I sure thank God for sending me to you."

There are many reasons why more children are not taught to read well. One of the most glaring is the number of children most teachers are required to teach. The average number of children per teacher in the St. Louis public schools, a typical big-city example, is 38, but some schools in the most crowded districts have classrooms crammed with as many as 58 children. Superintendent of Instruction Philip J. Hickey recognizes this situation is absurd as far as the teaching of reading or the teaching of anything is concerned. So do most school administrators, in St. Louis and elsewhere. As one put it, "Packing forty, fifty children in one classroom for five hours a day is costly to everybody and it is inhumane. If we did it to a similar number of young animals—say, puppies or tiger cubs—we would expect some of them to die of frustration or to be killed by the others."

Nevertheless, determined teachers and school administrators in a few cities—of which St. Louis is one—have inaugurated strong reading programs, usually in conjunction with reading clinics, and achieved remarkable results. Remedial reading teachers, able to give individual attention to each slow reader, have demonstrated repeatedly they can teach the poorest reader to read tolerably well. In practically all cases, a good reading teacher can bring a retarded reader up to the reading level of his age group—and often with dramatic speed. The problem is to extend this same success to include the large groups of children of varying degrees of ability to be found in every classroom.

Few public-school systems have reading clinics, and even in localities where reading clinics exist, they offer no real solution to the problem of retarded readers. The five well-staffed language-arts centers in St. Louis reach directly only a small fraction of the number who need help among an enrollment of some 90,000 in the city's public schools. They also, however, give demonstrations and advice to regular classroom teachers and provide in-service training in the teaching of reading. Regular classroom teachers may work in a center for a year, then return to serve as key workers in the teaching of reading in their various elementary schools. This function of reading clinics, though little developed, is the one which Doctor Kottmeyer believes holds most promise. It is, in effect, applying the remedy to the teachers.

Assignments to clinic internships were at first not joyfully received by all teachers. "Other teachers in my school said they pitied me," one clinic assistant reported, "beating my brains out trying to teach these kids to read after everybody else had given up. But now I am loath to think of leaving all my special pets at the clinic and going back to a regular class where I can't have any." As the reading program in St. Louis has developed, work in connection with it has taken on a special prestige and is coveted by many teachers.

"At first some teachers in the system were doubtful that we could teach some of the non-readers to read," Doctor Kottmeyer notes. "Now they concede we'll sweat it out with them. We'll teach them to read."

The unique development in the St. Louis reading program is the plan for special third-grade "classes of twenty." Thirty-nine such classes have been set up in the St. Louis elementary schools to concentrate on teaching the basic skills—reading, spelling and arithmetic—to third-graders most deficient in these tool subjects. These classes are taught by selected classroom teachers, usually those with clinic experience, who will eventually return to regular classroom duties. In this manner Superintendent Philip Hickey hopes to get more teachers with special training in teaching of reading scattered throughout the St. Louis system—to the extent that, eventually, special classes of twenty will be unnecessary. "It would be ideal," he says, "if all classes had only twenty children. But to limit all classes to 20 students, however, would require almost double the number of teachers presently employed in St. Louis, and greatly expanded facilities.

The third grade was chosen for the classes of twenty because the end of the third grade marks the "great divide" in children's schooling. Until then, children are not expected to learn much on their own from books. The teacher is "with them" in the learning process constantly, helping them to acquire some of the skills that will enable them to learn independently. But in the fourth grade and thereafter, history, geography and other books with many specialized words are placed in their hands. If they are not equipped to handle them, they are likely to fall further and further behind, despair of ever catching up. Unless these deficiencies are remedied early, it is likely the child will have difficulty with all school work, misbehave in class, get the attention he craves from the teacher and so on.

In the classes of twenty, with [illegible] teachers concentrating on teaching the basic skills, the children's progress in reading, spelling and arithmetic zooms. Many children who have been unable to read at all learn to read at the third-grade level in a few months. Most children develop their proficiency in basic skills in from four months to a year, depending on their [illegible] not so spectacular, but much faster than they had been. As they acquire the tools of learning, behavior problems disappear.

What makes the new techniques the teachers use in the St. Louis language-arts centers and in the classes of twenty produce such remarkable results?

"Nothing mysterious, nothing magic," Miss Ware says. "What it is, is common sense and phonetics, I suppose. Of course, we individualize first and vary our approach according to the individual. And in the centers, individual attention counts for a lot. Most of these children are sure they're dumb and can't learn. It takes time to get over that, they do."

According to Doctor Kottmeyer, "Most children are at first eager to learn to read. Perhaps ten or fifteen per cent pick it up naturally, that is, without phonetic training. The rest have to be taught, or as they are given to understand they can't read, they will learn *not* to read, and hate reading."

Some children *will* learn to read, regardless of how they are taught or whether they are taught at all. Nothing can stop them. Nothing can keep the rest can be jerked to a standstill in a variety of ways, and most reading specialists agree that a variety of methods must be used to motivate and to teach children with varying abilities and attainments that are found in every classroom. There is no one sure cure for poor readers except the right kind of teaching.

"We know that each child must be encouraged to read beginning at his present level of achievement," Doctor Kottmeyer says. "Whether it is nil, you begin there. This is not new. There is no other point to begin teaching. We know that if a poor reader is given things he can read, he will improve. If he isn't, he probably won't get any better and he may get worse."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



"Wait for me, kids—I just remembered this is the day of the week I put Drāno in all the drains!"

Witches may be flying high—but dangerous sewer germs still are lurking in every drain. And germs breed in muck that liquid disinfectants can't budge. Drāno's churning, boiling action dissolves the muck—and keeps drains germ-free and free-running. Make one day a week—Drāno day. Put Drāno in every drain for about a penny a drain. Makes septic tanks work even better. Get Drāno at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Also available in Canada.



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So quick, easy, thrifty, it outsells all other glass cleaners combined!

MOMENT BEFORE

By HELEN HARRINGTON

Who could know beneath this glossed veneer
of clothes in fashion, our eyes carefully meeting,
your coolly handled lighter and my clear,
brief thank you, how hard our hearts are beating?

Who could know we press against the hour
(aware already of all that we are missing)
when we—of one intent—shall seek a bower
where we can be alone and kissing?

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ver was a better time to buy a new automatic Gas range. And there never er ranges for you to buy. They bear no more relationship to that relic in hen than the new cars bear to a 1908 Maxwell. Actually, no other kind of as fast, as deft, as perfectly controlled . . . why, the new Gas ranges even nselves on and off automatically, bake whole meals while you're busy e. For the last word in cooking, make sure you get Gas. For substantial n purchase, installation and operation, make sure you get Gas. Nothing comes close to it. See a "round-up" of all the *new* "CP" automatic Gas t your Gas company or Gas appliance dealer's.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

Teacher Charlotte Robinson, in charge of the class of twenty at Ashland School, says she uses a variety of approaches in teaching reading. Her special class, as are all classes in the elementary schools, is divided into groups of children according to their levels of achievement. She works first with one group, then another. Hers is a demonstration classroom which other teachers and other interested persons can observe from a little gallery with large glass windows that permit them to see without being seen. Much of what goes on looks like drill.

"It is," Doctor Kottmeyer admits, "but it is drill with a purpose, constantly moving toward reading material scaled to their ability and experience. And in speaking of phonetics, you always have to say what *kind* of phonetic training and *how* it is given. 'Phonetics' is a naughty word some places, like the word 'drill.' What we use mostly is a variation of isolated phonetics, always associating sounds with words, then give the children stories that interest them with words they can read."

A favorite story of reading teachers, which Doctor Kottmeyer hopes has no basis in fact in the St. Louis schools, concerns a novice primary teacher working under the critical eyes of her principal for the first time. It was, as usual, a large class—some 40 children—and the young teacher skillfully handled reading exercises with three groups, the Robins, the Red Birds and the Blue Jays. But that, the principal noted, accounted for only 28 children. "What about the rest of these children?" he asked. "To what group do they belong?"

"Oh," said the young teacher, "they're the Impossibles. I never read with them because they're *impossible*. Stand up, Impossibles!"

She held a not uncommon philosophy, as reflected in the practices of many public schools today, but it is not, Superintendent Hickey insists, the spirit of St. Louis, however short they may fall of their high goals.

THE SUMMER CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

her crib. Nina was ten days early this time, so that three weeks in all had been chiseled from Ward this summer. He'd be standing at a window of his campus office now, and facing up to the long months without his sons.

Faye had stopped in front of a wavy dresser mirror. She stood looking in at the second Mrs. Wallace, with her candid eyes and short tossed hair, but what she was thinking about was Ward's somewhat glamourized first wife.

"Starring Nina Spender." She murmured it frowningly. It was true that Nina had appeared in a Grade B television play or two some time ago. She'd done a few commercials for the network Quentin Spender was with too. On the whole, the theatrical work hadn't come to much.

Faye stood on for a moment trying to assay the boys' New York lives. The Spenders had a good-enough address. The small bedroom the boys shared near the kitchen didn't necessarily have to be a maid's room. It sounded as though the children played about the lobby and rode the elevators of the big apartment house at times. They seemed to get their own cold-cereal breakfasts on occasion. Well, small-boy prattle. Faye tried to shake it off. She heard more of it than Ward did, and she had to keep deciding what to screen.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.
—RUSKIN

One thing she had gathered this summer caused her eyes to darken, hurrying outdoors now to round up Timmie and Kev. Kev had said that they didn't need baby sitters at ages eight and nearly seven, not with old Danny on the elevators at night. Faye tried not to think of the unpredictable way Tim's stomach kicked up at times. She had to put Kev's troublesome sleepwalking out of her mind too.

Nearing the tree platform Ward had built, she began to smile faintly again. The Wallace boys were like corn in a corn popper this August. They reeled about the place overcome by laughter and their shouts went up like rockets among the trees. Timmie hadn't had one of those upsets Nina was blaming on an allergy in weeks. Kev had had but one bout with the sleepwalking all summer.

Next June they would probably come back withdrawn and quiet and unsure of themselves again, though. She rested her weight against the rope ladder rather helplessly. What she had to remember was that she was dealing with a high-strung pair.

When she called her news it set off a wild scramble among the leaves. The brown, small bodies bumped excitedly against her, going up the path.

"Mommie, mommie, Nina," Tim experimented; and "Back to school," Kev said hazily. "Back to the uranium mines." This was the summer that Kev watched to see how his grown-up phrases were going over and Faye had often to control her lips.

"—— glass of milk and a cooky." She herded them. "We'll tell Cornelia about our guest for dinner. Baths and a rest, then. You'll be up later tonight."

"Uncle Quent." Kev's mouth still showed traces of milk and crumbs when he stopped dead in front of her on the stairs. "You forgot to tell Cornelia he was coming to dinner, too, didn't you?" His hand began to make small grabbing movements on her arm. "You said Mrs. Spender, but you didn't mention anything about Mr. ——"

"For h-h-him"—Tim plumped himself down on the steps—"the c-coffee has to be b-b-black as night, it has to be th-thick as thieves, it has to be h-h-hot ——"

"Take it easy," Faye said gently. She shooed them upward. "Your Uncle Quent isn't coming until late tomorrow or early Sunday." Washing lake water out of their hair in the bathroom, she had an opportunity to hold their heads close, rubbing them with towels. She was a lady getting her three-ring circus ready for the road now, and feeling more sharply unhappy over it than usual.

"You said Uncle Quent late Saturday or early Sunday ——" Kev had jumped to catch the shower rod and he dangled, the line of concentration back between his eyes. "Now what would your guess be? There's the regatta this weekend, a spectacle which he might not wish to miss out on. Moreover ——" Kev hung, lost in his vocabulary.

"My guess is late Saturday for your Uncle Quent." Faye was patient. As easy a transfer as possible each fall was her goal and Ward's.

"The boys' mother can't get into the Lodge this weekend." She had got that far with an explanation to Cornelia in the kitchen when she saw that the girl was standing still and looking at her.

"But the Lodge isn't more than half-filled, ma'am," the girl said. "My sister works there."

Well, the gullible Wallaces. Faye held her rueful smiles back until she was settled on her own bed for a half-hour rest. The Nina Spenders of the world could tell them anything. Lacing her fingers over her eyes to shut out the light, she found that the smiles were hard to hold on to. *It must be something awfully important to bring her barging in here.* She had a helpless wish to protect Ward. There was a feeling of wanting to protect the little boys too. That must have come of having been a down-East schoolma'am.

If you need more money, Mrs. Spender, please give Ward some time. When the textbook catches on —— When old Doctor Parks retires ——

Nina had taken Ward over the hurdles many times. The boys' specialists tended to have Park Avenue offices. Their clothes had Hollywood labels. A summer camp in her own area had been one of her pet schemes for keeping the children from Ward. She might there-

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find fault with the Hackett's
Faye opened her eyes to look at
rsely furnished room she was in.
e was weather-beaten but com-
boys had sun, air, good swim-
od farm food here. They had all
that Faye and Ward could crowd
d in swim trunks or dungarees,
rs of fishing, sailing, or tramping
ith Ward.
nothing smart about it, though.
ped a little. *If you mean to talk*
ions for next summer don't upset
it so soon. Please don't. As the
and more companionable he ——

She was up, and punching helplessly at her pillows. It would be best for her to concentrate on the practical side of getting the boys off. Raincoats, cameras —— She checked things on her fingers. Paints, games, fishing rods ——

Last year Quentin Spender had refused to take the fishing things. He'd walked around to where Ward was trying to fit tackle boxes into the car and had said in a clipped voice that there was no room for them. Nina had put on a rather overemotional show of sympathy with Tim, but the racing car engine had cut it short.

A lady always conscious of her audience. Faye swung around to put her feet on the floor, but her eyes remained shadowed. Mrs. Spender always flaunted her ownership of the boys. It was hard to pin down one's doubt about her. *This is just late August in the Wallace house. We'll shake down.*

Out in the living room, it seemed just as hard to get away from her thoughts. Ward's first wife seemed to have pushed into the cottage ahead of time. The girl who came to dinner, Faye thought apprehensively. The girl Faye Wallace didn't actually know very well. The one who could still cause something wincing to break through Ward's guard at times. This promised to be one of the times.

Faye's troublesome sense of fairness kept her hurrying away from her impressions. Nina had come early to the Lodge two years ago. There had been three days of the ostentatious displays of possessiveness. When Ward wasn't about, the shows had been put on for Faye. Bedtimes and naptimes had gone by the board. The rules of sensible eating had been thrown out the window. The children had literally been swooped upon with toys and treats and emotions. Faye had started to hear Ward's steady voice at her shoulder on one painful morning of watching.

"The time to look that unhappy, Faye," he'd said quietly, "will be if the boys ever fail to jump into the act." He'd been trying to smile.

Faye had a deeply tired feeling that her day would not account for. At five o'clock she was spooning food into small Janie on the porch. Under a playful exchange with the baby she searched frowningly for some way of tiding Ward over the coming weeks. The cottage was threatening to rock now with the excitement of the two boys. They were helping Cornelia with her dinner. She was being remarkably patient.

Six then, and six-thirty. The baby the boys called Janie the Sleephound was back in bed. Faye gave her charges a final check. She had helped Tim gather table flowers and had debated with Kev the merits of pink candles over blue. There was to be pink ice cream for this gala evening. Timmie had coaxed out of Cornelia one of her famous ribbon cakes.

The lurching bus came along the lake road even later than usual. It was after seven when Tim and Kev began to jump up and down on the steps. The reunion of Nina and the children took place at the side of the road. Faye waited on the porch and the bus driver stood patiently with boxes and bag. If Ward had been there he might have murmured something like "Lights, music," with his accustomed dryness. Perhaps Ward's remarks helped him with the sharp unhappiness. Faye didn't know. She could only swallow hard this time.

Nina kept cupping one small face and then the other with her hands. Her eyes searched over the boys like those of someone back from a long banishment on a far planet. Her restraint would break then in a deluge of hugs and kisses. She came up the steps rather dazedly then, with the two of them clinging to her.

Her smile for Faye was a little like a grimace at first. Faye had no difficulty placing hers. It was the one she had used for certain mothers who didn't know they were sending their opened diaries to school.

Hostess and guest murmured polite things indoors. "That frightful Plymouth House in town ——" Nina's eyes clung to the boys. "It was so sweet of you to rescue me." Her voice trailed away. She went slowly to her knees between the two children, busy with their gift boxes. "They look marvelous—but marvelous. As brown as two coffee beans," she exulted. She got up again. She stood, looking tired from her trip. "I'll freshen up a little, Mrs. Wallace, if I may."

The boys showed her to her room. The show was put on on the stairs, this time. Nina leaned to nuzzle Timmie's face and her fingers moved rather desperately in Kev's thatch of curls. *Mine. They're mine.* She seemed to be asserting it fiercely. At his desk in town was a good place for Ward to be on this evening.

When Mrs. Spender came down she had changed into a filmy gray-and-yellow print only slightly unsuitable for a Hackett's Lake evening. She held a huge foam-rubber doll by one foot and she seemed to wade through small boys. Ward might have taken a skeptical view of the scene by the crib. Nina placed Janie's new doll carefully beside her while the boys tiptoed and giggled softly. She touched the sleeping baby's cheek.

It was Timmie and Kev's supper party then and they whooped it up. Cornelia's good farm fare almost made up for the motley collection of china and silver. The sun dipped farther into the lake. Color spread over the water. The boys lighted the candles.

Ward had been right, of course, and Nina had something on her mind. She wasn't eating much, but seemed merely to be going through the motions. At times she forgot to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

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JED FROM PAGE 193

r share of small talk. She Timmie with an almost pain- Her eyes left them for peri- king out over the water, and st in thought. Faye began able.

ou get? she chided herself a *u had to turn Janie over to a*

our fancy stomach?" Nina Tim, and gave the side of his unch. She listened closely to The . . . night patrol?" Her cated Kev and she watched ively again. It was as though sleepwalking might be com- ne weeks." She said it a few ly.

been trying to attract his n. "What is it, baby?" She

protest rose in a high wail. it!" He pressed his face very ner's and an urgent flood of him. "Eimmit to Reh-tom, om," he babbled. Kev joined es sputtered and crackled in Eimmit, Vek to Eimmit, Vek droned rapidly. The Wallace of a space ship now. Their osed and their hands moved inary dials. Salt dishes spun oons twirled.

f laughter that was pure tex- caped Nina. She hushed it She quieted the children, and "That Outer Space routine." quivering a little. "I'd for-

weeks." Faye was laughing ever did get used to her Outer

t burns him to a ——" Nina nmie's hand again and she ers nervously. "Did you tell we're going down to the car- e'll go on to the bingo game ht won't matter." She looked

at one late night would do no ed them go down the path ke road. The flashlight Nina a steady-enough course, but about the boys' middles had . Faye went back into the cot- me of the children's things l of repair. She brought the the side porch and simply at the darkness.

the sound of Ward's car even ut their way upward from the curve in the road. He had an especially easy and quiet way of driving the most aged of vehicles and he'd turned this one off the road and had snapped the light switch almost before she had got to the steps. He walked softly, too, and she watched his white shirt front and the blur of his face approach in the darkness. There was a difference about the way Ward held his shoulders tonight. He'd kissed her then, had taken a rather close look at her face. He picked up one of the small shirts, dropped it.

He said, "Is everything under control?" and "How's my Janie?" and "Where are they?"—sitting well out of the circle of light and getting out a cigarette. "Carnival." He got up restlessly. "Bingo, eh? I began to wonder what I had let you in for, Faye." He moved nervously about. "I'm always afraid that if I don't fall in with any new bit of skulduggery she'll —— Well, I'm afraid of losing even more time."

"We're all right. I haven't found out anything for you, that's all. Ward"—she bent over the mending—"the Lodge isn't nearly filled."

"That doesn't surprise me. Mrs. Spender is a lady who finds it hard to tell the truth. Avoiding it is a matter of principle with her. Any time you come upon me jumping up and down and cheering lustily it's a safe bet one of the boys has come through with the unvarnished in a pinch. They're wonderful kids, just now. What's going to happen to them is—it's anybody's guess." The ending was blurred. He went in to look at the baby and when he came back it was to sit with elbows propped on his knees and fingers in his hair. "—— don't see what she could pull just now ——" He seemed to be picking up his thoughts.

"She's been busy eating up the boys with her eyes, so far. All of us, really." Faye said it thoughtfully. "Don't go back tonight, Ward."

Ward said that he had to go back. One reason he had come out was to get the boys' bags down from the garage loft for her, and he moved off to take care of that chore. Faye knew that Ward ate sketchily in the cafeterias about the school and she went into the kitchen to fix something for him.

"Spender's planning to get here late tomorrow doesn't mean anything, you know." He sat at the kitchen table then, eating the hot chicken sandwich Faye had fixed and drinking hot strong coffee. "He may come next week or next month or he may be tooling up the lake road right now. They wouldn't go on without . . . seeing me."

"They'll have to stick to their plans just once, Ward."

"Not that bird. Not Mr. Hypertension."

"I think he's just sort of mercurial." Faye said it helplessly.

"My impression is ——" Ward's lips closed on it. He sat still, looking down at his plate. "Well, no H-bombs from Nina, as yet."

"She seems distraught."

"This is news?" He choked a little and then reached across to take Faye's hand. "Don't look at me that way," he said. "I'm all right. Just wondering why ten extra days in a Manhattan heat wave for a couple of small fry. I offered to take them down the weekend before school opens, but no—she was bent on coming out here."

He finished a piece of berry pie, and said that he felt better. "I'll get started," he decided. "It's late. She'll be keeping them out half the night, as usual."

OUT at the car they managed to laugh a little. It wasn't the gayest sound in the world, but it was better than nothing. Ward stood looking up the road along which the bobbing flashlights would come. "I want to see the scalawags again, Faye. If there's any change of plans call young Hoskins, won't you? He'll get a message to me."

Faye watched until the taillights had disappeared around the curve. She had scarcely begun to set the kitchen to rights when the erratic tinkling of the party-line phone began. It was Quentin Spender calling from the Lodge. He wanted to know where he might find Nina, and Fay told him. She edged in a few hurried questions of her own.

Ward's hunch had been correct, of course. The Spenders would be leaving for New York in the morning. Nina's husband had said that he would like to get started about nine or nine-thirty. He had called New York. Something unexpected had come up at his office.

Faye moved mechanically, swiftly. She gathered books, games and records and stacked them beside the bags. She pulled clean garments from the back-porch line. She called Hoskins and was explicit about her message for Ward. He was to come out early in the morning, well before nine. The boys' stepfather hadn't sounded in the mood for detours.

Spender's car dropped Nina and the boys sometime before eleven. Faye heard the children clatter rather stumblingly up the steps. They came down the narrow hall to her bedroom and stood blinking sleepily. They proffered some of the carnival loot.

The big ball was for Janie. The garish sofa cushion was Faye's. The fringed tie and ornate wallet were for Ward's birthday, coming in a week. "We won't be here for the birthday." Tim leaned more heavily against her. He seemed unconscious of the hang-over sobs which jerked him.

"Dad will call you up," she said. "How will that be?" She put a finger under Timmie's chin and tilted his swollen face up.

"Tim got sick and he cried, too, like always," Kev explained it patiently.

"What's a little thing like that?" Faye's arm closed about the smaller boy. "Tim and I never mind getting sick and then better again before anyone can say Jackie ——"

"I hope they're not disturbing you." Their mother's voice came from the shadows outside the door. She must have slipped up from a farther listening post down the hall. Faye was conscious of a rush of irritation.

"Quent managed to bribe his way into the Lodge somehow," Nina said haltingly. "I thought you might not mind if I stayed on here. I . . . wanted to put Timmie and Kev . . . to bed tonight."

"Of course," Faye said mechanically. "You're welcome to stay."

"I'd like to come down and talk to you a little then, if . . . it's not too late."

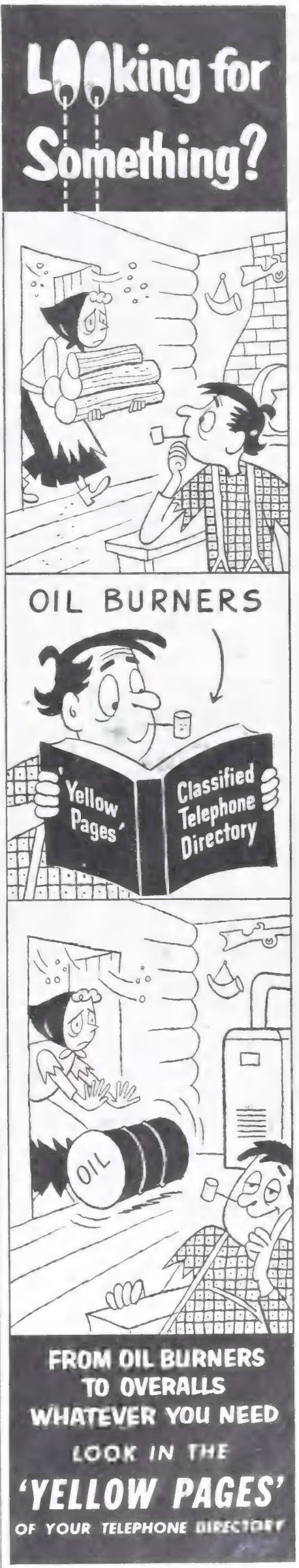
"Of course, Mrs. Spender." Faye moved about the living room uncertainly, waiting. She went out to the porch, and sat with a sweater thrown about her shoulders.

When Nina came down she was holding a light coat closely about her throat. She huddled back in one of the shabby wicker chairs as though she might be very cold. Or very lonely. Faye gave her a puzzled glance. *Quentin Spender comes in and upsets ——*

"It's getting late." Nina's voice broke in hoarsely. "I'll try to hurry. I thought I would have more time, but Quent has to be back. It doesn't take time to know about you, I guess." She passed a hand over her eyes. "You're Ward's sort, aren't you?" She said it to herself. "I wanted to ask"—she swallowed hard—"I wanted to ask if you would be willing to



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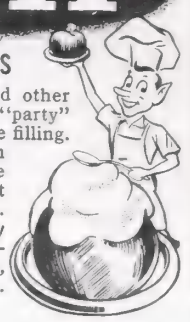
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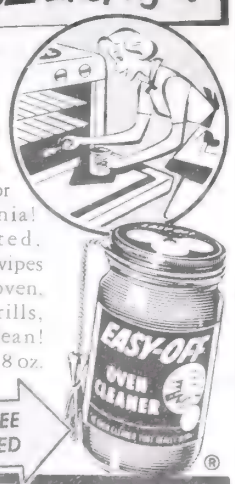


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keep my boys all year. All the year." She repeated it in a sick fashion, her eyes closed. "The whole year. Practically . . . always."

"Mrs. Spender ——"

"Wait." Nina got up and moved down to the shadows at the end of the porch. She stood with her hands thrust into the pockets of the coat. "Timmie and Kev are so fond of you," she said. "It seemed you must be fond of them, too, because children know. They know too much about how people feel about them, I think. I had to come in and see, though." Her hands began to work.

"Mrs. Spender," Faye said shakily, "Ward and I would be the happiest ——"

"I know about Ward." The voice was so dry that it rasped a little. "It was you I had to know about. I'd want you to think." She came back slowly. She stood stiffly beside Faye. "The boys won't be cute in a baby way too much longer. They'll make mistakes, and get into trouble. And it will be worse." Her voice broke its guard. "Worse with Quent." She breathed it fiercely. "I'd see them watched and stop-watched even more. Cut down with quips. Nervous and frightened until I can't . . . take it any longer." Nina turned from Faye with a slight moaning sound. "I tried every way to make it work." She was controlled again. "Every way. He never touched one of them before tonight. You and Ward will have to believe that."

Faye was murmuring things. She didn't know what. She didn't know that any of them were being heard. "We'd be the happiest pair on earth. Every year the parting has been harder." She was up too. Her hand was on Nina's arm and her voice was concerned.

It takes you to make an argument. —ANNA FAYE

"Ward and I expect the boys to make mistakes. We expect it." She stood silent and helpless then. "It's cold," she said. "Let me bring you something hot."

"I meant adoption." Nina huddled over the coffee Faye had brought. "That or legal guardianship," she said tonelessly. "Ward will know. I'll give him a power of attorney. You'll tell him to hurry, won't you? I might go home and forget things. Things like Kev's searching for Ward in his sleep last fall." She looked miserably at the darkness. "Things like trying to stop their coming here, to learn to act like—like children."

"—— skiing and coasting and skating." Faye went on with her helpless murmuring. "They'll belong to a gang. The bicycles fly in squadrons over Faculty Hill, the space capes whipping. You'll come. You'll come often."

"Yes." Nina mumbled it meaninglessly. "Yes, of course. Thank you."

Ward reached the cottage before eight in the morning. The Spenders left at nine. Nina said good-by to the boys beside the car. She cupped their faces in a familiar way, placing her cheek against Timmie's, against Kev's. She smiled reassuringly at them.

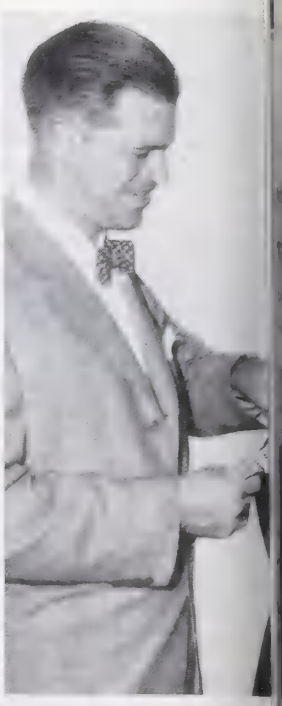
The boys' chatter was a little subdued, up in their bedroom, and Faye searched the bags for their swim trunks. "Mother's taking us to Florida for a Christmas vacation on her own if she gets enough money," Kev confided.

"I'm sure she'll get enough money, Kev." She was handing Tim his trunks when she saw the bruises. It was as though a man's fingers had caught and twisted Tim.

"You did not stand on Uncle Quent's golf bag." Kev corrected his brother with infinite patience. "You tripped over it and he caught you from falling. Mother said so."

"We'll cover it." Faye pulled a T shirt swiftly down.

Ward's face was quiet and shining. He was oiling a reel. It was when he looked up that Faye saw the faint shadow far back in his eyes. "We can afford to be generous about visits," he said slowly. "If things break right and the boys get down to my prep school, they'll be near New York. Where are they, Faye?" Ward's voice was hushed and the shadow went. "This thing's ready now." END



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THE REAL YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

nind if I sit down beside you for
or five hours?" he asked, settling
to her on the couch. "I can tell
like it here."

s widened. She tucked one trim
der her and almost reverently
slipper. The magic was working

made such an impression with
dwich' before," she said wonder-
ems to work better than om."

ou do crossword puzzles?" she
never it says 'mystic ejaculation'
s om."

remember," he said, "but I'm not
rossword fan."

not a fan," Jody told him. "In
of hate them. But I can't seem to
of the paper in peace till I finish
d. Those blank squares look so re-
nyway, you learn lots of things—
instance. Not that I know why it's
be so mystic. So far I've never
conjure up anything with it."

wards off evil," David suggested.

she agreed thoughtfully; and be-
was passing up no chances, she
l, *om*—just for luck." She picked
of sandwiches. "Here, for one who
ungry, you're not eating much."

ungry," he said. "It was just that
irst person I've met tonight, or
ht for that matter, who has found
sychiatrist without saying, 'Oh,
e afraid to talk to *you* for fear
y mind.' It makes a person sort of

face was almost wistful.

hed. How could she be afraid
was wearing enchanted slippers!
e with me. It would never even
d to me that after spending all
out people's problems for twenty
our you'd want to give it away
our spare time."

o right—except about the twenty
ur. I'm still in residency training,
olite way of saying pauper. Don't
—I like my work. But eight hours
alyzing neuroses is enough. After
o relax with normal, well-adjusted

ust how you feel," Jody said sym-
She hesitated. Well, why shouldn't
to him her own secret pet annoy-
lippers were making her say the
Real Her felt.

ter of fact," Jody said, plunging in
"that's exactly the way it is with
tant to the assistant food editor of
Magazine. All day I test exotic
make beautiful displays of frosted
under glazed roast duck for color
s. So after hours I don't even want
out food, and if anyone *mentions*
e I get a wild impulse to brain
chafing dish. I guess that's really
ious of me, but I can't help it.
've ever been in I get railroaded
eshment committee. Just once I'd
with the entertainment, but oh no!
stuck in the kitchen."

inal," he said, "to put a beautiful
out of sight in the kitchen."

utiful?" Jody said. "Why, doctor,
see a psychiatrist."

that moment the plumpish lady
from across the room. "Jody,
n't had a chance to talk to you all
I *do* want you to tell me exactly
d those marinated oysters in the
Hearthside."

ed inwardly. Then she felt a strong
her elbow pulling her to her feet.
ove to tell you about the oysters,"
saying, "but the fact is we're just
e have another engagement and
lready."

le their good-bys, David whisking
ore she had a chance to think.
treet they paused and he looked
e top of her head. "Narrow es-
aid.

"On you that shining armor looks good."

"Never let it be said that David Winston would abandon a damsel in a pot of marinated oysters. Come on. I'll buy you something to eat—something plain," he added hastily.

"I'd like that. Could we go to a drive-in?" Jody asked.

They ordered hamburgers and settled back to wait.

"I'm afraid it's clouded over," David commented, peering up at the sky.

"I noticed," Jody said, "and I'm sorry. It would have been such a lovely night to sit and listen to the stars hum." She looked out anxiously, but the sky was unpromising.

David touched her shoulder. "Did you say 'listen to the stars hum'?"

"Certainly," Jody said. "The music of the spheres. Haven't you ever heard it? It's a sort of blue-green hum." She was startled to hear herself saying it, but tonight she was telling David all sorts of things she had always felt inside but never, never told anyone before.

"Oh." David made a whimsical grimace. "I see. Well, I can't offer you any humming stars tomorrow afternoon, but if you'd settle for strumming violins, I was going to ask you to go to a concert with me."

Jody said, "I'd love it."

"And Tuesday we could have dinner together. There's a little French movie I couldn't think of anyone to take to, until tonight. And I really should practice up on my French."

"Sunday afternoon *and* Tuesday?" Jody tried to sound dubious.

"It's not that I'm trying to monopolize you," he said; "it's just that I'm trying to take up all your time."

Jody sighed with happiness.

The rain started before they reached Jody's apartment house. The windshield wipers

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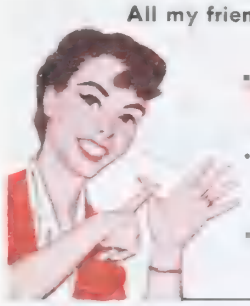
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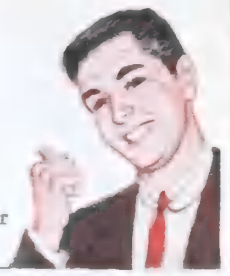
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clucked companionably as they drove up. David stopped the car, tilted her face up to his and kissed her gently on the mouth. His hand on her cheek was warm and strong and she thought, *Oh, David, please like that as much as I did.*

She pulled away reluctantly. "I had a lovely time, David."

"You'll get wet," he said. "Put my coat around your shoulders."

"It's my shoes I'm worried about."

"I'll carry you," he offered.

"No, I'll take them off. I love an excuse to wade through puddles barefoot. When I was little that was my favorite sport."

David frowned. "You might catch cold."

"In August? Don't be silly."

"A hot bath, then, the minute you get in?"

"At this hour?" Jody's tone was incredulous. "With Gog and Magog just *waiting* for me to commit some little indiscretion like waking them up with running bath water so they can have me evicted?"

"Who on earth are Gog and Magog?" David demanded.

"Two ogres who live in the apartment below me," Jody said. "They pose as retired spinsters and call themselves the Misses Cunnicott, but they aren't fooling me. They're monsters, crouched to spring."

"Now, Jody, how could anyone feel that way about you?"

"I detract from the refinement of the establishment," Jody quoted primly. "I used to play the phonograph. The landlady finally gave me the word about my taste in music. I had a record of the Ritual of Fire Dance that particularly sent them into a frenzy. *Nice* girls, you see, listen to wholesome numbers like To a Wild Rose." She slipped off her shoes.

David shuddered. "Protect me from nice girls. And any time you feel like sending someone into a frenzy, here's my phone number." He ruffled her hair, turned up his collar against the rain and slid out of the car to help her.

Out of breath from skipping all the way up two flights of stairs, Jody leaned against the inside of her door and sighed rapturously. "He *likes* me! David Winston likes *me!*"

She danced across the room and put her shoes, her lovely frivolous shoes, on the closet shelf and closed the door. She slipped into a pair of scuffed, flat-heeled moccasins and turned to cross the room, but midway she stopped abruptly as if there were some leaden thing inside her.

"*Or does he?*" A minute ago she had been so sure. As he left her downstairs David had said her hair shimmered with a million misty raindrops, but now in the mirror it just looked damp.

Whyever had she thought David *would* like her? She didn't know anything about his

IT'S AS EASY AS

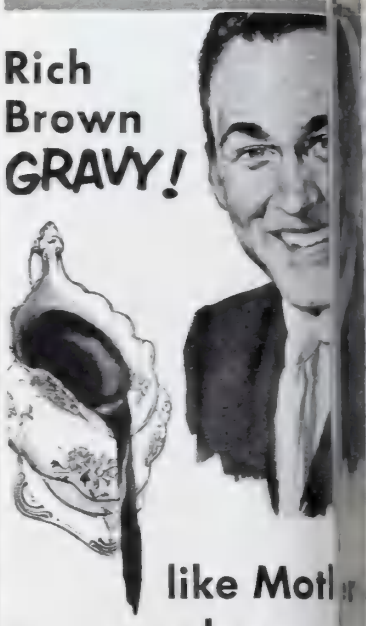
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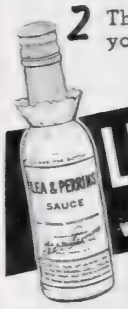
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o bed. She tore the
e book and read its
atisfaction: Psychia-
dy. It was the only
ry the all-night drug-
corner had in stock,
ood one. The author
name and so *many*

book at random and
Three pages later she
n bed.
elieve that others are
to do them wrong are
ng from delusions of

gog," Jody gasped.
ey were plotting to
"
er. Every word con-
at what she had told
r neighbors below
nto a paranoid pat-
t hot.
k told how to over-
on. On the next page
d in horror and she

a senseless act which
e must perform even
ish not to do so.
ssword puzzles! They
n. And two minutes
eyes on David, she
old him she ought to

nation she chose an-

f advanced psychosis,
ear things which do
st. These imaginary
lled hallucinations.
r listened to the stars

r and buried her face
evening, every word
ad shown David she
eurotic.

book on the floor,
ed and ran to the
shed the sweep of
back from her fore-
in the mirror. To
neath that forehead
tively teeming with
bances! She bent
her eyes. They were
ng-lashed and wide-
med to her now that
maniacal gleam she
before.
hy couldn't I have
ut?" she wailed. Of
't have helped notic-
sted she was. Maybe
had asked to see her
t her too dangerous

have, she thought.
make him forget how
to make myself into
personality he likes.
The Real You in-
saw Mrs. Peabody!
lly wasn't fair. How
body know about
incts?
for the concert the
Jody looked at her
eeled shoes on the
d blushed. Thank
s at least one secret
om David—that she
enchantment. The
ed to her to be a
balanced state.
chose another pair—
umps with sensible

medium heels—so that whenever she was tempted to say something silly she could look at them and remember.

She greeted David sedately, in honeyed tones. "Good afternoon, David. What a delightful day to be going to a concert! I've truly been looking forward to it."

He gave her an odd look. Well, it did sound soupy, but it was *normal* and that's what he liked. And Jody Marsh was going to be normal all afternoon if it killed her.

As she locked her door David said, "Do Gog and Magog take afternoon naps, or may I talk out loud in the hallway?"

Jody looked stricken. "The Misses Cunnicott are really very nice little old ladies," she said. "And they do need their sleep. I don't know *why* I was so rude about them last night."

David's expression changed. He seemed almost—well, rebuffed. Or disappointed?

All afternoon Jody weighed every word before she spoke it. She spent so much time ruminating that she didn't have much chance to say anything, but at least she wasn't revealing any dark secrets about herself. Her conversation consisted mostly of yeses and noes and I-really-couldn't-says. Pretty soon David stopped talking, too, and the afternoon ended in a rather glum silence.

I'm not doing it right, she thought desperately.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?" she tried brightly as they walked up the steps of the apartment house.

"I think we covered the weather pretty thoroughly."

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Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

4-Square Fudge Cake

1 3/4 cups plus 2 tbsp. *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
2 cups sugar
*2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. soda
*1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup soft shortening (such as Crisco or Spry)
1 1/2 cups milk
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs (1/3 to 1/2 cup)
4 sq. unsweetened chocolate (4 oz.), melted
1 cup chopped nuts

Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease well and flour 13x9½x2" pan. Sift dry ingredients. Add shortening, milk, vanilla. Beat 2 min., med. speed on mixer or 300 vigorous strokes by hand. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantly. Add eggs, cooled chocolate. Beat 2 more min. Stir in nuts. Bake 40 to 50 min. Cool. Serve with ice cream or your favorite icing.

• • •

**Omit baking powder and salt with GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour.*

For altitudes over 3000 ft., write Betty Crocker, Box 100, Minneapolis, Minnesota for recipe adjustments.



"David," she said timidly, "what time will you call for me Tuesday?"

"Tuesday?" He seemed discomforted. "Oh. Well, about six-thirty, I guess." And he all but fled.

One more chance, Jody thought as she dressed on Tuesday night. Her hair was brushed satiny and she smelled of summer flowers, but there was a cold scared lump somewhere in the middle of her.

The evening was, if anything, more dismal than Sunday afternoon. And when he left her at the door he seemed relieved. He said nothing about seeing her again.

It was all over. Jody slumped down miserably on her bed. *I muffed it*, she said to herself. *I may as well put him out of my mind.* "And heart," a little voice inside her head whispered. "Yes, and heart," she agreed. There, she was talking to herself—a bad sign if there ever was one, but what difference did it make now?

Suddenly she saw something winking in the darkness of her open closet. There, catching the moonlight from the window, were her shoes—her magic slippers! She went over and ran a wistful finger along the slender straps. Well, why not—why not put them on? She couldn't make the grade as the sensible type anyway. She might as well wear them, and be her old natural self: neurotic—and happy. She put them on and looked down at her feet. That was when she heard it. A kind of blue-green hum! She ran to the window and looked out at the sky and then at her watch. Exactly midnight—she was just in time.

Scarcely touching the steps, she ran lightly down the front stairs and out into the yard. She chose a flat rock to sit on and tilted her head up to the sky.

"One—two—three," she began to count slowly. "Four—five ——" She had reached seventeen when she heard a voice at her elbow.

"What, may I ask, do you think you're doing?"

She turned and there, incredibly, was David. "I'm sublimating—and if you want to make something of it go right ahead!"

David's jaw dropped. "You're what?"

"Sublimating, sublimating," Jody cried sharply. "You're a psychiatrist. You know all about those things."

"I don't get it." He sounded dazed.

"It just so happens we are in the middle of the Perseid meteor shower," Jody snapped. "It reaches its maximum at midnight tonight and you can see at least one shooting star every minute. It's quite a display!"

He squinted up at the heavens and back. "But what's with this sublimating?"

"I bought a psychiatry book the night I met you. I realize my interest in astronomy is a substitution of interests. I study the stars because I'm frustrated in love."

"Jody, honey"—David shook his head—"you've got bats in the belfry."

"Oh, David," she wailed, "I know it! I'm positively fraught with neuroses!"

And the whole story came tumbling out.

David rocked back and forth beside her, laughing till he choked. Then at the sight of her tear-streaked face, he sobered and gently wiped her eyes.

"Listen to me, dopey child," he said. "Nine years I've been studying to be a psychiatrist. I've got two more years to go before I can even practice on my own. A book you bought at a *drug* away you start diagnosing y

"But the book *said* ——"

"I don't care what the book has *all* those symptoms in so wouldn't be normal if you one symptom becomes so your life starts to revolve aro serious. Like having those sta and start telling you you're

"Oh, David, are you sure?

"Very sure, Jody. Those fu yours are what make you dif one else in the world. They're tonight. I got to thinking, y changed so much overnight. clock striking midnight and too late to come back and was wrong."

Jody gasped. Midnight! T hour!

"Stop trying to be well ad telling her, "and start being real you! As far as I'm conce kind they ought to set the sta

Jody clasped her hands. mean it?"

"I certainly do. It's *norma* crazy. Take me, for instance— a wacky little girl who prowls at midnight listening to the st

He started to laugh again. Jody cried. "Do you want to w Magog?"

David pulled her into his her, not gently at all this time.

"Eighteen, nineteen, twe rapidly. "Twenty-one, twent three—four—five—six ——"

"Hey, what are you doing?

"Counting shooting stars, never saw so many all at seven, twenty-eight, twenty-ni

"Jody," he said softly, dra to him, "you've got your eyes



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LIBERTY AND CONFORMITY IN AMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Thus underneath the turbulence of American politics and the clash of political ideas, there is a strong instinctive sense, related to personal and national self-preservation which sets limits. One can think and say anything one likes, but always "provided." *Provided* that one is not aiding or abetting the activities of a "hostile foreign power"; *provided* that one is not seeking to "overthrow the Constitution," the frame that holds so many disparate elements together, and that, in America, is crown, tradition and "togetherness." Hence, also, the constant patriotic emphasis, the truculence toward any disparagement of America, the worship of certain American heroes, notably the "Founding Fathers."

The "spy scare" is related to another fact about the United States. This nation is an area of continental size with no internal frontiers, within which anyone who once enters and is cleared through his entrance port with an unchallenged visa can move at will. Applicants for visitors' visas are casually screened in the consulates where they apply for them. Although screening of applicants for immigration visas is more thorough, they are not difficult to obtain, if one is in an unfilled quota, and properly outfitted with affidavits. And the creation of these affidavits is a regular industry of organizations wanting to introduce persons into this country for their own purposes. It is far easier and takes a shorter time to become a citizen of America than to naturalize oneself anywhere in Europe.

Once inside the United States, the alien enjoys far more freedom of movement than he does in any European country. Unless he runs afoul of the law, he can move from Maine to California and from the Canadian frontier to the Mexican without ever being asked to show a passport or compelled to register with the poli[illegible] I'a[illegible]nd out of England for thirty y[illegible]ndon hotel where I usually sta[illegible] employees rec[illegible]nize me immediate[illegible] nc[illegible]er by long-estab[illegible]shed contacts with influentia[illegible]ritons in all parties. But, like every other alien, with the police every time I c dence.

Furthermore, the alien who with an obviously un-British more likely to attract attenti here. A witty naturalized citize an "American" as someone w a foreign accent and has Thousands of aliens enter Ar every year, slipping through frontiers between Canada an the U.S.A. Few of these entrar espionage or subversion, but on assume that some of them ar country would so assume.

Nor is our Government so na that spies and subversives can requiring them to fill out swor that they are not this or that. T done is that we cannot deport a of his ideas, but we can legally perjury.

Our European friends really stand the difficulties of policing country, a union of forty-eigh with its own police system, wh not naturally suspicious of thos look or speak like "native-born The difficulties comprehend f tracking down subversives. The prehending native and alien cri of whom keep on the move or d out ever being caught. And if the FBI is more vigilant than S or the French "Deuxième Bure taken. This country will never state" as long as its citizens an freedom to move without per checks.

Thus America, with its unic moves between liberty and confo the sw[illegible] of the pendulum ha suf[illegible]ie[illegible] wide to create di plu[illegible]to subversion and a



Lucky Baby—
s Mommy uses
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EY POWDER.

t. oothest, *silkiest* powder in
o. A few sprinkles at each
r nge will chase away prick-
d afes . . . keep *your* baby
. appy. Sixty years of use
ed its quality and purity.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF AUGIE SHEEAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

to be a lumberjack in Canada. A bunch of us are."

"They're lovely things."

I decided to like him. "Maybe you can get a pair and come along. Canada needs good men."

"It's not for me. I'm going to be a priest."

I stared at him in awe. He looked a little like a priest at that, with his large, Irish face and dark clothes. "You've got a vocation?"

"My mother's been prayin' for it. Everything my mother prays for comes true." He crossed the index and middle fingers of his right hand. "She and Saint Joseph are just like that!"

"Don't you *want* to be a priest?"

"Ah, I suppose so. But a fellow has no say in it. The saint has never refused her a thing in his life. She lights the candle every morning, and whatever she wants she gets. It's hard to believe."

It was. It was especially hard for me to believe that Mrs. Sheean could get prompt, efficient service from such a busy, high-level, heavenly executive. Although Joseph was my patron saint, I rarely prayed to him. I was then working on the theory that if you really wanted anything done you should go to someone who had, as it were, less paper work. I had great devotion, that year, to Saint Polycarp.

I was about to mention this to Augie, when Mrs. Sheean loomed up in front of us.

"Hello, me buckos." Mrs. Sheean had a deep booming voice and a figure like an uptilted dirigible. She stared at my boots. "Did you join up with the Army?" she asked me.

"They're lumberjack boots."

"A small, skinny thing like you a lumberjack? With a fine name like Joseph, it's a priest you should be. I'll say a few prayers for you."

"No, don't!" I said quickly.

"Well, you needn't shout, lad. If I can't help your soul, perhaps I can perform a corporal work of mercy. Drop by with Augustine after school, and I may find a little something to fatten you up." She waved cheerily and floated up the street.

"Augie," I said when she left, "if your mother likes Saint Joseph so much, how come she christened you Augustine?"

AUGIE scratched his head. "'Tisn't too sure I am, but I think at one time she was very fond of Saint Augustine. Then she found out a few things about him she didn't like and turned pretty cool. You know, those are lovely things, those boots."

After school, Augie reminded me of his mother's invitation. We found Mrs. Sheean in the kitchen, cutting a large chocolate cake.

"Sit down and eat up, boy," she said. "Don't stint yourself. You're not Jerry Clarke, praise God." Jerry Clarke, Mrs. Sheean went on to explain, was a miserly atheist who lived near her when she was a girl.

"Scrawny and mean he was. Came to a bad end. Said he'd prove there was no God. Ran into the chapel during Mass one morning, and let loose a string of blasphemies." She smiled. "He burst into flame."

"Was he hurt?" I asked.

"Ran screaming from the church and collapsed on the steps, burnt to a crisp. When they stirred the ashes the one thing left of him was a small pool of melted gold. It was the only good thing the little blackguard ever did—God rest his soul. There was enough gold there to repair the steps. Have another piece of cake."

I ate a good bit of Mrs. Sheean's cake in the next month or so and heard a good many of her stories. The cake was always chocolate and delicious; the stories were always bloodcurdling and moralistic. I became quite fond of Mrs. Sheean.

I BECAME fond of Augie too. Everybody did. He was a friendly, easygoing kid and within a few weeks he was one of the most popular boys in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Sheean's reception was more mixed. No doubt, everyone agreed, she had her good points. She was very nice to Augie (she bought him the boots right off) and she was always cruising forth to nurse at a sickbed or mourn at a wake. Yet she dispensed this spiritual largess with an irritating, hearty aloofness. She may have had good cause for her exalted attitude. It turned out to be amazingly true that every prayer Margaret Sheean made was immediately answered. For didn't Annie Brophy, whom the doctors had given up for dead, recover when Mrs. Sheean gave the nod to Saint Joseph? And when she predicted that Corny Hughes (who hadn't seen a sober day in fifteen years) would lay off the hooch, didn't he come down with a liver complaint and have to give up the bottle entirely? Mrs. Sheean had only to mutter a request as she lit her morning candle and the thing was as good as done. Corny Hughes never forgave her for it.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Sheean's morning devotion became something of a parish scandal. The vigil lights in front of the statue of Saint Joseph were placed in diminishing rows, like racked billiard balls, in an ascending brass triangle. The red one at the apex of the triangle was Mrs. Sheean's. Every morning after eight-o'clock Mass she'd kneel for a few minutes at the *prie-dieu*, then light the candle. If it had been already lit by some lesser suppliant, Mrs. Sheean would pinch it out before relighting it, then light the usurper's candle farther down the line. This caused a great deal of talk, but nobody tried to do anything about it.

Augie's piety was a little less manifest. He regarded his ordination as a *fait accompli* and, like any good priest, he was in church more often than most of us, refused to listen to the mildly irreverent stories that sometimes made the rounds, and had a tendency to spot virtue in everything. It was when he began to spot the virtue in Doris Clooney that all the trouble started.

Doris Clooney, another Eighteenth-Streeter, was the Clara Bow of the eighth grade. A plump, flirtatious girl, she wore longer hair and shorter skirts than any other girl in the class, and there were occasional rumors of cloakroom kisses with Lindy Geoghegan, her steady boy friend. Lindy, a tall, slow-spoken kid who was in the eighth grade for the second time, always wore a black imitation-leather flier's helmet. He was mad about Doris Clooney, and although he lived in the oppo-

THE AMISH MADONNA

By VIRGINIA ESTERLY DUNBAR

Over the county roads,
Along the squares of brown,
The dark madonna rides.
Praise her in the black gown.

The horse's crescent hooves
Mark on the earth a hymn
That mounts on wings, like doves,
For the child's delight. Praise him.

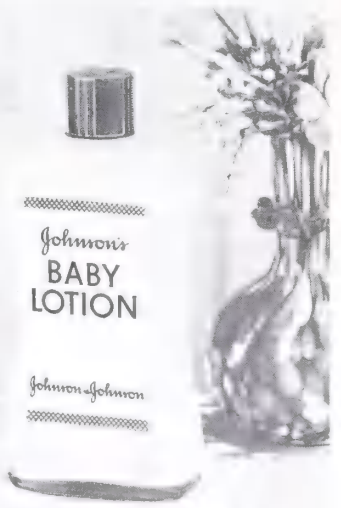
The fields of tented corn,
The yellow pumpkins' piled
Autumnal heaps adorn
The way of the girl and the child.

The black immaculate rig
And its slight freight proclaim
The animate root. The twig
Has holy fruit. Praise them.



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site direction he carried her books up Eighteenth Street every day.

Augie and I frequently walked behind them, and when we did it was hard to get a sensible word out of him. He looked like a man walking underwater; he inched along with his eyes blurred and his lips contorted into a large, rubbery smirk. Then one day Doris smirked back.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but pretty soon Augie and I started walking home with Doris and Lindy. Lindy and I never said much, but Doris—who, it appeared, had developed quite an interest in religion—kept chattering to Augie about sacramentals and church ceremonies and what a noble life priests lead. What he saw in her was beyond me. I thought Doris Clooney was fat and dumb.

It wasn't a completely compatible quartet, and it broke up on the last day of our October retreat.

Sister Mary Rita had just told us about a Belgian peasant girl who was possessed by the devil. When the devil took over, this girl would turn black, float twelve feet in the air and tell off-color stories in Ancient Assyrian. She became the talk of the eighth grade.

"I'd call it," Doris Clooney said as we walked up the street, "a truly awe-inspiring story." That's what sister had called it.

Augie was about to answer when Lindy cut him off: "I'd call it a lot of junk."

"Lindy Geoghegan, that's blasphemous!" Doris said.

"Twelve feet in the air? I don't believe a word of it."

I decided to come to Christianity's rescue. "I jumped from a twelve-foot diving board last summer," I said. "Twelve feet isn't so high."

"It's not bad for such a short take-off," Lindy said.

Doris giggled; Augie frowned; Doris turned prim.

"Come on, Augie," she said, pulling him ahead, "let's not associate with these heathens."

From then on, Augie and Doris walked home alone together. Or rather, Doris walked Augie home. He and Doris would stop and chat when they reached Augie's house; then, as I approached (I always followed a block behind) Doris would smile, blow him a kiss and saunter up Eighteenth Street.

I was a little hurt about all this. I couldn't understand why she should be sore at me. She wasn't, Augie explained; but a wonderful thing had happened. Doris had discovered that she, too, had a vocation; she wanted to be a nun, but she was constantly bothered by worldly thoughts. It did her good to tell Augie about them.

There are two ways of exerting one's strength; one is pushing down, the other is pulling up.

—**BOOKER T. WASHINGTON**
"Booker T. Washington": Basil Mathews (Harvard University Press).

Doris started calling Augie her "dear, dear friend," and wouldn't so much as pass the time of day with poor Lindy Geoghegan.

Augie's spiritual work of mercy came to an abrupt end on a snowy day in mid-November. When I started up Eighteenth Street, I was surprised to see Augie and Doris still standing in front of his house. Mrs. Sheean, who suddenly appeared on the front steps, was even more surprised than I. I couldn't hear what she said, but I saw her right arm come up and make a slow rigid arc until it pointed due north. And I saw Doris bundle her books under her arm and flee into the storm. As I came closer, the thunder of Mrs. Sheean's voice rumbled around my head, and the compasslike arm swung in my direction.

"You're to come in here, too, young man. It's time you learned about things."

I walked up the steps. She put one arm around me, the other around Augie, and pushed us ahead of her into the kitchen. Mrs. Sheean stood in the center of the room, flushed, silent and swaying violently. Then suddenly:

"What's her name?" she bellowed.

"Doris Clooney," Augie muttered.

Mrs. Sheean stopped swaying. She stood stock-still, dropped both hands to her sides and threw back her head.

"I'll tell you a few things about your friend Miss Clooney. I know her type well, and a bad type it is. All satin and Satan and hanging around in low dens with gangsters and sailors with their slick, patent-leather hair." *(Lindy's helmet?* I thought.) "Oh, sure, s
'Come on, it won't matter. V
will it make?'" Mrs. Sheean in
thought was Doris' voice. It c
of mincing boom. "'Sure it
difference, dearie. Who'll see
banged on the table. "I'll tell y
you. There's the cherubim'll s
seraphim, and all the saints
God, and the good Saint Jo
Unperturbed by this unorthod
Sheean went on, "But no! S
won't matter."

Just *what* wouldn't matter w
to either Augie or me.

"I don't know about the you
here," Mrs. Sheean continue
you, Augustine, you have a m
you come near that flapper ag
of me general intention when I
saint tomorrow."

That was enough for Augie
might have been deaf and du
attention he paid to Doris
didn't see
though. Sh
Geoghegan
mier than e

I though
found out D
a real voca
he'd feel re
n't; when I
called me
little prattle
to stop both
he took to
more often

As I came from the confessi
day afternoon, I saw Augie kne
statue of Saint Joseph. The bur
sent bright flashes of colored
across his forehead. His lips
and his face had the desperately
one who is doggedly and unsuc
to get a word in edgewise.

I waited on the church step
out. "Guess what?" I said. "V
the first thing we'll do when
woods is clear out a space f
Augie was supposed to be the
chaplain.

"God of Virtues!" he said.
hear the end of your silly,
bralla?"

"I just wanted to tell you."

"You told me. Now must
tagging after me? Sure I'm sick
you and your plans. I'd appr
didn't come near me again."

This was the beginning of a
me. I got so mad at Augie that
invite him to my birthday par

The birthday parties that m
for me came fairly close to be
was born on the twenty-sixth
and although the party was the
from the family, I usually woun
share of the neighborhood Ch

I didn't see Augie from the a
closed for the holidays until t

"Mamma cut it out in no time!"



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OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE PATTERN ON PAGES 76 & 77

Vogue Design No. 8437. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c. For
3⅞ yards 39-inch material with nap for version with short



8437

...n I went down to learn if he ...the party. I found him and his ...tchen. Augie was eating a piece ...ke and his mother was telling ... about the specter of a bad ...to say Mass every night in the ...at bog. She stopped short when ...t of me. Augie didn't even look

... she said. "Did somebody steal ...e door?" Mrs. Sheean wasn't ...th me these days either. ...o be thirteen on the day after ... having a party and I wonder ... come?"

...he might," Mrs. Sheean said in ...ht was a sweet voice. "Who all

...ole gang."

...iss Clooney be making her ap-

...w. Maybe. I guess so."

...ure Augustine has no desire to ...ou, aroon?"

... answer.

... Mrs. Sheean said, "he'd call ... of the angels, and the devil him- ...ly take possession of his soul."

... kely that Augie would attend. ...gh. The party had been going ...n hour when I had to leave a ... the Tail on the Donkey to ...orbell. It was Augie.

...y to say hello," he said.

... come in for a minute?"

... not dressed at all." He had on ... knickers he wore to school.

...s I am," I said, pointing to the ...s that were my favorite Christ-

... no gift. I'm sorry about that. ...er things."

... I said. "I'm glad you could ...r thought your mother would

... I told her I was going to church ...he."

... her?"

...d me. The woman has never

... have surprised me at all to ...ack and float twelve feet in the ...rrible price to pay for a bit of ... cake.

...ot only managed to keep his ...peared to be having the time of ...inning first prize in the treasure ...nt piece which he gave me as a ...l a funny jig, sang a few Irish ...s, in general, the life of the ...ce, however, did he speak to ..., and she acted as if she weren't ...om with him.

...al, just when the party was get- ...ne girl interrupted the fun by ...ame of Post Office. I started ... my older sister, Kathleen, ...ys and girls at opposite ends of ... began giving out the numbers. ... like this," I told Augie. "It's a

... philosophically. "No matter. ...oon, and we may as well be ..."

...d finished with the girls and ...s. Just as she was telling Augie ..., Doris Clooney popped up out of

... she said, "but I can't seem to ...e."

..." Kathleen said.

EGAN must have overheard, for "Thirty-two" the first time he walked over to him, turned her m kiss her on the cheek. Lindy his place looking a little dis-

... in the center of the room smil- "Thirteen," she purred. It was ...er.

... losed her eyes, leaned back her ... tened her lips with the tip of her ...ngue. Seeing her waiting there ... a warm, sweet cloud filling my ...heart were dissolving in a mist of ...e first time in my life, the game ... me.

Augie stood up. He was having a terrible time trying to be polite. He stumbled awkwardly toward Doris; then, just as he was a shadow's breadth away from her, he let a wild, unearthly shriek out of him, wheeled around and raced out the front door.

Doris Clooney jumped back, and everybody laughed and yelled. I grabbed my coat and took off after him.

When I reached the street he was a block away from me, running like a man possessed. I would never have caught up with him if he hadn't turned up the steps of the church.

When I arrived, panting, at the church vestibule, I could see Augie kneeling before the statue of Saint Joseph with his bent head cupped in his hands. As I debated whether to leave or stay, Augie stood up, leaned forward and blew out the top vigil light. I could have sworn that every light in the church went out, and a fierce, joyous terror surged up in me. Augie strode toward me and would have passed by if I hadn't reached out and grabbed his shoulder.

"Augie," I whispered, "you'd better go back and light it."

"Not a bit of it," he growled. "Those two have made life miserable for me long enough."

I said a quick prayer to Saint Polycarp. Augie marched out and I followed slowly.

"Come on," he shouted, "let's get back to the party." He walked ahead a few steps and waited for me to catch up to him. "By the way," he said, "that number Geoghegan called. It was thirty-two, wasn't it?"

"It was twenty-three," I said.

"That's odd. I could have sworn ——" He broke off when he saw the smirk on my face. "Why, you sly little rogue! You wanted to keep it for yourself?" He laughed and gave me a playful punch on the arm.

Then suddenly, for no reason at all, we ran madly up Eighteenth Street, laughing like lunatics, our boots clacking against the brick pavement like the sound of cloven hoofs. END

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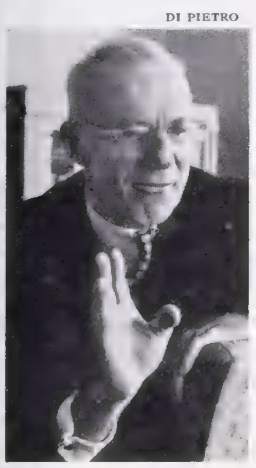
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Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

When should you call the doctor?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DI PIETRO

Dr. Spock says: "If a child is so carefully watched that he never has an accident, he is being fussed over too much. If bones may be saved, but his character will be ruined."

A MRS. WARREN of New York writes, "I hope you will find it possible in one of your articles to give young women advice on when to call the doctor. Due to the doctor shortage, an attitude about calling a doctor has grown up that I think is penalizing the infants of this country. Mothers feel guilty about calling the doctor. In spite of the fact that you and others have repeatedly warned that a sniffle and a sore throat and a slight temperature can mean almost anything from a cold to scarlet fever, too often mothers do hesitate because they are afraid of seeming foolish and overanxious. I nearly fell into the same error a few weeks ago when my seven-year-old had those same symptoms, which were accompanied by a severe headache. It was the headache that made me resolve to get the doctor, and the result was what he called 'aborted meningitis.' Thanks to sulfa and very quick action on my doctor's part, my youngster was not very sick."

I agree vigorously with Mrs. Warren that a mother who is worried about her child's condition should telephone the doctor and not stop to wonder whether he will think it unnecessary or whether she will feel embarrassed. But if we agree on this, it only shifts the question, for many mothers, to "When should I be worried?"

The first problem—and it bothered me all the time I was writing my book—is that no two mothers are alike, naturally, and that even if a doctor could lay down a fairly safe set of rules for one parent, they wouldn't work safely for another. To take a couple of extreme examples: If I were writing only for very worrisome, overly conscientious mothers I'd want to keep reassuring them that a lot of symptoms that sound scary *usually* don't lead to anything serious: pain behind the ear *early* in an ear infection *usually* doesn't point to mastoid disease in the ordinary sense; pain in the abdomen only *occasionally* means appendicitis, and so on. But at the opposite extreme are the very, very casual mothers. If they read those same statements they'd understand me to say that pain behind the ears doesn't mean anything, and that children never get appendicitis so you don't need to pay attention to abdominal pain in them.

As a matter of fact, most parents shift from overly worrisome with their first child, to overly casual with their third or fourth, which is natural and wholesome. I can still remember a generally sensible mother who called me about her fourth child's illness, saying, "I hate to bother you, but Jenny has been pretty sick for three days now with fever and headache. Do you suppose you need to see her?" Those two symptoms together are enough to make a doctor at least think of the possibility of meningitis. I tried not to sound as alarmed as I felt and rushed out in the middle of office hours to make the home visit. (It wasn't meningitis.)

It would be handy to be able to tell parents that low fever doesn't mean much but that high fever is always more serious. But it isn't true. To be sure, a lot of serious diseases like pneumonia, meningitis, peritonitis, mastoiditis usually have high fever, but all of them can occur with only low-grade fever. And roseola infantum, an infection of early childhood, which isn't serious at all, has typically a steady fever of 104° for three or four days before the rash breaks out.

It's worth remembering that in the early months of infancy the body tends not to react with much fever, even in the more dangerous infections. Then, with most children, somewhere around one or two years of age, a change takes place. Now the body develops a tendency to react with high fever at the start of all kinds of illnesses, mild as well as serious. Most parents know this from their own experience. A common story is that the child seems entirely well in the morning, has lost some of his appetite and pep by lunch, and has 104° at the end of the afternoon. The doctor is called, finds little in his examination except perhaps a slightly red throat. Within a day or two the fever is gone and the child is well or has only a running nose. In other words, the mildest of colds, sore throats or "grippe" is likely to stir up quite a fever at this age. By five or six or seven years of age most children are getting out of this high-fever-over-nothing stage. They're now more likely to start their colds and sore throats with little fever, and when they do have fever it's more apt to mean something.

In many individual illnesses you can say that the height of the fever in the beginning of the disease is much less important than what the fever is doing after a few days. A fever that begins to climb several days after the start of an infection often shows that the disease is getting worse or that a complication has developed, whether or not there was fever at the start. This is particularly true of colds and throat infections: the increase in fever or the return of the fever raises the question whether the cold has spread to the ears or down into the bronchial tubes (bronchitis or pneumonia, especially if there is more cough) or into the urinary system ("pyelitis") or into the sinuses or neck glands. In other words, I'd make a flat statement that any fever that went up or came back after the second day would make it imperative to get in touch with a doctor.

But aren't there any other clues for the guidance of sensible parents, particularly those who live many miles from a doctor and who can't reach him by telephone? I don't think there are any that can be relied on completely, but there are a few that may help somewhat. I'd put first the general appearance of the child—how "sick" he looks, how prostrated, how different in appearance and behavior from his usual healthy state. If a child looks and acts sick, I'd try much harder to get a doctor to see him or to bring him to the doctor than if he is eating and playing as usual—no matter what his fever.

Next I'd like to list several particular symptoms that occur during colds that *always* call for prompt medical attention. Perhaps the commonest is earache. Not because ear infection is always serious—in most cases the child recovers without serious trouble. But untreated ear infection sometimes drags on and, when prolonged, it may leave a degree of permanent deafness. Yet when treated promptly with one of the modern drugs, ear infection can usually be stopped in its tracks. There is no excuse for neglecting it.

Another symptom calling always for quick attention is hoarseness of voice or tightness of breathing. To be sure, hoarseness is most often a sign of only a mild laryngitis that comes to nothing, and tightness of breathing is most often due only to a mild temporary "croup." But hoarseness and tightness, especially if accompanied by fever, may be signs of a more dangerous laryngitis and bronchitis that call for vigorous treatment.

So far I have been discussing colds and throat infections and their complications. These together cause probably nine tenths of children's illnesses. Another group are the stomach and intestinal infections which show themselves particularly in vomiting and diarrhea and which are fairly common in the first couple of years of life. Here again I'd say that the most important sign that an infection is serious is that the child seems changed in appearance or is prostrated. I'd also think it was more urgent to call a doctor if the symptoms increased rather than decreased on the second or third day.

There are, of course, dozens of other diseases that affect various parts of the body, which are too complicated to discuss and most of which are too rare to be remembered. Mrs. Warren had the bad luck to run into meningitis, which is very infrequent. She sensed, if she did not think it out, that headache, especially severe headache, is uncommon in the early years of childhood and should always be looked into promptly. Her child probably looked sicker, too, than with most infections. It's the unusual appearance that should alert the parent—and it usually does.

Abdominal pain is complained of at the beginning of many infections, and the young child probably means nausea in many of these cases. Stomach-ache is also common in children with feeding problems and with other worries. Appendicitis is certainly rare compared with these other causes. But it's potentially serious enough so that abdominal pain should be looked into, especially if it's an unusual complaint for this particular child and if it continues for an hour or more. (A pain that lasts a few seconds and then goes away for good is not appendicitis.)

At this point do you feel like saying, "It all sounds too complicated and yet too incomplete to be helpful; and I doubt if I will remember it the next time my child is ill"? I think that is the normal reaction. Parents aren't meant to be diagnosticians. Doctors in training don't just learn a list of diseases and their symptoms and then expect to make diagnoses. They spend four years in medical school and perhaps several more in residencies, studying the body, the bacteria that invade it, the actual organs that have been invaded, the laboratory tests for the disease, the textbook descriptions of the variations in symptoms that different cases show, and then they examine and treat dozens of cases in the hospital. By the time they enter practice they should be thoroughly familiar with pneumonia or ear infections or appendicitis, in all their usual forms, from a dozen different angles. And even so, doctors usually feel that their judgment would be so poor trying to diagnose and treat a member of their own family that they practically all turn to other doctors for such help.

Then how can a parent with no training be expected to go very far in deciding what's serious and what isn't?

I know well how apologetic parents become when calling a doctor, particularly if they themselves doubt the seriousness of the illness. I think they should do their best to get over that apologeticness. But even if they feel it's probably a foolish call, they should call anyway. Otherwise I don't see any point in having a doctor. Usually the doctor doesn't mind a "foolish question" the way the parent imagines. Even if a mother is *sure* that the doctor will be grumpy about this call she should call anyway, if she is concerned. Obviously the child's health is more important than the doctor's or the parent's feelings.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*

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"I QUIT TEACHING"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

jockey," a fuel-oil salesman and "ironically enough, a bill collector." He has never had a vacation. That long summer holiday often cited as one of the rewards of a teaching job was also a time when he had to find jobs to cover the two months when he wasn't getting salary checks. All those extra jobs meant that Ed had no time to spend with his family, and he and Lilli both knew that wasn't right because the boys were growing up and they needed him.

"It's all right to talk about dedicating your life to teaching," Ed says. "But the day comes when you have to think about your own kids."

Twenty-eight-year-old Edward Hough sent in his resignation from Trenton, New Jersey's, McClellan School, effective the first of February. It meant turning his back on the ambition of half a lifetime, losing the daily companionship of friends who were teachers, too, giving up the long-term security of a teaching career for a job he didn't know much about. He raised the necessary capital, went to work operating a six-pump Calso gas station at the busy intersection of Prospect Street and Stuyvesant Avenue in Trenton. He has four full-time and five part-time employees, a weekly payroll of from $275 to $300. "This year I'll gross $120,000. If I can make just 8 per cent of that stick to me, I'll make $10,000 a year." He isn't figuring on $10,000 this first year—perhaps two years from now. But he feels that the $5200 to $6000 he will make this year is a lot better than $3700. As a teacher he might, twelve years from now, be making $6600.

When friends stop by the station they may have to wait for Ed to fill a gas tank, check a car on the grease rack, put a final polish on a wash job or listen to a salesman's efforts to sell him a machine that cuts car keys in a matter of seconds. He bought the machine. It's a traffic maker and Ed is out to build his new business with the same thoroughness he gave to teaching his class of thirty-one fifth-graders. Looking at Ed's grimy hands and the heavy blue coveralls he wears, a friend asked, "How can you do this greasy job when only a few weeks ago you were a promising professional man?"

"I TOLD him," Ed says, "that I can do it because now I can go home and hand Lilli a few bucks and she doesn't have to worry about making half a pound of hamburger stretch to cover two meals." When a concerned relative questioned the dignity of running a gas station, Ed said, "I reminded her that my grandfather was a butcher, and he didn't worry much about the dignity of that. Sure, I miss teaching. It's what I was trained for. I like kids and I get along with them."

A boy comes in with the punctured tube from his bicycle tire. "Excuse me, Mr. Hough. Can you fix this?"

"Sure." Ed carries the tube into the shop, the boy trailing him and answering questions about activities of his Scout troop.

Carefully stored away, Ed has a package of letters his fifth-graders wrote him when they heard he was giving up his teaching job. The words vary, but in each note the same: the kids miss him. They left, they wish him luck in his ne the parents wrote, too, maybe that Ed wasn't just a nine-to-thr McClellan School is in an old part of Trenton, and Ed, who many blocks away, sometim lunch with kids whose parents collected clothing to distribute the youngsters to football and he was umpiring, others out to day of games and a hot-dog r teachers put their own money classrooms," he says. "I'm r bows for that."

ONE of the part-time jobs Ed the Delaware Valley United was good at collecting pledge and sometimes forgot about. energy caused some of the influ men der "was "kill so l teach "It's when Sever offe work ent b area Calse part Henr is als Nava felt t actly tive to c pur stati it so cou dow thou and with that was to d too. Thir for T ante too. day he c coul the ner, a movie (they saw Knigh Table) and for sodas afterwar day," Lilli recalls, "and the all eaten out together like taurant." And at Easter all had trim new blue suits and "Bow ties, too," Scottie says his out in the Easter picture the boys dressed for church. outfit herself, everything new ing a gay red coat very becor fair skin, sparkling brown ey When Ed was teaching, mos budget went into keeping him never did think that was fair was necessary. "Ed was tea neighborhood. He had to set kids who often didn't get a go their own parents."

Ed Hough was a senior at 1943 when he met vivacious was the youngest girl in a far father, a traveling Baptist mi she was five years old. Her work running an apartment delphia. As a child Lilli reme embroider tiny rosebuds on c nearby doll factory. When sh moved to Trenton. Lilli was

HOW THE HOUGHS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Ed figures his income will be $5200 to $6000 this year, at present takes salary of $100 a week.

Food and household supplies	$125.00
Clothing	25.00
Payment on house (interest, insurance, taxes, principal)	61.50
Fuel, light, water	25.00
Telephone	8.00
Insurance (life, hospital, car)	35.00
Medical and dental	10.00
Recreation	5.00
Church	5.00
Furniture and appliances (including payment on freezer)	50.00
Car expenses (family car—business takes care of $25 expense on Ed's service car)	10.00
Dry cleaning, shoe repair	5.00
Child-care fees (sitter)	3.00
Children's school expenses	1.00
Club dues	1.00
Magazines, newspapers	6.00
Savings fund	10.00
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pretty and very popular. When she first saw Ed he was captaining the team at a swimming meet, wearing a red-and-black team sweater, the red of which clashed fiercely with his carroty-red hair. "Who could miss him?" Lilli smiles.

Ed had little time or money for dating. If he was going to be a teacher he had to get through college and he had to earn the money for it himself. His mother died when he was nine. "My father was a nice guy who just couldn't cope with things sometimes, and at those times couldn't stay away from the bottle. He worked as a foreman for the Reading Railroad." Ed's sister was older; his young brother was often ill with rheumatic fever; there wasn't much close family companionship. Ed says, "I saw myself as a 'have not' and I wanted to be a 'have.'" At fourteen he was working part time in a warehouse to buy clothes to wear to school. "I was tall and strong for my age. I couldn't compete socially or financially with more secure kids, but I could compete scholastically and athletically, so that's what I did." The swimming team was the only afterschool activity he made the time for.

"Lilli made me feel I was important to her," he says. "Right from the start she's looked after me. When we were in school and I didn't have any money for clothes, she was knitting socks for me, making over a pair of her brother's trousers. And her mother ——" He breaks off and grins. "My mother-in-law's a real doll. She treated me like a son; fed me; sent me money to come home on leave when I was in the Navy. I guess that's what I was missing most in my life—a family that really liked me and wanted me."

Five days after he graduated from high school Ed was in the Navy. He was sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, for boot training. As a member of a Navy V-12 training group he had one semester at the University of Pennsylvania, two semesters at Princeton. He was assigned to the USNR Midshipman's School at Fort Schuyler, New York, for four months. The day after he was commissioned an ensign—at nineteen one of the youngest officers in the Navy—Ed and Lilli were married.

March 16, 1945, was all pretty hectic as Lilli remembers it. "If Ed got his commission that day we could be married. If he didn't, we couldn't." They were married in a Trenton Baptist church, with Lilli in white satin with a veil. Two days later Ed was ordered to Miami. Lilli followed as soon as he found quarters for them. "We were luckier than a lot of people during the war," Lilli admits. "Most of the time I could be with Ed, or near enough to see him. Ed was sent to New Orleans, Gulfport, Boston, Norfolk. Our longest period of separation was four months, when Ed's ship, a DE, was on convoy duty."

A FEW days after their first anniversary, Ed was out of the Navy and back in the struggle to educate himself for a teaching career. "I would have liked to go back to Princeton," Ed says. "Princeton was really fine. But I didn't have the money. My father died. The only person who was helping me was my wife and she didn't have any money either." He went to New Jersey State Teachers College at Trenton, working at the inevitable part-time jobs when he wasn't studying. Lilli worked, too, until their first baby was on the way. For a time they rented a three-room basement apartment from Lilli's mother, who was managing an apartment hotel. While Ed was at the teachers' college they were eligible for one of the four-room prefab houses put up on the campus for students with families. Later they moved to a six-room farmhouse, six miles from Trenton.

"We didn't really notice the inconveniences of the farm at first," Lilli says. "The house was old, hard to keep clean and hard to heat in winter. The water heater was so much trouble to build a fire in that we had hot water only on Monday—laundry day. That day we all took extra-luxurious baths and scrubbed everything in the house."

But among the farm's clear assets were Lilli's vegetable garden and fruits for canning. An old chicken house was cleaned and restocked. "It was there, and we couldn't just let it go to waste." So there were chickens and fresh eggs. "Even when money was scarce we always had plenty to eat." But when the twins, Scott and Stewart, were born, the drawbacks of the old house became more obvious. The uncertain heating system, a leaky roof, a narrow winding staircase, all these were hazards for small and active children. A fading scar on Scottie's forehead still recalls vividly the terrifying day he fell, pulling a heavy bridge lamp down with him. The glass reflector globe shattered and Scottie was badly cut. Luckily, Lilli's sister had driven out from town for a visit. "I don't even like to think what might have happened if she hadn't been here," Lilli says. "I didn't have our car, and there was no phone in the house." As it was, Scottie lost so much blood before she could rush him the six miles to a doctor that she thought she was too late and Scottie would die. She doesn't remember clearly the hours that followed—only that they *had* made it in time and Scottie would live. "He had to have transfusions, and treatment for a long time, though, to build him up after losing all that blood."

Lilli had been pretty tired out before the twins came. "In spite of all the exercise I was getting gardening and doing farm chores, I gained eighty pounds—imagine! I could hardly get around." A month before the birth she was told definitely to expect two babies instead of one. Until X rays settled the matter there was even what Lilli describes as "a wild

do interesting things in Mr. Hart's class—like seeing the movie of Julius Caesar when we studied it." And a pretty crinoline-skirted girl said seriously, "I've learned more about grammar than I ever thought I could!"

Bob is primarily a "grammar man" and his five classes of freshmen, sophomores and juniors (150 students in all) get thorough grounding in parts of speech, conjugation of verbs, sentence diagramming. "I don't want to ruin the English language for them," he says, "but they do have to learn it. Of course we study the classics too." Last year, to "liven up" the study of literature, freshmen listened to a recording of Basil Rathbone reading Treasure Island; sophomores wrote and presented a five-act dramatization of Silas Marner; juniors, after a survey study of American writers, wrote their own short stories. (One intriguing story had a plot worthy of Hawthorne, dialogue in the style of Hemingway.)

Disciplinary problems are rare and rarely serious. "I try to avoid situations that might get out of hand," Bob says, "and discipline my classes with *humor*. Oh, occasionally I send one of the boys to cool his heels in the principal's office, but mostly we have good times in classes."

"Good times" *outside* the classroom include various parties, picnics, class plays, choral concerts, assembly programs—most of which both Bob and Clara Belle attend. Bob is head of the English Department, and last year was freshman-class sponsor, both of which necessi-


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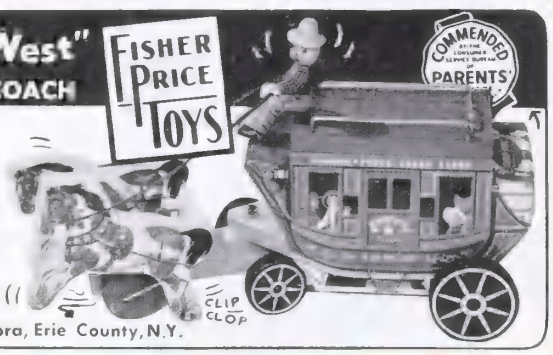
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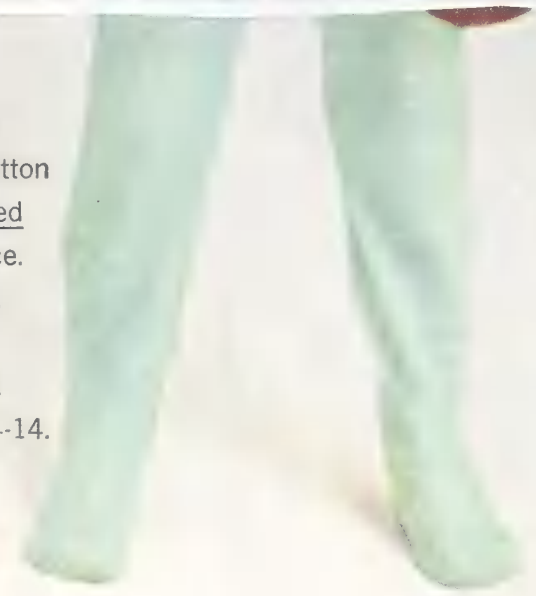
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twenty-four-hour period" in which the doctor thought he detected three heartbeats. "I don't know what we'd have done with *three* babies when we had things ready for only one!"

The Houghs' pride and pleasure in their handsome, sturdy twins and big brother Dennis is enormous. The boys all have Lilli's bright brown eyes and startlingly white teeth. If they keep on at their present rate of growth they're bound to match Ed's six-foot-plus.

One February night in 1952 Lilli and Ed were listening to a Trenton radio station when a contest was announced—write the best letter on "Why I think we should have a night out." They joked about their qualifications. Ed wrote a letter listing the things that kept them housebound—three small children, his own busy schedule, the strained budget. His letter won. Their prize: dinner and a show, plus a baby sitter. "We said it was our Valentine present to each other," Lilli smiles. "We didn't have anything else to give."

Ed graduated from the teachers' college in June, 1949, and in September he had his long-dreamed-of teaching job. The first day of school, Lilli recalls, he was up at six in the morning shining shoes that had been polished the night before, cramming his pockets with reminder notes to himself. When he came home that night he told her happily, "This is it. This is what I want to do."

He was teaching at the McClellan School, not far from the school he had attended as a boy. He knew that neighborhood and he knew its problems. As a child he remembers "seeing some pretty terrible things in that neighborhood during the depression. I think I'm the only one in my whole crowd who ever even graduated from high school. A lot of the boys I knew have prison records now." Because he did understand the problems faced by children of a poor neighborhood, he wanted to be a good teacher. He remembered some who helped and encouraged him not so many years back. There was Miss Emmons, who taught him in the sixth grade during the confused, unhappy year when his mother died. "She taught me a lot about balance and understanding," Ed says. He smiles and adds, "Taught me not to be a show-off too." In the eighth grade there was Mr. Gaug—"a fine athlete, a fair-minded man." There was Mr. Neuschafer, his swimming coach—"we're still friends." And when he was sixteen, Mr. Klinefelter gave him a book he asked to borrow. The book was Tom Paine's Age of Reason. It first confused and then fascinated Ed.

BECAUSE he did want to be a good teacher, he added to his already heavily loaded schedule the task of getting his master's degree in education at Rutgers. With his nine-to-three classes at McClellan, his late-afternoon job with the United Fund, the odd jobs as an official for sports events, this was a period so packed with activity that Ed sometimes couldn't allow even ten minutes for dinner. From September of 1951 he studied in the evenings, on Saturdays, and as much of the summer as he could manage. He was almost too tired to realize that he had gained his objective when, on June 6, 1953, he got his master's degree. Despite the heavy schedule he carried, he was elected to Delta Xi chapter of Kappa Delta Pi, National Honor Society in Education, chosen for high scholarship and his record in the field of education.

Ed is active in the Naval Reserve, serving as executive officer for his unit, which meets in Trenton one night a week. Th unit rated forty-second in th District. Today Ed will tell y first—fifth in the nation. They top spot nationally and feel that they'll make it this year. duty—a training cruise—tw "There have been times," he lived most of the summer on those two weeks of active d the two gold stripes of a lieu

IN September, 1952, the H new three-bedroom house in sylvania. After two years Lill the conveniences it has. No with that cranky and inadequa firing up that bucket-a-day st a ton-a-day!" Lilli says wry water once a week. "I figured into this house we were really in. "This was the first house in my whole life that had auto a good shower." Radiant heat house at an even temperature, the neatly planned kitchen ma day laundry simple. But even spending down to an absolute

NEXT MONTH

"I go stale on normal routine. Dottie shares with me a feeling of satisfaction that was missing when I had a nice easy job with steady hours and two weeks' vacation."

● Young draftsman Barham Bobo left his $100-a-week "dead end" job to study at Georgia Tech for an engineering degree, in the process picked up a paper route (90 miles to be traveled each morning from 3 A.M. to 7 A.M.) to pay expenses . . . and a new routine goes around the clock at

THE PINK-HOUSE BOBOS

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

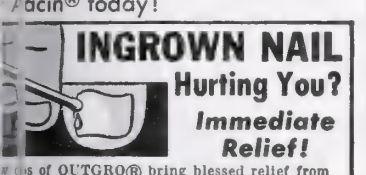
HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES in the November JOURNAL

for an afternoon spent ump ball game—and pick up a milk for the kids on his way h end he umpired a double-head another game that night, repe ule on Sunday. He made almos didn't happen very often. "I strong of body and I could now, but how was I going to r older? The only reason we go because my wife is such a Lilli's practical—only I didn *have* to be practical all the tin

Busy as he was, Ed was stil problems of the new and grow he'd moved into. Until May served as president of the L Association, leading a fight fo conditions for the children, rates, stop lights at busy inters other residents to help rebuil farmhouse into a busy commu was so persuasive that house, labor were all donated. One Le "If Ed and Lilli were living in a hundred years ago, Ed wo you'd go to to ask 'Where d church?' or 'How do we rid th lessness?' He's a natural-born shame a person like that is lea

"A lot of people say it's a sha teaching," Ed says. "Maybe it's is fine for a single person—sa making $4000 a year. She's got her work is interesting and she well on what she makes. But with a family to take care of—t The married man just can't com has to meet a lot of requiremen







patience, a willingness to absorb criticism—constructive criticism. A teacher is never through learning, there are always new techniques and you have to keep up. You're always going to school. When a teacher can't make a living at his job after all that—well, I feel injustice is being done to a lot of good conscientious Americans. There isn't anything more important than the education of our children, because they are the future of the country. And if the teachers ever sell us out, we're done." Ed speaks not only as an ex-teacher, but as the father of three boys, the oldest already in school. "A teacher needn't be coddled or sponged up, but as an individual he should be given recognition when and if it is due him—academically and financially. Nobody ever came to me and said, 'Ed, you're doing a nice job. I know it's hard, but if you can hold on a while longer maybe something can be done.' It would have made a lot of difference to me if somebody had.

"Take Walt, for instance." Walt is Walter Almond, Ed's manager at the station. Walt had three children and was, like Ed, a teacher. At thirty, after seven years of teaching, Walt was $2800 in debt. "An average of about four hundred dollars a year," he figures. Walt is another reason why Ed wants to make a success of his new business. "Walt left a teaching job to come in with me as my manager. If things are good for me they'll be good for Walt too."

Things are beginning to be good for the Houghs. Ed still works long hours. He alternates monthly with Walt working the night shift from 4 P.M. to midnight. Every other Thursday and Sunday he works all day—7 A.M. to midnight—so both he and Walt can have alternate Thursdays and Sundays off. Those free days give him time to spend with the boys, cut the lawn, work around the house or go on a family outing. "Lilli always caters to me on my day off," he says. "Lets me sleep late, fixes me a big breakfast with a fancy omelet or French toast—things like that." And though Lilli often waits up until 1 A.M. for Ed to come home from work, she likes the month that he works night shift because it means he can be home most of the day. The boys like it too.

The compensations for giving up his teaching career aren't entirely financial, but this year when the Houghs' anniversary came around, a big new freezer of the latest design was installed in the storage room off the kitchen. Lilli isn't greatly tempted by expensive clothes or jewelry, but she glows over gifts for her home. "Ed said he sort of went all out this year to make up for the anniversaries when he couldn't give me presents." And Ed's purchase of a 1939 car for use for transportation and service calls at his business (its $135 purchase price was part of his teachers' pension fund) leaves the family car, a 1950 sedan, for Lilli's use. She still regards this as a wonder undreamed of a year ago.

The whole family had a day in Atlantic City recently. (All tall buildings are "hotels" to the twins now, and all "hotels" are in Atlantic City.) The twins went along on a trip to New York. ("*Trains* go to New York!" they remember, and it isn't easy to convince them that trains go anywhere else.) Dennis was in school that day and couldn't go along, but a pocketknife with a chain that clips to his belt consoled him. There will be other trips. "I can take my family out to dinner, now, or on a trip to the zoo. Next spring when Dennis has his vacation from school I'll pile the whole family in the car and we'll go see Lilli's brother, in Florida." Ed's planning still has a little of the incredulous tone of a man who can't remember the last time he had a week off. "I don't think that's too much to ask."

Does he think anything can be done to make it easier for teachers like himself, men whose responsibility toward the needs of their own children must often conflict with their genuine desire to go on teaching?

He thinks that more young people of ability would go into teaching—and stay in it—if teachers could start in at a salary of around $3000 a year and be assured of reaching $6500 to $7000 in five or six years. He deplores the too-frequent lack of real co-operation between administrators and teachers. "That doesn't exist in all cases, of course, but sometimes in trying to give everybody what they want—taxpayers, students, parents, teachers, the school board—the administrator forgets the problems he had when *he* started out as a teacher. They're still the same problems."

Sometimes Ed feels that "the only people interested in education are the people in it." But mostly he tends to feel that the public just doesn't understand how bad things are with the teachers who hold the responsibility of teaching America's children. "If you could really get the facts to the people," he says, "I think something would be done. I've got great faith in people."

"TEACHING IS MY LIFE"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

eight-thirty, and must remain half an hour after the last bell rings in the afternoon. "It's a standard joke among the faculty," he says, "that it takes thirty minutes to *prepare* for the day and thirty more to *recover* from it." The early arrival, however, enables teachers to avoid the long line of 26 school buses ("Looks like a huge yellow caterpillar!") which transport 1320 students to Wilson High each morning—some from as far as 30 miles away.

Seven years ago, Augusta County took over the abandoned buildings and grounds of Woodrow Wilson Army Hospital, converting it to Woodrow Wilson Educational Center. The center includes a technical school, a rehabilitation center, and the high school—which is one of the largest and best-equipped rural schools in the country, consolidating five smaller high schools, serving more than half of Augusta County, and employing some 54 teachers.

At first glance, the long, low brick buildings connected by breezeways and corridors appear to be an incomprehensible maze. But, aided by diagrams, new students are soon changing classes with maximum speed and efficiency. Bob says, "It's a wonderful arrangement; no stairways, no fire hazard because each room has an outside exit."

Walking down the corridor to his classroom, Bob calls nearly every student he meets by name, is occasionally followed by the teasing strains of "Heart of my heart." Students like Bob because "He makes us laugh a lot" and "He doesn't care if we horse around some—not *too* much, though." One rangy sophomore boy, typically garbed in neat jeans, sports shirt and dusty white bucks, said, "We do interesting things in Mr. Hart's class—like seeing the movie of Julius Caesar when we studied it." And a pretty crinoline-skirted girl said seriously, "I've learned more about grammar than I ever thought I could!"

Bob is primarily a "grammar man" and his five classes of freshmen, sophomores and juniors (150 students in all) get thorough grounding in parts of speech, conjugation of verbs, sentence diagramming. "I don't want to ruin the English language for them," he says, "but they do have to learn it. Of course we study the classics too." Last year, to "liven up" the study of literature, freshmen listened to a recording of Basil Rathbone reading Treasure Island; sophomores wrote and presented a five-act dramatization of Silas Marner; juniors, after a survey study of American writers, wrote their own short stories. (One intriguing story had a plot worthy of Hawthorne, dialogue in the style of Hemingway.)

Disciplinary problems are rare and rarely serious. "I try to avoid situations that might get out of hand," Bob says, "and discipline my classes with *humor*. Oh, occasionally I send one of the boys to cool his heels in the principal's office, but mostly we have good times in classes."

"Good times" *outside* the classroom include various parties, picnics, class plays, choral concerts, assembly programs—most of which both Bob and Clara Belle attend. Bob is head of the English Department, and last year was freshman-class sponsor, both of which necessi-



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tate extra duties. Another duty, shared by the teachers, is that of supervising the students' recreational period held in the social center that was once an officers' club. After a hot cafeteria lunch (20 cents) Bob might spend fifteen minutes or so watching students dance, play table tennis, and do a brisk business in candy-bar sales over the wide counter that was once a cocktail bar!

Unless there is a faculty meeting, Bob is usually home by four. "The first thing I do," he says, "is wash the dust of the day off my hands—then I go out and get them muddy in the garden." (This summer, Bob had *two* gardens—he worked one for a neighbor—with peas, beans, Irish potatoes, onions, beets, cucumbers, corn and tomatoes.) Or he simply walks around the yard, admiring his healthy boxwood and roses, while the children vie for his attention: Bobbye pleading for a game of ball, Suzanne swinging to his hand and bubbling in her light excited voice, Mary Jane riding her squeaky tricycle and commanding, "Daddy, look at *me!*"

Clara Belle says, "Usually I go outside and push the girls in the swing or do something equally useless, but I have to start supper soon, or we lose the children to television!" At first Clara Belle worried for fear her "wonderful" neighbor would tire of the three small children rushing in, plopping down in front of her television screen, eating all her cookies; then she hit on a scheme by which the neighbor would hook her screen door if she was busy. "It's a wonderful idea," Clara Belle says. "If the door's hooked, they just run on home and we do something else and no one's feelings are hurt." (The neighbor, impressed by such thoughtfulness, said, "That's the first time a mother's ever *begged* me to lock her children out!")

Supper (served on the screened back porch if it's hot, in the kitchen if it's not) might consist of pork chops, squash fried with a little onion, salad, hot homemade rolls ("The children eat their weight in rolls!") a pineapple upside-down cake for de if we intend to *live* with Bobbye," says, "we have to have spaghetti or

Before bedtime, Bob likes to sit upright piano to play folk songs harmonizing to Clara Belle's sw prano while all three children chir Although Bob's formal training only fifteen secret music lessons in ("Dad found out about it and mad he wouldn't be without the pian it "a necessary aid to relaxation."

After the children are asleep, B to grade papers or plan future "pr Clara Belle sews or reads. ("I v consciousness when I read," she a that irritates Bob terribly—*he* ca easily.") The Harts seldom go o often they invite another coupl canasta and sample Clara Bel lemon-and-angel-food pie-cake); are expensive, and with their many they're grateful for quiet evenings teaches Sunday school, attend Association of University Women chairman of her church circle. Bo of the Verona Ruritan Club (w set out 4200 pine seedlings, insta street lights, paved two streets), his Sunday-school class, belong educational organizations, is a Cross and Community Chest driv and Clara Belle attend P.T.A. me son High and at Bobbye's school two years Bob has been "pronou Beverly Manor spelling bee.

"About once a month," says "Bob and I go over the bills to Harts budget "backward" ("W we have, and if there's anything rejoice!") but they have never b debt because "Bob cannot *stand* hanging over his head." Clara mizes by doing her own laund skillfully for food, and sewing most of the children's clothes, wine-colored robe and a gray c (which he wore until the collar v and did all the slip-covering in *like* to slip-cover; a chair doesn't or holler, and it's not one size and another size after," she say sewing for myself—the most c ever got for a dress was one I sharkskin, strapless, with a little zippers and all—it cost just eighty

In spite of careful economizin tle extra money; and Bob is s couraged, wishing he could pay the house, provide educational s children, buy Clara Belle "a w of clothes." But "I've always above profit," he says. "It's the do with children that keeps me

EVEN as a child growing up farm in North Carolina, Bob more in books than in barns. V ping "big brothers" to do the work, Bob was relegated to carr them, running errands, feeding he excelled in schoolwork, wa several clubs, was active in debat work, won the Balfour medal around student." Though his fa olute" in insisting that Bob perfo his stepmother, a schoolteacher sympathize with Bob's dreams.

Novie Sue Poole had organ year elementary school in Virgi ing in North Carolina when she ried the widowed Mr. Hart. " guiding light for us all," Bob s came, we *all* had a college educ twelve Hart children, seven wo through college, four are now tional field.) Partly through partly through a driving need *thing* connected with teaching, Wake Forest, where he graded worked in the cafeteria, mowe furnaces—and, after his grad his teaching career in a cou $97.50 a month.

"If I had married Clara Be says now, "I don't see how managed." Actually, when B

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Belle, he had taught school for four years in North Carolina, was bound for a new position at Augusta Military Academy near Verona. "The bus stopped," he recalls, "and a pretty girl got on ——"

When Clara Belle Ambler got on the bus, she was hardly expecting to fall in love. Her life (most of it spent in the Valley with her parents and her younger brother Jamie) had been rather sheltered; her dates carefully approved. Like many girls, she had planned "to go to college, teach for two years, and then get married—instead, I got married, *then* went to college, *then* taught!"

The disrupting influence on Clara Belle's life was the dark-haired young man who "got up and offered me his seat. Of course we *had* to talk; he was sitting on my suitcase!" Bob worked fast; before he got off the bus at Fort Defiance he had learned her name; before a week was up he had written for a date. "But mother didn't believe in pickups," Clara Belle says. "She had to ask *my* preacher to talk with *his* preacher before I could go out with him!"

During Clara Belle's sophomore year they dated steadily; the next year they were engaged. "I proposed on the spur of the moment," says Bob. "One minute we were carrying on conversation as usual and the next minute I asked her to marry me." Clara Belle claims she didn't accept immediately—"I knew I'd have to convince daddy. But when Bob promised to see me through college, daddy was won over."

THE day of the wedding (June 11, 1945) Bob and Clara Belle conducted Bob's stepmother through the Grand Caverns in Grottoes, Virginia; returned to Clara Belle's home for a big dinner party. "I remember eating fried chicken standing up," says Clara Belle, "because all the chairs had been moved out for the reception. Just as we left for the church, daddy said something I'll never forget. He whispered, 'Sister, you can still change your mind, you don't have to go if you don't want to.' But I *wanted* to!"

The ceremony was held at Augusta Stone Church, the oldest Presbyterian house of worship in the Valley, traditionally a place "to shield men's bodies from the Indians and their souls from the devil." Clara Belle says, "Bob had the shakes and I didn't think my maid o honor would make it down the aisle; but though I had butterflies, they didn't show. I generally don't get very excited."

She was excited enough, however, over their honeymoon in Washington, D.C.; hardly less thrilled to move into the upstairs apartment of historic Willow Spout Cottage (built in 1826 as a tollhouse for the first Valley turnpike) in Fort Defiance. Those were happy years: Bob enjoyed being "Major Hart" to the A.M.A. boys; Clara Belle adored the dances and colorful Sunday-afternoon dress parades. In the summers, Bob taught at nearby camps to supplement his salary while Clara Belle worked toward her home-economics degree at Madison College. Her last session in 1948 required residence at the home-management house—and she broke records by bringing her fifteen-month-old son to college with her! "That was quite a summer," Clara Belle recalls. "Bob was night watchman at a Baptist camp near the college; he'd rush over to the home-management house in time for lunch, stay to dinner, then rush back to his job. Also, we were excited about our new house!"

Clara Belle's parents, at that time living in Verona next door to a five-room cottage which had never been finished, had urged them to buy it. "Bob was attracted by the price—he couldn't have bought a house on a long-term plan," says Clara Belle. "But I had to be *convinced*. I saw none of its possibilities, just saw that square half-completed house on a shaly hillside."

Nevertheless, in the spring of 1948 the Harts took over the $2500 mortgage and agreed to pay the owner $2500 more; then they settled down to the task of making the house habitable. There was no front stoop, no outside shingling or inside plastering, no plumbing, no furnace, no woodwork or baseboards—"in short, not much of a house," Bob concludes. Clara Belle, recalling the days of the stove in the middle of the living room, the pitcher pump on the roofless back porch, the outdoor privy and the screenless windows, says today, "It wasn't so bad. Bob and I grew up on farms, were used to 'inconveniences.'"

"Working slowly, bit by bit," the Harts have done wonders with their tiny house. Now they have a bathroom, a cool screened back porch, two upstairs rooms for the children. They painted the walls themselves in clear restful shades ("We're not fantastic-minded")—subdued gray for the living room, light yellow for the dining room, mauve for the den ("I like mauve because it's neither this nor that") and hunter green for the bedroom. Hard-rock-maple furniture throughout the house is both pleasing and practical; Clara Belle's pride and joy is the New England china press which she discovered in a Staunton secondhand store. ("The dealer was so nice—he let us take a drawer home to see if it matched our set!") And Bob has worked miracles with the yard—after many doses of topsoil and fertilizer, the "solid shale" has yielded a flood of rosebushes, redbud, Japanese quince, assorted spring flowers and (best of all) rich green grass.

Plans for the future include a carport with a flat roof accessible from the living room; a retaining wall on the steep side of the house, topped with a wrought-iron rail and finished off with a lamppost. "But we can wait for those—we don't want to overextend ourselves



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and then come up against some unforeseen crisis!"

Such a crisis occurred in December of 1950, a day Clara Belle remembers with horror. "I was addressing Christmas cards; Mary Jane, just sixteen days old, was beside me in the bassinet. Suddenly I realized she was breathing strangely." At the hospital, the Harts learned that their baby had a rare and dangerous diaphragmatic hernia. After a harrowing race across the mountains to Charlottesville, Bob and Clara Belle sat out the delicate four-hour operation, discovered later that Mary Jane's heart had stopped three times, was restored by massage each time. "If she's spoiled now," Clara Belle says, "it's because we so nearly lost her then." Mary Jane was truly a miracle baby: the hospital provided two interns free of charge to watch her every minute; the surgeon waived his fee; Colonel Roller (head of Augusta Military Academy) advanced Bob enough money to pay the hospital bill!

Then, the very next summer, while Bob was working as a substitute at the Verona post office, he had what was nearly a nervous breakdown. "I came home blind as a bat," he says. "All I could see was a brilliant glare—like sun on chrome." The doctor advised him to stop worrying and working so hard, to cut down on coffee and cigarettes. And right then Clara Belle decided to get a job, in order to ease Bob's financial worries. When Bob started teaching English at Wilson High, Clara Belle started with him, teaching home economics.

Today Clara Belle agrees with Bob that teaching gave her self-confidence. "Before Clara B. taught," Bob says, "she wouldn't stand up for her rights. Now, if we argue, she fires right back at me!" Teaching also made Clara Belle aware of money; she soon realized that her earnings ($111 a month, after deduction for taxes and child care) didn't amount to much. "I wonder," she says thoughtfully, "how long it will take people to realize they get exactly what they pay for. In this valley farmers pay enormous prices for the very best cattle: yet they underpay their teachers. Only the most dedicated men and women will continue to teach if they must sacrifice to do it."

But Bob says, "Oh, teachers get resigned—somehow it seems unethical to talk about low salaries, and we can't go out and *strike*. Besides, a good life is more imp money; and I'm happy here, teac at Wilson High, living in Verona build a home, you put more i money . . . when you have a fami roots too." And Clara Belle finish we don't really believe that the gra on the other side of the fence—l side of the mountain."

HOW THE HART SPEND THEIR MO EACH MONTH

Bob's salary for 10 mon teaching is $3400, his incon part-time post-office job totaling $4000. Clara Belle porary teaching income help for extras to improve the the remainder went into a savings fund.

Food	$
Clothing	
Fuel, light, water	
Telephone	
Insurance—life and educational	
Medical and dental (includes insurance)	
Church	
Furniture and appliances	
Car expense (20 miles each day)	
Bobbye's lunches and Suzie's transportation	
Bob's lunches	
Club dues	
House payments	
FHA payments	
Property, real-estate taxes	
Federal income tax	
State income tax	
Charities	
Total	$

PLAY CENTERS SUBSTITUTE FOR CITY STR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

The play centers' creative program builds from day to day, month to month, even year to year. "We always have a lot of little isolationists in the fall," Miss Ayres says, "children who want the ball to themselves, or insist on having an adult's undivided attention."

Gradually these children grow more assured. Young Steve, a precocious cartoonist, draws a weekly comic strip for the Y.Y.C. Globe, a mimeographed newspaper which is one of the children's projects at P.S. 151. But Steve's mother worried because her son, at ten, had never learned to play ball. He couldn't learn on the street—where boys his age were already smoking and learning to gamble. Steve could not be tempted outside very often during his first year at the center. But the second year found him playing ball regularly.

Miss Elizabeth Black, director of groups in "creative drama," often sees the children working out personal problems in imaginative play. "I just can't say enough about the kids!" she exclaims. "I wish professional theater people could *see* them 'acting out' a story. With no scenery or costumes, but with all the imagination in the world, they transform a schoolroom into a dark cave or a high mountaintop in seconds." Hansel and Gretel, in jeans and cotton shirts, cower in the middle of the floor—and they are lost in the woods. They talk as they imagine lost children would, making up "lines" as they go. "Oh, Hansel," Gretel says, clutching his arm, "it's getting *awfully* dark—and the wolves will come. We must pray!" And to Hansel's unconcealed amazement (as well as Miss Black's) Gretel, who comes from a parochial school next door, falls to her knees and begins a long Catholic prayer. She rises and insists that Hansel pray too. Hansel, embarrassed, ducks his head, mutters, "Dear God. Don't let the wolves come. A hurries Gretel on into the story.

In 1953 the council added to its Teen Canteen, open five afternoo for the young teens (12–16), and community center for young adu

In the Y.Y.C.'s busy central off dren and young people are always in everyone's mind. Young artis and water-color paintings decorat provided by the Board of Educa under the direction of Miss Ayres ecutive secretary, Mrs. Muriel Ba five "office volunteers," each of w few hours a week, take care of t complicated records and business

Committees working on special projects also work from the office ago recipes from eleven nation tested by council members in kitchens, then assembled in an attra let which brings a small but steady the center. A joint venture with t League is the annual Cooks' To York kitchens. Mrs. Francis A. publicity chairman, says, "Peop trigued with the idea that New interested in other women's kitch

Because so many share a feeling involvement, the Yorkville Youth "adventure in human relations" beyond all expectation, within a f

"We hear a lot of talk about j linquency," Mr. McCloskey p "Everybody knows what every should do—except *themselves*. In people are willing to work, day is inspiring to find such people, an cern, in the ugly school buildings is needed most."

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

out the dead-and-gone past. e that is ruining my marriage. Eileen was born," Myra said. other-in-law has been doing to add a new member—my xclusive family corporation of ts to make Eileen into the er! Both she and Hobey seem fact Eileen is *my* daughter. If my mother-in-law in opera- Eileen was hers. Not satisfied with being a professional mother to her own two sons, she is now determined to be a professional grandmother to my child. Three times recently she borrowed Eileen for the afternoon on the pretext of giving me a little freedom, and each time she brought the baby back dolled up in a new, expensive and unnecessary outfit. Furthermore, I had to thank her or risk offending both her and Hobey. The way she carries on is perfectly fine with him.

"While I was in the hospital having Eileen, the whole situation began. This job opportunity suddenly came up for Hobey and the same afternoon he located an apartment for us. Or so I was led to believe. The truth is his mother found and chose the apartment and put in a hurry-up call for a decorator. When I brought Eileen home from the hospital, a brand-new nursery was waiting as a *surprise* for me.

"It was indeed a surprise! Hobey and I budget pretty strictly. I handle the bookkeeping; I used to teach math. We were planning to furnish the baby's room with a secondhand crib—used and handed on to me by my sisters—a cunning yellow bathinet, and an unpainted chest of drawers Hobey had promised to paint.

"I don't know what became of the chest of drawers. The secondhand crib had been returned to my oldest sister. The bathinet was on view, stuck off in a corner. It was hard to locate because of the chest, the new crib, a ribbony bassinet, ruffled curtains, pictures and a rug, bought and installed by my mother-in-law. Everything was in shades of pink. I was planning a yellow-and-white color scheme for our baby.

"I tried to be nice about the surprise," Myra said, "since I didn't want to hurt my mother-in-law, and judged she and Hobey didn't know how she'd hurt and upset me. Anyway, I didn't realize the nursery was the first step in a big campaign.

"Hardly a week goes by that my mother-in-law doesn't appear at the door with some new present for Eileen and a new flock of suggestions as to how I should rear her. I've had no chance to buy little sweaters or rompers or anything else. I'm always beaten to the gun. A few years ago Hobey's mother inherited a fairly large estate from her family. Hobey isn't mercenary—or I never used to think so—but it's hard for me to believe he doesn't sometimes think about that money. Personally, I wish my mother-in-law didn't have a dime. I don't relish her brand of generosity. I show it too!

"Last week I wasn't one bit nice when I was 'surprised' by a hundred-and-fifty-dollar baby buggy," Myra said. "For the past three months my mother-in-law has been saying Eileen needed a buggy, and I have been saying she didn't. There are no sidewalks in our neighborhood. Now Hobey insists I find a sidewalk somewhere to wheel the baby so his mother's feelings won't be hurt. He thinks my complaints are absurd, and my parents also think I'm foolish to complain of my mother-in-law's thoughtfulness.

"EVERYBODY seems to miss the point. What I'm really complaining about is the wrecking of my marriage, and the change that is taking place in my feelings toward Hobey. I'm losing my self-respect and my respect for him. Even our sexual relationship, which used to be fine, is being spoiled. It's hard for me to keep on thinking of Hobey as strong and masculine when he shows himself as weak and spineless and refuses to tell his mother that I'm his wife, that I come first with him, that I have rights. When I'm pushed around, I don't sit down and wring my hands and cry. I plot and scheme and try to figure mean ways of revenge, and I don't want to be like that. Hobey is driving me to it.

"He won't discuss his mother with me, but he does discuss *me* with her. They talk about my smoking, I know. Hobey disapproves of smoking and so does she. His father has to smoke in the garage. I've been put in the same position in my own home." Abruptly



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o Bouquet Tweed 1.50
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PARIS LONDON
by e & Scott
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FLORIDA
Grapefruit

Myra opened her purse, took out a cigarette and defiantly lighted it.

"Every chance I get when I'm not around Hobey or his mother, I smoke. Not long ago Hobey found my cigarettes hidden in our clothes closet, and we had a terrible fight. He accused me of deceit and I admitted it and said he was to blame. I don't consider smoking a high crime.

"Nor do I consider it criminal of me," said Myra, "to expect Hobey to give me a little co-operation and help in our apartment and our yard. He lives there too! Our patch of lawn is a weedy hayfield. No matter how I nag Hobey—I hate nagging—he won't do his part. If I ask him to put the baby's laundry in the washer, which is a ridiculously easy task, he immediately gets haughty and offended and sulks all evening.

"As boys Hobey and his brother had no household chores or duties. Their mother had old-fashioned ideas; she still thinks Hobey and Ben should sit in the parlor and be treated like kings.

"My mother-in-law's latest move is to offer to make a down payment on a house for us. I want Hobey and me to buy our own house, when we have saved enough from his salary and can afford a house. I want us to be independent and to stand on our own feet. I still love Hobey. Probably I will always love Hobey. But I just can't bear to live with a man who forever puts his mother's feelings and comfort and her standards ahead of mine."

Hobey Tells His Side:

"I don't understand this deal at all," said Hobey. Freckle-faced, considerably younger in appearance and manner than his twenty-four years, he cast a bewildered look at the counselor. "So long as Myra was working, she and my mother got along fine. It was Myra who pressed for a baby. I'm crazy about Eileen, of course, but I would have as soon postponed our family for a while. Now that we have the baby and should be contented and settled, now that Myra got her way, she says our marriage is on the rocks.

"She blames my mother, although my mother has been kindness itself to us. Myra's parents will tell you the same. Naturally my mother likes to do things for Eileen, but so do Myra's parents. Sure, they make less of a fuss, but they have other grandchildren. Eileen is the only grandchild there is on my side. My mother has had a hard life. Why shouldn't she be allowed to take a little pleasure in our baby?

"I'll admit my mother is inclined to be bossy at times, but Myra is no patient Griselda herself. In fact, she is quite a lot like my mother. I'd be afraid to let her find it out," he confided with an engaging grin, "but I have a hunch that may be why I fell in love with her.

"In college Myra was two years ahead of me—I run to muscles and she runs to brains—and after we got acquainted my sophomore year we did our studying together, with her as my scholastic cheering section. She worked her way through school the same as I did. She was cocky and independent—not drippy and weepy like so many girls—and such a darn good sport. Myra was my first and only girl; the only girl I will ever want. While we were courting she liked everything I liked, and everybody I liked she liked brother and my mother!

"The three of us—Ben and I—have always been close. Th Myra. She knew from the beg

"Myra's parents are fine p them. Her father is a good Jo like my dad. These days My my father partly to needle n wrangle about my mother, an pose, because she doesn't kn about him. The little I know ab and none of it is good—I h For my mother's sake—she is tive woman—I've kept my m

HOBEY hesitated a long mon

"Perhaps I should tell you, counselor, "something I have body else. My father has nice flashy façade, but inside there nothing five yea was se walked another stayed years. I years m to supp us, to b a father annoy mother me and Musket how we selves d years. S alike w My mo her wee a coppe her bur Ben an draw a thought took as We kn mother us.

"We together Since couldn' and k cook re in furni we had grill in and she on her derful even as Ben an by ours months would neighborhood restaurants an my mother would taste and t arrange meal tickets for Ben a permitted to change around q wouldn't get tired of the same ing was fun. My mother made necessary vitamins and calor after our health and rode her report cards; we had no fri approve.

"It was other kids' fathers how to play football and bas I'd had a father of my own a been a star athlete, instead varsity. Myra thinks I'm a w but I'm not. Most of my colle warming the bench; consequ ing job I've got now scares m

Sweat lightly dewed his for

"Myra seems determined t worries and all her squawk home in the evening, but I my worries to her. I have plen me to keep discipline among t Some of them are only a few than me, weigh more, and pla as well as I can. All of them first name. They don't first coach or other instructors. principal may hear about th

THE HEART IS A LONELY COMMUTER

By DAN G. HOFFMAN

The heart is a lonely commuter,
traveling
Past the look-alike homes on
the hill.
On the other side of the club-car
sill
Rusting axles and car doors
sprawl;
A crossing; a schoolyard; look
over the wall
At the children dancing,
reveling. . . .
Their joy is not for the lonely.

But the traveling heart (though
far it roam)
At last will board the suburban
train
And ride toward familiar walks
again;
Again each evening will
rediscover
That waiting to welcome their
father, her lover,
Are those whose love for him
makes home
The place that is never lonely.



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ERAMY
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tine and think it very odd, yet I haven't figured a way to persuade the students to call me 'Mister.' This is my first real job—I stayed in college nearly two years after my marriage while Myra worked—and success means a great deal to my future career.

"The other afternoon I was lecturing my students on the evils of narcotics, and somebody snickered. Then the whole gang began to laugh. I thought my job was going to blow up right there, that I was going to lose control, that the kids would stampede and walk out on me. Finally, they quit laughing and stayed. But when I got home I was still shaky. Our apartment reeked of cigarette smoke. In our closet I found Myra had hidden away a carton of cigarettes.

"I don't see how I'm to order my athletes not to smoke if they find out my own wife smokes. My objections to smoking are based on convictions. My father drinks; he also smokes like a chimney and swills coffee by the quart. I don't want to be like my father in any way whatever. If Myra loves me I should think she could give up the habit instead of continuing it secretly.

"Other evenings when I come home worried and tired as a dog," Hobey continued, "Myra has dozens of unnecessary chores stacked up for me. While she was working, Myra didn't expect all this co-operation in jobs I'm poor at and despise. Now that Myra is home all day, isn't earning and has plenty of time on her hands, she wants the floor scrubbed instanter or the grass mowed and stuff and stuff. I'm sure her sudden demands somehow tie in with her all-out campaign against my mother and my mother's beliefs.

"Maybe," suggested Hobey without much conviction, "if Myra would let my mother make a down payment on a house for us, I might feel different about working at dull chores around our place. I'm not fussy. Myra's untidiness doesn't bother me. The apartment suits me O.K. Even if I did happen to want a house, I know Myra wouldn't allow my mother the joy of making that down payment. She and I have never accepted any financial help from mother for ourselves. Not a penny.

"It does seem to me Myra should be reasonable when it comes to the baby, instead of acting ungracious and stiff as a poker over the gift of a buggy. I can understand so well why my mother is loading Eileen with all the needless trappings and frills. She has money now. She doesn't want her grandchild to miss out on any of the things Ben and I missed as kids.

"My mother is nuts about Myra; she's never said a word against my wife. She was glad I married Myra. It's Myra who does the beefing and complaining. When she criticizes my mother, as she now constantly does, it makes me feel almost sick. So I shut my ears and try not to listen.

"For a long while, I thought the change in Myra was due to Eileen's birth. That she was nervous and unwell. Now I know different. The doctor says she's physically fine. But when I try to put my arms around her, when I try to love her, Myra is cool and standoffish and almost invariably starts a quarrel that winds up on the subject of my mother. Last week, after the baby-buggy explosion, she proposed twin beds.

"In my opinion, Myra's attitude isn't sensible," Hobey concluded with a deep, troubled sigh. "In my opinion she is being unkind and unfair. I don't see why I should hurt my mother's feelings by rejecting her gifts to our baby. But my marriage is falling apart, and fast. If it comes to a choice between Myra and my mother—I sure hope it doesn't—I guess I will choose Myra. I do want back my sweet, loving wife. I want Myra and Eileen and me—the three of us—to be a happy family."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"From our first meeting, I recognized Myra and Hobey as another of the many young couples who find it difficult to talk things over together calmly and objectively. By not confiding in each other, by not sharing their inner thoughts, hopes, worries, Myra and Hobey had built up barriers which fenced them off from a real marriage of the body, mind and



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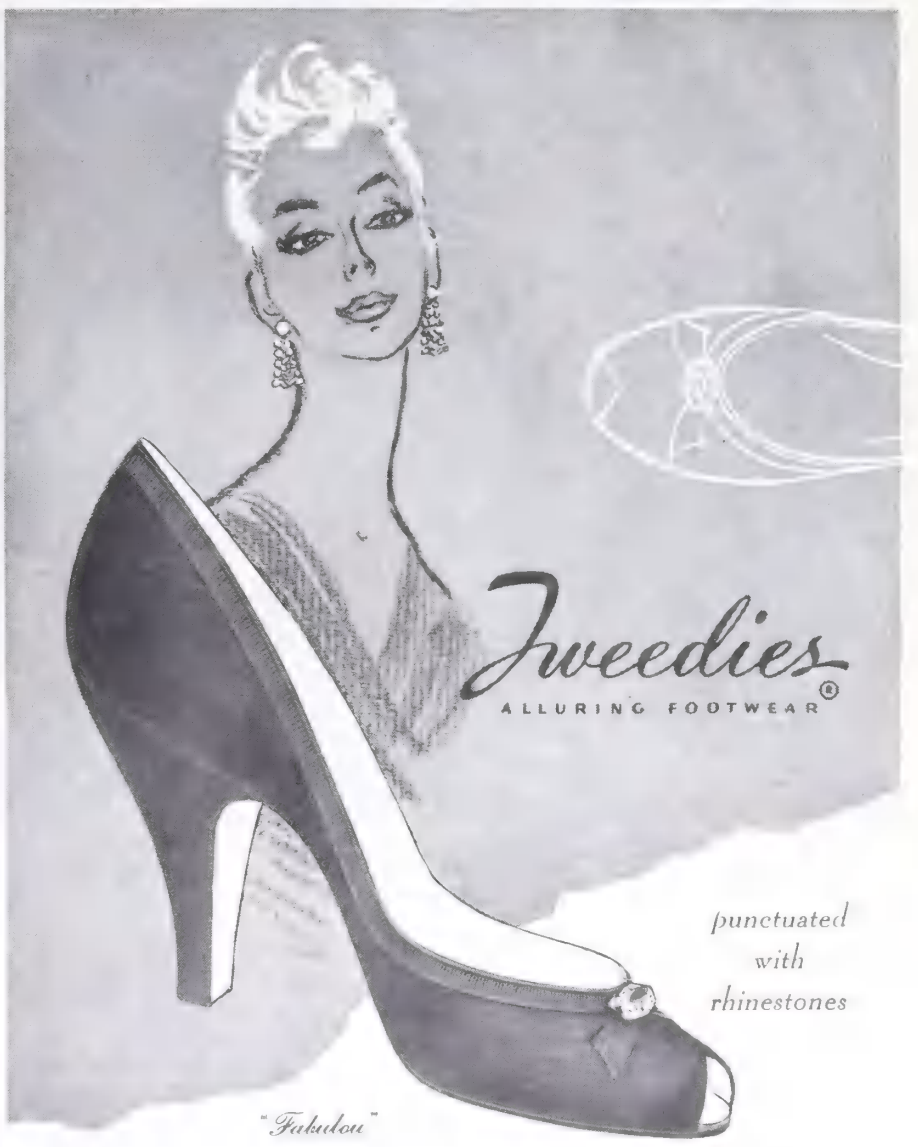
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t for "His!"

first choice for
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every edge and
polished satiny-
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spirit. Communication, discussing common problems together, is vital to husbands and wives. It was foolish and almost disloyal—disloyal to his wife—of Hobey to keep secret his unusual family history, which explained a great deal to Myra—when she heard it. But Myra herself had indulged in childish complaining and had provoked useless quarrels instead of attempting to gain mature insight into herself and Hobey and the true nature of their misunderstanding.

"The loss of stimulation provided by her work as a teacher—the letdown following the birth of Eileen, with her and the baby marooned in an apartment in a strange neighborhood—caused Myra to feel sorry for herself and to go seeking trouble. In the person of her mother-in-law, she quickly found trouble. Myra's real emotional complaint, as we discovered in our consultations, was that she thought she wanted a strong husband. In Hobey, frankly, she hasn't got a strong, forceful man as a partner. This isn't surprising. Myra tends to be a dominating, managing personality—incidentally, her mother is too—and she instinctively chose to marry amiable Hobey, whose personality is somewhat like that of her gentle father. Similarly, Hobey selected a wife resembling his mother. With shared confidences and more understanding it seemed pretty obvious Myra and Hobey could recapture the love and attraction that originally brought them together and then work out satisfactory ways to complement and strengthen each other.

"It was almost inevitable that Myra and her mother-in-law—two 'likes' who loved the same young man—would clash. Hobey's mother was subconsciously endeavoring to hang on emotionally to both of her sons. I feel sure she didn't realize it. Nor was Myra aware of her mother-in-law's continuing influence over Hobey until she bore her child and gave up an absorbing teaching job. After all, during the first two years of the marriage Hobey was completing his colle Myra was supporting the fami the decisions. Hence, her ego a at peace.

"Eileen's birth gave Myra's m chance to bury her grandchild fection and thereby assume a m trol over her son's wife and ma was blissfully oblivious of the going on between his mother an perceived was his mother's gene ungraciousness.

"Not surprisingly, he was c the abrupt, bitter way Myra mother. It had long been Hob an unwise custom for an adul both himself and Myra as ch adhere willingly to standards la elders. His mother's standards w Hobey's job in the big high he, the youngest man on the fa easy and insecure—increased hi maturity. He was appalled at M he 'tell off' his mother. He had g being devoted to his mother, al failed to explain the reasons peace-loving Hobey, the soluti complaints was to shut his ears trouble would blow over. It wa tion. In this marriage, there ha much reticence and holding ba facts.

"When Myra was informed in-law's story, she acquired mo ing and sympathy for the old that point a family powwow of Hobey, his mother—was called, ing resentment at the plethora bined with the subtle interfer rectly sensed, was frankly discu mother *was* hurt and deeply first. But she is an intellig woman. She did want Hobey a be happy. She didn't want to with the son she loved, the da she genuinely liked and admir child she adored. Soon she ma re-entered Hobey and Myra's on a new basis. These days no small, is made to baby Eileen wi consultation with Eileen's mo gestions as to Eileen's rearing dropped to Myra. No unsolic offered.

"As soon as Myra was satis first with Hobey," the counse "and any wife is entitled to t other difficulties were swiftly iro Myra understood the strain of she slackened up on her housek Now she does her best to encour to act as his cheering section ag Hobey doesn't feel his manhoo a constant gnawing fear with h period he was pulled between t occasionally scrubs the kitche own volition. Not often, how Myra are both content for H their patch of the apartmen Saturday. Nothing more is exp Myra gave up cigarettes to plea

"To break the monotony Myra and Hobey go out toge once a week, with the two gra ternating as sitters. Hobey h Myra to some of his high-schoo incidentally, he has learned his s him by his first name as an popularity—and he and Myra down roots and making friends munity.

"To my surprise, Hobey's mo for advice. She now has a job as is deep in garden-club activiti occupied and busy she is much in the welfare of her one and on Just ten days ago Myra telepho to announce she and Hobey hac enough money to make a dow a home of their own. As she wa she told me that her in-laws w dinner. Then, casually, but with Myra gave me the news that b now mentioned in her grandm

Editors' Note: This case history w condensed from actual records by DOROTHY CAMERON D

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

My husband and I will be de-

" I found myself shouting, engagements for me. I can't o here, there and everywhere."

ou mean—here, there and every- retorted. "The Hughston Mc- friends. Naturally they want to band. Especially considering all s I've said to them about you."

peated what I had said at the even in Chicago I was still in subject to orders.

and the captains and admirals ferring all the time," Gertrude clipped sarcasm. "They must some time off. Suppose you de- f it to your wife."

hat for my part I'd be glad of a ve a little time alone with my riends and well-wishers and her would permit this.

she said with annoying sweet- ou must remember, all this is for my book."

copies of A Star Danced on the k one, opened it and showed me n: "FOR RICHARD."

is as much yours as it is mine," here's no need to be jealous."

lous." It my feel- ize that put her ngly on t. I *was*

ent down und that had pre- banner ads pro- COME TO WRENCE. s played orchestra rtrude's s. I had

f being in a shopwindow, dis- blic view and public opinion. I e my uniform.

n of our table made it almost everyone to stop and greet us. who welcomed Gertrude most rving Kupcinet. "Kup" had long her very good friends.

panion that evening was a hand- ilored gentleman whose gray istinction. It was obvious that not know him. And equally ob- e intended to remedy this. She rd, pointedly drawing him into ion. Kup's lips tightened as he troduction Gertrude had made "Miss Lawrence, Mr. Fisher."

s manner was impeccable. There right amount of admiration in he told Gertrude that meeting of the high spots in his life. His ference to me was, I felt, to the p had introduced me as Com- ich, without reference to my s Lawrence's husband.

arming man!" Gertrude breathed when "Charlie," as Kup ad- and Kup moved on to their nder why I've never met him is fun, isn't it?" She was joyous as a child at her own birthday

s, and I was sorry I couldn't stay of it.

What do you mean?"

is still on and I'm on duty, not said. "I told you I had to report rs tonight." I had, while we were dinner. Apparently Gertrude had my meaning. She stared at me, nger blue, but steely gray.

my watch and stood up. "I'll be as I can."

ll be when?" Gertrude demanded

I was angry too. Everything had gone wrong that day. I spoke brusquely: "I don't imagine it will matter much to you when." I said, "From all indications, you won't be lonely."

Her head came up.

"I don't intend to be," she snapped.

At twenty minutes past eleven I sprang out of my cab and pushed the revolving doors into the lobby of the Ambassador East. The desk clerk handed me a folded slip of paper on which was written:

Richard, I have gone on to Chez Paris with Kup and his friend.

Join us, if you feel like it.

GERTRUDE.

Ernie Byfield came over. I said, "Gertrude has gone to Chez Paris with Kup."

"Joe E. Lewis is playing there," Ernie said.

"What about this Fisher who is with Kup?" I asked Ernie. "Charlie Fisher. Gray-haired. Very smooth."

Ernie's lips pursed in a soundless whistle. "Is Charlie with them? With Gertrude?"

"Who is he?" I repeated.

"Did you ever hear of the Fischetti brothers?" Ernie demanded. "This is one of them—socially known as Charlie Fisher. This one is Al Capone's lieutenant, and since Capone's exit about the most powerful figure in Chicago's underworld."

Apparently, Gertrude's willfulness had involved her in a situation fraught with unpleasant consequences. My one consolation was that Kup had gone along; I could only hope that he would stay with them.

Chez Paris was doing big business. There wasn't a vacant table, and the maître d'hôtel shook his head before I had a chance to speak.

"Mr. Kupcinet expects me to join him. Tell him Commander Aldrich is here," I said.

The waiter was gone some time. I stood at the barrier trying to see Gertrude among the dancers. At last my eyes found her. They recognized the gray-haired man who held her close, guiding her with skilled grace which even in my mounting anger I was compelled to admit was superior to anything I could show. Gertrude was dancing as beautifully and as joyously as she ever did on the stage. You could not mistake that she was enjoying herself to the full. The spotlight played on her and her partner and a buzz of applause rose as the supper crowd recognized her.

It was inevitable, I realized, that many in the crowd should also recognize her partner.

Long legs have their advantages at times. Eluding the shocked protest and the restraining reach of the maître, I stepped high over the rope and strode between the tables onto the dance floor. There was no grace in the summary way I cut in on the exhibition dance team, but I was beyond caring.

Before I felt Gertrude's reaction I was aware of Charlie Fisher's aghast surprise that such a thing could happen to him. Evidently the spectators shared this feeling, for there was an audible gasp. Then a titter.

"Richard!"

Gertrude was struggling against my chest. In her white strained face her eyes were like sword points. I tightened my hold on her.

"You're getting out of here," I whispered between my teeth. "Now. Before anything happens."

"I'm not," she panted. "You shan't treat me like this."

"Be quiet."

"But that nice man. Kup's friend. . . . You're a boor. You're ——"

"Save the names till later."

I had steered her toward the entrance. I nodded curtly to the disapproving maître who

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.

—DANIEL WEBSTER

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lowered the rope. The cab I had told to wait was just outside. I shoved Gertrude into it and got in after her; my left arm pinned her against the seat while my right reached across her and gripped the handle of the door which she was trying desperately to wrench open.

As the driver let in the clutch he took an interested look in his mirror. "Dames," he said wearily. "You Navy guys don't know when you're well off. Why don't you stay at sea? You come ashore and tangle with some skirt and what does it get you? Trouble."

Back in our hotel suite the storm, brewing all day, broke in unrestrained fury. Taut as a stretched bowstring, Gertrude let fly at me the barbed arrows of her anger. I was crass, sullen, resentful, domineering.

I let her have her fling. My anger had expended itself in the brief moment it took to snatch Gertrude from Mr. Fisher's arms and in the relief of getting her and myself out of the night club without incident.

Gertrude continued to berate me for what she termed my crudity, my rudeness. "What must he think of you?"

I broke in: "That charming man is Chicago's Number One gangster."

She blinked. But it turned the spate of her wrath. "Oooh!" She whistled softly. "Really, Richard? Is he?"

"He is." I repeated what Ernie had told me about the Fischetti brothers. Gertrude's look of pleased wonder grew.

"I've always wanted to meet a gangster," she sighed. "And now, when I do have the luck, you barge in and spoil everything."

A totally new thought occurred to her and she exclaimed, "Richard, suppose he was armed. What if he had bodyguards there?"

"He probably did."

"You might have been hurt."

"You've been seeing too many movies."

"Richard—they might have shot you!" Her eyes became ineffably tender and blue. "Darling Mr. A," she breathed. "Whatever would I do without you?"

She ran straight into my waiting arms.

I let the telephone ring. Finally, when its insistence permitted of no refusal, I growled into it, "Commander Aldrich."

"Charlie Fisher," a low voice came back.

"Yes?"

"I just phoned to say I didn't know you and the little lady were married," the voice went on. "Otherwise, I hope you understand, commander, I wouldn't have presumed."

"That's all right," I said. Feeling that I owed the polite Mr. Fisher an apology, I added, "I hope you understand Mrs. Aldrich and I haven't seen very much of each other for the last couple of years. Naturally we want to be together all we can."

"Just what I'd feel if I was in your place," said Mr. Fisher gallantly. "About tonight, don't give it a thought. You and the little lady aren't to worry about anything as long as you're in Chicago. You have my word for it."

"That's very kind of you," I said.

"O.K., commander. My regards to the little lady."

With that Mr. Fisher retired, graceful to the last.

I HAD applied for one month's leave; this was granted and as soon as the conference closed Gertrude and I returned to New York. A month would have been little enough time for us, but we were not to have even that to ourselves in peace. The publicity to date was having its effect in an overwhelming amount of fan mail and inordinate demands for autographs, signed photographs and personal mementos. Although two secretaries were hastily installed to deal with the mail, Gertrude insisted on signing each letter herself.

I would have suggested Gertrude's leaving all this and going with me up to The Berries, but for the recollection of her remark to me in Chicago: "There's no need to be jealous." That still rankled. And though my momentary, and certainly quite normal, jealousy was gone, so that except for the physical nuisance involved I could laugh at the welter of excitement, broadcasts, interviews, I felt unwilling to say anything that Gertrude might interpret as a return of the emotion which had possessed me at our meeting in Chicago.

So we stayed on in New Yo
the oppressive heat and the
that the days of my leave ticked

I undertook to help plow a wa
mass of fan mail which literall
apartment. It might be a means
off to the Cape before my entire
Gertrude welcomed my assista

Going through her mail, I
of something which disturbed
had been writing letters and sen
—and unwittingly creating sentir
ments among English, Canadian
fighting men scattered all alon
fronts and in veterans' hospitals
homesick men had started wri
had replied with characteristic
warmth. In more than one insta
been misinterpreted by her corre
romantic interest in him.

TRUE, the majority of letters
from colonels and corporals; G
cels were sent with proud disre
were simply genuine expressions
But there were more personal
bothered me; obviously, the wr
idea Gertrude was married. I sh
two to Gertrude with the observa
had gone beyond the bounds
sense. "But Richard!" she excla
sent those boys friendly notes.
possibly take such letters seriou

"*I* couldn't—but what about
they realize that all those 'darli
part of the patter of the theatric

Gertrude appeared momentari
Then she said lightly, "Don't be s
it, darling—it's all past. The war

The whole thing would pr
ended there had it not been for
insistence of one of her overseas
suddenly turned up in New Yor
the telephone one morning, I
voice with a distinct Southern
Miss Lawrence. I explained that M
was not taking any calls, but tha
glad to relay a message.

"Oh, she'll want to take *this* ca
"I'm afraid that's not quite po
"Now, look here"—the voice
pressively—"you just go on and
R—— D—— calling."

I repeated with a slight edge
that I could not disturb Gertru
fulfilling a heavy schedule.

"You just don't understand."
came irritatingly patronizing. "M
is looking forward to my call. W
corresponding back and forth fo

"And *you* don't understand"—
was raising my voice—"that Mi
has been corresponding with a
young men in several Allied armi
it was all very pleasant at the tim
to morale, but now the war's
Lawrence has returned to her ow
gest that you do the same!" I sla
the receiver and turned around to
standing in the doorway.

"So it's censorship now, is it?"

"Not censorship," I correcte
common sense. I am trying to
from possible embarrassment."

"How very, *very* chivalrous!"
"Who was on the telephone?"

"Oh, one of your pen pals. A
groped for a word that would
"dull-witted young man, R——

Gertrude bristled. "He's *not*
he's very talented and intelligen
poetry," she added defiantly. "Fr

"Dedicated, no doubt," I sai
that modern Helen of Troy—M
Lawrence."

Gertrude's head went up—a fa
warning. "It happens that some
dedicated to me—and it also ha
would like to see R—— again." S
toward the telephone. "Army I
tions can tell me where to reach

I grabbed her wrist. "You're
that phone!"

Eyes blazing, she tried to wr
away. For a few seconds we strugg
rising. The doorbell started ringin
It was one of the secretaries, a
being a few minutes late.

ee Gertrude again until that I returned home. The apartd with people. This was hardly or us to pursue our differences. some decisive action had to be l Fanny Holtzmann to let me tment the following day.

d it necessary to have a serious rude. I preferred not to use our ere we might be overheard by nterrupted by visitors.

Fight it out in peace."

me along docilely enough. Mrs. y's motherly housekeeper, left e living room.

rtrude said rather too brightly. alk to you about the man who day—among other things. Not himself is very important."

ughed. It was a brittle laugh, d me. "Oh, Richard, don't tell g jealous again!"

d. "Not jealous. Disgusted."

" Her quick reaction told me ound its mark.

sted. You're supposed to be a , a responsible adult. You've things in your profession. Yet ehave as if you had no respect on in the world—no respect for no respect for your husband. In ve like a juvenile delinquent!"

on me, stony-eyed with anger. you presume to speak to me ard Aldrich?" she demanded.

n your husband," I shot back. u forget it."

ink that gives you the right to me? Give me orders? I'm not en, Commander Aldrich. How nyone that he shall not call me e me in my own home?"

is my home," I reminded her. d I are married, I'm the head of I want you to realize it."

you to know," Gertrude flared arried or not, I'll see whom I I like. And where. I don't need nage my life for me. I did it fully for some years before I Richard Stoddard Aldrich."

ow launched on the "high old she was to remind me several ears. It was worthy of the name. nd mine were strained to the . Gertrude blazed at me for atominate her. She accused me of eing a dog in the manger. Ac-, my behavior lately had been her—and an unpleasant one. of revelations, I retorted, what er conduct had revealed to me?

She chose to take this as an accusation of unfaithfulness. How dared I make such a charge against her? she demanded.

"I didn't," I shouted.

"You most certainly did." She outshouted me. With a gesture of total defiance she pulled off her hat and threw it at my face. I ducked. Her anger had risen beyond floodwater mark. I thought she was going to attack me with her bare hands. I caught them and gripped them tight while she struggled to free herself.

"Northfield . . . Northfield . . . *Northfield!*" I commanded.

It was so long since either of us had used our code word that it was the better part of a minute before its significance pierced Gertrude's rage. Then suddenly I felt her go limp. I gathered her into my arms.

In the peace after the storm ("It's so heavenly making up!" Gertrude sighed. That should have warned me. Stupidly, I ignored the signal.) we arranged to leave New York that same afternoon, leaving our worries and differences behind us, and go up to The Berries.

For several days our honeymoon at The Berries left nothing to be desired. But perhaps our quarrel, like a long spell of torrid weather, could not be dissipated in one storm, however violent. It continued to hover on our horizon. I was aware of its rumblings on Sunday morning when I answered the telephone and received a telegram which, in Dennis, is usually delivered in this manner. The message came from a man I had never heard of. He had forty-eight hours' leave in New York before sailing, and he counted on Gertrude's promise to spend part of that time with him.

I had thought we were clear of such difficulties. Gertrude had assured me of it. This new one was the final straw.

I determined not to give Gertrude the message. I got out my car and drove down to the village to pick up the papers. When I returned I heard Gertrude at the upstairs telephone.

Presently she came down, singing blithely.

"Darling, I have to go back to town this evening," she announced. "Just for two days."

"What for?" I inquired from behind my paper.

"I forgot all about an engagement I'd made for tomorrow. It's a party at the Stork that the publishers are giving for me."

"Is A—— going to be there too?" I asked. "He has leave. His ship is in port."

She stared at me. I stared back. The thought was forming in my mind: *I've had enough.*

Gertrude said slowly, "And do you have any other fascinating titbits of confidential information?"

I said that this was hardly confidential. A—— had telegraphed, and with a lack of reserve that reminded me of her. By this time



"Look, Herbert, do you mind if I just relax for a while, and don't use my personality?"



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dozens of people knew that she had promised to spend part of his leave with him.

The idea that she had aroused my jealousy inspired Gertrude with the irresistible impulse to torment me. I realized this, but in my mood I was powerless to circumvent her.

"Thank you, darling, for reminding me," she said airily. "I'll invite him to the party. He can take me. There's no use asking *you*, since you seem to resent my literary career."

She avoided meeting my gaze, but I kept it on her unflinchingly.

"I want you to get this," I said, "because it's final. If you go to New York to meet that man, no matter what your pretense is, I'm through."

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"Just that." I answered. "Through." I stood up, feeling that, though it might seem pompous, what I had to say called for it. "No woman who has my name is going to go on as you are doing. I give you fair warning: if you go to meet that man or any other of your 'lonely hearts,' that ends things as far as we're concerned. I'm through. I won't live with a woman who treats our marriage lightly."

Gertrude had contained herself as long as possible. She burst out: "And I will not live with a man who suspects me constantly. Who does not trust me. Oh, everyone said it wouldn't work. They were right. The sooner you and I go our separate ways, the better."

"If that's your final decision," I said, "there's no point in any further discussion. Go to New York. Or stay here, if that suits you. I shall move to the Harvard Club."

Her face was working. Suddenly she turned and ran up the stairs. I heard her door slam.

In those days of gas rationing I could not leave the Cape earlier than by the evening train. I remained downstairs, prepared to go out of the house should Gertrude reappear. I felt frozen, dead. Yet my resolve was unshakable. There are limits to a man's patience and forbearance and Gertrude had pushed me to those limits.

Perhaps an hour passed. Then Doctor Harriet walked in. Her mien revealed that this was not a casual visit.

"Where is Gertrude?" she asked.

I told her.

"Ask her to come down," D
said. "I want to talk to you both

If anyone else had said this,
refused. But one did not refuse
riet. At least, not easily. When
hesitate she said with a firmne
manded obedience, "Apparently
someone talked seriously to you
have been selected for the honor

I asked, "How did you know
wrong?"

"Fanny Holtzmann telephone
tor Harriet replied. "She said
called her brother David and
make a reservation for her at t
added that she was leaving you
don't usually meddle in my neigh
she concluded grimly. "But in
acting at the request of Gertru
feel justified. Please ask Gertr
down," she repeated. "What I
wish to say to you together."

At first Gertrude refused to re
quest. But affection for Do
triumphed. Quiet, tense and
regarding me, she came down an
hands folded, like an obedient,

Doctor Harriet took off her
polished them. I realized that sh
her assignment difficult.

"This is the second World W
through," she said at last. "The
me that casualties are not confir
tlefields." She pointed out that b
and I had been at the front. We
ing abnormally, under great tens
confusion. We showed the effec
were edgy, sensitive to slight
quick to take affront. We were
to make a wise and final decision
affect our entire lives.

"It would be a pity for your n
broken for no sounder reason th
advised. "You are two fine, in
ple. And you love each other. I
of that. Are you so careless th
throw away what you have b
because of a temporary misun

I started to speak, but she ch
don't want to hear the cause of t
other quarrels," she said firmly.
that neither of you is right; nor
You are equally at fault; thoug
different ways. That is someth
talk over together, honestly and

"I ask just one thing of you.
promise me that you will try for
along together. I ask that you n
attempt during those twelve mo
a basis of understanding. Not fo
yourselves. Because you owe it
Will you promise me that?"

GERTRUDE darted a tentative
then started toward Doctor
stretched out her arms silently

"I'm willing," Gertrude sai
Richard is." Her face—now clea
ment—was that of a bride tremu
her marriage vows.

Her loveliness and sincerity
ible. I strode over to where th
in arm.

"I'm willing," I murmured.

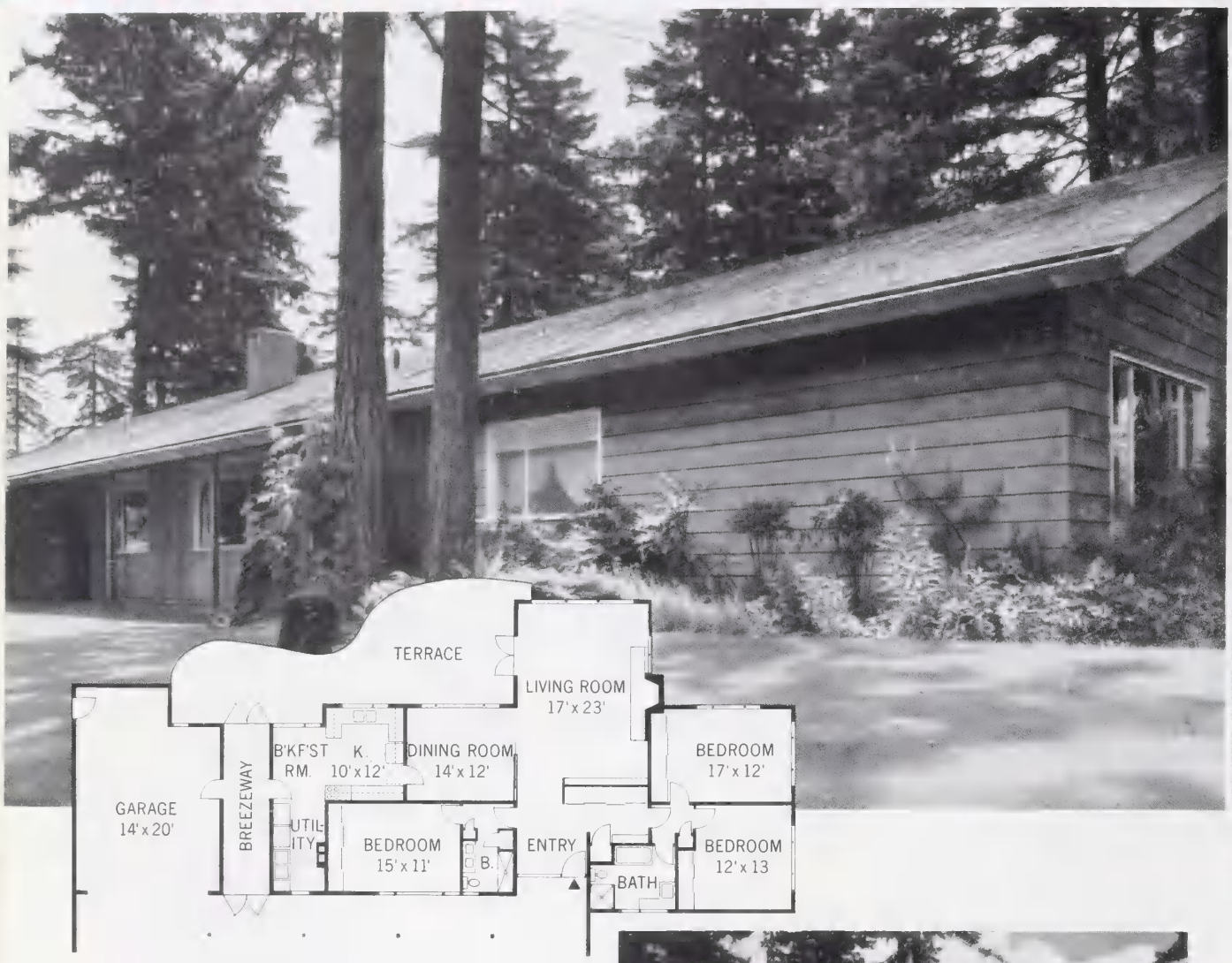
Doctor Harriet joined my h
trude's. I leaned over and kissed
and the good friend who ha
together.

"Now," she said, "I'm goin
the house for the rest of the da
discuss your problems for twen
Then you can start making a cl
them."

Gertrude appeared troubled.
up the cause of our quarrel this
said, speaking pointedly to Do
not to me. "I do have an engag
York. My publishers' publicity
this morning to remind me o
chose to think I wanted to go fo
son; one which, it so happens, I
about. That was what set us off
me unjustly, and I was hurt and

Embarrassment and shame
I had jumped to my own concl
the direction away from the tr

CONTINUED ON PAGE



ARCHITECT: WALTER GORDON, A.I.A.; PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEARBORN-MASSAR



In harmony with its background, this house borrows its materials from the countryside around it.

A HOUSE *that flatters its setting*

By CAROL L. MERCADO

Tall Oregon redwood trees provide a shady setting for this comfortable house; Oregon forests supplied the materials too. Rough-cut redwood-clapboard walls and cedar roof shingles are weathered to carefree tans and silver grays. Door and window frames are sparkling brushed aluminum; coral-painted doors and breezeway gates lend color accents.

Notice the generous closets in all the bedrooms, and the bonus storage space in entry hall, utility room and garage. See how the children's wing, to the right of the entry, is sound-insulated from the living area by strategic closet placement. The master bath, left of the entry, serves as guest powder room, too; twin lavatory basins cut down rush-hour traffic.

Long and low, the house tucks into a rolling hill which insures privacy for the outdoor living area. The terrace floor—slices of redwood logs embedded in sand—comes from the neighboring woods. Evergreen shrubbery banked on the slope makes a year-round picture framed by the breakfast room, kitchen, dining-room and living-room windows.

The use of local materials—stone from a nearby quarry, or bricks of native clay, or lumber from neighboring forests—helps any house to harmonize with its setting, and helps reduce building costs too.



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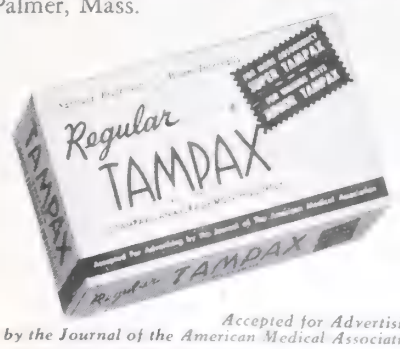


"You'd have thought I gave her a million dollars..."



"Betty was visiting my house, and asked to borrow some sanitary protection. Well, of course, I brought out Tampax; both mother and I use it. Turns out she'd been wavering for some time on a 'should-I-shouldn't-I' basis, and was really pleased to have an excuse to try Tampax. She had a delighted look on her face the rest of the day... kept saying 'I can't believe it—I can't even feel it—it's wonderful.' Ever since she's been almost embarrassingly grateful. You'd have thought I invented Tampax!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220

Gertrude and I went to New York together. That was a turning point in our lives. The year we had promised to Doctor Harriet stretched to seven. Before the twelve months of trial were up it seemed to me incredible that we could ever have said to each other with bitter finality, "I'm through."

Theatre Incorporated was a group of young men and women, intelligently and creatively interested in the theater. They had just been organized to produce first-rate plays for limited engagements on Broadway and in a few other cities, on a nonprofit basis.

Shortly after Doctor Harriet had figuratively banged our heads together, I was released to inactive duty. The Theatre Incorporated directors approached me as one who could contribute practical experience to the project and yet share and appreciate their enthusiasm for the theater. Beatrice Straight, one of the directors, had called on Fanny in an effort to get Gertrude to star in a play for the new organization. When Gertrude learned that I had accepted the post of managing director of the group, she immediately wanted to give it her enthusiastic support. I reminded her that she would have to forgo her usual salary and that she would be working under me.

"It isn't really working *for* you—but *with* you. And for something we both believe in. Let's do Pygmalion. I've wanted to play Eliza for a long time."

I believed that a comedy like Shaw's Pygmalion would be a fine starting point for Theatre Incorporated; Shaw accepted our offer, and we began to plan our production.

Gertrude was enthusiastically interested. Though her connection with Theatre Incorporated was limited to its first offering, Pygmalion, her interest in our plans and her pride in our achievements went on unabated as long as Theatre Incorporated existed.

During the play's run in Boston, mother joined Gertrude at the Ritz and had her first exhilarating taste of being related to a great popular star. At eighty-five, she began for the first time to understand my lifelong interest in the theater. The ultimate seal of her approval was granted when she invited Doctor Ward, Groton's Congregational minister, to be her and Gertrude's guest at a matinee. Only five years before she had been at pains to keep secret from her neighbors my connection with the theater, and my marriage to an actress.

Mother had an ingenuous and charming delight in lunching with Gertrude at the Ritz Carlton, where several of her Boston friends caught sight of her and were properly impressed. And in going shopping in the city, though her conservatism was disturbed when Gertrude insisted on buying her some becoming dress or hat. Gertrude's wily way of circumventing mother's protest was to tell her that the dress in question was just what Dowager Queen Mary wore.

Any presents Gertrude received that had an aura of age and quaintness were immediately set aside for "Mother Mary." Passing on gifts made to her was an incurable habit of Gertrude's. Thus, she once presented Fanny with a pair of earrings, saying, "You simply must take these. Somehow they remind me of you."

"For a very good reason," Fanny remarked dryly. "I gave them to you."

MOTHER spent the greater part of that winter in New York at Gertrude's urgent request. When Pygmalion closed its New York run and the company went on tour, she stayed on with me. I think Gertrude had the feeling that I should not be left alone, that I needed a home atmosphere after my years in the service. She left detailed orders with Helen Mahoney about serving mother's breakfast in bed, and surrounding her with the little luxuries that Gertrude herself delighted in. These included a bed jacket of billowy chartreuse chiffon. It came as something of a shock to see my mother, so attired, sitting up against the lace-and-satin pillows in Gertrude's bed, having breakfast from a tray, and without the excuse of a temperature or a broken leg to justify such indolence in her Puritan conscience.

The success of Pygmalion's first season made a coast-to-coast tour the following winter advisable. An innovation in this tour was a week in Mexico City. Gertrude wrote:

I rode to the Reforma Hotel in a car which looked like a hearse full of calla lilies. Looked longingly at the shops but decided to resist temptation until Richard arrives on Wednesday from New York. If his new play looks like a success we shall feel more affluent. . . .

I might have known what to expect. Four days in Mexico City had already given Gertrude ideas about buying silver, pottery, glass, rugs, baskets and souvenirs for everyone she knew. No matter how late she went to bed, she was up, and getting me up, at eight o'clock in order not to miss the market.

One day, more as a joke than for any other reason, I bought Gertrude a ring. It was just a band of Mexican silver with some Aztec symbols which the shopkeeper told us meant good luck, love, fidelity and happiness. Gertrude stood silent and suddenly solemn in the dark, low shop while I slipped the ring on her finger. I felt the silversmith's eyes on us both and I was confident he took us for a honeymoon couple. I am sure he did not suspect we had been married nearly seven years.

Part of Gertrude's constant fascination was that she never acquired that long-married, disinterested, bored, I've-said-everything-I-know-to-you-and-you've-told-me-everything-you-have-to-say-too-many-times manner. That she was as interested in me, and apparently as delighted to be with me, after nearly seven years of marriage as she was in that long slow spring of our first being in love, is something I was always grateful for.

Though the purchase of the inexpensive ring had been made in jest—she had teased me to buy her something as a keepsake—I believe we both realized that it symbolized a new state of our relationship. The twelve months' trial we had promised Doctor Harriet had passed and we were still together. The bond that united us had been strengthened. We knew each other better. We were more tolerant, more tender, less demanding.

Some months later—the day of the Boston opening of the Tonight at 8:30 revival—Gertrude suddenly missed the ring. Frantic search failed to turn it up. Gertrude telephoned the company's press agent and begged him to report the loss to the police.

As the detective questioned the employees around the theater, Gertrude roamed backstage restlessly. In the wings stood the bed which figured in one of the play rehearsed the night before. She covers, shook them energetical silver ring dropped to the floor.

She pounced on it with a joy press agent and the detective ran

"Is *that* what we've been looki detective asked. "That piece of

Gertrude looked at him with a compounded of indignation and husband gave it to me," she said

DURING her engagement with corporated, Gertrude's salary w ably less than what she had been to earning. She found it hard this and to limit her expenditures Hazel was instructed to do wha to discourage Gertrude in her sho David Holtzmann was compelle strate with her from time to tim

After a scolding by David, Ger economize on food for herself an I would receive a letter such as th

San Francisc

Dear Mr. Aldrich: Hope you we will tell Mr. Holtzmann not to scold bills. My poor stomach can't take it Gump's and buy up all the antiqu and pyjamas and when the bill c office scold she says Hazel we mu one meal every day.

Now Mr. Aldrich the Lord mad meal a day girl, and no hot dogs m L wants us to save money on. I wrinkles in my stomach, and wrinkle ach show on face. She says all rig order what you like but only soup Mr. A I am no sea gull. I cannot eat go hungry, so I go hungry with her.

Where Miss L get the strength t I don't know. I asked Mr. Potter and see she eats good. I send back lo to Gumps and Magnin's so tell M please not scold Miss L. Sunday are going out on picnic and Mr. P some money and say buy some ham Business is good. Miss L misses y

M

One unceasing source of am Gertrude was the fact that Haz taken a course in embalming and for a Hollywood mortician. This stant joke between the two. W College conferred an honorary de tor of Fine Arts on Gertrude, amo and wires of congratulation which on her doctorate was this telegra

YOU KILL 'EM DOC AND I'LL BUR LO

The Cape Playhouse was reop 1946, with Pygmalion. Gertrude followed by Gregory Peck in The the Western World. It was tra Gertrude and me to give a party each visiting star during the ten-

"Let's do something different fo Gertrude proposed. "A clamb beach after the play. We'll have a whatever they eat at clambakes, around the fire and sing and tell

It was, of course, just another v picnic which Gertrude adored in accused her, "You're a frustrated

"I'm not a frustrated anythin torted. "You should know that darling. Long ago I determined off doing the things I wanted to d find more time and a convenient later on. The time and the oppor come. You have to take your tart passed. Otherwise, you'll miss t don't want to miss anything."

Gertrude entered into much of t young people connected with the She became an ardent promo square dancing which went on after the performance. Dick and summer jobs helping in the Play became Gertrude's regular escort t

When she did not come home bed before two o'clock, I would for keeping her up and dancing needed rest and sleep.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

SOLITAIRE

By BEULAH RIDGEWAY WINANS

Slowly she learned her lesson:
Life goes on
From day to day;
The sun still shines; birds sing while flowers bloom
And children play;
Filling the hours with countless trivial tasks
Helps one forget;
One even learns to smile and laugh with friends
Again, and yet
How can one find the armor to prevent
The tears that start
At sight of those stray foolish little things
That touch the heart—
Some solitary object that was once
Part of a pair—
A small white glove, quite new, forlorn upon
A subway stair?



He: "I've been using Noxzema for three
ay Sheila Walden of New York City. "It has
nea my skin of small spots and blemishes*
es y face feeling so much fresher and softer."



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f Greenwich, Conn., "especially during a
f ason. But I use Noxzema faithfully and
nu satisfaction. It helps my skin stay soft
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h and a wonderfully effective home
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k resher, smoother, lovelier and helps
p that way!

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t unique qualities of Noxzema. This
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c ening, soothing, and cleansing ingre-
f ed by no other leading beauty cream.
edicated—aids healing—helps keep
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SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222

"I don't keep her up," he objected. "She's the one who keeps me up!"

"No matter," I stormed, "it's your duty to look after her. Hereafter, I want you to bring her home by twelve o'clock. Otherwise I'll put a stop to the dances."

My son regarded me pityingly. "Dad," he said, "you and Gertrude have been married eight years. Don't you know by this time that short of banging her on the head, you can't stop her doing anything she wants to do?"

Breakfast with Gertrude at The Berries was apt to be more exhilarating than restful. She usually arrived at the breakfast table having set half-a-dozen activities in motion and prepared to tackle problems of world importance.

Early in our married life she had assumed as one of her projects the task of changing my manner of attacking my soft-boiled egg.

"Why don't you do it properly, darling?" she inquired.

I am no more touchy than most men about wifely criticism of my manners, but Gertrude's tone carried the ring of the reformer.

"What do you mean—properly?" I demanded.

"As I do. As everyone in England does it."

I have listened to and read countless suggestions on the subject of improving Anglo-American relations. I have not much hope of the two nations' reaching and maintaining real accord until a moratorium is declared on criticism of each other's ways with knives and forks, boiled eggs, corn on the cob, and tea and coffee making. I pointed this out to Gertrude. Although she agreed with me, the agreement had no effect on her emotional reaction whenever she saw me break my egg in half and dump its contents into the larger half of the eggcup. Her nose would wrinkle with disgust. "Ugh!" she would exclaim, giving the monosyllable all the contempt she could pack into it. "How *can* you, Richard?"

My reply that I could because that is the way I had been brought up to deal with boiled eggs, the way my parents before me had met and solved the problem, and the way Joys and Aldriches had done since the first hen laid the first egg on the soil of Massachusetts, left her unconverted.

Similarly, I never saw her take up a knife, approach the tender egg upright in the small end of the eggcup and with one nonchalant stroke sever its end from its middle without an instinctive shudder. I fully expected to see the contents of the shell spattered on the wall of the breakfast room. That this never happened, and that the top of the egg always fell neatly into her plate, leaving the yolk exposed but intact, I put down as one m
Gertrude's extraordinary taler

The letters usually arrived wh
breakfast. Gertrude always ra
stack of mail swiftly, looking fo
Pam. After this her expectation
from England. She maintained
respondence with Evie Willia
Hollis and several other devoted
Boxie, who had been her dre
pended on their love and loy
responded to it by becoming
British whenever she wrote to t
an unconscious and instinctive r
part. Pen in hand, she would as
of a homesick expatriate, longin
the gaudy melon flower of comf
America with me for the butterc
amid the war-reduced and fra
the peerage. The arrival of a let
never failed to turn Gertrude's
talgically toward the world she
hind when she sailed for Am
She could not believe this did
that it was not waiting for her
like the sets and props of a play,
out, dusted and put in place fo
go on and for her to make her

The friendship between Gertru
was the sort of relationship whi
exists between sisters and which
friction and an instinctive rivalry
tual affection. It dated from th
Gertrude was in the chorus of
revue—one of André Charlot's
tions. Polly, then married to a
nessman, was reputed to have
chorus herself a few seasons be
phase of her existence was no
sight and remembrance. No do
was ingenuously flattered to be
Polly in her Mayfair house. Sh
Polly's financial security and
envy. In her eyes Polly was a
done well for herself. On her p
improbable that Polly enjoyed p
little actress who, at that time, w
to attract favorable notice and
lowing.

Through the years the friends
on with a seesaw motion. And al
undercurrent of unexpressed ri
Gertrude went up, becoming th
London's smartest set, a perso
clothes, jewels, romances, pranks
figured almost daily in the gos
Polly's married security appeare
stuffy in comparison. When her
handle her own financial affairs se
end of the seesaw down—even t
and eviction—Polly's status rose
ately.



"Can I show the kids your college yearbook, where it says 'Lady-Killer' under your picture?"

olly lessened almost to the
t during Gertrude's successful
sons in America just before we
ay have been a forgivably tri-
in her letter to Polly announc-
ge and our plans. When Polly,
orced her first husband, came
announcement of her forthcom-
to a handsome young man of
e position in society, Gertrude
moment. By all the standards
ommon in which she was reared,
out to move several squares
who had only a Yankee ex-
producer to match against the

most awe-inspiring uniform in the British army and entry to the Mountbatten set. It was ironical that just when Gertrude and I were dropped from the Social Register, the gates of Burke's Landed Gentry should be thrown wide for Polly to enter on her groom's arm.

I can say honestly I do not think Gertrude entertained regrets whenever she heard from Polly during the next few years. I have every reason to believe that her life as Mrs. A satisfied her and gave her the greatest happiness she had ever known. Everyone who had known her for some time observed that she matured in those years; that some of her former reckless restlessness abated as she found herself. With that finding, her charm as a woman and her talents as an actress deepened perceptibly. A sense of this underlay her remark that she had "outgrown her former tricks."

After Gertrude arrived in London to start her Ensa tour, she dined with Polly. In Southampton later, she told me she felt a sense of guilt when she contrasted the way of life the war had forced upon her friends with our bountiful existence at The Berries. On her return to America, she immediately inaugurated an active personal parcel service not only to her old retainers, fans and theater associates but to her rich and titled friends as well.

In May of 1948, with no suitable play in immediate prospect, she was restless. She was never happier than when she was working, and always miserable, depressed and fearful when "resting" between plays. I suggested that she go over to London and Paris for a few weeks to see what the theaters there offered and to renew her friendships and contacts after the long break occasioned by the war.

When I met her at the airport on her return I saw at once that the trip had done her good. She was radiant, bubbling with news and frankly delighted to be home again. We flew immediately to attend the commencement exercises at Ithaca College, when the president, Dr. Leonard Bliss Job, conferred on Gertrude the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts. She was justly proud of this honor. Her irrepressible sense of humor never let her let me forget that in the academic world her doctorate gave her precedence over my Harvard A.B.

"And as Doctor Lawrence," she argued, "why shouldn't I invent a word now and then to fill a need? Like 'ethicasy'."

"I don't know about the ethicasy of this," she would write in all seriousness. And then be indignant when I questioned the "ethicasy" of the word.

SHE gave me in a series of rapid vivid flashes a picture of life in England after nearly three years of the Labor Government; not in statistics, but in facts in the lives of women like Evie "whose rents and rates are exactly double what they were. And coal between ninety-five shillings and five pounds per ton."

"How does Polly make out?" I asked.

"Oh, Polly manages to bear up," Gertrude replied. Her tone made me sure that Polly had pulled another fast one, leaving Gertrude (or so she felt) a few paces to the rear. Polly and her husband, she explained, had separated. Polly was living in the country, and not too far from an attractive and possibly not unwilling viscount. She had driven Gertrude to his moated manor house to have lunch.

"And to collect eggs and vegetables and fruit and cream and butter. And all these on a magnificent silver tray that took her eye."

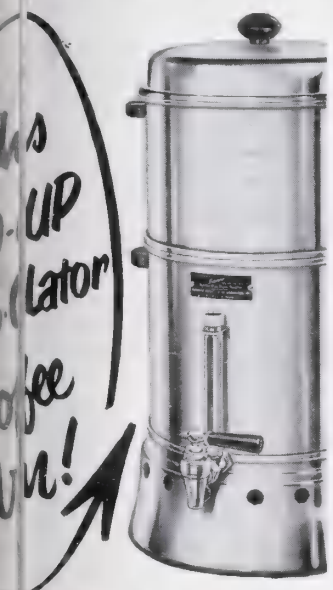
She laughed, but I had the feeling that the viscount rankled. Not that Gertrude wanted him. Only, why should Polly edge up on the peerage in this manner?

That summer Polly wrote announcing that the viscount was now entirely willing. Her divorce was in process. Before many months she would don the coveted coronet.

"I can't bear it," Gertrude exclaimed indignantly. "Fancy Polly pulling off a trick like that. Polly a *viscountess!* And he's rich too." She glanced quickly across the breakfast table and caught my look which was more amused than impressed. The long-sustained rivalry between the two friends had always entertained me. But the comedy was lost on Gertrude.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Richard, but it isn't funny. When I think of Polly, a peeress, and me just sitting here ——"

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This was an opportunity for a tongue-in-cheek ribbing of Gertrude that I could not resist. In well-simulated wrath I brought my clenched fist down on the table hard enough to rattle the china.

"Say that again," I shouted.

"Say what?"

"That you're just sitting here ——"

"Well, I am. And what is it getting me? Oh, I can go on working, and meanwhile Polly is ——"

I pushed back my chair with a loud scraping sound and stood up. "That's enough from you," I interrupted. "So long as you feel so sorry for yourself I'll give you a present."

She stared up at me, startled. The mention of a present never failed to have an effect on her. "What sort of a present?" she demanded.

"What you seem to want," I answered, with a straight face. "Your freedom. Go back to London and beat your friend Polly at her own game. You're not the only member of the Aldrich family who has been working hard. I've been thinking I'd like a little vacation myself. A real change. Now I know where I'll go. To Reno. Six weeks out there will fix me up."

"*Richard*." Gertrude was on her feet too. "Do you know what you are saying?" Her voice deepened. It had the tragic throaty sound that never failed to make audiences quiver. "You're not going to Reno. Or anywhere else, without me. Are you out of your mind?"

"No, but I sometimes think you are," I told her. "If you don't outgrow this schoolgirl envy of your friend Polly, one of these days it will choke you."

The crisis past, she flashed me an impudent smile. "Darling, you don't know how it relieves my mind to discover we can still get mad enough to fight. Even over anything as silly as Polly's coronet. For months you haven't shouted at me once. You just bury your head in the paper and let me seethe."

I asked if by this she meant that she was satisfied to remain plain Mrs. Aldrich.

"If I ever come across someone like you with a fortune and a good title, I might consider letting you run off to Reno," she retorted. "Until that happens, please remember that you belong to me, Mr. A. And don't let any of the glamour girls think otherwise."

But though she could laugh at her former envy of Polly and assess this properly as a hang-over from her early days of struggle and insecurity, she was, I realized, genuinely homesick for England and more than a little anxious about her continued prestige in the London theater world.

It was more than ten years since she had played there. It was inevitable that she should wonder whether she was remembered, and whether her brilliance remained unchallenged. Greatly as she respected the position she had attained in the American theater, her appraisal of herself was made by her rating "at home." Her greatest pride was in belonging intimately to both countries, loving and serving each, with the fervent hope that the two would draw closer in mutual understanding and respect. She was always eagerly alert to anything that would increase my appreciation of England and the English—hence, I believe, the reason why she usually read aloud to me the letters she received from "home." Including many from former suitors who might have been surprised to learn that their tender messages were shared with me across the breakfast table.

Gertrude's delight in these proofs that she was not forgotten was unaffected and tonic. It did not interfere with her appreciation of the humor of what Eric Dudley wrote her shortly after the death of Gertie Millar, the musical-comedy star whom his father had married and who, as Countess of Dudley, had reigned over the segment of London society in which the peerage and the theater mingle. The earl had gone down to see his paralyzed stepmother a few days before she died, when she was barely conscious. "Darling," he said to her, "such millions of people send you love and good wishes." The old Gertie Millar gleam came into the dying woman's eye. "Oh, really," she said. "Any men?"

More and more, through that winter of 1947–48, Gertrude's thoughts turned to the idea of playing in London again.

Soon after we went to the Cape I received from Daphne du Maurier the manuscript of her new play, September Tide. She wrote expressing her hope that Gertrude and I might find it suitable for production.

We read the script together. "The part of the mother, Stella," Gertrude said thoughtfully, "I could play it. And I could make a success of it in London. Not here."

How much her desire to go home was influenced by the situation in which she and I then found ourselves I did not, and still do not, know. We were facing a problem which had never come up until then to threaten the secure happiness of our marriage. This was a problem which sooner or later almost invariably confronts every producer-husband of a star. It is one which has taken severe toll of marriages in the theater.

Let me put it this way: how does a wife who is a great actress, and thereby not immune to the subtle, if petty, rivalries of the theater, feel when her producer-husband stars an actress between whom and herself there has been rivalry, not only in the theater but in love?

Richard Myers and I were
the production of Good-bye
had engaged Madeleine Carr
role, with Conrad Nagel. Ger
the scripts of Goodbye My F
tember Tide at about the same
preferred playing the enchanti
Stella of Daphne's play, in cl
by Molyneux, to the Cong
Goodbye My Fancy.

Nevertheless, I realized full
liked the prospect of her husb
Madeleine Carroll as his star.

In her autobiography, Gertr
disarming frankness that Mad
marriage to Philip Astley ca
siderable heartache. This had
1931. For the eight years prio
tain Astley of the Guards, k
handsomest man in London,"
a close friend of the Duke of
Prince of Wales), had been reg
trude's property. They had met
was having her first success. Th
love instantly. Marriage was o
tion; Gertrude was not divorced
she was no longer living with, F
Hawley, Pamela's father. Even
legally free to marry, marriage
would have harmed Captain
in the army and in Court circles

All this was many years past
and I met. Philip Astley's marr
leine Carroll was dissolved by
year before Gertrude and I m
year Gertrude had had opportu
between a new love and an old
chosen me,
reason to thi
Astley meant
than first lo
anyone.

The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed.
—CHAMFORT

It did not
that Gertrud
harbor any
against Mad
I do not think
scious of a
certainly she did not express i
the same, the prospect of Made
starring in one of my producti
her eagerness to return to Lon
success there that would add
liant achievement to her record

This is something which I
women will comprehend. I am
actress will understand.

On my part, it did not increas
mind, as the plans went forwar
duction of Goodbye My Fancy
simultaneously with Gertrude's
London in September Tide, to re
ports of Colonel Astley's irresi
and the fact that he was now w
ties or other impediments.

Gertrude sailed early in Oct
start rehearsals. Hugh ("Binkie
was to produce the play and the
ing was set for mid-December. I
Gertrude to fly over for her ope
possible, and to spend Christma
few days before her sailing, she
up to Groton to visit mother.

The countryside was at its
maples scarlet and gold and the
a dusty copper color against the
sky. Mother loved that season
Until well in her eighties she had
long walks each fall to enjoy th
would write Gertrude and me d
ters, enclosing in each a presse
Now, close to ninety, she walke
village post office and to church
an autumn leaf—frail in appear
holding on to its tree with summ

I had expected her to express
proval of Gertrude's going so fa
indefinite length of time; mothe
she often said, in husbands and
together, and staying put.

"It will do Gertrude good," sh
sure it does not mean that she l
Richard, or is less fond of the h
made together because England
to her. It was always 'coming
when I would leave Boston and



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or a few days and come to
felt I belonged."
did not seem very close, but I

are abroad, Gertrude," my
ied, "it might interest you to
of Richard's ancestors. For
ilies have been in New England
ears, our roots are in England.
Aylesbury in Buckingham-
refathers still lie buried there."
fully promised to look up our
e drive home, however, I re-
the promise. "You'll be busy
, "without scouring the coun-
or ancient graveyards. I don't
lly intended to do it, anyway."
shall do it," she replied indig-
r expects it. Since we can't be
lo something especially sweet
Christmas. She just gave me a
hen we were in her bedroom.
e letter."
" I asked.
darling. *The letter*. The last
ent of your great-grandfather
the white iron fence in the
y. Look!"
r handbag and showed me the
and yellowed sheet, covered
randfather James Joy's writ-
w, my mother's most precious
by right of being the eldest of
And she had given it to Ger-

d the question in my mind,
ouching the pages with a rev-
"She said she knew I would
care of it. I am to pass it on to
when the time comes. Mean-
ichard Stoddard Aldrich, wife
he Family, I am Guardian of

gay, but without mockery. I
her suspected that our ap-
ration contained germs of
night develop into estrange-
nent separation, she had used
ul means at her command to
e feeling that she belonged to
ne else.

ondon four days before the
ember Tide at the Aldwych.
and joyous expectancy sur-
de on her first appearance in
fore the war already was run-
ever she went—in the restau-
of the Savoy, shopping in
ere she took me to choose
to take home to Dick and
for Barbara and mother—
ed, greeted, smiled at with a
er affection that did not leave
had never seen anything like
ed me quite as much as the
extraordinary popularity of
as Gertrude's own humility
Though she was plainly not
welcome, she was deeply af-
e were tears in her eyes much
they were happy tears. They
the misty-blue of the forget-
planted and tended at The

sband," she said again and
me to total strangers whose
though friendly, glances up
eight left me somewhat em-

hink you are?" I teased her.
? With me as Prince Con-

don't mind, do you?"
t as long as I don't have to
s."
ce Consort was a foreigner,"
oughtfully. "But for her sake
roper Englishman."
ions," I advised her. "Much
ountrymen, *and you*, I still
nary that in the three hun-
ch *my* country has changed
s to the greatest country on
have not improved their
house-heating systems."
t feel the cold so much,
u would learn to drink ——"

"—— scalding-hot tea," I finished for her. "After eight and a half years of marriage, haven't you given up hope of converting me? Though, if anything could change my habits, it's what passes for milk over here. It's as blue as the blood of a viscount."

"Of course, if you have no soul above your stomach," Gertrude said loftily.

Fanny arrived the day before Gertrude's opening. She descended from the plane with her usual imperturbability, carrying several paper-wrapped parcels.

"Did you bring them, Fan?" Gertrude asked.

"Of course I brought them. I was awakened by a telephone call early yesterday morning," Fanny informed me. "It was Gertrude Lawrence Aldrich entrusting me with a most important mission. Would I bring a bottle or two of homogenized milk to London? Oh, yes, and a quart of chocolate ice cream too? 'Richard *loves* it,' she made sure to explain."

"You can have some *real* milk for breakfast, darling," Gertrude said, giving me the containers to carry. "You'll start the day right for my opening. No, I'll carry the ice cream."

It was a warmish, moist day, one of those unseasonable reminders of spring that add to the deceits of winter in Britain. The ice cream had been in the plane's refrigerator, but it was no longer frozen solid. After a long drive, we arrived at Claridge's after dusk. There the doormen in their evening livery of scarlet offered to relieve us of our plebeian packages. Gertrude motioned them away.

"No, no," she said. "We'll carry these ourselves." Swathed in mink, chin up, Gertrude swept across the crimson carpet that has received the footprints of the earth's royalties, serenely unaware of the dribble of melted chocolate ice cream that marked her trail.

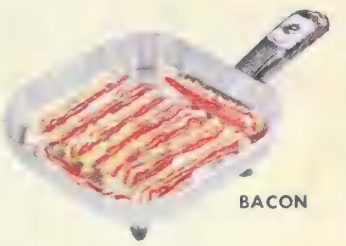
The opening of September Tide will go down in London's theater history as the first gala first night since the beginning of the war. It was completely in the prewar tradition. I had known first nights in New York, exciting,

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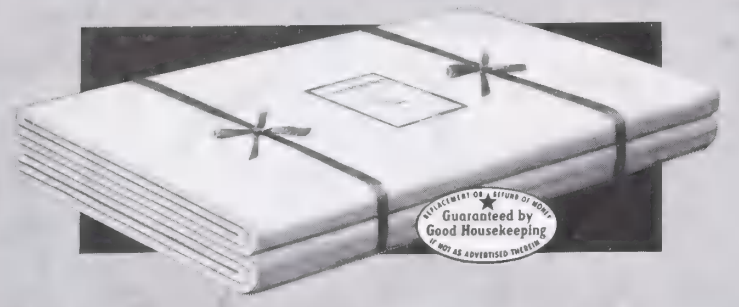

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nerve-racking occasions, but with none of the romantic, storybook quality that attended this one. I began to realize that Gertrude had missed something in all her successes in America. It was for this more than any other thing that she had longed to "go home."

I went with her to the theater where I met Evie, and Boxie, who was Gertrude's dresser as she had been years before. Two dressing rooms had been set aside for her and they were needed. Both were filled with flowers. Gertrude's eyes were moist. "They haven't forgotten," she said softly. After more than ten years, proof that she was remembered, loved, still a part of the old life, was like a blessing. It gave her strength and assurance.

"Kiss me, Richard," she said. "For luck. I'll see you after the play."

After the final curtain, the crowd waiting outside Gertrude's dressing room was eager, enthusiastic and confident that September Tide would run for many months. It had swept Gertrude on their shore and they had no intention of letting her drift away again, if they could prevent this. A distinguished man wedged close to my shoulder said as much to me. My reply was noncommittal.

"There's no one like her," the Englishman said fervently.

"No one," I agreed.

"It's high time she came home. America is all right. But her place is here. We need her."

My reply that I needed her, too, was cut off by the sudden opening of the door, revealing Gertrude smiling, her hands thrown wide in greeting, her eyes searching the throng of cheering, applauding men and women. They found me.

"Richard," she called. And instantly, "And Philip! So you two know each other."

I TOOK a long look at the man beside me. "So you're Philip Astley!" I said. At the same moment he was saying, "So you're Richard!"

That night, and later, during the three weeks I remained in London, I had opportunity to increase my spontaneous liking for Colonel Astley. Gertrude wanted us to like each other. She was pleased, I saw, that Philip appeared to approve of me. "He did so many kind things for me," she said. "When I would be in America he kept an eye on Pam in her school, and he would go down to see mummy and granny. And when poor Dad got into more than usual difficulties, Philip was wonderful."

There were other old friends of Gertrude's whom I came to like in those weeks. "They are my family," Gertrude said to me. "Darling, you know what it meant to you to have your family like me—Pam is all I have of my own blood. But Philip and Neville and Pickle are of my heart. Of course they have all wondered about you. I'm so proud for them to meet and like my husband."

With the assurance that her play would run in London until spring, Gertrude set about finding a furnished apartment. She never liked living in hotels, no matter how luxurious. "Flat-hunting and still adoringly yours," was the cabled message that greeted me on my return to New York early in January. The flat she finally settled on was a small one in Fountain House, Park Street, W.1.

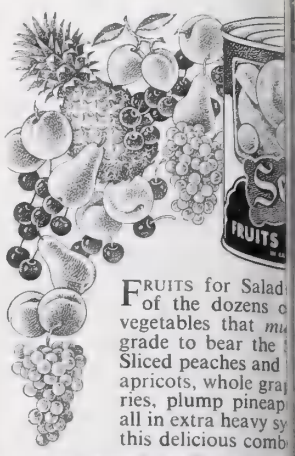
Gertrude's letters were full of the number of invitations and requests for her services on committees that poured in on her. In addition to her work and her social and charitable engagements, she began sitting regularly for her portrait by Simon Elwes, which was hung in that year's Royal Academy.

Meanwhile her play continued to be a popular success:

. . . They fight with umbrellas to get into the matinees as though we had announced nylons going free. . . . We are hoping Their Majesties will come.

She was now, I saw, all Englishwoman and intensely royalist. I detected a slightly patronizing note in a letter written early in March:

Last Wednesday night I dined after the play at St. James' Palace with Sir Piers Leigh. He is Comptroller of the King's Household. We dined, about fifteen of us, in a charming cosy Adam room. Then all assembled in a circle in the drawing room where a lovely fire glowed. Why the



FRUITS for Salad
of the dozens o
vegetables that *mu*
grade to bear the
Sliced peaches and
apricots, whole gra
ries, plump pineap
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door? Word had come that *they*

he the door was quietly opened:
ny" Browning followed by the
rs had told me he had a surprise
was it.
ning evening. We danced—I with
old songs with Carroll Gibbons
lo. It was not until 3 A.M. that the
dly went home. It was the first
ad stayed out so late since the
r . . .

ths which Gertrude spent in
on reflection, one of those dis-
of psychological readjustment
he examined and appraised,
sciously, all the various per-
ips in her life, including her
n me.
one of those persons in whom
of adolescence persists until
life. This contributed as much
n and charm as an individual
er talents as an actress. Half
n, her evanescent moods, as
ell as her deliberate, play-act-
talities,
owning,
epend-
on and
r fiery
under-
ttle and
riculous,
nitigate
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s which
play at
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uld be
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ly from
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t I was
uct the
rtrude's
during
London.
of Ger-
ss, her variability, her sense
satisfaction. Gertrude talked
nting to remain in England
."
this was a manifestation of a
ng to escape the necessity of
Our life together in America
put away the childish things—
s, the irresponsible ways which
ier before we married and
ated with England. It was the
known there, away from the
theater. It glittered in retro-
litter temporarily put out of
t that she was deeply dissat-
existence at the time that she
o become Mrs. A.

nced that one, and perhaps
ason why Gertrude had been
me and embark on a life so
er former life in London, and
was that she longed for some-
reality which would give her
express a part of her na-
t, most beautiful part—which
ted and undeveloped.
ing of The Berries, in the
outdoor life we lived on the
with the Playhouse and its
all in her relationships with
my sons, Gertrude had found
aved and needed.
fillment came increasing re-
here came an obligation to be

an adult. This she was not quite sure she wanted to be. At any rate, not yet. So she had evaded it by flight and by immersing herself in a world which did not expect her to be more than gay, charming, lovely to look at, romantic and amusing.

No one knew better than I Gertrude's chameleonlike adaptability to whatever environment she found herself in. It was beyond her power to resist the impulse to play up to whatever the group expected her to be. In realizing all this, I realized that our marriage was running in shallow water among reefs which I had not charted. I could not ignore the fact that strong influences—strong because they were of longer duration than our marriage and because they spoke a familiar and seductive language—surrounded Gertrude. They separated us more effectively than the Atlantic.

Just how seductive her return to the English stage and London society was proving, I did not completely realize until David Holtzmann came back from a trip to England.

"David," I remarked, "the austerity diet has streamlined you."

"Austerity my eye," he snorted. "Exercise, Dick. Disgustingly vigorous exercise. And, I might add, on your behalf."

I was understandably curious.

David went on: "I have explored every empty, drafty mansion in Mayfair. I have trudged with Gertrude up and down rickety stairs from Belgravia to Berkeley Square, inspecting studies for you and top-floor bedrooms for the boys."

"What on earth would I do with a study in Berkeley Square?"

"Gertrude has visions of you becoming an international producer—a theatrical Colossus with one foot in Piccadilly Circus and the other on Broadway."

This was a notion about which Gertrude had given me no advance knowledge. I could see, however, that her house hunting was a daydream in action.

"And did she say anything about coming back home?" I asked.

"No." He added quickly, "But she often said she wished you were *there*."

In the meantime, Gertrude wrote, telling me how busy she was with causes and benefits under royal patronage. Now and then a note of wistfulness crept between the lines: she was sending Ed some seeds for the garden; she did hope we had rain. Her next letter was written, she said, seated on the fire escape of her flat getting a bit of sun and with her back against the garbage pail. "Polly has her coronet and is now on 'er 'oneymoon, but I just love you. I get very tired and lonely at times. Can't you come over for a week?"

The obvious course was for me to go to England and try to persuade her to leave the play and return to America and me as soon as the terms of her original contract were concluded. But I did not wish to do this. First, because I always steadfastly refrained from interfering in Gertrude's career and from urging a course of action on her. Second, because I felt that for me to plead with her to return would be to defeat myself and our future. No, Gertrude must *want* to return. The initial impulse must be hers. For her to come back home for any other reason than that she wished and was prepared to accept all the responsibilities of our life together would leave the ultimate decision still in the air.

And so I replied it was impossible. It was as much as I could do to get a second playhouse at Falmouth in operation. Still my refusal to fly over "for a week" nettled her. Her letters were less frequent, and in each she was "terribly busy." . . . "The Prime Minister was begging me to go to Australia." . . . She thought of flying over to Paris for the weekend. . . . She had motored out into the country, and England was "an enchanted Isle, earth had nothing to show more fair. . . ."

The Fourth of July was the most important day in Gertrude's calendar. By being married on her own birthday, she had cheated her sentimental nature of having two separate occasions to celebrate. But by the same token she had created a day freighted with a double charge of emotional significance.

Under such circumstances, it was always difficult for me to find a present to match the caliber of the day. This year it seemed impossible, for any physical gift would have subjected Gertrude to the bother and expense of customs. I therefore sent her a check, suggesting that she choose her own present.

She made no reference to this when she replied, but in a note to David Holtzmann, which he showed me, she told him of the gift, adding the terse comment spread across the page:

"HOW ROMANTIC!!!"

After viewing those three indignant exclamation points, David did not have to urge me to

PUT IT THERE, LOVE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Love puts the dove upon the nest,
And linens in the cedar chest.
A pair of wings upon a dollar,
And lipstick on the lover's collar.

Love puts the twinkle in a star,
The starlet in a Jaguar,
And fervor in the cat's miaow.
Love puts the wrinkle on the brow.
The young man's foot in Argyle sock,
And parents of the bride in hock.

Love puts the joker in the pack,
The obstetrician in the black,
At ends of letters O's and X's,
And in hot water both daft sexes!

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Out of the Night Came a Call for Help

It was about two o'clock in the morning when the call flashed on the switchboard. A woman, in an excited voice, asked to be connected with a doctor: "My husband has had a heart attack and is very ill. Please do everything you can!"

Mrs. Carolyn F. Gross, the night operator, rang a doctor who had helped in a previous emergency. Then, realizing he was new in the area, she arranged to have the State Police meet him at a certain point and lead him to the house. She also telephoned the emergency ambulance service to speed oxygen to the stricken man.

When she called later to ask if there was anything she could do, a grateful voice said: "You've already done so much. The doctor says it's only because of you that my husband is alive."

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make one of those extravagant gestures, ridiculous to me, which so delighted Gertrude. I arranged to have a birthday-anniversary cake baked in New York. Then, after complicated negotiations, the cake was placed in the hands of an American Airlines steward who was to guard it as if it were the Koh-i-noor diamond, and deliver it to Joe Rile, of their London office, who in turn was to present it in person to Gertrude on her birthday.

I tried to reach her by telephone several times on the Fourth, but it was one A.M. on the fifth in Dennis, and six A.M. in London, when I finally heard her voice. After our greeting, I asked her how she had spent the day.

It had been gay, she told me. In the afternoon there was the July Fourth Garden Party at the American embassy. Then, after her play, there had been a dinner party at Larue's. Afterward, the guests had gone on to dance at the 400 Club. She had come home at dawn.

There was no mention of the cake. After a short pause, I ventured a hesitant question: "Anything else happen today?"

"Yes, something very nice happened," she replied. "It's about Philip."

"Yes," I said. I wondered what was coming next. I had tried not to let my mind dwell on Philip Astley.

"Well," Gertrude said, "he's married. I just heard it today and I've been celebrating. Such a sweet girl! She'll be a good wife for him!"

"And you've been celebrating with them?" I asked.

"No, not with them—but for them. I'm happy at the thought of them being happy together—like we are. We *are* happy, aren't we?"

"When we *are* together."

"Sometimes you act as if you don't want me back. I was alone—very much alone today."

"I never wanted you to go away. Or stay away," I said.

"I don't suppose you could come over and fetch me?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I think you'd better come back under your own steam."

"That's not a very cordial invitation. And it's very late. Let's say good night."

After a few more words, we hung up. I lay awake for a time, staring disconsolately around the empty room; then dropped off into a troubled sleep.

I was awakened by the overseas telephone operator: Gertrude was calling me from London. In a voice tremulous with ex announced that the birthday-ann had just arrived, a day late and s worse for wear.

"Darling, it was the nicest thin done," she said. "When I opene read your dear note, I knew I ha too long. And I knew that I didn any more. I thought I did. But I think that I belong completely but I belong to you—wherever

"When will you be back?" I

"I'll see. I must talk it over

Though, at the time, I though procrastination, it was only a fe that I received this cable:

SPIT ON THE BRASS. CLEAR TH THAT WOMAN OUT OF THE HO SHOW IN ONE MONTH AND COM

The special present she brou birthday, August seventeenth—w would be *our* birthday this year somer carved ship model. It wa brigantine, made by the stage d Aldwych Theater. Gertrude h whittling the ship and had arran it for me. She also brought painted copies of the coats of Aldriches, Joys, Hartwells and

"There isn't a viscount to them," I said. "Your friend P give them a second glance."

"Poor Polly," Gertrude sigh wasting a whole lifetime chasing wisp. I can't understand it."

"You understood it well enou get her viscount. Come to thi part yours!"

"Mine?"

"Of course. Aren't you the her supplied with rubber girdl aids all through the war? It w Lease; you gave her the tool an the job. You ought to rejoice m

"I would if I really thought It isn't. Peeresses' robes are n happiness."

"Aren't you the least bit envi

"Of course not. I'd rather ha Aldrich than any item catalog Peerage!"

(To be Concluded)

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

ONE thing which goes as far as it once did is a can of paint in the hands of a child.

The sweet, appreciative thing we don't say to those we love falls into the category of a letter sealed without the promised check.

A young girl who had overstayed her play period was asked if she wanted someone to walk home with her. "No, thank you," was the reply, "I'll be safe until I get there."

Life really gets down to business in an old house in the fall when, before the cat establishes his authority, the field mice make the annual attempt to take over cupboards and closets.

"Here comes Hulda!" mother used to say about a neighbor who lived near us. "Now we'll have to listen to all her troubles."

There's a story at a local seed company about the bride who came to buy two packets of succotash seed.

A girl seeking a higher education reaches the top when she graduates *cum homo.*

All vacationists arrive with resolutions and leave with the books unread.

All in an hour it happens: th are stripped bare, the first bre winter blows, and we know the ti come to pull ourselves togethe facts in the face and show the which we are made.

The first step in the educati wife in money matters is to g some.

Direct quotes from our favorite ing woman: "Here, you'll catch throw this African over you!" . . husband never left her a cent didn't teach her that money was thing." . . . "She's such a good m she sacrifices her children for h

Anyone who is afraid of lett conversation drop is liable to pic at the wrong time.

Love-scented babies are sweet-smelling.

The law of diminishing retu gins to work in reverse when t grandchild arrives.

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Surprise Introductory Offer if you act now! It's a special money-saving 54-piece South Seas* service for 8, in a de luxe anti-tarnish introductory chest. Don't miss this opportunity! See your jeweler today. Community* . . . the finest silverplate.

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JOURNAL

NOVEMBER
1954 · 35¢

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN



JOHN P. MARQUAND'S
NEWEST NOVEL
begins in this issue

•

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE
Complete Novel by Frances Gray Patton

•

SENATOR KEFAUVER'S
"Secret Weapon" is a "Political Pilgrim"

•

TELL ME DOCTOR



Soft touch . . .

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When you want comfort . . . you'll love *brushed Du Pont nylon*. It's unbelievably soft, warm . . . lightweight. And because it's nylon, it holds its shape, is stronger . . . will wear and wear. And even soft, luxurious comfort like this is no problem to care for . . . with nylon's easy washing, quick drying and little or no pressing. So, look in your favorite stores for easy-care gowns, pajamas and bed jackets of *new brushed nylon*. Nylon is one of Du Pont's modern-living fibers.

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. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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Both the hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her *right* hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

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The results were astonishing. In just 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, reddened, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

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If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.*



Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

Journal

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November 1954

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Journalities

, *Willis Wayde*, beginning on is the latest on the brilliant ovels by JOHN P. MARQUAND the others: *The Late George . M. Pulham, Esquire; Wick- t; B. F.'s Daughter; So Little Time; Point of No Return; Melville Goodwin, USA*). One of the greatest of contemporary American writers, John P. Marquand has been described as a "modern Thackeray . . . using his pen as a scalpel to explore social phenomena." ders finish a Marquand novel strong desire to discuss the rs, not the writer. (Is Willis a "complete heel," a victim, fellow who tried too hard to od?) This, we think, is proof literary achievement.

w that ELVA WILLIAMS' short *inking Makes It So* (page 62) upposed to be deeply philo- , but it started us to thinking. what we are because we think And who are those who obviously are not what they think *they* are? Does one think one is *before* one is? Is it better to *be* and be right than to think and think wrong? Well, the story is not like that at all. It's a love story, actually, told through the eyes of a precocious child, takes place mostly on ship- nding with a kiss beneath the Carrousel in Paris. And that's know, *without* thinking. Elva et as well as a short-story She lives in San Francisco.

ODD FREEMAN, a young and us Southerner who lives, dur- king hours, in the office next , wrote this month's How America Lives, *The Pink-House* page 173). "When I go mountain climbing," she claims, "I fall off cliffs. When I ride, my horse lies down in a creek and rolls. When I visit strange cities, I invariably get lost. I got lost in Atlanta, looking for the Bobos, finally stopped at the pink- est house in sight. n, discovered *not* the Bobos, t. Bernard and a little girl who t remember her name. She e a drink of water and a phone When I left, she invited me to ack and play with her again." n't believe a word of it. She's one, that girl, always wearing mask of superficiality.)





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Our readers write us

Drools Over Journal

Sitchewa, Greece

Dear Editors: I have always accepted the JOURNAL like water and soap—ham and eggs—peaches and cream: just reached out and these things were always there—but—today there has been a new birth!

In this remote village, so very, very primitive in its rugged setting, I reverently opened my copy of the JOURNAL and wound up staring in wonder at that luscious chocolate cake. An uncontrollable moisture rose to my tongue—good old American slang terms it "drool."

In a section where our wonderful country is a dream—where backbreaking drudgery is a woman's heritage—the girls look in wonder and longing at the cosmetic ads—the models in lovely summer styles, so far removed from the dark, rough texture of the native peasant dress here.

May God's countenance continue to rest upon us, make us *aware* and *worthy* of our great nation.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. VICK PAULOS

How to be Photographed

San Francisco, California

Dear Editors: Most of us fear to face the camera, reluctant to have it record the years. As a result, family records are incomplete and we deny our friends pleasure. Yet with a little preparation you can have portraits that are flattering and glamorous. May I share with other readers a few tips I recently learned the hard way?

Choose a modern photographer. If he asks you to "watch the birdie," get out of his studio.

Please follow some of my excellent photographer's advance suggestions as to make-up, clothing and hair styling, as I did on my second trip. (The first time I had thought I wanted to "look natural." Instead, as you see, I "looked dreadful.")

1. Have your hair cut and shaped "up" for a more youthful line. *Don't* have a fresh permanent.

2. Don't wear black; it kills your skin tones. Wear white, light gray, pastels.

3. Don't select extreme clothes that "date," or splashy prints.

4. Think of the people for whom the pictures are taken. They may expect to see you in different ways, as mine did, so take along several costumes.

5. Allow your face to be "retouched" *in advance* by the studio make-up girl, or bring your own make-up and do it this way:

6. Smooth out "bags" with skin-tone foundation. Spray a film of liquid make-up; it photographs better than powdered skin.

7. No rouge—but your own lightest lipstick applied to the natural shape of your mouth.

8. Shape eyebrows and darken them and lashes with mascara even if they're dark to begin with.

9. Rhinestones give more "sparkle" than diamonds.

10. Get the photographer to use a filter for at least one "starry-eyed" picture.

Change your attitude to one of anticipation rather than dread. After all, you're going to have fun. You're not going to the dentist, you know. You're going to have your portrait captured for posterity.

You, me and Mona Lisa!

Sincerely,
IRENE HAMMOND CORPÉ

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



First I tried "l
ing natural," but



Mother and edit
wanted me youth



Husbands like glamou



Dash for my theater g

IVORY SNOW

fest possible soap

for baby's things

...for yours, too



. for everything you wash with special care . . .

by HAND OR MACHINE!



DIAPERS . . .

baby clothes, there's no soap ivory-safe Ivory Snow. It leaves *far* softer than detergents or g washday soaps, free from its that chafe baby skin. *And,* anulated for efficiency!



LINGERIE

stays lovely *far* longer with Ivory Snow care. It pampers colors, keeps white nylons *so* white, leaves woolens so softly fluffy, too. Ivory Snow is the safest possible soap you can buy for fine hand washables.



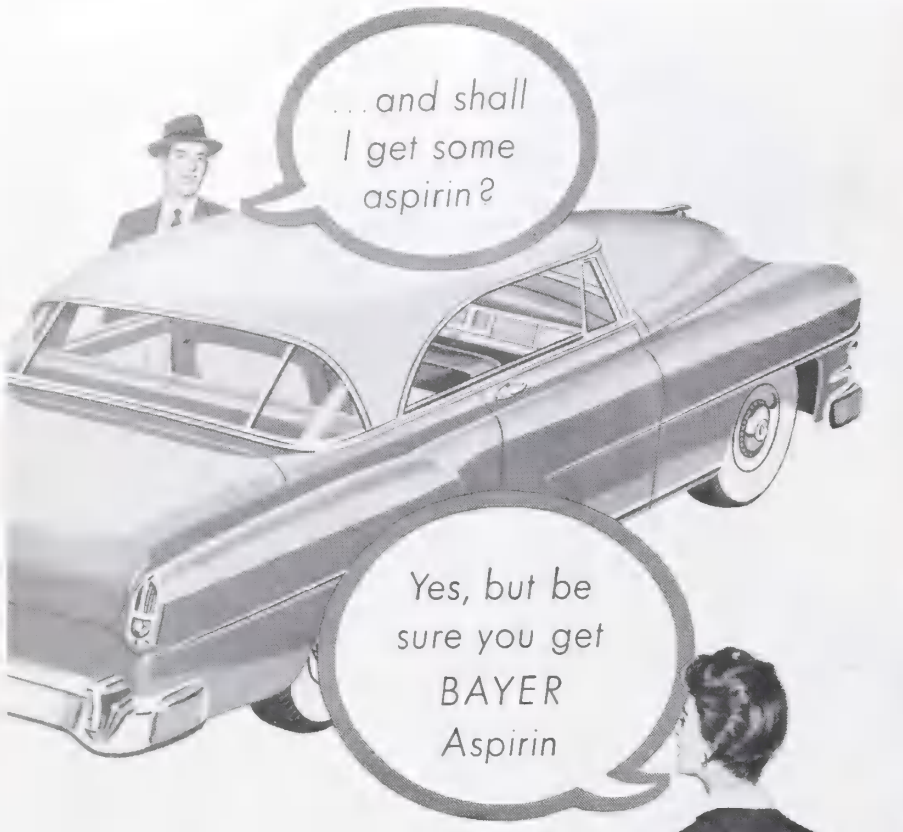
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When you buy aspirin, don't look for a bargain. Remember that the best always costs more. So be sure you are getting the *best*—buy *Bayer* Aspirin.

Get the BEST—get

BAYER® ASPIRIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Marriageable Club Members

Washington, D.C.

Dear Margaret Hickey: I was amazed to find an author in the JOURNAL advising young women who want to marry to "get out" if they belong to a women's club. Do you think that is sound advice?

As you know, we have about 100,000 Juniors in the Federation and many of them are not married. I think these young women are more marriageable than the girls whose only interest is self.

Surely, membership in a women's group is an advantage in meeting outstanding young men who are also interested in community service. I have known many young women who met their future husbands through working for their favorite community project.

It seems to me that the author of How To Be Marriageable was striving to make an impression without knowledge of the program of the modern women's club—which is out to do a job for the world, the nation, the community and the family, and which works on the local level with many types of men's organizations.

Perhaps the JOURNAL can find space for my protest, in the interest of fair play.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. THEODORE S. CHAPMAN
President,
General Federation of Women's Clubs

▶ *Author had "social" groups in mind. ED.*

Shortsighted of Congress?

Bainbridge, Ohio

Dear Ladies' Home Journal Editors: This year's tax-reform bill will permit a $600 deduction for working mothers to cover baby-sitter costs, if the combined husband-wife income is no more than $4500 yearly. May I ask just whom that is supposed to benefit? The prevailing rate for baby sitters in my area is 75 cents per hour. In order to work, a baby sitter is needed at least ten hours a day to cover the eight-hour working day of a mother. Could you tell me just who, making a salary of $4500 a year, or $375 average per month, or $86.34 per week before taxes, could afford to pay a baby sitter $37.50 per week or $1950 per year? This limit is extremely unfair to working mothers.

I am just one more R.N. with two children who cannot afford to work; therefore another nurse must be trained to take my place at ever-higher cost. After I bought uniforms, paid for their laundering, paid for my meals, for transportation, the cost of meals for the baby sitter, I would then be faced with an even greater problem. We would be placed in a higher bracket than the $4500 total and lose all benefit.

I am a fairly recent graduate (1952) and many of my own class have children now. We are just a few of the many R.N.'s who will possibly never work a day longer in our lives. We are a total loss to our profession, to our schools that tried so long to turn out good nurses and therefore alleviate the extreme shortages in the nursing field.

Is there nothing I can do to change this situation?

Sincerely,
LEAH L. COOPER, R.N.

▶ *Many former teachers anxious to relieve shortages, while not needing as many sitter hours as nurses, did the same simple arithmetic—concluded "business expense" tax exemptions for women were still largely a future dream. ED.*

Do-It-Yourself International Relations

World Literacy, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Brewster: The fact that the women of Wisconsin have been working together—Jews, Catholics and Protestants—is a great step forward. The money you wish to give we shall use for printing.

We have been writing and publishing books for the new literates. Some of these books are on agriculture, some on sanitation, some on child care. We are getting one out now, on What to Feed Your

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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ligh and dry in 7 minutes without a touch of ironing . . . Fiberglas curtains and draperies re wonderful! They have so *many* ways of brightening your life. They open your home to ght and sunshine . . . yet seclude it from the world outside your picture window. A whole indow wall of them can be *washed at home* because they never shrink or stretch . . . can *live the sun* because their glowing colors are specially selected to resist fading. All this . . . and o mildew, no fire, too. Owens-Corning Fiberglas, Decorative Fabrics, New York 22, N. Y.

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Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Family. We usually write them in English first, then translate them into Hindi and try them out on the villagers. If the village women respond to this one, we will print it after our artist illustrates it.

We are now writing another book on We, the Government, showing what the vote of one man and one woman can do. For, as you know, all men and women who are twenty-one years old and over may vote in India—and 84 per cent of them cannot read or write.

Remember all that you give will be put to work at once, and will help all the communities of India, for Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs, all must learn to understand America.

Just now I dictated a letter to a woman in Iowa, suggesting that she follow your plan.

Cordially your colaborer for Christ,
FRANK C. LAUBACH

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

Activated by busy Mrs. Brewster and Doctor Laubach's JOURNAL letter, Wisconsin interfaith women began more than a year ago to collect approved magazines and 10c shipping donations. JOURNALS FOR INDIA, with government help, has now delivered many tons, accumulated funds to help print World Literacy's Hindi books. Mrs. Brewster's minor headache—women won't give up their JOURNALS.

Miss Pacifier, 1954

Paris, Kentucky

Dear Dr. Spock: After reading your article on pacifiers in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I decided to drop you a note to tell you of my success. Rebecca had the colic and I think the pacifier helped her immensely. She is now six months old, and still uses it, but not as much as she did.

Sincerely,
MRS. LARRY BRANNON



Back in style.

In Praise of Husbands

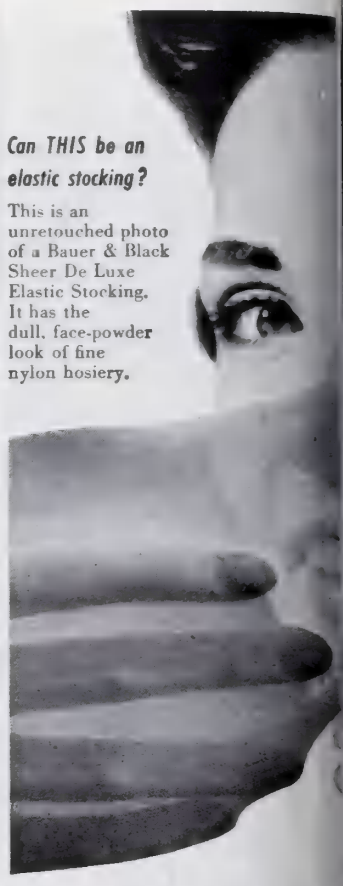
Hudson, New Hampshire

Dear Sirs: I work daily with women from many walks of life and I sometimes wish I could hear more praise and love spoken for the "man of the house." I'm very sure that he would value it, don't you agree? All your How America Lives articles, too, deal with women's efficiency. In our family I find that my husband is by far the more efficient and I wonder if any other women feel this way.

My husband is a very happy combination of carpenter, electrician, plumber, cabinetmaker, homemaking partner, cook and, last but not least, father.

When I think of all he does, I know I just couldn't get by without him. If it sounds as if I'm bragging, well, so I am. I just wish the world knew what a wonderful husband, father of my children, manager of our home I'm married to. Since you're my favorite women's magazine, you're elected to hear instead.

Sincerely,
CONNIE STINCHFIELD



Can THIS be an elastic stocking?

This is an unretouched photo of a Bauer & Black Sheer De Luxe Elastic Stocking. It has the dull, face-powder look of fine nylon hosiery.

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elastic stockings

could look so **she**

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Now, no one but your doctor wi you wear elastic stockings.

New Bauer & Black nylons sheer, you can wear them witho hose. Still, veins won't show t They're *fashioned* to fit smoothly and instep.

And, because they're fashione assure the kind of support doct ommend. Open toes to prevent Easy to wash. Quick drying. Light a

Any wonder that more wome Bauer & Black elastic stockings t other brand?

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WORLD'S FINEST...FOR LIFETIME ENJOYMENT

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Because a growing group of young graphic artists has helped to make the past ten years the most exciting decade in the history of printmaking, New York's Museum of Modern Art has assembled an exhibit, Young American Printmakers, now touring museums throughout the country.

Toledo-born artist William A. Smith, whose lithograph Calcutta No. 2 was featured in the exhibition, has been a world traveler with sketchbook. In China with OSS, he sketched vigorously; later visited India, where he was struck by the anonymity of its robed figures. Here, in a street scene, he captures a haunting mood of mother and child huddled in shadow but lit with an artist's skill and compassion.

From whom all blessings flow

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE religious significance of Thanksgiving Day has faded for many Americans along with the sense of the wonder and miracle of life, which seems to grow dimmer the farther one is removed from Nature. It was not until this past summer, when a family born and reared in New York City spent a fortnight's holiday on our Vermont farm, that I fully realized how remote from the sources of life millions of our people are—that there are children who have never seen a cow, or watched the hay for its winter fodder go into a barn, and grownups who have never picked a flower, observed vegetables of every variety go into a house by the bushel to be frozen or canned, watched a boy walking down from the henhouse with a basket of eggs and realized that eggs do not originate in boxes on grocery counters.

The division of labor which has so greatly added to general prosperity has something to do, I think, with the decadence of gratitude, of which virtue Thanksgiving is the festival. One certainly has a stronger sense of gratitude for food that has been grown, raised and packaged on land conditioned and worked by one's own household, against the hazards of weather and the unavoidable disciplines imposed by Nature, than one does for that which involves no greater effort than a trip to the market. Almost everyone labors for his food and that of his family, but most people do so by exchanging the labor of factory or office for the labor of others in the fields. The one fears he may lose his job; the other, that he may lose his crop. The security of the one depends upon factors actually or theoretically within human control: upon the way the economy is organized, upon the responsibilities assumed by the state, upon the stability of outlets for production. These factors affect the landsman, too, and increasingly, but beyond them are others outside human control, since man cannot command the rain to fall or the sun to shine according to his whim or desire. Science has taught him how to condition the soil to higher production, and how to protect his animals against disease, but only up to a certain point. He may, by proper labor and concern, make two blades of grass—or a thousand—grow where one grew before, only to lose it all by a month of daily rains at the moment when it should be cut, or see it desiccated by uninterrupted drought. This accounts for the fact that the totalitarian "planned economies" have invariably failed at organizing agriculture. The countryman thanks God and not the state for a beautiful day, an abundant crop, a healthy and prolific herd or flock. Even though he may never set foot in a church, even if he would deny having any "religion" at all, he knows that over and beyond his own efforts and those of his fellow workers he owes his well-being or his misery to something not humanly created or controlled, to an order of things as wondrous and mysterious as his own birth and death. He may thank the Creator or curse Him, but he knows, at least, that the latter is futile, for he is nevertheless in God's hands.

If the sense of gratitude is diminishing as I believe it to be, virtue is diminished thereby. Cicero called a thankful heart not only the greatest virtue but the parent of all the other virtues. I challenged that when first I read it, thinking courage the chief of the virtues and their parent, but later reflected that gratitude is ever the banisher of discouragement, remembering also that Shakespeare has Viola say in Twelfth Night—expressing, one believes, his own conviction:

"*I hate ingratitude more in a man*
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness
Or any taint of vice. . . ."

But toward what and for what do we feel gratitude?

We are taught that we should be grateful for benefactions bestowed upon us by others, for the sacrifices in our behalf of our parents or friends, and for those things that set us apart from others as more successful than they.

Yet in all these gratitudes there is some trace of impurity. If benefits are bestowed upon us, may not the generosity of the giver be corrupted by the anticipation of equal or greater favors in return? Or does not the gratitude tendered often express, as La Rochefoucauld cynically said, "a secret desire of receiving greater benefits in the future"? If our parents deprive themselves of every pleasure, or even of CONTINUED ON PAGE 14





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You get an especially high, light and luscious cake with our new Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix. Just the cake to serve with frozen raspberries, blueberries, strawberries, peaches—and ice cream or whipped cream.

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Just swish NIAGARA in cold water... it's ready!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

necessities, for our welfare, do they not put us under obligations that burden us with a feeling of guilt, or with fear that repaying them will be beyond our capacities? Or are not these sacrifices something of the nature of an investment? If we have more worldly success than others, does not pride and self-satisfaction enter into our emotions, with the mental comment, "After all, I have *earned* it"?

It seems to me that the purest gratitude is felt for what one has had no part in earning; or responds to a debt impossible to repay except to life and society in general; or pours out to benefactors who have no personal interest in their beneficiaries. Pure gratitude is thankfulness for what we get free, regardless of our deserts. The unthankful heart is the one that takes such gifts for granted; who never applies the words of the old hymn:

> "*Count your blessings,*
> *Name them one by one,*
> *And it will surprise you*
> *What the Lord hath done*"—

and is seldom, in fact, surprised.

Health, for instance, is, in general, something one is, or is not, born with. Those who enjoy it are not always or necessarily indebted even to their parents, but to the circumstantial combination of chromosomes inherited from many ancestors. Last summer, to speak personally, I celebrated my sixtieth birthday and the birth of my first grandchild, John Paul Sinclair Lewis. In looking back over my life I count as its primary blessing the fact that but for one serious illness I have always been well; that though an inveterate reader I have never had to wear glasses; that I sleep soundly, do not tire easily, and can still swim the half mile across the little lake in Barnard, Vermont. What have I done to deserve sixty years of the unabated energy and pleasure in existence usually associated with youth? Absolutely nothing. I fervently thank God for it; and if I could pick one particular blessing to be bestowed upon my tiny grandson, it would be that one.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us, and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY
Letters and Memories

A country-bred child, I cannot remember when the wonders and beauties of Nature did not fill me with ecstatic joy: the splendid silent stars; the great and various trees—the violet trunk of the beech, the slim and shining elegance of the birch, the motherly protective maple, the apple dressed in spring as for a confirmation and bowed with fruited splendor in the fall; the stream singing out from the dark woods with their carpets of arbutus, ground pine and a hundred forms of fern, ever lively with scampering feet and birds' cries.

What did I do to deserve this loveliness? Nothing at all. And whom shall I thank for it? Thank God.

The beauty and magic of art! Beethoven, Bach and Mozart did not compose for me; the great masters of painting never heard of me, nor cared; Shakespeare did not sing his lyrics nor write his sonnets for my ears, yet all are mine, along with access to the wisdom of two thousand years, and the company of wits whom no salon can assemble, all for the mere effort of opening the pages of a book that I can obtain in any public library. My gratitude pours out to these, whom I can only repay by helping to keep their memory green for the benefit of others.

Is poverty a curse? I say a modest poverty is a blessing. Not grinding poverty nor squalid poverty, but the limited means that require one to do things for oneself, to curb

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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Is that little "loudspeaker" your nursery getting all the s safety it is possible to get? The one way to make sure beyor shadow of a doubt. Buy 'Q-T rely on 'Q-Tips' and nothing

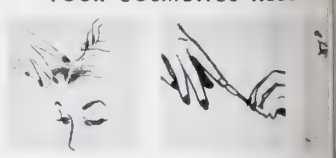
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The New 1955 Kelvinator

by JOAN ADAMS
Kelvinator Institute for Better Living

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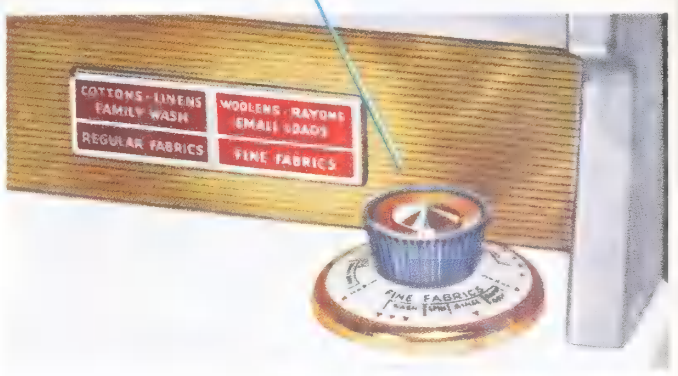
It's like having two entirely separate Automatic Washers

e dial to "regular fabrics" and you set the shing cycle for your heavily-soiled laun- rn the dial to the "fine fabrics" setting have another completely automatic *short* cycle for your sheer dresses, nylons, nd frilly things . . . and for smaller mid- ds. This new cycle saves you almost half and water you use for the regular cycle.

We'd like you to see Kelvinator's exclusive ***Shampoo Washing.*** It begins with a half-tub of water and the full amount of soap or detergent, washing away most stubborn dirt and grime; see ***X-Centric Agitation,*** the new and different kind of agitator action, one continuous vibrating motion that's far gentler, completely safe for all your clothes. We'd like you to see ***Overflow Rinsing*** float dirt off over the top of clothes, not down through them; see gentle spin-drying remove 25% more water than the most efficient wringer.

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It frees you from the weather, from lifting, hauling, and hanging up clothes. It's the only one with all three safety features of safe temperature, safe cylinder, safety door. See this new 1955 laundry team at your Kelvinator Dealer's now.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

desire for luxury, to use one's hands and wits and fully employ such gifts as one has. I thank God I was not born rich, and am not afraid to end my days in the very modest circumstances in which I began them.

Is love ever deserved? This extraordinary predilection of one person for another, a woman for a man, a man for a woman, and both for a child? And friendship? Who can repay the confidence, understanding and fidelity of his friends except by friendship? The coins of pure gratitude are not minted, yet they perpetually return to their donors and pass to others. They are in constant circulation. And who can be happy who is not grateful?

"Thanksgiving" is the great American harvest festival, and although as such it is by no means unique to America, and is, indeed, of origins dating back to remote antiquity, no other modern state designates a specific legal holiday on which to give thanks to God for benefits received, observe family reunion, and eat a larger-than-usual midday dinner composed of a traditional menu.

The American festival dates back to the original settlers of New England, who set apart a day for thanksgiving immediately after their first harvest in 1621. President Washington established Thanksgiving Day in 1789, following a practice already set by the Continental Congress, and every President since—and since 1858 the governors of all the states—have similarly proclaimed it.

One may well imagine that the men and women who arrived in Plymouth after a long, wretched and hazardous journey, to build rude cabins for shelter and win their sustenance from land cleared in a wilderness and inhabited by savages, had reason to be grateful for mere survival. The inscription on the Plymouth Rock monument tells us that they buried their dead in common graves that the Indians should not know how many of them had perished. Since they were God-fearing people whose perilous adventure had been sparked by the passion for religious liberty, the survivors discerned the hand of God in the harvest that assured that they would not starve during the icebound winter, and thus gave thanks to the Creator of Nature, Father of Mankind, and special protector of those who place their faith in Him.

Let us then give thanks: for all our unearned increments—for the earth under our feet, the stars over our heads, and our vast and fertile homeland; for love and friendship, for beauty, for the great store of riches created for us by others; and for the miracle of life itself, praising the sublime Creator from Whom all blessings flow. END

STORMY NIGHT

By FLORENCE B. JACOBS

The wild gale rose; black rivers poured
on misty glass, and pine
Boughs twisted off like orchard grass
took down the power line.

We got the lamps out. Yellow light
lay soft as primrose bloom
Across the kitchen, spread its pools
half through the sitting room.

Each corner rounded in with dusk,
dressers loomed twice as tall,
And once again my childhood walked
in shadows on the wall!



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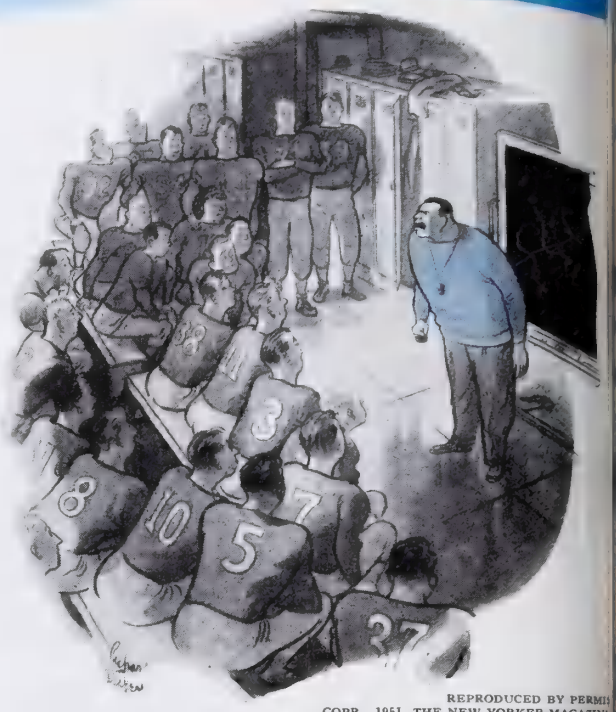
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SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



REPRODUCED BY PERMI
COPR., 1951, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZIN

"The student body's counting on you, the alumni's count ing on you, I'm counting on you, and tomorrow I wan you to go into that examination room and *pass!*"

WE don't do anything publicly about getting a husband in this country, but they do in Paris. On St. Catherine's Day, which is November 25, all the seamstresses over twenty-five and unmarried (which constitutes spinsterhood in France) put on their fanciest hats and parade the streets of Paris while the men look on. Sometimes they surround a man and kiss him, but whether or not this lands any of them at the altar is not on record.

In this country November is the man's month, the month of football, of Saturday-afternoon heroes, and not only heroes but subs and scrubs and bench warmers—the ones who can only wait and pray. In SAY IT AIN'T SO!, a book of sports anecdotes that came out last year, ***Mac Davis*** tells about Knute Rockne, who used to sharpen up his football players with questions a cated as a math quiz. One aft shouted, "Our ball, third quart down, two yards to go at midfi would *you* do?" pointing strai third-string quarterback. "M the startled lad. "I'd just slide bench to get a better look a play!"

■

If you're thinking about n on this Election Day, on th that a single vote is not impo me tell you what I read (Science Monitor, I think). Jefferson was elected Preside *vote* in the electoral college. Quincy Adams. Also Ruth Hayes. Hayes' election was and referred to a congressi toral commission. There h

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COLLIER'S



"Wouldn't it be better, dear, if we could get a picture of someone else voting for you?"



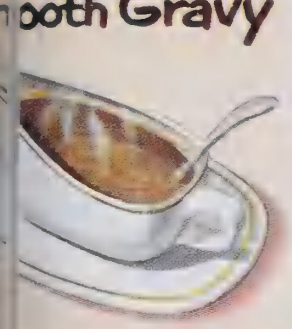
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t a single lump!

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

one vote. The man who cast that deciding vote for President Hayes was a congressman from Indiana, a lawyer who was elected to Congress by a margin of just *one vote;* and that *one vote* was cast by a client of his who, though desperately ill, insisted upon being taken to the polls. By just *one vote* California entered the nation as a state; also by *one vote*, Idaho, Oregon, Texas and Washington.

Speaking of politics, ***Justice William O. Douglas*** has concocted a fine book, AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY, made up of brief essays, one for every day in the year, in which he comments on matters political, religious, social and historical.

On November 11, 1647, for instance, Massachusetts provided that every town having 100 or more families or households should have a grammar school supported by the taxpayers. This was the start of our public-school system, and the idea of an educational system, universal, free and available to all the people, rich and poor alike, was revolutionary. No other nation ever had such an institution. And three centuries later, Justice Douglas adds, it is a stranger still to the bulk of the people of the world.

•

Pearl Buck fans will be pleased to know that she has a new book out: MY SEVERAL WORLDS, about her childhood in the missionary home in China, about her married life in a northern Chinese village, about life in America after trouble began to brew in China, about writing and about her garden.

***Mary Ellen Chase* has also written autobiographically. THE WHITE GATE, one section of which came out in the JOURNAL (Old-Time Christmases in Maine—December, 1937), is about her childhood in Maine. Good New England stuff.**

The Chases, though well-to-do people for those days and those parts, seldom had the doctor. On the arrival of a new baby, however, the doctor was sure to be called. Cash outlay for a new life was never questioned, says Miss Chase, since it was inevitable. Her father paid the doctor $5 for each child, which, with two follow-up visits to her mother and the baby at $1.50 each, made the purely monetary cost of her sisters, her brother and herself, she reckons, $8 per child.

■

The JOURNAL's own ***Richard Pratt*** has now produced THE SECOND TREASURY OF EARLY AMERICAN HOMES. It is just as fine as the first Treasury, which sold over 250,000 copies, the greater number of which, I have heard, were bought by men. Is it the house builder in every man, or the historian?

•

Children's Book Week, coming up this month, is one of the worthiest of the national "weeks." Its aim is to show parents and teachers the best of the year's output in children's books. This year there will be big spectacular book fairs in Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, Little Rock and San Antonio, with 1000 to 3000 books on exhibition. Next month, with Christmas in mind, I hope to list the pick of the lot. . . . It is salutary for us all to know about these books, to offset the you-know-what-kind of books that are overwhelming our children, and the you-know-what-kind of program that comes all too often over the air.

•

I am right now reading a top-notch detective story: THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, by *Rex Stout*, with Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin and an international plot. I can't wait to get back to it! END



How you can keep your skin dewy-smooth, with non-stop softening action of Tussy Moisture Cream

If you could cry because your skin looks dry
ging, use this remarkable anti-dry, anti-age
You see, it has a *continuous* softening action.
one creaming a day with Tussy Moisture
is almost like having a fresh facial every

Why is it so different from the cream you're
bly using now?

Largely because it contains "Humidine," with special beauty oils. Hour after hour, "Humidine" brings invisible, softening moisture the air, right to your skin!

Follow the arrows for beauty . . . over-night. At bedtime, stroke Moisture Cream *up and* from throat to forehead; and around your eyes. Now, tap fingertips gently all over your face. The cream sinks in, its moisturizing action and the oils make dry lines, crow's feet and frown lines . . . less and less conspicuous. Leave it on all night: you'll see that even crinkly neck skin is smoother, younger!

For dewy beauty all day, dab just a *dot* of Moisture Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and throat. Blend it in. You'll be amazed at how much smoother your make-up *goes* on, and how much longer it *stays* on.

Faithful users of Tussy Moisture Cream have creamed away "years" from their looks. *You* can, too. It's only $3.





Complete "BEAUTY DIET" for dry skin . . .
Follow this simple routine planned especially for dry skin.

Cleanse with Tussy Emulsified Cream, $1.25
Brace with Tussy Dry Skin Freshener, $1.00
Beautify with Tussy Moisture Cream, $3.00

prices plus tax



Here's how we made your Holiday dinner with

Butter-Baked Turkey



"It's snoopin'-good," says Debby, my little helper as she helps herself while I'm adding butter to the stuffing.

FIXING HOLIDAY DINNER can be fun, even with fourteen coming! *YOU* were coming . . . and so many more of our friends. The turkey must be *perfect!* I had boasted about butter-baking turkey. Now I had to *prove* what butter-baking could do. Debby was bouncing with excitement. "We're going to butter-bake-a-turkey! Butter-bake-a-turkey!" she sang while she pulled butter out of the refrigerator. "An' it's going to be goooooood!"

BUTTERY STUFFING—we made that *first.* We had three large loaves of four day old bread, with crust cut off, diced half-inch size and toasted. I had one-half cup onion all minced (didn't want Debby weeping over that) but I did let her swizzle it around in ½ cup melted butter in the skillet until the onion was soft and yellow. Then I added 1½ cups melted butter to the bread along with the cooked onion. Then ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons poultry seasoning, and the whole thing tossed together.



"How about bites?" Debby and I had to feed and fend off Junior while we stuffed, trussed and buttered the turkey.



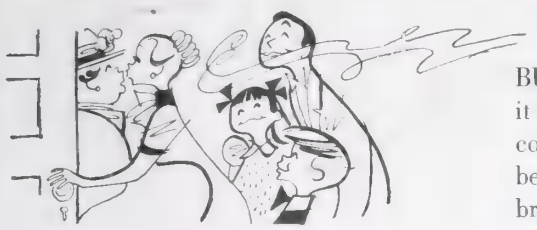
"He's buttered all over," Debby cries ecstatically (and so is she) when I put the bird in the oven.

LACING AND TRUSSING our noble 24-pound bird was strictly *my* job, with a big hush-hush on the youngsters until I finished it. And then we patted soft butter all over the turkey, with extra dividends of butter for drumsticks, breast and wings. "Makes it taste good," said Debb, "an' . . . an' . . ." "Keeps the turkey from drying out . . . saves the juices," I told her.

BUTTERED ALL OVER, our turkey went onto the rack in our shallow roasting pan, breast up, proudly, and covered, top to toe, with cheese-cloth dipped in melted butter. I always bake my turkey slowly—never higher than 325°—sometimes 300°. Easy does it. I find that roasting slowly at low temperature helps to keep the turkey from shrinking, and makes it tender and juicy.



"Let me butter him this time," says Dad. "I like the drumsticks golden brown the way butter makes 'em!"



"Doesn't it smell good!" As we flew to the door to greet our guests the fragrance of butter-baked turkey preceded us.

BUTTER-BAKED—our turkey certainly was! Every half hour I'd pull it forward and Debby would brush melted butter onto the cheese-cloth covering it. And every half hour that buttery fragrance grew better and better! Of course, we peeked! And we just squealed over that golden-brown goodness. Now I could answer your ring at our doorbell with confidence. The turkey Debby and I butter-baked for you was *perfect!*

OUR HOLIDAY DINNER—Spiced Tomato Juice with Sour Cream Topping; Butter-Baked Turkey with Onion Stuffing; Pineapple Rings with Cheese Blossoms; Butter-Candied Sweet Potatoes; Minted Buttered Peas—Pimiento Corn; Old-Fashioned Cranberry Sauce; Celery Curls, Radish Roses, Olives; Hot Rolls with Butter Balls; Ice Cream with Holiday Fruit Sauce.



It takes 4 pints of cream to make each pound of butter! No wonder turkey and other holiday foods taste so much BETTER WITH BUTTER.

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glasses of golden Pineapple Juice never fail to "hit the spot". Keep several cans
chilling in your refrigerator so it's always ready to serve. And shake each can well
before pouring so you enjoy *all* the glorious taste. In this
wonderful juice, as in canned Pineapple fruit cuts,
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of canned Pineapple—bite
are fine for fruit cups, to sa
with lamb chops or a roast
hors d'oeuvres, as cake dec
(Pineapple **TIDBITS** are sma

PINEAPPLE GROWERS ASSOCIATION, S

ary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Aladdin and Sister like the same chair.

e year draws in, the deli- light is brief, daybreak is splendor. Being troubled what Don's friend calls ," I got up and watched an . It was around four that I ng about in the bed worry- those things left undone ave been done. I went to heated milk, popped in a utter (never mind the cal- nd a grating of fresh pep- sipped the steaming brew color born in the deep sky. First the paling to sil- soft apricot, then the deep the sun came up, I went nd slept long past break- ybe, I thought, we should awn and go to bed at dusk! ber days in New England too, filled with muted col- with haze and lingering air is so full of peace—is mmer's work is over and t some strange quality in ho knows? But we tend to race afternoons, watching Irish rushing about; we hrough the valley at night, dly by the dark pond and ut the fish down under, t the hook.

ving has changed a great ne. The freezer purrs along keeping our harvest safe; er does the dishes while we lewood fire; the automatic s out the laundry ready to nd the electric incinerator l the rubbish; not to men- ers and coffee makers and —so many marvelous in-

f course, that equipment is as the service on it. Before Stillmeadow, we once had nge shipped from another duckling in and five hours out raw. Jill opined the ad been damaged in ship- led a serviceman. buy it from us?" she was

n fried meats and eggs for we got that range fixed— ugh, it only needed a new

So when we settled down at Stillmeadow we bought equipment we knew the dealer would stand back of!

Our freezer man, for instance, lives twenty-five miles away; the road can be awfully slippery on a snowy winter night, but he will come any time we call, bringing cartons for the precious freight in case the freezer takes too long to fix. The freezer is not the most glamorous model. But we have trust and confidence in it and that adds up!

Americans are wandering people; they move a lot. Most families carry their household belongings along with them as they move. When papa is transferred from Simsbury, Connecticut, to Deep Bend, Idaho, off go range, washer, drier, ironer, and all the rest of the magic appliances. It occurs to me a blanket guarantee of service in any location would be a fine thing.

And of course there just aren't enough good servicemen available. Everyone wants these aids to easy living. Fortunately, most of it wears like Gibraltar and seldom goes wrong, but occasionally it does, and then is when a trained first-aider is important.

Now Thanksgiving comes again, and it is time to count our blessings, and say our prayers that evil in the world may diminish. I love this holiday, for I like to sit down and just think of all the good we do have. Often we are so busy, we forget to count the blessings.

At Stillmeadow, as we gather around the trestle table, we rejoice in the grandchild asleep upstairs—who may wake up and yell any minute, of course, but there she is, alive, and plump and rosy and marvelous. We are thankful for the family's being together. I have special thanks for the good neighbors we have, and for George, who always turns up in time of trouble, and the boys at the market who say they will run out with anything if we get those awful colds this winter. No trouble at all.

Then I am thankful that we can go to church in America freely, read what we choose, speak our minds safely (although this freedom has been much menaced of late). We can vote according to our wishes. We have opportunity for education.

The children sit quietly while grace is said, but I note they lift knife and fork

Next time you break the seal on a crisp, new pack take a moment to think of all the fun...all the promise of excitement the little package holds!



BRIDGE

All-time strategy favorite of keen players. It's today's version of the "trump" games improved and refined by every generation since Henry VIII.



HEARTS

is an easy game to learn, with more opportunity for skill than most people realize. An excellent game for youngsters vs. oldsters.



CONCENTRATION

played with the pack spread out, face down. A game small fry excel at, and usually trounce their parents. Wonderful memory builder and rainy-day occupation!



CRIBBAGE

Favorite duel of wits for more than 300 years, combining luck and skill in absorbing entertainment. Think of it when you want a good game for two.



CANASTA

One of the most exciting of all the new Rummy games. Easy to learn, fun to play for hours. Samba and Bolivia are two interesting variations.

156 great card games old and new, in the 256-page "Official Rules of Card Games." Send 15¢ in coin with your name and address to Dept. L-2, The United States Playing Card Company, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. In Canada, send 25¢ in coin to International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.

Every game's more pleasure with Congress Cards, the luxury, gem-colored packs whose edges flash like gold! Exclusive, satin-smooth Cel-u-tone Finish—supreme in deal and shuffle.



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WHITE MAGIC
by HATHAWAY

Curtains of New Hathaway DACRON Marquisette are always the loveliest, truest white—never look dingy even at night.

They are a miracle of resistance to wrinkles, to sun and heat deterioration and stand up crisply to countless easy washings. Wrinkles will hang out, but just a whisper of ironing will bring these curtains to immediate perfection.

Woven by Hathaway, the leading weaver of fine sheer curtain fabrics, it is the finest DACRON marquisette you can find. Be sure to look for the HATHAWAY label.

CURTAINS OF
HATHAWAY DACRON*
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*Du Pont's polyester fiber
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Hathaway Mfg. Co., Dept. L 114,
New Bedford, Mass.
Send for this free booklet of decorating ideas. Shows how to use standard curtains to achieve beautiful effects.
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in a trice as soon as it is over. They are, I reflect, just as hungry now as when they were little and all went out to romp in bunny suits after dinner was over!

I like to go down to the pond in late afternoon and sit on the one bench not yet put away for winter. The water is dark as polished ebony, it is tranquil. A few late leaves drift on it going nowhere. The little emerald frogs are gone, tucked away, I hope, safely dreaming of spring. Summer birds are away, winter birds not yet crowding the feeders.

The woods lie deep and still; my unicorn may be there yet, but I think it likely he seeks the Elysian fields with the golden fall of leaves in October.

When I walk back to the house, I stop in the Quiet Garden to pick a few leaves of ivy for the old brown sugar bowl. The thyme has a cinnamon color now, the apple mint is furred down close to the earth. The ivy leaves are bronzed here and there, the hue of antique coins.

Turkey soup simmers in the pot over the open fire. The children like it best of all, I think. It is a stout soup, for the dressing is in it, and the rich brown gravy, and plenty

The astonishing thing about the human being is not so much his intellect and bodily structure, profoundly mysterious as they are. The astonishing and least comprehensible thing about him is his range of vision, his gaze into the infinite distance, his lonely passion for ideas and ideals, far removed from his material surroundings and animal activities; for which he is willing to endure trials and privations, to sacrifice pleasures, to disdain griefs and frustrations; for which he will stand till he dies, in the profound conviction that if nothing be worth dying for, nothing is worth living for. —W. MACNEILE DIXON
The Human Situation

of turkey, too, and sometimes a few leftover tiny peas or carrots. Served in the big willow tureen, it sends forth such a savory goodness. Hot corn bread goes well with it, golden and crispy, and for dessert rosy apples and a dish of cheese. A slice of apple spread with Port Salut is a fine finish to Thanksgiving's goodness.

I note that Holly has eaten a whole tomato out of hand, as it were, while I was watching the soup. She just reached up and helped herself and neatly munched it down to the very last seed. I decide that we must keep her in tomatoes; she must need the minerals or whatever that lurk in tomatoes.

When the fire burns low and the candles gutter, and the word-game board is put away, the dogs all go out for a last run, and then troop back in and settle for the night.

Jonquil likes the green chair, and it suits her tawny gold. Tiki tucks in on the red chair—and his black and white is fine with that, I reflect. Little Sister is snugged down on the bed in a neat, small ball. The big Red covers the long settee by the fire completely! The cats stay close to the warm hearthstones; it is never too hot for a cat.

As I snuff the candles and push the logs back in the great fireplace, I am glad that this house has room for dogs and cats. I wonder whether the first family who lived here in those long-gone days had room in the house for maybe a rabbit hound and a couple of calico cats.

The deep silver of the moonlight falls through the old bubbly windowpanes. The night is so still, peace walks in the meadows of our New England valley on this Thanksgiving night.

God's grace is on our land, let us be thankful. END



He's right, you know — and mighty important, too.

For Sanitized vans and equipment provide extra protection against germs, insects, mildew, mold and odors while in transit. Upholstered furniture, rugs, draperies, bedding and clothing are kept clean and safe in the United moving van . . . just as they would be in your own home.

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How long since you've tasted real cheese?

Miss Wisconsin is real cheese. A glorious natural cheddar as real as Thanksgiving—and as enjoyable. The reason Miss Wisconsin tastes so good is this: it's made from cream-rich milk and it ages naturally and leisurely for as much as a year or more. No wonder it's so completely different from any quick-made process cheese!



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tural CHEDDAR CHEESE

ALSO MISS WISCONSIN SHARP CLUB, SWISS, BRICK AND BLUE

Miss Wisconsin Natural Cheddar comes from the Wisconsin River Country folks who cut it into neat wedges: sharp-aged, medium-aged, or mild . . . just right for your apple pie tonight. For free recipes, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 203, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.

Not just another "cosmetic" lotion ——

It's scientifically years ahead

Actuall

Amazing effects right away

Instant "corrective" softening —— not just superficial smoothing!

This new Angel Skin by Pond's has a formula *scientifically years ahead*—developed directly from new *medically-important* discoveries of how the skin works to heal and protect itself.

Based on this new knowledge, Angel Skin now brings never before relief for rough, red, dried hands. New Angel Skin *actually heals chapping.*

Doctors now explain that the skin is constantly *rebuilding* its softening *protective cloak* against normal "wear and tear." Trouble comes when skin is exposed to cold and wind—to harsh soaps and detergents. Then skin *can't rebuild its vital substances quickly enough* to prevent damage.

Scientists who developed Angel Skin have found a way to "*match*" these much-needed substances of the skin's protective cloak.

The secret of Angel Skin's quicker, deeper softening

When you smooth in Angel Skin, you are replacing —*instantly*—vital substances that the skin *itself* is working to rebuild! Skin may take hours—but Angel Skin acts instantly, the moment its rich goodness touches your hands. It—

counteracts harsh alkali action of strong soaps and detergents—as no old-style lotion can!

relieves dry chapping from cold and exposure

penetrates more quickly for deep, deep softening

For you who want to read more about this new scientific data on skin, full details are given in the box in the next column.

You feel its penetration! No sticky coating left on your hands!

So different from old-style lotions with gummy "thickener" that leave skin sticky-moist—new Angel Skin's rich goodness goes in to your skin *at once.*

Women report amazing improvement in their hands after using Angel Skin. They tell us—

"I haven't had red or cracked skin since I've been using Angel Skin."

"Most satisfactory! Nice fresh fragrance . . . leaves hands soft, soothed. No after-stickiness."

"Wonderful quality of healing my chapped hands —far better than my other lotion."

"The most effective hand lotion I've ever used—it really beautifies."

"Leaves the skin 'Angel' soft!"

Today—get fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin by Pond's. Keep a bottle on your dressin another, as many women do, in the k it's always within reach after you do di yourself how Angel Skin smooths, whit heals chapped skin. Only 89¢, 49¢, 2. (Slightly hig

Vital new facts about huma explain Angel Skin's quicker softening

The skin's "protective cloak" contains l fluids—moisture and oils (sebum)—wh tists now know, normally have a hig tration of hydrogen ions.*

Exposure to harsh soaps or deterge the concentration of hydrogen ions. chapping begin. Exposure to cold and out skin—is the other common cause o chapping.

Each condition aggravates the other

Angel Skin contains not only exclu softening lubricants; it also contains needed hydrogen ions in each drop—t replace instantly the skin's normal, hig tration of hydrogen ions.

This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapp old-style lotion can.

*Scientists use the term pH to indicate the degree of concentration. Angel Skin is the only leading hand pH rating allied to the pH rating of human skin. Sci *this is one reason for Angel Skin's faster, deeper penetrat*



Dried-out "detergent hands"—Angel Skin is *specifically* designed to meet the problem of today's strong detergents —it's the *only* leading lotion with this remarkable formula that *neutralizes* the harsh alkali action of detergents



No stickiness—*put on gloves right away!* Unlike old-style lotions, new Angel Skin has no gummy "thickener" that coats your hands. Angel Skin contains an ingredient that *speeds* penetration—its richness goes in to your skin *at once*



Roughened legs and heels—The healing ri Angel Skin by Pond's smooths dry, scratchy sk rough callouses that pull snags and runs in your Use new Angel Skin to keep your skin silky *a*

eals chapping!



rotective cloak" damaged—vital substances lubricants destroyed by cold, exposure, the action of detergents. Your body can't *rebuild* lubricants fast enough—old-style lotions do the alkaline-correcting help needed

Angel Skin's corrective softening—designed to instantly replace vital substances needed in skin's protective cloak. Angel Skin's effective new formula is *"medically-matched"* to skin's own softening lubricants. This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapping

Angel Skin

by POND'S



Modern Space-saver Console in blond oak with 2 pull-out shelves. Requires little floor space, provides maximum storage room. Model #C-128. **$69.95***

Ask **your** Santa for one of these handsome new **Lane** chests

If you're a woman with storage problems or a girl with future plans . . .

you'll want to put a Lane Cedar Chest at the very top of your Christmas list.

As a beautiful piece of storage furniture, a Lane will keep blankets and woolen clothing fresh and fragrant—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can. What a step-saving convenience it is to have ample storage space right where it is needed!

As "the gift that gathers more gifts" a Lane is soon filled with fine trousseau linens and dainty lingerie—all the lovely things a girl collects for the home she'll be so proud of some day.

Drop a hint to *your* Santa—send him to your favorite furniture or department store where he'll find exactly the right Lane Chest for you. And you might mention this: *Just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane!*

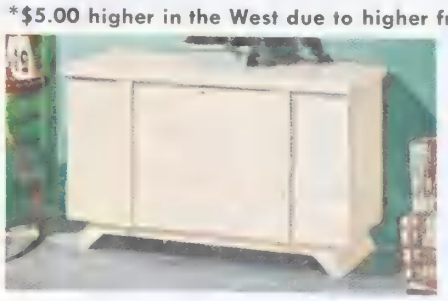
Lane is the *only* pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. E, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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LIVING ROOM

Unusual Modern Chest in blond oak. Deep drawer in base. Model #2852. $79.95*



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Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany with self-lifting tray. Model #2601. $59.95*



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Space-Saver Chest. In blond oak. Opens at top, drawer in base. Model #3100. $59.95*



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Blond Oak Chest with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3081. $49.95*



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Stunning Lowboy. Blond oak, dra base. Model #2920. $79.95*

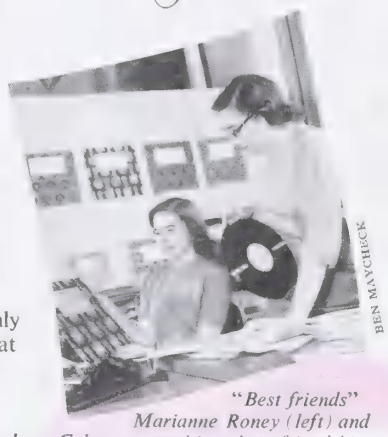
"And Everything Nice"


TANA HOBAN

When a girl meets a snip or a snail or a puppy-dog tail
that's different—she needs
all her sugar and all her spice and . . .

THESE two 1950 Hunter College graduates are the originators and sole personnel of Caedmon Publishers, which makes recordings of contemporary authors reading from their own works. (Laurence Olivier's reading of his tribute to the late King of England was their first record.) To keep costs down the girls do all the work: contact the authors, cut, wrap and mail the records—even design record covers.

"Sometimes we fight," Marianne admits, "but only because we're tired, or because we'd like to scream at some of our business contacts but think it safer to scream at each other. Each of us does what she has time to do. Everybody tells us that this is inefficient; but then, everybody told us that it was suicide to go into this business. They were wrong both times. Basically we get along because we like each other—and because our taste in men (unlike our taste in the arts) is different!" There's a not-everything-so-nice side to friendship too: the misunderstandings that arise when self-righteousness, possessiveness—or a boy—steps in. If you're overly critical of a noisy friend, for instance, without trying to help her ("Do you think we're attracting attention?") are you living in such a tiny way *you* can't make *any* mistakes? Or if a friend "isn't as friendly as she used to be," are you having new experiences too? And if a boy "comes between you" are you making *lots* of friends, a first step in becoming datable too?


BEN MAYCHECK

"Best friends"
Marianne Roney (left) and Barbara Cohen are making their friendship and a college idea pay off: they're creating a "third dimension in literature."


METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

hough at sixteen she "felt a teacher
ust someone who knew more than I did,"
star Debbie Reynolds is now a No. 1 friend
former studio teacher, Mrs. Lois Kelley.

OF life-loving Debbie, Mrs. Kelley says, "She was the kind of youngster who would yell for *both* teams to win." And Debbie's enthusiastic learning from Mrs. Kelley went far beyond the books—how to set a table, appreciate a painting, face a problem. Now retired, Mrs. Kelley's always on hand for advice or criticism when Debbie wants it.

If you're another Debbie—a girl who finds studying as easy as eating a sundae and as much fun—you may dread becoming a teacher's pet or a brain; if you're just a good average student, you may dread a subject or a teacher who seems to "pick" on you.

If a girl with a Debbie-type dilemma is loyal and friendly to her classmates, recognizing *their* abilities and success, she needn't ever hide her head; if a girl thinks she has a grievance with her teacher she must use hers. A head-to-head discussion at some prearranged time is for her. (Not before, during or immediately after a class.) *Any* teacher, busier than any traffic cop, always turns out to be very human off her beat.

LAST October the Treasurer of the United States, Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest—scheduled to speak at the National Safety Congress in Chicago—lost her voice, but found an able stand-in, her ghteen-year-old daughter, Pat. Pat's impromptu lecture on een-age driving ("A few wild ones give us all a bad name") mpressed her listeners that in January, when her mother scheduled for Appropriations Committee hearings and a ch before Florida businesswomen, the women asked for got Pat as a substitute.

her and daughter enjoy each other. "She likes people, so —it's wonderfully satisfying," says Mrs. Priest. They swim er and compare clothes notes. Mrs. Priest, at one time a dent-store buyer, admits Pat keeps her dressing young, g hair styles.

ow-how of intricate Charleston steps and pantomiming esult of mother's coaching. Pat's pantomimes—and ewing—placed her on the Washington, D.C., TV show, s Session, and helped her to decide to major in radio and n at junior college.

mother and her teen-age daughter, however, don't are a mutual interest in clothes because at times they h other completely unreasonable.

gh it's perfectly *normal* to have mixed feelings about your other—or anyone else you love—it's perfectly crazy to encourage them. About clothes, for instance. What's to prevent the I-want-to-buy-my-own-clothes girl from doing some cashless shopping—choosing the coat and the suit she'd like, then bringing her mother around later for official approval? Perhaps, if her judgment's good, she can push for independent purchases of *minor* items. It's been done.


MARTHA ROGERS

U. S. Treasurer Priest (right)
and stand-in daughter, Pat.

EVERYBODY—teachers, boys, girl friends, boys, parents, boys—likes a girl who *is* sugar and spice and everything nice. You can be that girl, for a girl has

Sugar

if she can say "Thank you, I had a wonderful time" to the hostess at a party but manage to include her date in a second-later sideways look . . .

if she can invite a pretty new girl to join the gang for lunch . . .

if she can excuse herself from an animated group to talk to someone (not necessarily a boy) standing alone at a party . . .

if she can admire a boy's sense of rhythm if his sense of step isn't too steady at a dance . . .

if she can squelch a nasty rumor by asking for the source—then forget all about it . . .

if she can rise to the defense of a "strict" teacher . . .

if she remembers the birthdays, nicknames, and triumphs of her friends *and* her enemies . . .

and Spice

if she can momentarily refuse a fourth date with a boy if she doesn't want him (or anyone else) to think they're going steady . . .

if she can smile when caught mispronouncing a word . . .

if she doesn't mind being called stuck up because she walks, correctly, with her head high . . .

if she owns a little-boy shirt with ruffles . . .

if she never apologizes for the fact that she doesn't smoke or drink . . .

if she'll push a peanut across the floor with her nose—or do anything ridiculous demanded by the rules of a game or the spirit of a party . . .

The SUB-DEB • Edited by

Ruth Ormler

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CALL WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25 FOR YOUR AVON REPRESENTATIVE

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS,
Pennsylvania State University, Department of

Making marriage work

A joke's a joke—sometimes. But there's a cause, and a cure, for malicious "teasing."

Teasing That Hurts

"AFTER twelve years, I'm no longer hurt by my husband's teasing. I pay little attention to anything he says, or to stunts like pretending to be drunk or to have lost his job. I still don't understand what's practical or joking about a rubber snake in the bed or knots tied in my clothes. But it's even harder to understand his teasing our son and daughter to hurt and humiliate them. At eleven, Sally worries about being too big for her age. His gibes and nicknames like 'family heavyweight champ' reduce her to tears. Bill's lost interest in sports since his father started ridiculing and imitating his clumsiness. Nothing they do or say is safe from his 'humor.' How can I protect them, and keep them from hating their father?"

In every household, feelings are sometimes hurt by kidding that goes too far. But if the painful joke is not repeated, it is soon forgotten, and no lasting harm is done.

But the kind of teasing this wife describes is almost certainly meant to hurt. Her husband's jovial manner cannot conceal his purpose. His repeated thrusts at sore spots are intended to cause discomfort and pain.

Early in marriage, a man's jokes and his wife's sensitivity may produce episodes painful to both. In their eagerness to please each other, he learns to spare her feelings, and she not to take offense when none is intended.

But after twelve years of marriage, attitudes and behavior are less readily modified. This husband's habitual teasing is firmly established, and its causes deeply rooted.

In my opinion, the malicious tease, man or woman, adult or child, always knows when his teasing hurts. What he doesn't know is why he enjoys it.

His methods give the clue. All are designed to build him up by belittling others. Sarcasm, ridicule, "playful" imitations of a lisp or odd gesture are meant to equalize a situation in which he feels inferior.

Teasing that starts out innocently can get out of hand at home, as in the classroom or office. If not promptly restrained, human relationships are likely to be permanently damaged. Specific corrective measures must be worked out to suit the circumstances. But the same principles apply no matter what the setting or who the offender.

Remove the reward. The object of malicious teasing is to hurt. When it doesn't achieve its purpose, it seldom persists. This is why you tell your children to ignore the teasing of playmates. By your own example, you can help them make light of their father's teasing. When he makes a joke at your expense, try to join the laughter, then change the subject. If you and they can take it lightly, his teasing will be less painful, and less frequent.

Remove the cause. He wants to be sure of his own worth, of your love and respect, and of his place in the family circle. You can't be expected to express admiration when you or the children are smarting from his pranks. But in peaceful interludes, be quick with praise, generous with affection and sparing with criticism. If you can build him up, he will feel less need to tear you down.

Provide distractions. Teasing often starts to relieve boredom, for lack of "something to do." Keep the conversation going, suggest games, plan projects. Idleness is dangerous when spirits are high. If necessary, break up the group.

Cultivate your own sense of humor. You can take responsibilities seriously without being solemn. Some well-meaning wives take the joy out of family life by being too fearful of good-natured kidding. If you are hypersensitive, you may teach your children to be touchy and easily hurt. The person who can't take a joke suffers unnecessarily—and often judges too harshly.

Shared laughter deepens the sense of comradeship and belonging which is the essence of family life. Both male humor and childish pranks may often seem inappropriate and unnecessary to you. But by joining the fun, you can encourage the family to laugh together. Then you will find it easier to know how to discourage teasing before it goes too far.

Do You Build His Confidence?

It's easy for a man to stay in a rut his wife makes for him. In many little ways she can support his ego, or undermine it. If she constantly belittles him, he gradually accepts her estimate of his worth. The questions below will help you to determine whether you build him up—or down.

Do You —

1. **Cheerfully adjust your wants to his earnings?**
2. **Suggest that he isn't the man he was?**
3. **Find much to praise, little to criticize?**
4. **Urge him to be like somebody else?**
5. **Kiss him just because you want to?**
6. **Point out his luck in marrying you?**
7. **Always have time to talk to him?**
8. **Imply he would be helpless without you?**
9. **Praise him before the children?**
10. **Compare his easy life with your hard one?**
11. **Compare him favorably with other men?**
12. **Complain about his manners and disgusting ways?**
13. **Praise him for helping around the house?**
14. **Take credit for his success?**

Odd-numbered questions should be answered yes, even-numbered no. With ten or more right answers, your husband can be sure of your faith in him. But with fewer than eight right answers, he has little reason to believe you love him, even though you do. Find ways to show your appreciation and affection. Both his personal happiness and his business progress are at stake.

Watching His Health

THE average wife would deny indignantly that she neglects her husband's health. She probably doesn't, when he is actually sick. She nurses him devotedly and does all she can to make him comfortable. She caters to his needs as well as his wants. No steak and French fries for him if the doctor ordered a soft diet; but she makes the soup and custard as tempting as she can.

But it is equally important to see that he follows a wholesome routine when he is well. Men are apt to be careless or ignorant of basic health rules that women take for granted. Don't forget that on the average women live six years longer than men. The suggestions below are simple, but vital. Neither you nor he can afford to ignore them.

Watch his weight. Overweight is a menace; if he has a tendency to put on pounds, help him control it by revising your menus and removing temptation. Substitute a bowl of apples for the dish of candy or nuts. But unexplained loss of weight is a danger signal; don't delay finding and correcting the cause.

Supervise his diet. You can't order his meals away from home, but perhaps he will accept your advice. In any event, plan the meals you serve to provide the elements needed for health. But talk about them as appetizing food, not medicine or tonic.

Provide time for rest. Some husbands are chronically tired because their wives schedule too many activities for evenings and weekends. Remember that he can't let work slide the day after a late party, and that his schedule doesn't provide for an afternoon nap.

Encourage him to relax. Don't begrudge him an occasional evening or weekend afternoon to do as he likes. But far more important, try to understand, appreciate and lighten his burdens. Under the terrific pressure of financial responsibilities and business competition, many men endure a greater strain than their wives know. Relieve his money worries as much as you can by thrift, good management and by moderation in your requirements.

Above all, maintain a home atmosphere of calm, serenity and contentment. If he can manage to forget his worries at night, he can cope with them more easily in the morning. He will be healthier, and you will both be happier.

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That's why Lauren Bacall, like 9 out of 10
Hollywood stars, uses Lux every day.
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I've used Lux since my modeling days in New York

Lauren Bacall's complexion is worth money to her—for professional reasons. But *your* complexion is worth as much to you—for personal reasons. That's why it deserves the same good care Lauren Bacall gives her skin . . . daily Lux care.

Just about ever since Hollywood was, Lux has been the screen stars' soap. 9 out of 10 of them use it every day—both at the studio and at home.

I don't believe I've ever seen any other in a dressing room out here

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Lux care is very kind to your skin. It's so gentle that even the supersensitive areas around your nose, mouth and eyes, stay soft and moist. (Try Lux and see.) Then there's the Lux lather—rich, thick, gently penetrating . . . it cleanses your skin thoroughly, then rinses away completely.

—this is what I like best

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees everything said here about Lux (or you can have your money back). Remember, all the movie star complexions aren't in Hollywood. Start using Lux regularly and you'll be on your way to having one yourself!

... aren't you going to say anything about that wonderful perfume?



9 out of 10 Hollywood stars believe in it and today more women all over the world use Lux than any other complexion care.

Lauren Bacall starring in "WOMAN'S WORLD"
20th Century-Fox Production in CinemaScope
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Girl Scouts train for active citizenship

. . . Las Vegas, New Mexico

Never Too Young

By MARGARET HICKEY

A BIT of philosophy always held by the Girl Scouts is that no one is too young to be an active citizen. One of the newest ways the organization is fulfilling this pledge is through a project of practical citizenship called "My Government Badge."

All over the country groups of intermediate Scouts (girls aged ten to thirteen) are studying firsthand the duties and obligations of United States citizens. The activities in Las Vegas, New Mexico, described in the Public Affairs Department this month are typical of those in many other communities, where girls promise, on their honor, "to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times."

Last year, Troop 81 in Garden City, New York, the first to work on the "My Government Badge," invited a member of the League of Women Voters and a civics professor to explain voting procedures, registration and elections. Then the girls read about the functions of their local government at their public library. With this background of information they visited the mayor and other public officials and actually saw how each helped run the city. Many girls said they understood for the first time the importance of the citizen in selecting the *right* official for the job. When election day came all the girls enthusiastically distributed fliers and talked with their neighbors, urging them to vote—in some cases accompanying them to the polls. Several girls served as baby sitters while mothers with small children voted.

An important phase of the citizenship-badge work is good attitude. *Do I study difference of opinion about public issues? . . . Do I stand up for the right of other people to have* their *opinions? . . . Do I go out of my way to welcome new citizens to my community? . . . Do I respect other people's property and public property?* are some of the questions the girls seriously ask themselves.

Many troops have been active in voters'-aid work for several years. In October, 1952, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Girl Scouts, in co-operation with the League of Women Voters and the American Heritage Foundation, distributed 20,000 pamphlets in their neighborhoods. The leaflets, entitled, "X-ercise your X," told voters in a few concise words how to mark their ballots.

"My Government" is just one of several citizenship projects open to the 2,060,000 Scouts. A total of 113,847 girls last year earned the "My Troop," "Active Citizen," "My Community," "My Country" and "My Government" badges—learning how to get along with other people and studying the historical background and social structure of their community and of the country. All these projects were carried out under the guidance of leaders (many of them mothers) whose unselfish volunteer work puts them, too, in the class of "active citizens." END

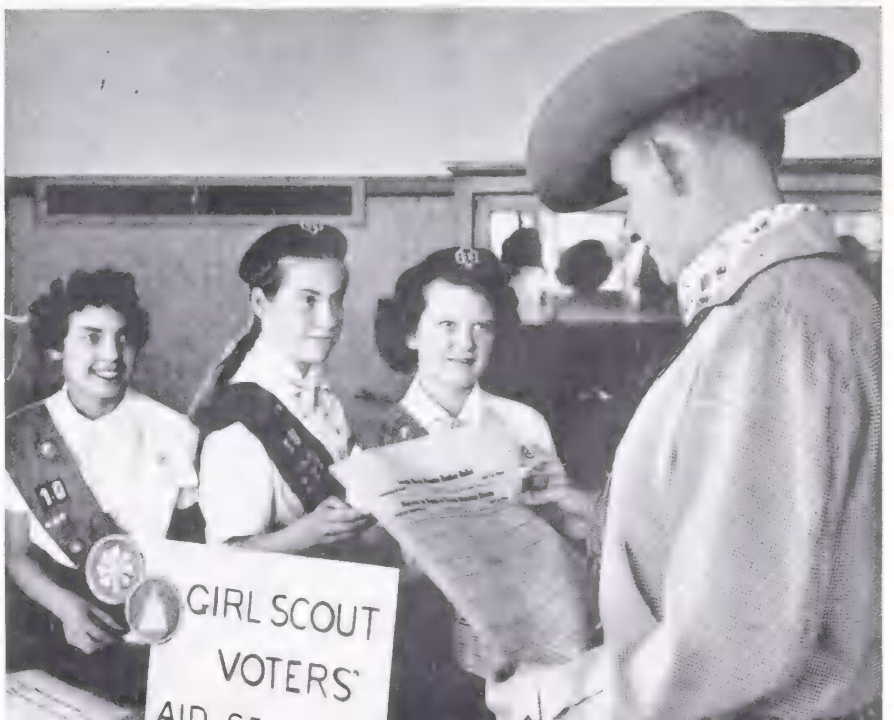
To most people in Las Vegas, New Mexico, that pounding spring rain is a welcome sight. Since 1948, drought has seared the country, and even the city park has grown dry and brown. But to twenty-seven little green-uniformed girls gathered in an office overlooking downtown Grand Avenue, the rain presents a threat to a project dear to their hearts this early Saturday morning. Inside, the one-story office building is brightly lighted, colorful with its display of tall posters reading LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS—GIRL SCOUT VOTERS' AID SERVICE, and sample election ballots printed in two languages—Spanish as well as English, since New Mexico's heritage is Spanish and Las Vegas is really two cities, Old Town and the City. Every few minutes one of the little girls runs to the big window and peers out anxiously at the usually busy street where the pavement is now wet and gleaming under the downpour and only a few people hurry along, heads bent against the driving rain.

Then suddenly, as often happens in the Southwest country, the storm is over. The girls rush to gather up pamphlets and baskets filled with stringed tags reading "I will vote, how about you?" More people appear on the street now, and the girls go out to make sure each has a pamphlet and a tag prominently displayed on lapel or coat collar. Another group of girls piles into a station wagon parked at the curb. Directed by Mrs. John Horns, voter-information chairman of the League of Women Voters, they check on a city map the area where they will distribute their information door to door. "Don't forget to tell the ladies about not having to dress up to go vote," a young voice calls. "It's all right to go with an apron on."

As that group drives away, a rancher in boots and broad-brimmed Stetson walks into the nearby Public Service office to pay a bill. A Girl Scout dashes over to explain that the office is closed. One hand goes into the basket she carries and comes up with a tag. "But let me give you this reminder to vote in the primary on Tuesday," she says breathlessly. The rancher looks down at her, grins and takes the tag.

You might stop serious young Crystal Simpson and ask why it is so important for people to vote in this primary election. Crystal is one of twelve girls of from ten to thirteen years of age in Girl Scout Troop 10, and Troop 10 has been very busy qualifying CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

GEORGE KEW



Rancher Albert Atkins, who wants to vote for the best candidate, carefully studies, while Girl Scouts explain, the sample election ballot in Las Vegas, New Mexico. The girls—too young to vote now—are training for citizenship responsibilities later on.

LOOK WHY MORE FINE COOKS

USE ALUMINUM UTENSI



MARION McCARROLL, nationally syndicated women's page editor

This noted home economist tells millions of housewives how to get the most healthful, as well as the most appetizing meals. She finds aluminum utensils make possible cooking methods that keep more nutrition in foods.

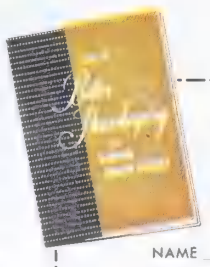
Here she prepares a sizzling platter of baked, stuffed sea bass, with de luxe tomatoes and varied raw relishes.

BASIL RATHBONE, distinguished star of stage and screen

A gourmet who delights Hollywood friends with his cooking : Rathbone offers lobster thermidor on grill broiler accompanied green salad (with his special dressing) and grated cheese.

He recommends aluminum utensils when preparing meals to b discriminating palates.

GET THE FACTS! GET THE RECIPES! Booklet tells you how to get more healthful, better tasting foods with less effort and less fuel costs. It also gives "how-to-do-it" tips on everything from preparing special dishes to easy ways of keeping your aluminum cookware looking like new. It will be valuable in helping you select new cookware for yourself or for a gift, or in getting the most service from your present utensils. Recipes for the dishes illustrated are yours for the asking, too. Send this coupon to ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, Dept. 1969L, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.



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TTINELLA, housewife

ousewife is often an expert cook, too. Mrs. Pettinella has aditional American Thanksgiving dinner. Her roast turkey, es and cranberry sauce are supplemented with a colorful and lad. Like millions of homemakers, Mrs. Pettinella prefers kware because of its durability and budget-saving price.

CHEF JOHN MANUAT, of the Hotel Pierre, New York

Chef Manuat prepares his renowned dishes for world travelers and smart New Yorkers. He uses aluminum utensils because they protect the flavor of his subtle "taste creations," like the rum ba ba shown here. The cake is filled with ice-cream balls and topped with Bing cherries. Over all goes the rum sauce, and it is served with coffee from an aluminum pot.

ME for those important ls, your favorite house- ment is showing an ex- of aluminum utensils— cookware buys. You'll ng and new strength that num cookware a favorite for a lifetime. You'll ase of handling that num so much preferred eavier types of pots and matter what brand you pick, you'll know that the most nutritious meals can be enjoyed by you and your family . . . because it's aluminum.

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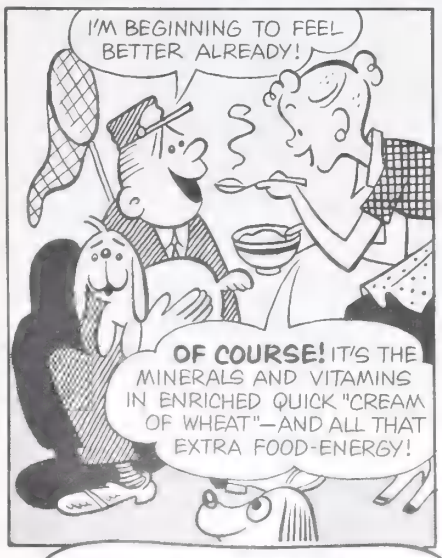
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

for the brand-new My Government badges they wear carefully stitched to their green shoulder sashes. Today Troop 10 is being assisted by a younger troop, No. 7, as part of the smaller girls' community-service work. Along with those proudly worn badges, Troop 10 also won a store of valuable knowledge about how their city of more than 14,000 operates, plus a real interest in learning to be good—and informed—citizens.

This interest really began when the girls heard Mrs. Guy Burris, of the League of Women Voters, speak on primary elections at one of their meetings. She explained that primaries are different from other elections: you don't actually elect; it is a party affair with the party selecting its candidates to run for office against candidates chosen by the opposing party. Some people register as nonpartisan voters, and these people cannot vote in the primaries. "She didn't talk like a grownup talking to kids," Crystal says. "She talked as if she knew we'd understand." Crystal persuaded her mother—a nonpartisan—to change her registration so she could have a say in selecting candidates to run in the November election.

Her mother, Mrs. Audrey Simpson, a local newspaper reporter, says, "I am pleased at Crystal's interest in civic affairs and proud of what she is doing to help." Other parents phoned their approval. "I didn't even know what precinct we lived in until my daughter came home and told me," one mother said.

Local problems the girls were most concerned about were garbage disposal and park beautification. The League of Women Voters has been pressing for a city garbage collection for seven years and is now trying to create public interest through the girls. Two years ago the city bought a garbage-collection truck for $7000, but never put it into operation. Citizens still had to hire private haulers, use back-yard incinerators or carry garbage to a dump. Smoke and open dump were both public nuisances. It was easy for the girls to see why something had to be done about the brown, dried-out city park too. Their Scout cabin is in the park.

Troop president Alice Rose Stern brought that matter up at a recent meeting. "Those trees are going to die if they don't get water soon. Couldn't we carry buckets of water to them?" Another Scout suggested, "Maybe my father could bring water in his truck." The girls took the problem of saving the trees home for family discussion.

Troop leader Mrs. Arthur White saw to it that the girls had chances to see their city government at work. At a city-council meeting they watched four council members, the mayor and a special surveyor huddle over a city map plotting out a master sewage plan.

Brown-haired Wanda Watson was especially interested. Wanda lives in a section recently annexed to the city, where the sewer lines have not yet been extended. "I guess I never really thought much about it," she says. "But sewers are pretty important. They affect the health of all the children." She can bolster this generality with personal experience too. "Our septic tank doesn't work very well and every night I have to carry the dishwater outside to dump so the tank won't run over."

At the police department the girls questioned Chief Matt O'Brien, "Why does it cost fifty cents to license our bicycles?"

Lively, fresh-faced Gail had another point. "I have to pay a dollar for my dog's license. What happens to that money?"

Chief O'Brien explained carefully that if a licensed bicycle is stolen the police have a much better chance of finding it than they would have if it were not licensed. The same

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

We build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt. —WALTER SCOTT

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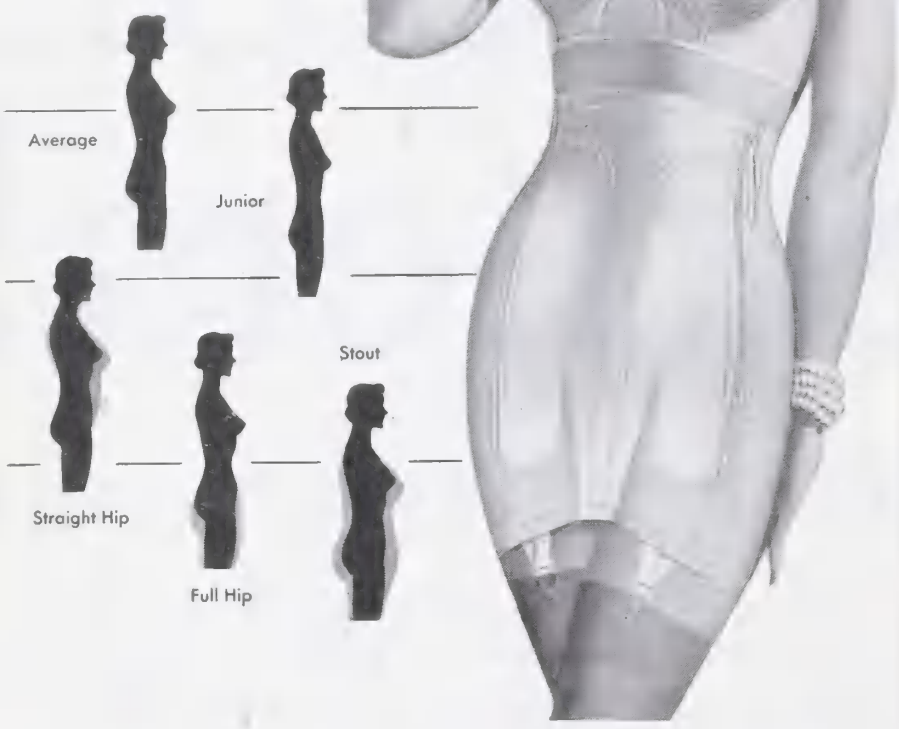
ou can buy Morton Salt enient ways: (1) in the r big round package . . . Morton Miniatures, 1½ tall, that come 6 to the picnics and lunch boxes in new Morton Salters, hes tall, packed 3 to the Look for them all at od store!



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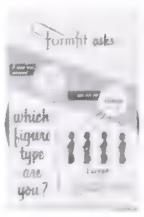
47 out of every 100 women are dissatisfied with the way their bras and girdles fit, according to a recent, impartial study. To assure *you* perfect fit, Formfit makes a wide range of styles and designs for every figure type!

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#1675. Life Girdle shown. Figure-making design in rayon satin and leno elastic. $12.50. Other styles from $7.50. New Life Romance, #566 shown. Features Nylo-Braid for a lovelier uplift. $2.00. Other styles from $1.25. Also available in Canada at slightly higher prices.



FREE! "Your Figure Type—What To Do About It." This new Formfit booklet shows how you can determine your figure type, and how to make the most of it. No cost or obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Write to The Formfit Company, Dept. F-54, 4018 Prairie St., Chicago.

Life by Formfit

THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

is true with lost pets. "Finding these things takes time and money, money you girls are helping to contribute."

Gail can understand that a dollar isn't much when you see it as helpful insurance for the return of your dog when he's lost.

They asked about the curfew which says that young people have to be off the streets by 10 P.M. unless accompanied by an adult. Some of the girls thought that wasn't fair. Verna, a bright-eyed eleven-year-old, seemed satisfied with the chief's explanation that it was all right for her and her friends to leave a late movie alone, provided they went *directly* home. "What we're trying to do is to give a real service to you and your families, not just enforce the law." He went on to explain to the girls about calling the police if they were ever bothered by strangers too.

The girls visited the fire department, where they saw the need to extend the station building and driveway so both fire trucks could get out at the same time. A bond issue has already been passed to take care of this. To little Carol, younger than some of the girls, the best part of that was watching the firemen demonstrate how fast you can slide down that shiny brass pole in the firehouse when the alarm goes off.

At the next meeting, Mrs. White was anxious to find out what the girls had learned. Although one little girl giggled that "the best part was the soda-pop party afterward," she surprised Mrs. White by remembering—from their visit to the county clerk's office—election dates and how to register.

Mrs. White is pretty proud of her troop. And the girls regard her more as a sort of

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome. —SAMUEL JOHNSON

troop "mother" than a troop leader. Sometimes shy of possible teasing from their own families, they often bring their personal problems to Mrs. White. They like the way she "forgets to be bossy" and "never talks down to us." They like the fact that she "doesn't fuss," sometimes forgets things, just as they do. Alice Rose tells you, smiling, "Once she locked the door key inside the Scout cabin and had to drive back into town to get another one!" They like the way she looks too. She smiles a lot and there are little laugh lines around her eyes. She is a member of a Saturday night square-dance club, and after troop meeting she generally teaches the girls a lively new dance step because "it's good for them after sitting in school all day."

It is through Mrs. White and other volunteer leaders that scouting—which has no office or paid professional Girl Scout worker—is growing in Las Vegas. All official Scout bulletins are routed through regional offices in Dallas, Texas. Neither the Scouts nor the League of Women Voters is very old in Las Vegas, but both are taking on new vitality by working together. There are 10 established Girl Scout troops with 150 girls. The League's membership has grown to 50 since its beginning in 1947.

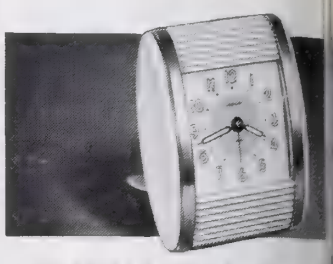
Mrs. White, who helped organize the local League, went into scouting when Troop 10 lost its leader and was about to disband. Her daughter, El Jean, eleven, had just "flown up from the Brownies" and Mrs. White couldn't disappoint her, or the ten members of the "orphan" troop. She got the Girl Scout handbook and all the material from national headquarters that she could find, and began studying. Other mothers helped. It was a letter from Mrs. John G. Lee, president of the national League of Women Voters, in Washington, D.C., that suggested the "My Government" project.

Another volunteer leader is Mrs. A. E. Ball, petite, reddish-blond mother of a Girl Scout

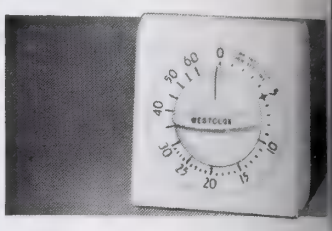
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Wherever you go... whatever you

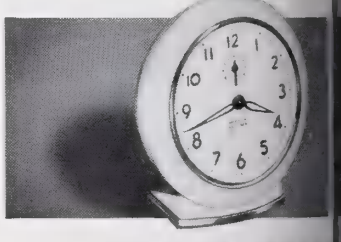
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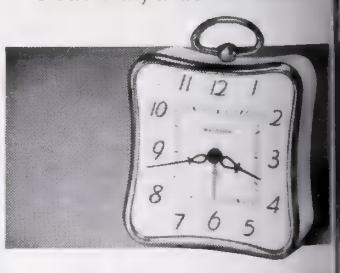
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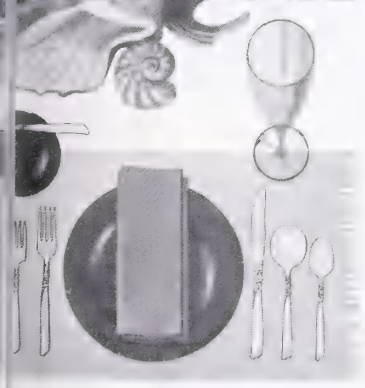


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Distinctive, and perfectly balanced in the hand!

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Deep-sculpted, the lovely motif complements the sweeping handle.

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Use it right from the jar.
It's creamy-thick!
Absolutely different!



SPOON IT *into hot*

Millions agree: "The most exciting discovery in years

Kraft's Cheez Whiz

for scores of cheese treats...fa



SPOON IT onto hot broiled hamburgers. Kraft's Cheez Whiz melts the moment it touches hot food. And the *flavor*—a tantalizing cheese goodness! Serve on split buns with onion rings and a pickle.



HEAT IT in a double boiler or pan over low heat for a glorious cheese sauce. In Parkay Margarine, heat whole, cooked shrimp, chopped pimento and chopped green pepper. Serve on toast points with hot Cheez Whiz.

SPREAD IT right from the jar on shredded whole-wheat crackers. Cheez Whiz, created by the famous Kraft Kitchen, is perfect for all kinds of snacks and sandwiches, either hot or cold. Get a jar—you'll use it a dozen ways.



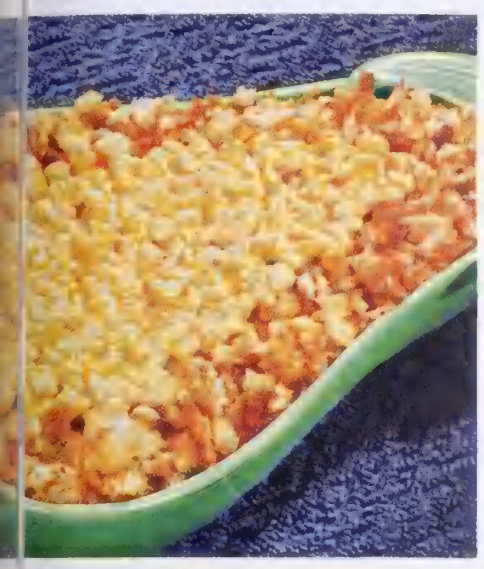
HEAT IT in a small saucepan over low heat or in a double boiler and pour that golden goodness over hot sautéed eggplant slices. Grand on seafood, noodles, rice, too! You've never had a cheese product with *so many* uses!



HEAT IT for this wonderful luncheon or supp
Hot, hard-cooked eggs on toast points topp
plenty of hot, satin-smooth Kraft's Cheez W
garnished with strips of pimento. Try it real s



EAT IT *for cheese sauce* or SPREAD IT *for snacks*



T to hot, cooked whole kernel corn. Sprinkle
ted bread crumbs around the edge of the
Ike 10 minutes in 350° oven, while tantaliz-
z Whiz melts through and through the corn!



SPREAD IT right from the jar on sliced icebox rye bread. Garnish each slice with a tiny onion or whole stuffed olive for a jiffy-quick snack tray. Or serve Cheez Whiz and crackers "help yourself" style for TV snacks.



HEAT IT in a small pan over low heat or in a double boiler to pour over hot, cooked broccoli. Really elegant flavor! Kraft's Cheez Whiz makes all sorts of vegetables into special treats. (Goodbye coaxing 'em to eat vegetables!)



ver well-drained hot, cooked onions. Kraft's
starts to melt the moment it touches hot
it into hot, cooked drained macaroni, too.
ot split baked potatoes. *Easy, good!*

n a hot waffle and serve with crisp bacon for
upper. You'll find dozens—yes *scores*—of
Whiz tricks your whole family will love!
hey dip into that jar every day.



HEAT IT in a small pan over low heat or in a double boiler and pour over hot cooked and diced potatoes. Toss lightly. Top with paprika. Try Kraft Cheez Whiz *spooned* into hot *mashed* potatoes, too. That's really delicious!

HEAT IT in a small saucepan over low heat or in a double boiler. Pour that speedy, golden cheese sauce over toasted tomato and bacon sandwiches. This amazing new Kraft's Cheez Whiz comes in 1-pound and 8-ounce jars.



SPREAD IT for *all kinds* of sandwiches. For this one: Kraft's Cheez Whiz on one slice of rye bread; the second slice is spread with Kraft Prepared Salad Style Mustard topped with boiled or baked ham. Something mighty good!

SPOON IT onto a casserole of hot baked beans and toss 'em lightly until the Cheez Whiz melts. Scrumptious! You'll find *so many* quick Cheez Whiz tricks you'll say: "How did we ever get along without it?"







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

and a Brownie. With her family, she moved to Las Vegas from Michigan last November. By January she had helped to form a brand-new troop of twenty girls. In April she was elected president of the local League of Women Voters. In May she attended the national League convention in Denver. She had to hurry to get back to Las Vegas in time for her Tuesday-afternoon Scout meeting—she had promised to help her girls make ribbon-rosebud corsages for Mother's Day. She loves her new duties.

Mrs. Junius Evans, mother of a Brownie, as well as a younger daughter and son, has been helping five new troops get started. "I wouldn't trade my daughter's scouting experience for anything we could give her," Mrs. Evans says positively.

The expansion of scouting has enlisted teachers too. Through the constant urging of Mr. Blas Lopez, a school principal in Old Town, the community contributed $50 to help three new troops get under way. These are the first in Old Town, the original Spanish settlement which was the hub of the community until the coming of the Santa Fe Railroad in the 1880's.

Mrs. Joe Barela, a fourth-grade teacher in Old Town, with both Scout and Brownie daughters, has been meeting with a new troop of twenty-four ten-year-old girls in her classroom right after school. It meant work and time added to an already busy schedule, but somehow Mrs. Barela felt more than repaid when, at the very first meeting, one little dark-haired girl who had waited a long time to be a Scout recited with shining eyes and no faltering over words, "On my honor, I will try: to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times, to obey the Girl Scout Laws."

A good man does good merely by living. —BULIVER

Both Scout and League members get help from Las Vegas' Highlands University. Scouts studying nature life and music are invited to visit the biology and music departments. The dean of men, Ray Farmer, recruits physical-education majors as assistant troop leaders for summer camp. Meeting space on the campus is always available. Mrs. J. L. Johnson, a faculty wife newly arrived in Las Vegas from Missouri, was recruited to head up a brand-new intermediate troop "almost before she had her suitcases unpacked." Mrs. Johnson had never done any Scout work before, but other Scout leaders got together to coach her. This, plus diligent study of the Scout handbook, has made it possible for her own daughter, Karen, and twenty-three other girls to "fly up" from Brownies into intermediate scouting.

Little Anna Marie Montoya, of Troop 7, didn't have to urge her parents to an interest in civic affairs. Her father, Arthur Montoya, a new city councilman, is already very serious about his job. A civic volunteer (mayor and council posts are unsalaried), Mr. Montoya ran for council for one reason—to push the proposed 1½-cent cigarette tax to finance a youth recreation center. "Every person should get interested in government," he feels. "I myself have so much to learn—still it is fine to know that our young people are being taught early in life."

Blond teen-ager Eleanor Spiess echoes his feeling, and what she says may speak well for the ability of Las Vegas' future voters to decide issues on the basis of real knowledge. "I wish we could all go to Washington and see how the *national* Government works, now," she says eagerly. "Just like we're doing here in Las Vegas." It certainly seems to bear out the conviction of Mrs. Junius Evans, past president of the city's League of Women Voters, that, "Children's early impressions stay with them—perhaps our work with these girls will have more real influences than any other thing we do." END



JUST One Shampoo

... and your hair grows lovelier

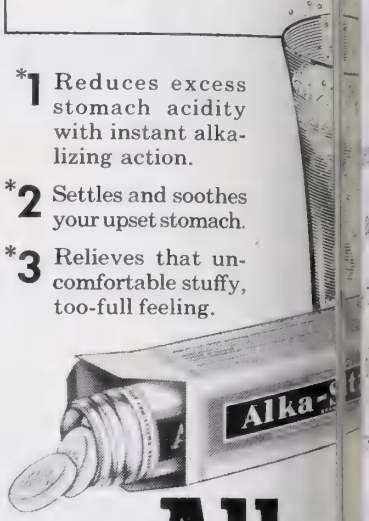
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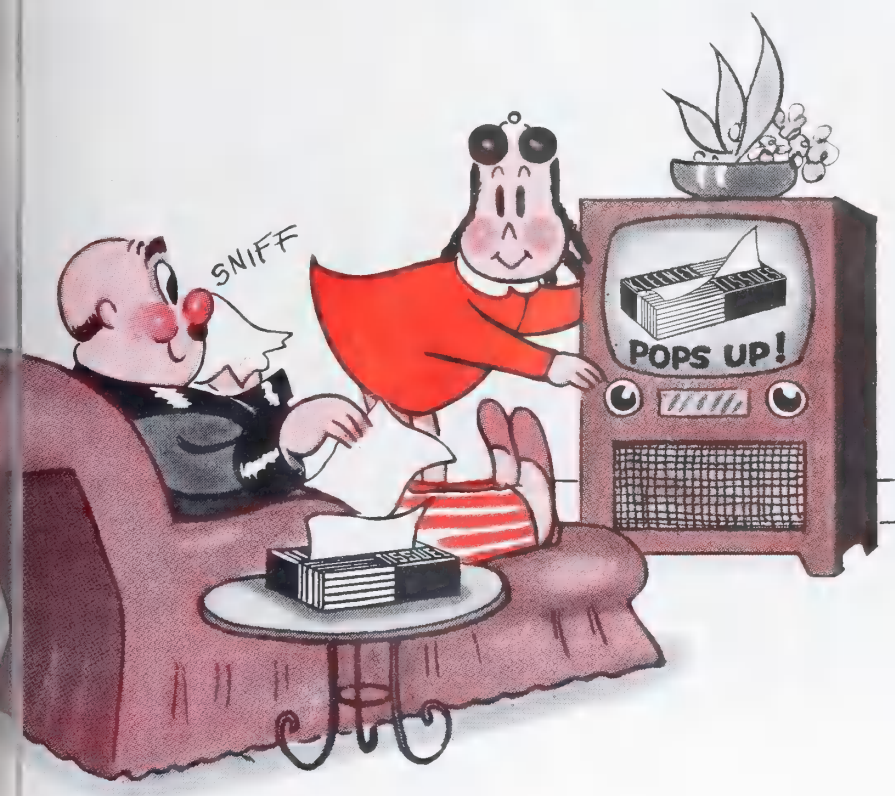
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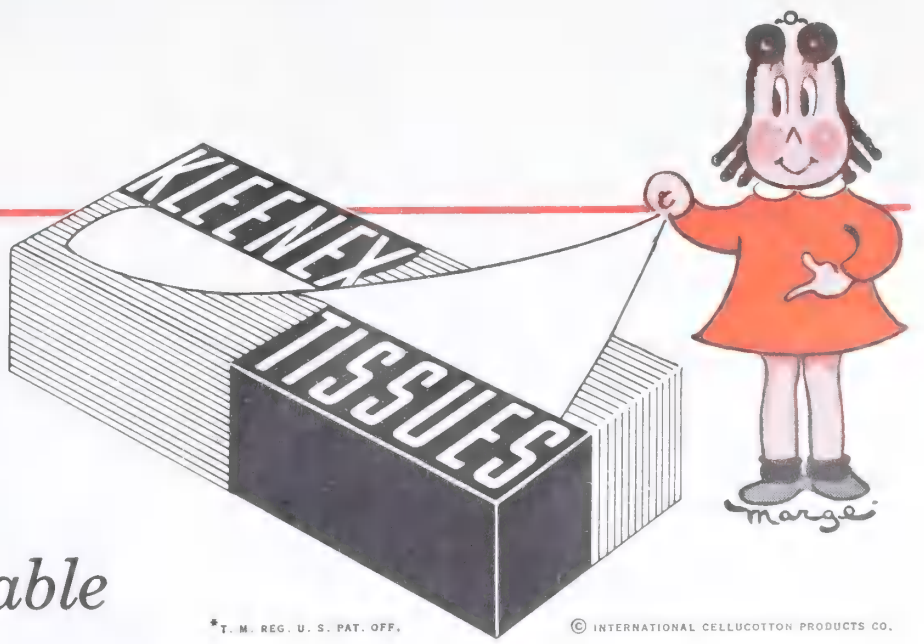
By LITTLE LULU



en you come sneezing home
and grab for tissues—ever find
tissue Grandma offers is
the "try n' get me" kind?



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does 101 stitch variations as simply as it sews a straight seam



The secret - the Automatic has "FASHION Dis

HERE IS truly the most versatile, the most advanced of all machines—an automatic Swing-Needle machine that takes hard work, handwork, and guesswork out of your sewing!

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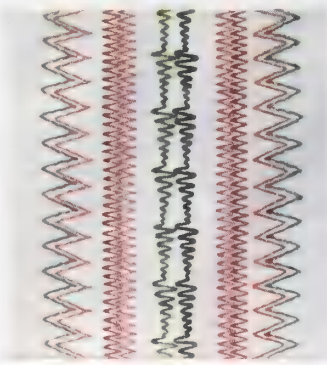
Just slip the Disc you want on your SINGER Automatic. Then *watch* your machine turn out either arrowheads, dominoes, scallops, zigzags, or any of 101 stitch variations—*completely automatical*

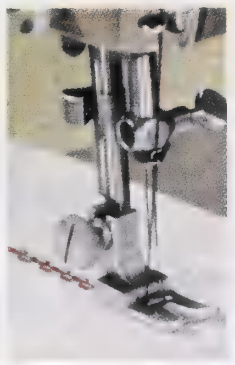
It's a marvel for decorative wo Discs also save you hours on every dressmaking, from overcasting se shaping scalloped collars.

Finest straight stitching, too Disc will *also* do the basic, perfect stitching that is so essential to ho ing . . . the kind of stitching for w SINGER Machines are famous th over. See this new all-purpose Au . . . discover the most nearly hum ing machine ever designed.

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New Twin Needle lets you sew in two colo

In addition to the regular needle, you a exciting new Twin Needle.

It lets you sew with two different co at once—as easily as you sew with a sin You can use it with any "FASHION* D gorgeous two-color effects, shadowed n toned embroidery, smart edgings.

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and Van Raalte makes the nicest—Sweet dreams are practically guaranteed in this daintily embroidered gown. Fashioned of our very own nylon Philmy®—just *opaque* enough, just *light* enough to lend itself to all the little niceties, the *fitting* details that are so unmistakably Van Raalte! No small coincidence, this—for in all the world of wonderthings, only Van Raalte creates all their own tricot fabrics and laces, sees that each finds its way into the just-right design. That's why it's always nicer to buy Van Raalte—for that *certain* quality of loveliness. Why not see for yourself?

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MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor

Editors' Note: There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In a continuation of this series, Tell Me Doctor, Doctor Safford will answer some of these questions which have been sent to him by readers. The questions are all real but the names are fictitious.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

...ld you kindly give me some information about artificial menopause? ...r five years old and recently ...n hysterectomy. I would like ... what to expect now."

...surprised, Doctor," the middle-... remarked quietly. "For a while ... I was due to have one of ...-of-life babies' one hears of ... gave that up when I realized ...strual periods had not stopped ...ntrary, had increased. Are you ... can't possibly be pregnant?"

... Gill. I will go a step further ... would be extremely hazardous ...ry through a pregnancy, even if ...ent."

...nly recourse is surgery? What ...e done, Doctor?"

...e obliged to have your uterus ... perhaps your ovaries as well— ...l generative organs. What you ...e is an *artificial* menopause." ...fess that I have been dreading ... of the change of life. Will it be ... the reason that it will be ar-

... it is possible that it may be ...ferent. I think I shall have to ...me to explain because a knowl-...o expect will help you, in more ...e."

...ertainly appreciate that, Doc-

... then. Nature has dictated that ...ive period of a woman's life ...ound numbers, the thirty years ...ges of fifteen and forty-five. She ...iod when her complex glandu-...s reached the climax of its de-...sulting in the phenomena of ...d menstruation, a regular ... of these two events normally ...ue for thirty years.

..., marked changes begin to take ...e structure of the ovaries, lead-...ight be characterized as *ovarian* ... changes are retrograde and ...cant as those attending the on-... The menstrual cycle is broken ...y abolished. Finally the ovaries, ...clining in activity, become ... lose their function.

...ately attuned glandular system, ... several members, failure of function in two of them is bound to have an effect, at least temporarily, upon the others. During the two or three years ordinarily required for a new balance to be effected, any or all are capable of producing symptoms which may be apparent to a greater or lesser degree."

"That's the change of life, isn't it? Does this come suddenly or gradually, Doctor?"

"There are a number of different patterns, all within normal bounds. Sudden cessation of menstruation is one way, but by no means the predominant one. More common may be a flow gradually decreasing, while the cycle remains unchanged. Or the menstrual periods gradually may come further apart, ceasing entirely for several months only to recur again unexpectedly. There are all sorts of variations."

"I've heard a great deal about the horrible symptoms some women undergo—heart trouble, hot flashes, obesity, frigidity and even insanity."

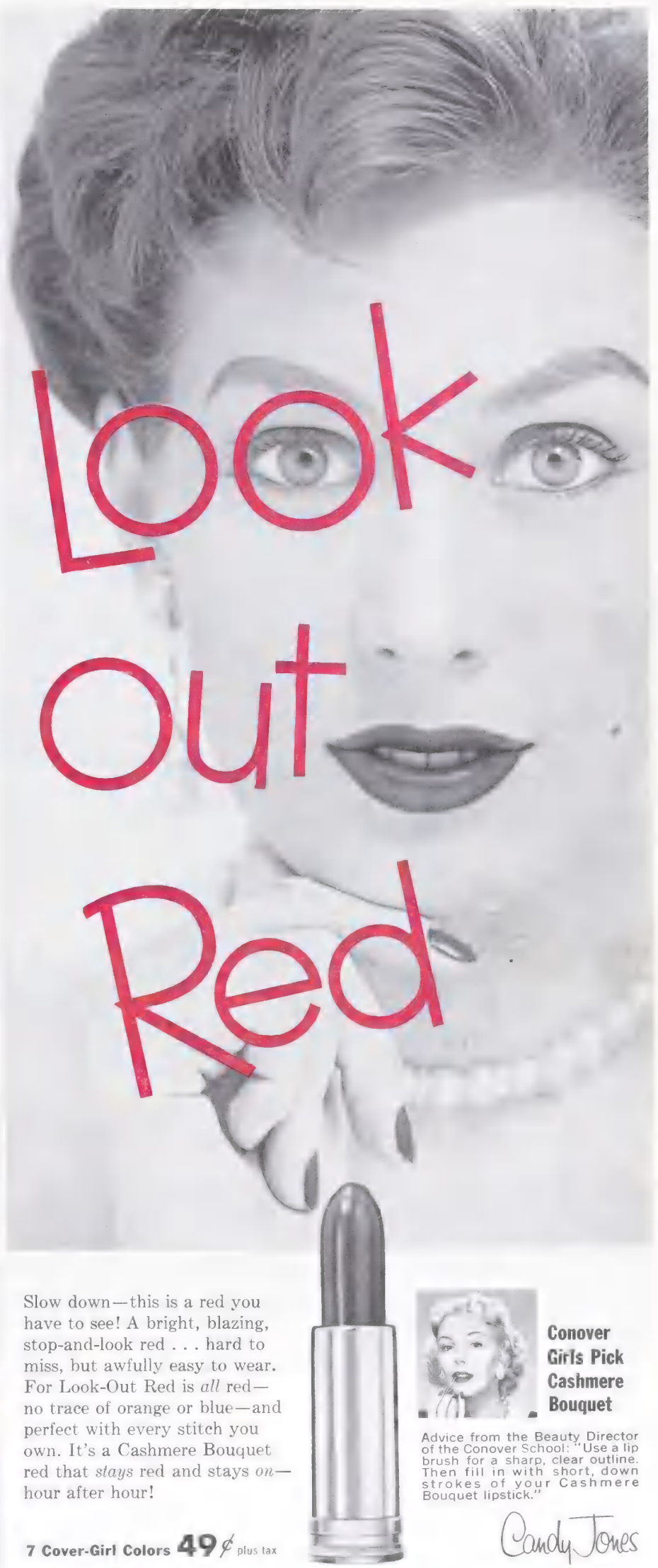
"There is no denying that some of these things may be uncomfortable to endure. I warn you to remember, however, that the mental poise of the individual makes a great difference in how she may be able to withstand them.

"Take the subject of hot flashes. This is one of the commonest symptoms and is due to the fact that the heart and circulatory system are acutely sensitive to the newly acquired hormone deficiency. Some women, however, do not appear to experience this phenomenon at all. When it occurs, it is because the tiny blood-vessel branches become more fragile and may be able to contract and dilate spontaneously. When these changes take place in the skin, they cause the sensation of hot flashes. Occurring in internal organs, they may be responsible for palpitation and headache, abnormal perspiration, rapid heartbeat and shortness of breath. This is not heart failure, you understand, but it is often alarming to the one who has to bear it. These are real symptoms, not imaginary, but are tolerated differently by individual women.

"Then there is a tendency to obesity, particularly noticeable in the abdominal wall, on the buttocks and thighs, at the back of the neck, under the chin and on the arms. It is not necessarily accompanied by a significant increase in weight, and it is difficult to control by diet, exercise, massage or medication. It is due to redisposition of the body fat and does not affect all individuals."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

...new book, The Intimate Problems of ...ing several chapters which have not ... Journal, has been published by Haw-...c., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays *on*—hour after hour!

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Candy Jones

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Completely beautiful...
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service for six



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Your choice of two beautiful decorations—Regency Green or Royal Burgundy borders banded in 22-carat gold. Complete set—with handy cupboard storage rack—**$27.95**

NOW YOU CAN have wonderfully strong PYREX Dinnerware in two lovely, new 34-piece sets with complete service for six.

This new PYREX Dinnerware is so beautiful you'll use it proudly whenever company comes—yet it's sturdy enough for three-meals-a-day family service. It's equally as heat-resistant as famous PYREX Ovenware. There's no surface glaze to crack, chip or craze. And it never grows dull, because that sparkling beauty goes *all the way through*.

Take your choice of two handsome, traditional decorations—either Regency Green or Royal Burgundy borders banded in 22-carat gold. Get the complete set—plus an added bonus of a smart, handy cupboard storage rack.

See these two beautiful new PYREX Dinnerware sets at your favorite store.



There's only one PYREX BRAND ware, a product of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

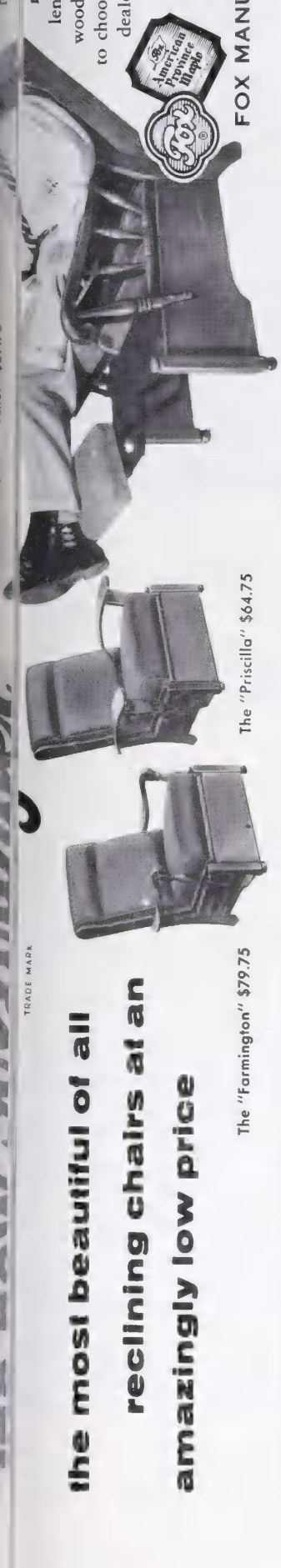
"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark in the U. S. of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



relaxation — beautiful, hand finished cabinet woods to lend charm and grace to any home. Graceful open wood arms for free flow of cooling air. Smart styles to choose from. Write for name of nearest store if your dealer can't supply you.

As low as **$64.75** TERMS AVAILABLE
Slightly higher on the West Coast

FOX MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. LHJ, ROME, GA.



The "Priscilla" $64.75

The "Farmington" $79.75

the most beautiful of all reclining chairs at an amazingly low price

TRADE MARK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

"I don't think I would worry too much about that, Doctor. I think most people get fatter as they get older."

"Yes. Most of them do not exercise as much, and many probably eat more. Now, I think we have spent enough time talking about the normal menopause. Let us consider your own case, which will be an artificial menopause—or, more exactly, a surgical one."

"You said that I would have to lose all my internal generative organs. I can understand why I wouldn't menstruate after that. Would I also have all those other symptoms directly after the operation?"

"I am not certain of that, Mrs. Gill—not at your age, which, I believe you told me, is forty-five. It is possible that Nature already has been preparing your system for the change which is due to take place. It would be different for a woman twenty years younger."

"I suppose if I were that young you wouldn't advocate operating at all."

"I would avoid such a sweeping procedure if it was at all possible, but there are conditions such as endometriosis, for instance, which might demand radical surgery."

"But can't something be done to make these symptoms easier to endure?"

"Indeed, there can. Hormone therapy of the menopause is one of the most valuable contributions of science in the present decade. If you decide to have this operation—and I believe you will find yourself in serious trouble if you do not—we shall start at once with hormone-replacement therapy."

"I believe I would almost be reconciled to the operation if it was not for the danger of frigidity. I have heard so many stories about this happening to women after such an operation, and their husbands' being tempted to find sexual gratification elsewhere."

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

—DEAN SWIFT

"I am glad you spoke about frigidity because it is much misunderstood. In the first place, it has been pointed out by competent authority that, once a woman has arrived at sexual maturity, the urge for sexual intercourse is almost wholly psychological and not dependent upon hormonal secretions. This is proved by the fact that estrogenic treatment for a diminished sex urge is entirely futile. A statistical study of such operations showed that, among women under forty, only seven per cent experienced a diminished sex urge. Five per cent reported an increase, while there was no change at all in eighty-eight per cent.

"Remember, too, that your husband will be getting older, and that it is well known that many men undergo something akin to a change of life. Also, the sexual urge is likely to fade earlier in the male. Never allow yourself to feel that, because you may have noticed a few gray hairs, your femininity and sexual activity have departed—or your physical attraction; this will not be the case. The next twenty years should be among the best of your life."

"I believe I understand, Doctor. There is one more question and I want you to tell me the truth. Do you think there is any chance of my going insane?"

"Not the slightest. I will not say that it is impossible for an individual with an inherited mental instability to become psychically unbalanced through long-continued worry—over anything, for that matter. Also, during the change of life, whether normal or induced, there sometimes occur symptoms of nervous origin, such as dizziness, insomnia, drowsiness, which could be magnified tremendously by a naturally nervous, high-strung woman to the point where she might goad herself into believing she was losing her mind. You are not that type—I am convinced that you will neither brood nor exaggerate."

"What you tell me is very reassuring, Doctor." The patient drew a long breath. "I will be ready when you are," she said. END

Take your favorite cheese, for instance...



ONLY

SARAN WRAP

will keep it so fresh, so long . . . so easily!



IT CLINGS BY ITSELF... just press it in place, it stays

IT'S MOISTURE-PROOF... keeps odors in their place, too

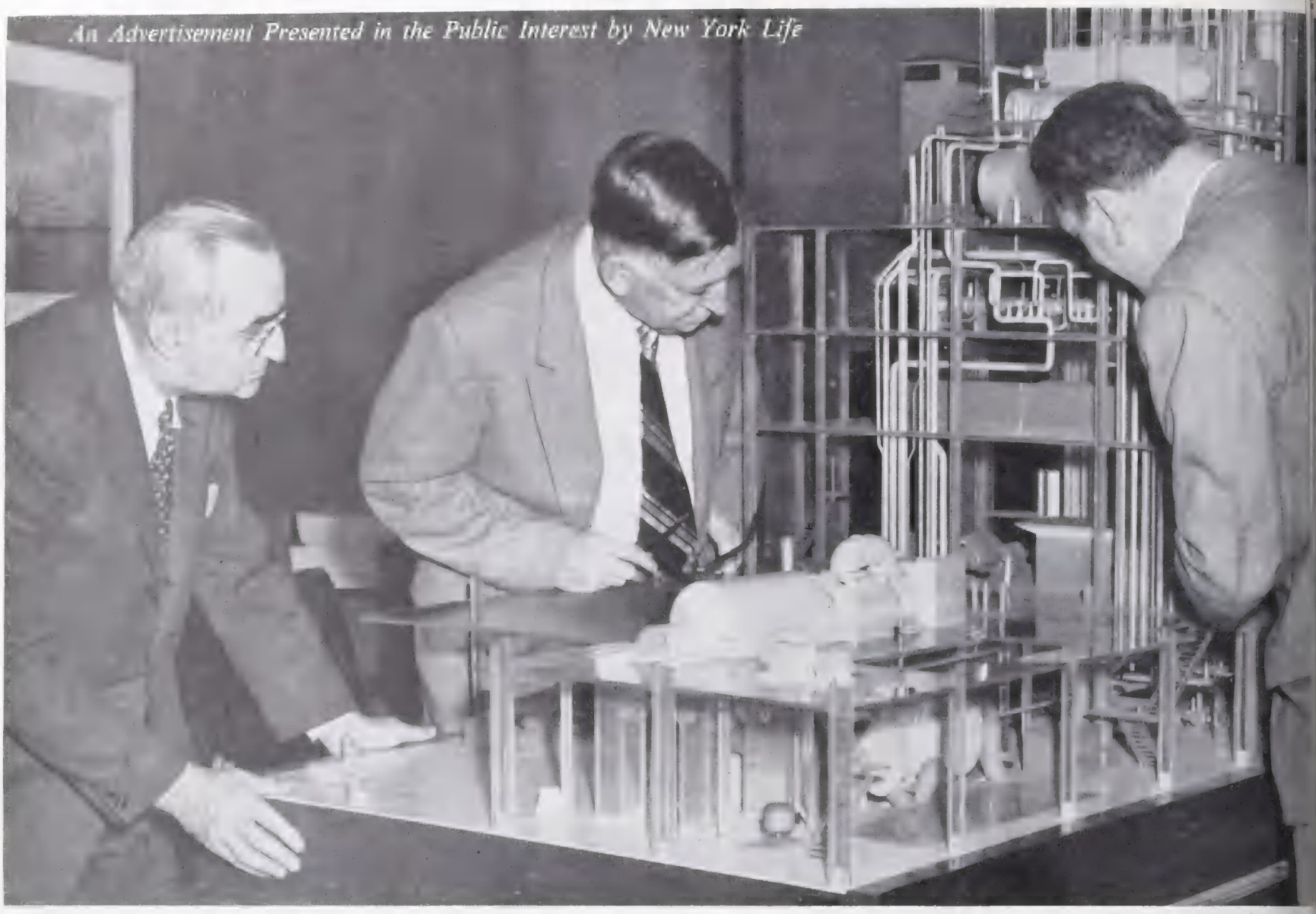
IT'S CRYSTAL-CLEAR... you can see everything you wrap

See MEDIC

Critics call this the most dramatic television show of the year! See it Monday evenings at 9, EST . . . NBC-TV.

A product of The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan.
Also available in Canada.

DOW



Courtesy: Combustion Engineering, I

Sometimes, salesmen work for over a year to close a single sale. But that contract may amount to millions of dollars which makes the time and effort well spent. Above, for example, a highly trained sales engineer points out the features of a multi-million-dol power installation, using a model which in itself cost over $10,000 to construct.

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE A SALESMAN?

by Robert A. Whitney

PRESIDENT, NATIONAL SALES EXECUTIVES, INC.

(As told to OSCAR SCHISGALL)

IN THE year 1754—twenty-two years before this country declared its independence—seven of the British Colonies sent representatives to a meeting in Albany, New York. They were a distinguished group, with Benjamin Franklin among them; and they drew up a plan whereby the American settlers would have a Congress, a President, and other features of an independent government—all under the rule of the British King.

When the representatives took the plan back to their colonies, however, it was unanimously rejected.

So they launched a selling campaign, selling the people of America the idea of a democratic government headed by a Congress and a President. In the long run of history this selling campaign was so successful that a new Nation and a new concept of human liberty grew out of it.

At the risk of sounding over-exalted, such are the terms in which I like to think of salesmanship: a profession that operates at the highest level of human endeavor.

I realize there are those who still consider selling as the simple transaction of handing an article to a buyer in exchange for some coins. If all true modern salesmanship were as unimaginative a vocation as that, our warehouses would soon fill up with unsold merchandise; our factories would have to cease production for lack of outlets; our economy would come to a standstill. For, as has so often been pointed out, no item of production is profitable until it is sold.

Because selling merchandise to the consumer is what keeps industry active, I see salesmen as key-men in our economy. For selling has become far more than inducing somebody to buy a specific article. It has become the art of *creating a nation-wide, even a world-wide, desire.*

Make people *want* something, and they will flood your plant with orders: that is the philosophy that animates modern selling.

We built the world's greatest automotive business not only by the selling of individual cars, but by making millions of people want to own cars.



A great deal of selling is done on an "across-the-desl Here, the salesman's chief selling tool is his knowledg his belief in the merits of the product or service which

the television industry not only by selling
creating a nation-wide desire for TV.

I could go over the roster of all American
indicate what I mean when I say selling has
key factor in our modern economy.

ins why selling now offers one of the highest
atials in our time. The last census of the
of Commerce showed that there are more
ng above $5,000 in the selling profession
ther; three times as many, indeed, as among
second most prosperous group! Today one
scores of salesmen who earn $100,000 a
.

rdly surprising. Never in its history has the
es offered greater opportunities to those
mericans who sell. Why do I say this? For
ons:

untry now has more money to spend than it
before. At the consumer level it is spending
billions a year.

a is growing at the rate of more than 11,000
y—which means the needs and wants of
ional people must be satisfied daily by in-
ng.

f the 37,000,000 married couples of this
oung couples—married less than 13 years—
children. These families demand thousands
in every conceivable field of production. It
salesmanship which created this demand.
en will be able to reap the reward.

y years of intelligent selling techniques—in
ide marketing, advertising and general pro-
merica has been conditioned to want the lat-
ological advances; the most recent miracles
s, of transportation, of better home com-
, a prosperous America demands the latest
t, and today's salesman will profit hand-
that demand.

ans, many of whom now work only 40 hours
ss, have more leisure than ever before. And
s, among other things, *time to look around*
ides, those very leisure hours have created a
rket for hobby goods, musical supplies, do-
quipment, and a thousand other wants for
laxation.

considered, we see that the selling profession
e threshold of its most rewarding years.

, in variety of opportunity, in flexibility of
t is unmatched by any other profession. The
of today can make selling exactly what he
e—a job of selling some specific article or a
ideas and desires to an entire nation. And
ation will rise in ratio to his efforts.

thing I must point out: A selling career is
holly symbolic of American free enterprise.
competitive market is the mark of true
-of man's right and privilege to compete on
with his fellow men. If you require proof to
his thought, simply remember this: *There
nen in Russia!* In the Soviet States, where
dictates even what one may buy, there is no
mpetitive selling.

ago, when a group of members of the
es Executives attended a sales convention in
of the world's leading statesmen came to
sessions. He listened quietly as speaker after
of American ingenuity, enterprise, methods.
e and said that he'd always thought mass
was the secret of America's greatness—but
er countries had mass production, too. He
was because we enjoyed working hard and



To bring to American homes the marvels of comfortable living we know today, salesmen first create a demand, then satisfy it. With the aid of intelligent advertising and promotion, appliances, clothing, home furnishings and a myriad necessities and conveniences are sold to the public on a personal basis in the nation's retail outlets.

because we had huge natural resources—but other countries including his own could boast of those, too. But listening to all the speakers, that day, he had finally discovered what really makes America great—*we make people want things!*

What, in my opinion, are the qualifications for being a successful salesman in our day? I would list several:

1. Imagination. By this I mean the ability to deal with unexpected situations in effective and original ways.

2. Curiosity about people. A salesman must enjoy knowing people, studying them, understanding what they require for greater enjoyment of life.

3. A broad, diversified education—by which I mean an education that creates widespread interest in many facets of living. And salesmanship is a continuously educational process which enables the salesman to always meet new challenges. It is never static.

4. Enterprise—that quality some of us call energy, the determination to get ahead.

5. Integrity. A salesman's greatest asset is his personal honesty.

As to the compensations of a selling career, they are many indeed. Apart from the dollar-and-cents profits, there is always the great satisfaction of *achievement*. For every new sale is a tribute to a salesman's ability. The field is infinite in its variety and its rewards.

I think every salesman has the right, in our time, to regard himself as a member of a great and overwhelmingly important fraternity—the fraternity of men who are trying to sell not only consumer goods of all kinds, but great philosophic concepts of democracy as well. And compensation comes in true relation to the standard of selling which a man chooses for himself. Here is one field in which *nobody* has ever set a limit on potentials!

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Selling is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming *and* Chemistry. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 11-J, New York 10, N.Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

ELEVENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

For easy days...



Perfect Rice Without Cooking!

1. **It's prepared instantly.** Just add Minute Rice to boiling water!
2. **It's trouble-free.** No washing! No boiling! No draining! No sticky pans!
3. **It's foolproof.** White, fluffy delicious rice—perfect every time!
4. **It's just plain good eating**—the easiest way to round out a well-balanced meal!

Product of General Foods

Journal About Town

Gossip about
people you know,
Editors you like,
and what goes on
in New York

ifty Years Ago in the Journal

I AM no longer a political acci-dent," boasted the winner of ıe November, 1904, presidential ection, Theodore Roosevelt. (He ıd already spent three and a alf years in office, finishing out ıe assassinated McKinley's rm.) Jack London wrote The ea Wolf; Dick Powell was born Mountain View, Arkansas; ıd down East in Maine, farm-s were cutting ice to be shipped Florida in schooners the fol-wing June.

Soup is taken from the side of ıe spoon, never from the end, cept by men with mustaches," dvises the November, 1904, OURNAL.

Trites the Lady from Philadel-ıia: "Guests at luncheons, teas ıd receptions wear hats and re-in their gloves while merely par-king of refreshments. They re-ove the gloves when seated at a ble and served a meal."

ealth tip: "Pulverized char-al is too harsh to be used abitually as a dentifrice."

Five on a Farm on $770 a Year: reakfast the year round consists a cereal, meat and potatoes, ffee and milk and either eggs or ckwheat cakes and sirup and it."

A wise plan for a woman with full figure is to have all her derwear made on yokes fit-d well down over the hips and stened in place with large rset hooks," believes the sew-g expert.

Girls of sixteen wear high-laced ack kid shoes with lighter kid ps and ankle-length shirtwaist wns."

The hot curling iron is re-onsible for much injury to ıe hair. Try rolling up the ir and fastening the curls ith hairpins."

I am in a quandary," writes a OURNAL reader. "I have lost my sband and do not know whether wear a bonnet or a hat. I am rty-five but look younger." An-er: "Wear a veiled chiffon toque."



STUART

Amid surroundings reminiscent of the first Thanksgiving Day, dressed to match the setting, Cynthia Wheatland enjoys an early Thanksgiving feast.

THERE are certain writers, photographers and members of the Food Department staff upstairs who have already had one Thanksgiving turkey. And it couldn't have been in a more traditional setting—namely, Old Sturbridge Village, in Massachusetts, a little period town with country stores and workshops from the past and people in colonial costumes. You'll see some of the old dishes and tableware more closely on pages 82 and 83, so carefully chosen for their dates that when *Cynthia Wheatland*, in proper clothes for the occasion, sat down to dinner, she had to watch which spoon she reached for—"lest I be ten years ahead of time," was how she put it. The only modern note was young *David Treadway*'s joke just after Cynthia had tied on his napkin. "Grace!" he sang out, and started right in.

*Speaking of period towns, if anyone asks you what you want for Christmas, you can say The Second Treasury of Early American Homes, which **Richard Pratt** has just done in collaboration with **Dorothy Pratt**. In it are all the fine old houses you have been seeing in the* JOURNAL *since the first Treasury came out five years ago, and some you haven't seen. All in color, of course, and with the emphasis this time on the wonderful early interiors. Sells for $12.50, published by Hawthorn Books, Inc. The first Treasury, selling out within two weeks of publication, went on the best-seller list.*

Judy (A Star is Born) Garland gets her shirttail ironed.



PAT CLARK

Newest, biggest and prettiest book in our reception rooms is the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION, by ***Elizabeth T. Halsey***. There are 233 JOURNAL-size pages (lots of color pictures) filled with practical, usable information and advice about furniture, textiles, floor covering, color, lighting and many, many "how-to-do" ideas. Along with several JOURNAL editors, the Metropolitan Museum, the Brooklyn Museum, Yale University and others assisted. The decoration book, on sale November 1, costs $6.95 in bookstores. Or you can order it from Dept. 1707, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, with a bill to be sent later if you wish. (Pennsylvania residents must add seven cents for sales tax.) If you want a whole year of the JOURNAL *and* the Book of Interior Decoration—a handsome Christmas gift, indeed—the price is $9.77. When you place your order, be sure to list the names and addresses of the persons to whom you would like gifts sent. If you specify, Christmas orders will be sent direct to your friends along with an attractive gift card timed to arrive in the Christmas mails.

*Honorable mention: to **Anna Perrott Rose**, a bronze Christopher medallion for her story Frightened Boy, which appeared in this magazine in May. She also wrote Jimmie John. Remember?*

Peter Briggs **had been telling *Judy Garland* about an actress he was taking to a party, who, after she seemed all fixed to go, had her maid bring the ironing board to press her skirt as she turned slowly around—then didn't sit down at the party. "Must be why this picture came today," said Peter, "of Judy having her shirt ironed for A Star is Born."**

*There's a good reason why this month's cover looks like Paris—**Wilhela Cushman** photographed it there in the gardens of the Tuileries. The fiacre was brought from the Champs Élysées. The girl wearing **Christian Dior's** cobalt-blue coat is **Suzy Parker**, an American living in Paris and loving it, making her living at both modeling and photography.*

Make a note to see a collection of portrait dolls that may be coming your way—33 sculptured and costumed figures of all our First Ladies of the land from Martha Washington to Mamie Eisenhower. ***Ethel McLean***, the sculptress who made and dressed them, took ***Dawn Norman*** and ***Dottie Robinson*** over for a preview. Many of the materials she used, she said, were from the original gowns. Thirty-three wives, thirty-three Presidents. "But I thought Buchanan was a bachelor," said Dottie. "He was," said Dawn. "But don't you remember? Wilson was married twice."



SOL LIBSOHN

Dawn Norman and Dottie Robinson look over "First Ladies" dolls.

Anne Einselen**, guiding genius of our newly named Discovery Department for hitherto unpublished authors, remembers "the shriek of pure delight" that welcomed *Frances Gray Patton's* first story, The Terrible Miss Dove, back in 1946. Anne showed us the readers' reports on it, an unbroken series of yeses up to *Hugh Kahler's* "Yes, indeed! One of those stories I'll *never* forget!" And nobody at the JOURNAL has ever forgotten or will ever forget The Terrible Miss Dove. The newest story about her, Good Morning, Miss Dove, this month's complete-in-one-issue book condensation, is the October selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the first of the Discovery Department's many discoveries to achieve that distinction. It has also been chosen by the Reader's Digest Book Club and bought for filming by 20th Century-Fox.**





Sincerely—Willis Wayde

"You're getting ideas about marrying
the boss' daughter," his father said harshly,
"trying to be something you're not.
Maybe you'll end up like a Harcourt — but you'll never be a Harcourt!"

Here, in the first of five parts,
begins a distinguished new serial

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

WILLIS WAYDE, just before he went to sleep, could shut his eyes and see every detail of the Harcourt place. He had never owned it and had never coveted it, but as his father might have said in engineering language, it did serve as a base of reference. In engineering when you set out to make a map, you started running your line and reading off from some fixed mark, and in life, too, everyone possessed some solid starting point. The Harcourt place and everything around it was like this for Willis and, whether he liked the idea or not, it meant more to him than any place he had ever owned or rented.

Though it was customary for people in Clyde, Massachusetts, to think of the Harcourt Mill and the Harcourt place as a part of Clyde, this was inaccurate. The Harcourt place and the mill were three miles upriver in a community known as Mill Village. The mill buildings were on the riverbank. The house stood on higher ground overlooking the small community, a typical picture of early industrial New England.

Willis first saw the Harcourt place late one afternoon in August, 1922, when he was fifteen. He and his mother had arrived in Boston in the morning. As long as they were in Boston, his mother said, they might as well spend a few hours seeing the sights, because it was a very historic city. There was a train for Clyde at three o'clock in the afternoon, leaving the North Station. They would send their trunks across the city by baggage transfer, and check their two suitcases in the parcel room of the South Station. His mother would buy a map of Boston at the newsstand and she would go to the restaurant and order breakfast while Willis arranged about the transfer company and carried the bags to the parcel checkroom. Willis was big enough to carry the bags, instead of tipping a porter, as long as they weren't traveling with his father, and looking after the suitcases and the trunks would be an experience for him.

"A map of Boston won't cost as much as giving something to a porter," his mother said. "We'll really be getting the map for nothing."

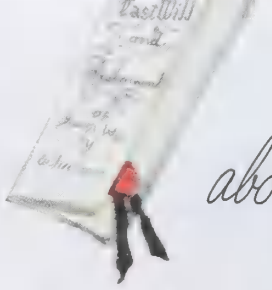
Even at half past nine in the morning it was very hot in the old South Station, and the heat covered his face with a sheet of moisture and his hair, under the old Stetson hat his father had passed on to CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Copyright, 1954, by John P. Marquand

"I can talk to you better than
anyone else," Bess said. "Maybe I love you.
But that would be awfully silly."



to kidnaping. He knew nothing



about small boys.

bachelor, quite unaccustomed

Young man wit

Dr. John was a solemn young



By DOROTHY BLACK

DR. JOHN CLARE was very surprised when his Aunt Jessica died and left him a windmill. He had never known she had one. Neither, it appeared, had her lawyers, who wrote announcing the odd legacy.

"It came," wrote Mr. Puffit (of Diamond, Puffit and Tosswill), "as a great surprise to us."

Aunt Jessica had been a noisy and rather tiresome woman and her nephew had not seen much of her. She lived in Worthing. He lived in rooms on Campden Hill. He was a scientist, recognized, by those who recognize such things, as an exceptional man in his field of experimental physics.

The windmill could not have come his way at a better moment. Only that morning he had had a blazing row with his landlady. Once again there had been a black beetle in his milk jug. Doctor John did not notice much on the domestic side, but he was allergic to beetles. Hairs in the custard, thumbmarks on his pat of butter he let pass, but beetles, no. For his type of work he needed peace of mind. A row left him shattered and shaken, and he had of late had at least one a week. He would have given notice there and then, only he had no place to go, and he knew what happened to men who wandered round London with masses of manuscript and loads of books and no place to put them.

Now, thanks to his aunt, he had somewhere to go. The thought filled him with elation. Also, he felt ashamed that he had paid so little attention to her. Certainly not enough to merit a windmill. He wished now that he had taken the trouble to visit her more often, been more patient with her, taken her an occasional bunch of flowers. It is the old story. We think of it too late, and they are gone!

Their last meeting, he remembered, had been anything but a success. She was waiting for him on the steps of her boardinghouse, an ostrich feather in her hat, waving her arms to him in hilarious greeting as he came down the street, so that everyone looked at her. And she talked all the time in a very loud, rather shrill voice, so that everyone in the stuffy little dining room could hear what she said. What made it worse was she would talk of Vida. He was well rid of Vida, she said. A flighty girl like that would never make a good wife to a quiet man like himself.

"You want to find a sensible girl," she told him. "A girl able to take responsibility. You want a home and a family of your own, or you will get as odd as your uncle. It's in the family. What you want is to go about more."

It wasn't what he wanted at all. What he wanted was for his aunt to shut up. He remembered with shame, now, that he had practically told her so. And in spite of that she had heaped, so to speak, a windmill on his head.

He never wanted to discuss Vida with anyone. That was a chapter CONTINUED ON PAGE 204

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



By ELVA WILLIAMS

DURING both the other divorces I was too young to know what it was all about. But now that I was fifteen, Mamma thought because of the publicity I should be away. "It might be embarrassing at school for Mona," she said. Mona—that's me. Meaning one. (Which goes to show what Mamma's intentions are about having more children no matter how many times she marries.)

It was decided, then, that Aunt Cindy and I, while Mamma was getting the divorce, would go from San Francisco through the Panama Canal to Antwerp. From Antwerp we'd go to Paris. By that time Mamma would have her papers and would fly to Paris and be waiting for us. She was taking the short way. Mamma always does.

Since it's happened twice now since papa, no one was very upset. You have to expect this kind of turmoil in the life of a film star. Aunt Cindy told Mamma she was going to wreck her life with all these marriages and divorces. But Mamma laughed that off and looked at Cindy in a worrying way. Because at twenty-six Cindy was still unmarried. At that age Mamma had had two experiences already. I suppose all this gives Cindy a feeling of being a little late.

Cindy had been all set to go to New York to study for twelve weeks with the world's greatest sculptor. But she had to cancel that to take me on the trip. "I had a hunch I wouldn't make it," Cindy said. "I wanted it too badly." Not that Cindy complained. She never does. Maybe she ought.

There's times, I think, when Cindy finds living up to Mamma pretty tough. Being the sister of a great star must cramp a woman's style, even though she's got a lot to offer herself. Cindy looks exactly like Mamma. But Mamma got there first. She's the original. Mamma's hair is no blonder than Cindy's. But she does something about it. And when Mamma walks you know it's a woman walking. But when Cindy walks, it's just to get there. Their figures are about the same, though Mamma has to practically starve to keep hers that way and is always pulling in her belt to show how much she's lost around the waist. Naturally, this gets people to examining her figure and finding it's pretty good. Being a sculptor you'd think Cindy would know all about how to draw attention to her own figure. But she never seems to remember to do it.

The ship Cindy and I were taking was a Norwegian cargo ship that carried only thirty passengers. Except for the sound of the winches loading cargo, there wasn't any commotion at all when we went aboard. No glamour, no excitement. Nothing like the time two years ago when we saw Mamma off from New York on the Queen.

"But it's a sweet little ship," Mamma said when she saw it. She was trying to cheer us up. Cindy and I both knew she wouldn't be caught dead on such a ship herself. She was wearing her dark glasses so that no one would know who she was. She pretended to be interested in the dining room and the salon and the bar. And when she saw our stateroom she exclaimed at its comfort. "Why, it's twice the size of my room on the Elizabeth," she said. She inspected the clothes closets and approved. Then she sat down and watched through the open door the passengers coming on board. Some of them we'd been told had been aboard since Vancouver and you could tell them at once from the newcomers because CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

akes it so

ew personality," said Mark...

She could feel herself changing...into someone beautiful, glamorous...

Kefauver's Secre



DAN

"The women did it." Mrs. King Jamison, state chairman of the Women's Division for Kefauver, pauses for conference with her candidate at courthouse rally in Cleveland, Tenn.



Weapon:



"You have to talk about issues," says Edna Jamison, "just as regularly as you have to get dinner or wash the dishes or perform any other task."

"I used to make fun of women like me," admits Mrs. King Jamison, "but now I know anybody who talks has influence, and I learned that Government is just good housekeeping."

THIS November election day in Tennessee holds no terrors for Mrs. King Jamison, an alert-eyed, soft-voiced "housewife and mother" of Jackson, Tennessee. And when Edna Jamison isn't worried, Senator Estes Kefauver doesn't worry either!

The battle for Senator Kefauver's re-election was fought in the hot summer months of June and July—and won on a *very* hot summer day, August 5, the date of the Democratic primary (when victory is tantamount to November election, in Tennessee).

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison and their younger son Frankie arrived in Nashville in late evening, after the hundred-and-forty-mile ride from their Jackson home, to look in on the victory scene at Senator Kefauver's headquarters in the old Maxwell House. The hotel's slightly faded last-century grandeur of gilt and mirror had disappeared completely behind crowds of jubilant, incoherent people.

Senator Kefauver, pulling his wife Nancy with him, pushed through the crowd to hurry Mrs. Jamison away with his other campaign leaders to a TV station. It was time for the first "statement."

The senator read his statement, and then Nancy, smiling wonderfully, was brought forward. "The women did it," she said with simple finality—and Mrs. Jamison's mind jerked awake. "I know—because I saw them."

"And now I want the people to see ——" Senator Kefauver was saying, and he took her arm to bring her forward. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mrs. King Jamison—our secret weapon!"

Edna Jamison was nearing the end of an adventure that had begun on a February night, six months before, in her quiet living room. Frankie, just fourteen (they'd celebrated his birthday two weeks earlier), was sprawled on the floor with a friend, playing chess. King was pulling at the inevitable cigar, now half smoked, and studying the newspaper.

Edna had been thinking about King, Jr., and "Kitten," Mr. Jamison's name for the bride of the family. It didn't seem possible that Ens. King Jamison, Jr., attached to the Eighth Naval District headquarters in New Orleans, had a bride of three months, and would be twenty-three this summer! They'd all gone down to see "the children" at New Year's.

Then the phone rang, and "long distance" asked for Mrs. King Jamison. A man's voice, in a pleasant drawl, said, "Edna, this is Estes. I really meant it when I said I wanted you to help me this summer. I want you to be state chairman of the Women's Division."

"But I'm not known!" she exclaimed, too startled to think clearly. Mrs. Jamison had first heard of the plan just two days earlier when Martha (Mrs. Tom Ragland), who directed the Women's Division for Kefauver in 1948, suggested that Edna "think about the state job"—suggested it so casually that Mrs. Jamison thought she was joking.

"I told Martha," she went on now to Senator Kefauver, "I couldn't leave King and Frankie to go to Nashville. I don't have a car and don't know how to drive. So many women are better known ——"

"I've thought of all of that," Senator Kefauver said, "and I still want you. Think about it, but call me as soon as you can."

Edna Jamison hung up the telephone and looked at her husband. "They really mean it. King!" she said. "What shall I say? What do you think?"

They talked it over. Next day Mrs. Jamison taught in Sunday school (the adult women's class she has led for thirteen years), attended church with her family, put Sunday dinner on the table, all in an abstracted way. That afternoon she called up a young lawyer friend whose judgment she trusted.

"What will happen to my 'causes'?" she asked. "You know how I've worked for the schools, and the League's educational program. I do believe in Estes—I have since he was first elected to Congress. But if I take on this campaign, won't I make enemies in Jackson?"

"You may—but not many, and they won't be enemies long," the lawyer told her. "Take it. In the long run it will be good for all your causes."

That night Edna Jamison thought of the map of Tennessee—ninety-five counties, hundreds of towns and cities, over three million people—all a blank to her except for her small home area. "I didn't know how to do it, but suddenly I wanted to find out—so much I forgot to be scared!"

Mrs. Jamison telephoned Senator Kefauver next morning and told him yes. Then she called Martha Ragland in Nashville. Martha was as delighted as the senator, and she and Mrs. Jamison arranged to spend a day together to talk over the new organization.

In 1948 Martha Ragland had resigned as state president of the League of Women Voters to organize the Women's Division for Kefauver, the first women's organization in politics in Tennessee's history. After Mrs. Ragland was elected Democratic National Committeewoman from Tennessee in 1952, she felt she should not take active part in the party primary, but her experience and know-how were to be invaluable to the new state chairman of the Women's Division.

Two days after her telephone talk with Martha, Edna Jamison got up at 2:30 in the morning to catch a Nashville bus—so her day would be as long as possible! Since Mrs. Jamison does not drive, buses were to be her stand-by in the months that followed.

"The campaign people in Nashville were shocked when they heard about my bus trips," she laughs, "but I've found I can make notes for a speech, answer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 208



King welcoming the state chairman back from campaign trip. "I haven't had a decent cup of coffee since you left," he told her. King helped paint and arrange office headquarters in their Jackson, Tennessee, home, and went with her on all long trips.

By ROSEMARY JONES

The whole town was aghast! Miss Dove—more dependable than the sea

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

LIBERTY HILL was a small fresh-water town—not a hill, really, but just a modest rise in the land—where the streets were named for trees and heroes and a sense of life's continuity ran in the air. It was like a hundred American towns, smug and cozy, and it put its special stamp upon its own. People born and raised there—high and low, rich and poor—were neighbors in an almost cousinly way because their imaginations had been nursed on the same sights and sounds and legends and early ordeals. They had played in the same sunny fields and cooled off after the heat of their games in the same shade. They had grown up hearing the same courthouse clock tell the hours and the halves in a tone as timeless as time itself. They had all, for the space of a whole generation, been exposed at a tender and malleable age to the impartial justice and the calm, neutral eyes of the same teacher—the terrible Miss Dove.

This community of experience was absorbed, of course, into the stream of consciousness. It was so settled, so accustomed, that it seemed a manifestation of natural law. Like the dew on the grass or the return of morning light (that recurrent miracle that passes for a commonplace), it excited no wonder. But if the light had failed to return, if the voice of the clock had fallen silent—even in the night when it wasn't heard—then people would have remembered. And so when, without warning, the tenor of Miss Dove's existence was interrupted—when she was seen, at an hour when she should have been in the geography room at Cedar Grove School, being borne down the sidewalks in the direction of the hospital—then Liberty Hill fastened its hand upon its heart!

The Wednesday upon which Miss Dove took sick began in an ordinary way. It was April. The weather was mild. The sun rose at five-twenty-one, two minutes earlier than it had risen on CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

Copyright, 1954, by Frances Gray Patton. This is a condensation of the novel—Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October—recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL



Good morning

more punctual than the sun —
had a very human weakness.

"Spine straight,
Miss Dove,"
Thomas warned her.
"Don't wobble about."
"It is not my custom
to wobble,"
said Miss Dove.

Miss Dove

VANDAM

Charmed by the spa ing "Shall We Dance?" ene with Yul Brynner, her audience saw no t of pain or worry in Ge ide's last performance, th weeks before her de "She never gave les an her best. . . ."



COWLES SYN.

"What's the matter with us?" Gee asked. "We've been together weeks, and we haven't quarreled about anything! Are we getting adjusted, or just middle-aged? Anyway, it's strangely satisfying."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS "Mrs. A"

By RICHARD STODDARD ALDRICH

CONCLUSION

I HAD hoped to have Gertrude with me at the Cape and in New York that autumn and winter of 1949. However, at that point Hollywood and The Glass Menagerie re-entered our lives. Shortly before Gertrude returned from her long engagement in England, feelers had been put out from the film capital to inquire if she would accept the role of the mother in a motion picture of the Tennessee Williams play.

I was opposed to her accepting the offer, and since she specifically sought my opinion, I made no bones about saying so. She had not been seen on Broadway since the record-breaking run of Pygmalion nearly three years before. I suggested that she take time to select a play to appear in that season. And I pointed out that there were a number of older actresses who might be thankful to get The Glass Menagerie role. Why should she, and the studio make-up department, struggle unduly to turn her into something she was not?

"I know, darling," she said to all my arguments. "Always Right Aldrich! But just the same, I feel I'd like to have a go at it."

It was, I realized, her uncontrollable impulse to respond to a dare. A lot of people would think she could not do it; and she would show them. "All right," I told her. "Go ahead if that's what you really want to do. But I insist on two things. First, they must write into the script several flash backs to show her as she was young and beautiful in her heyday, and as *you* really are. Perhaps *you* don't mind if you appear before the movie-goers of the globe made up with a wrinkled neck and sagging cheeks and a middle-aged spread, but *I* do."

"Richard!" Gertrude was out of her chair and across the room, studying herself in a mirror. "What do you mean—middle-aged spread? I don't bulge anywhere."

I grinned at her. "Exactly," I said. "Then why let anyone think you do? Art or no art. That's why I insist on the flash backs. It's a long time since you made a picture; not since Rembrandt with Charles Laughton in 1935. The audiences all over the world who will see The Glass Menagerie will be made up largely of people who never saw you. Let them have their first view of Gertrude Lawrence as she is."

Gertrude admitted the wisdom of this. "What is your other condition, darling?" she asked.

"That you take a small house in Beverly Hills. Have Hazel to look after you. I'll fly out to spend Christmas with you and as much more time as we both can manage. The picture should be finished by the first of the year and I can bring you home with me."

The plan pleased her. Characteristically, she began at once planning for us to drive home from California, as she had long wanted to do, stopping at motels and seeing what she called "the real America." Gertrude arrived in Hollywood early in October, and at once plunged wholeheartedly into preparing for her role.

Merle Reeve, the hair stylist, has said she never saw an actress work so hard and unselfishly to help bring about a characterization. "I don't look old enough," Gertrude would say. "Put more gray on my hair, and give me more wrinkles."

Copyright, 1954, by Richard Stoddard Aldrich.
The complete book is soon to be published by the Greystone Press

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157



Angus, her Highland terrier, watches and waits.

"I swore once that I wou

love you till I die; it seems that

I must keep a vow."

Katherine

CONCLUSION

By ANYA SETON

WHILE the duke was in Scotland Katherine was housed in the pilgrim hostel at Waltham Abbey. It was not for rest that Katherine lingered there two days but because Waltham was part of her penance. She spent hours in the abbey praying for the repose of Hugh's soul and asking his forgiveness.

There were no other pilgrims at the hostel. The revolt and its consequent dangers had quenched most folks' wish for the open road. Instead, the hostel housed several of the homeward-bound peasants.

Katherine sat apart from the others, who paid no attention to her. A penitential pilgrim in widow's weeds was a common sight. She was plunged so deep in her own misery that she noticed no one.

But on the morning that she intended to set forth again toward Walsingham, the voices of the men around the trestle tables aroused her attention. She heard them repeatedly mentioning the king. There had been a proclamation. The king was coming today to Waltham.

What was he coming for? cried a blacksmith. Why, to hand out the rest of the charters of freedom, of course, answered someone against a chorus of uneasy assent.

Katherine had no interest in the rebels now, though she had put to them one question on her arrival here. Had any of them taken part in the burning of the Savoy? They all said "Nay," except one Suffolk lad who proudly said that *he* had, and a rare fine sight it had been too.

"Did you see anything of a little maid with close-cropped hair, a lass of fourteen in a gray chamber robe?" she asked.

The Suffolk lad said "Nay" but also said that there was such a mort of people running about he wouldn't know one from t'other.

Katherine had thanked him with weary patience.

Suddenly now at mention of the king's name, Katherine's detachment was pierced by a forlorn hope. Might it be that Richard had heard something of Blanchette?

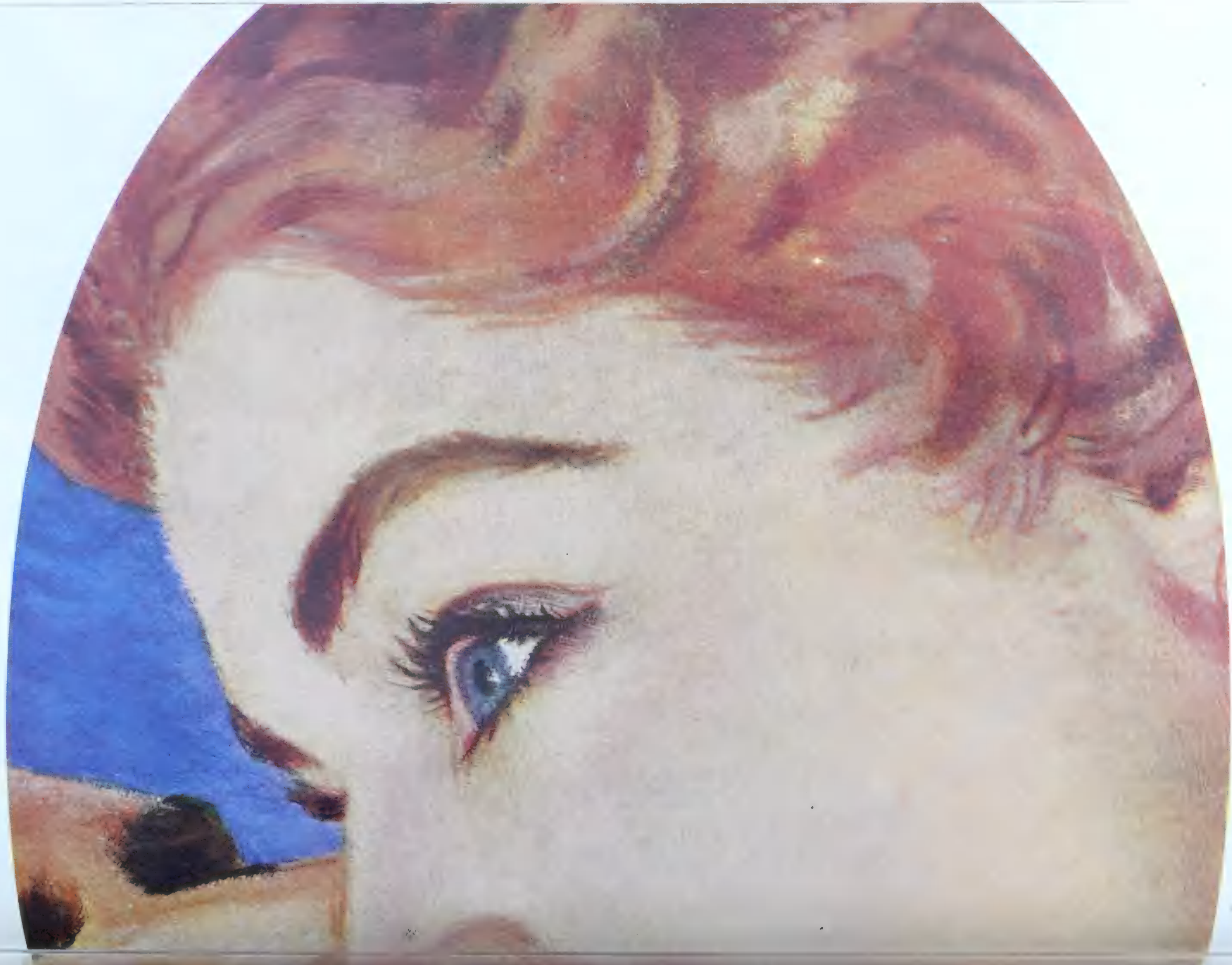
When the band of peasants surged from the hostel toward an open heath in Waltham Forest, Katherine followed, as did a crowd of villagers.

They waited long before they heard the royal trumpets and the pound of galloping hoofs approaching down the forest road. When Richard came at last, he galloped up among an army of four thousand soldiers. As he saw the group of peasants waiting, he shouted exultantly, "Here's another foul nest of traitors! Seize them!" CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

Copyright, 1954, by Anya Seton Chase. The complete novel was recently published by Houghton Mifflin Co.



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER





The beige of the future is pale blond—this tweed suit by Christian Dior with its longer-length jacket will last and last. The hat is edged with nutria to match muff and ascot.

THE PARIS SCENE IN COLOR



Gayest youngest wool in Paris (photographed on the Champs Élysées)—Balma Scotch-plaid dress with pleated skirt, basque edged with Persian lamb, beret and muff mat ing fur. The use of fur trimming is typical of Paris fashions for fall and winter,



The red of the hour is American Beauty red-red—this is Givenchy's coat lined with printed taffeta, over a violet suit.



Chanel makes clothes American women love—this beige wool-jersey suit is worn with year-round camel-beige wool topcoat.



Short-jacket suit in coral-red wool, smoothly molded (not sharply nipped), has universal appeal. Crushed velours hat, matching red. By Hubert de Givenchy.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



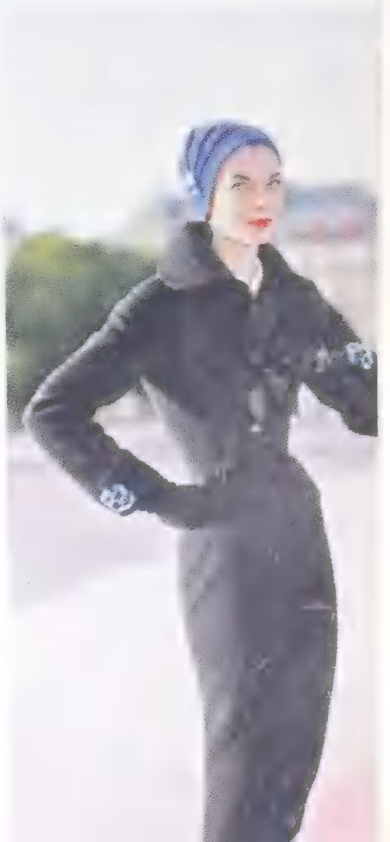
Black-and-white—very nubby tweed suit, a significant fashion in the short-jacket silhouette by Balenciaga. Black velours hat.



This flecked beige-and-russet tweed suit with leather belt by Chanel can be country or city style. Worn with scarlet pull-over.



The fashion of coral-red corduroy in a tunic-length coat with new epaulet shoulders, by Balenciaga.



Paris' favorite fashion is black tweed. This exciting luncheon and dinner suit has deep neckline, big jewels. By Jacques Fath.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

PRIMARIL



Black tweed, fabric of the year, in a suit that answers every need, $69.95, by Alvin Handmacher, is worn with red velvet beret by Rex, a Persian-lamb ascot, and black velvet-and-patent-leather bag.



The coat that goes perfectly with a black wardrobe is two-tone black and red wool, $59.95, by Alvin Handmacher. American Beauty red wool jersey dress by Lotte, $45.00, is an all-day fashion. Black satin beret, $3.95, black velvet bag, $5.00.

BLACK

FUNDAMENTALS OF A WARDROBE,

BASED ON BLACK, SPLASHED WITH COLOR

HERE is fashion, and an unbeatable theory. The tweed suit is so versatile that it can be worn with sat blouse or sports sweater. One or two black dresses (plus imagination) look like ten. The coat s e new two-tone fashion. A wool dress can be any color, the color you love. Black lasts a long in, saves importantly, gives you the beautiful feeling of always having "something to wear." Step it up ith two or three colors at a time—pink, sapphire blue, flame, gold. This year's prettiest color additions: a multistrand necklace, a satin or velvet beret, soft velvet bag. By RUTH MARY PACKARD



The tweed suit skirt becomes a black-and-color costume with velveteen or jersey tops, to change through several seasons.



Black wool crepe jacket dress, by Olga Schwartz, keys accessories to time of day. Worn for afternoon with China-blue beads, pearls, white gloves.



Dancing-and-dinner dress has a full skirt, is rayon-and-acetate version of *peau de soie*, $39.95. Pink-ruby velvet purse, a medallion pin.

3 DRESSES = 9 COSTUMES



SHOES BY
HERBERT LEVINE

SHOES BY
BEN SOMMERS

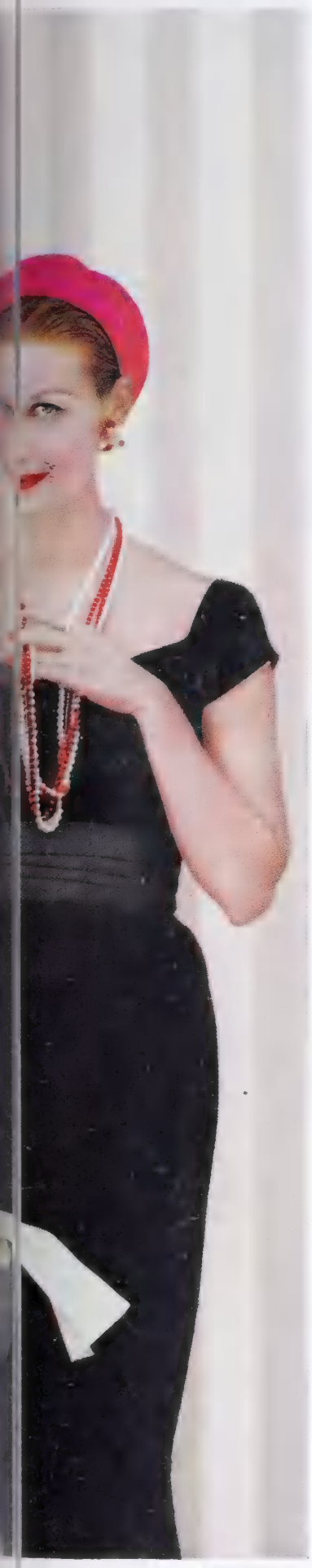
GRAY WORSTED with jersey dyed to match makes a wonderful basic two-piece costume. Vogue Design 8419, 12 to 20. We show it with a crisp white linen sailor collar, No. 8469, adding a long striped silk-foulard tie. For evening, the worsted skirt, a strapless bodice of white re-embroidered lace, turquoise satin sash. Bodice, No. 7948; sash, No. 8405.

BLACK WOOL sheath
pretty neckline, tiny sleeves h
ways of looking. The pattern i
wonderful shirt-jacket shown
shocking-pink satin. Or you m

We love to make one dress do double duty—or, better still, triple duty.

A tweed jumper that can go to dinner, to town or to the country . . . a black sheath with a gay satin shirt-jacket or a plaid wool overblouse. A gray worsted skirt with matching jersey . . . or the skirt with a white lace bodice for dancing.

By NORA O'LEARY, *Pattern Editor of the Journal*



ROGER PRIGENT

...ıe dress with a tartan-plaid ...r blouse with a drawstring. ...re and jacket, Vogue Design ...9, 12 to 20. The overblouse, ...sign No. 8045*, 12 to 18.

© VOGUE



JEWELRY BY
HATTIE CARNEGIE



BLUE TWEED jumper dressed up with gay jewelry and a matching blue taffeta sash makes a pretty dinner dress. Worn with matching tweed waist length jacket (we added a black lapin collar) it looks like a suit. For a sportier look, wear a blue wool jersey hooded blouse underneath. The jumper, Vogue Design No. 8460, 12 to 20; jacket, Design No. 8429; jersey blouse with hood, Design No. 8423.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices on page 162

Design No. 8045 is available by mail order only, from Vogue Pattern Service. Buy other Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

A career couple entertain here at evening. R
grass-cloth walls, curtains of white silk gauz
in gold. Rug is moss-green wool with natur
keyed to walls. Sofa, persimmon cotton a
threaded with gold. Pillows, grape rayon, eme
Other accents might be chartreuse felt, oyste



Room for young sophisticates

News in Color

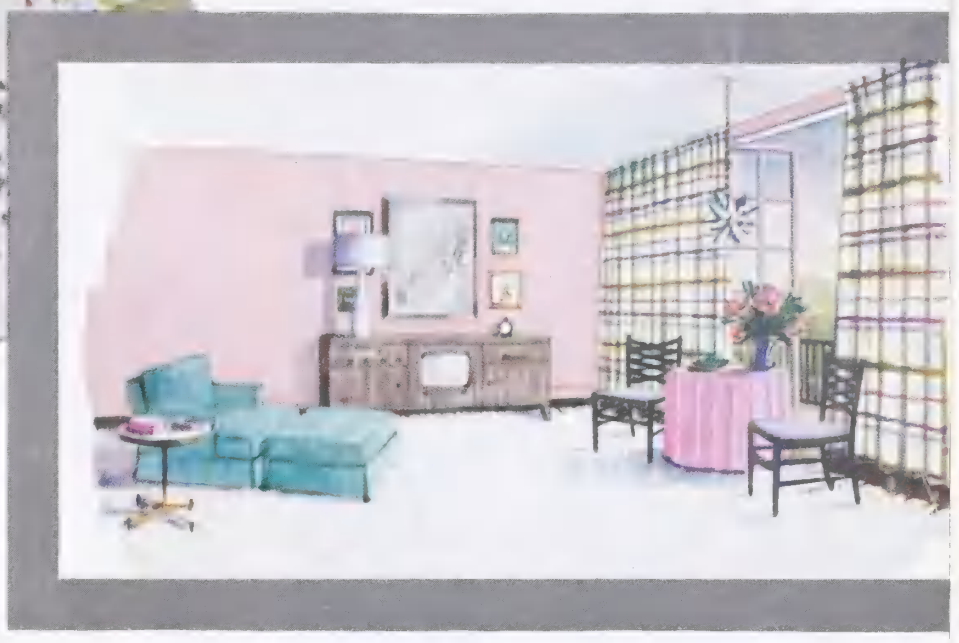
Room where past and present meet



The family in this case wanted a modern room with traditional flavor. Walls are midnight blue. Draperies, organdy embroidered in white on white and crisply tailored. Rug, washable aqua cotton. Sofa's powder-blue fabric is printed in silver and black, a pouf is firecracker-pink silk and an easy chair violet velvet.



Sitting room for new marrieds mixes pink and plaid. Draperies are white silk, brilliant in multicolor design. Rug of fleece-white rayon is cotton-fringed. Hand-woven aqua cotton covers a chair, a café table is swathed in pink cotton tweed. Cyclamen silk and colorfully threaded blue linen are compatible too.



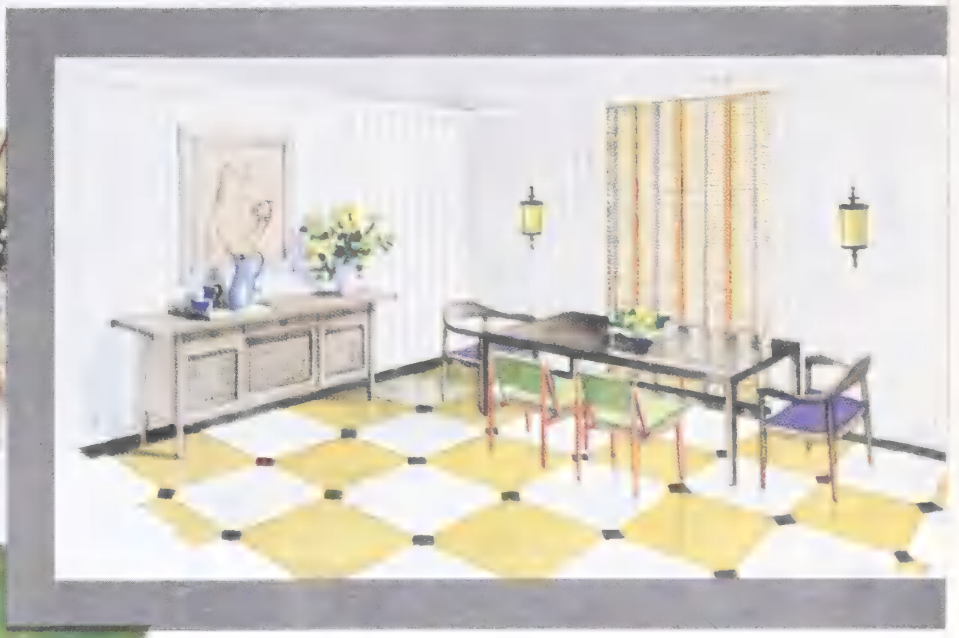
Room for the young in heart

Four room patterns in color create contemporary settings for today's homes.

T. WILLIAMS
the author



Room for good food and good talk



A country home uses white plank walls, floor of black, white and gold rubber tile. Accessories, two carriage lamps. Shade, split reed laced with gold thread and yellow, russet and black yarn. Furniture, polished wood. Chairs lacquered tangerine are upholstered in lime linen; alternates could be purple cotton, buttercup linen or a slim striped silk.



WASHINGTON PORTRAITS

Five busy, well-known women in the nation's capital, photographed in the type of fashion they wear most.

By WILHELA C
Fashion Edi

Mrs. Katherine G. Howard

As Special Adviser to the Federal Civil Defense Administrator, Mrs. Howard has many speaking engagements. This black silk faille with blue satin at the neckline is right for any hour, a fashion she can wear to the office and luncheons or meetings.

Madame J. Herman van Roijen

the wife of The Netherlands' Ambassador to the United States, wears this pale gray pleated silk-crepe dress to many luncheons and afternoon teas. Her hat is deep carnation-red velvet.





JOHN ENGSTEAD

er Ferguson

Senator Ferguson, of Michigan, finds a dinner dress one of her most useful fashions. This one is blue brocade.

Mrs. Herman Phleger

whose husband is Legal Adviser to the Department of State, entertains in her Georgetown home or goes to small dinners in short black ribbed satin dress, worn with a three-strand pearl collar.



Mrs. Marguerite Stitt Church

Representative from Illinois, practically lives in a suit, goes straight from the "floor" to dinner. Her favorite is a dark gray wool, worn with small velvet hat.





ARTHUR GRIFFIN

THIS DAY

GIVE THANKS

By Ann Batchelder

THIS year I wanted to do more than go back in my mind and heart to this feast of our fathers' fathers. The thought spurred me on to cross the covered bridge (and you know well my love for covered bridges) to Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts. A complete village it is, from church to country store and mill, restored to re-create for all who come there the life of the people in Colonial days. There in the tavern, so often the scene of special festivities in early days, we set our Thanksgiving, 1954, table, selecting authentic old pewter and china from the cupboards of the little village houses to bear our feast.

Turkey for dinner, and pumpkin pie. The old song "Dinner's ready in the dining room" is the theme song of the day. Sing it high, hum it low. Spices, of which to the New-England-bred nose no perfume of Araby is an equal, fill the warm air as it floats in from countless kitchens.

So in New England tradition, our Thanksgiving dinner is planned and you will add your own traditional touches. Most of us have them. The receipts themselves are of today, but they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

A BILL OF FARE

Fruit Bowl *Celery and Olives* *Cranberry Juice*
Fresh Oyster Soup
Roast Native Turkey
Giblet Gravy *Corn-Bread Stuffing*
Squash *Mashed Turnips* *Buttered Onions* *Succotash*
Baked Potato *Cranberry Sauce* *Wild-Grape Jelly*
Fresh Garden Salad
Cider
Corn Sticks *Cream-of-Tartar Biscuits*
Pumpkin Pie *Mince Pie*
Marlborough Pie *Maple-Butternut Cake* *Fruitcake*
Vermont Cheddar Cheese
Coffee *Milk*

STUART-FOWLER



There's a Man in the House

by Harlan Miller

I've just congratulated my Dream Girl on her new dress, because it dramatizes the girl instead of itself. . . . Most men I know admire a dress which says, "Golly, what a girl!" instead of, "Golly, what a dress!"

We agreed at the club round table the other noon that, all in all, Vilma Banky was probably the loveliest woman the movies ever misused; though a few diehard isolationists held out for Lillian Gish. (For the prettiest of 1954 our eleven votes went to eleven different actresses.)

I marvel at how skillfully my mother managed our household finances. . . . No matter how low my dad trimmed her household allowance, she always saved a few dollars he might borrow in a crisis; and no vegetable peddler could fool her on a muskmelon!

Why shouldn't people believe in mental telepathy? Why do I always get two or three phone calls just when I've lathered up my face to shave?

Some days the cruel pinch of tight elastic on my socks seems a more immediate problem than our foreign relations with—shall I say?—Pakistan. . . . In fact, as soon as I snip the elastic the Pakistan tension eases too.

Latest outburst of idol-worship at our house goes to our new automatic washer. . . . Our womenfolk are now everlastingly on the prowl for more things to wash, and claim there's a control on the machine which'll mend sheets and sew on buttons.

Ah, this brave new world! At a bridge table the other evening we calculated that we know twenty-three couples now divorced and fourteen people who've undergone shock treatment. (But we don't know anybody who wears a toupee or a glass eye.)

I've finally convinced my family I can't get over my "poor boy" complexes: against refrigerators left open too long; clothes not hung up, or discarded before they're well worn; leftovers not used up; lights left burning, houses overheated all irk me. (It's easier to humor me than argue.)

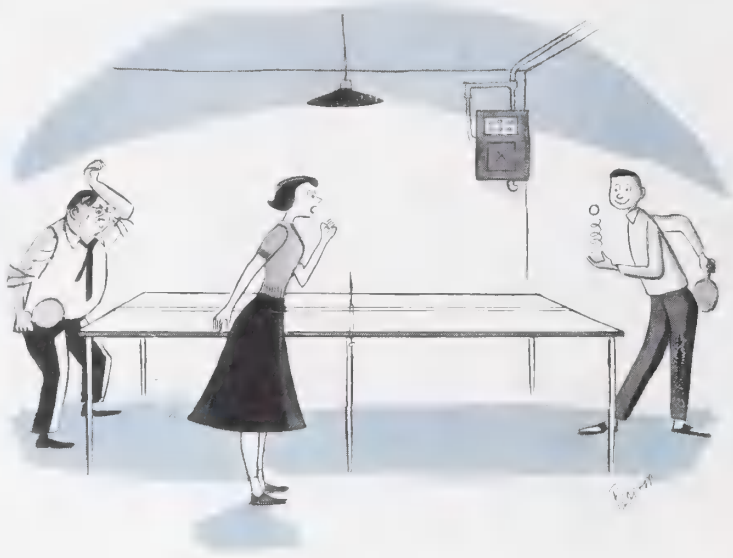
One of our legal eagles is proudly showing around a carbon copy of a letter he wrote our two U. S. senators.

"I told 'em to open a window in the Senate or repair the ventilation system," he says. "We smell something strange."

We debated hotly our town's high schools at lunch. "Who learns anything in high school, anyhow?" somebody asked.

"Well," said one of our wellborn luncheers, "I learned more at Exeter than I did at Harvard!"

My campaign for frankfurter, salad and ice-cream dinner parties is faltering, much as I wish we could entertain all our well-beloved friends at least once a year. "I'd have to get down all my best dishes," my official hostess argues. "Anyhow, good hot dogs cost more'n chicken."



"Remember, Keith, father is the champion. Nobody has beaten father. Nobody!"

I wish the romantic lingo of the collegians might be clarified by a faculty ruling. What are the symbols and ground rules for going steady, pinned, engaged, exclusive dating or catch-as-catch-can? Some stubborn parents remain curious and mystified.

Every autumn at home-coming we attend a buffet luncheon off the tailboard of a station wagon, tossed by one of my Dream Girl's campus beaux of long ago. . . . But if our seats happen to be near one of my college sweethearts, she suspects collusion.

One of our town's fortyish grandmas has gained a lap triumphantly on the infant's parents and on all rival grandparents in town: she's read clear through twice at least three books on baby lore and can quote Spock and Gesell from the hip.

"At last I've heard the inside story of all fourteen divorces involving my girlhood and college chums," confides Betty Comfort, repairing her nine-year-old's football helmet, "and eleven of 'em confess they wish they hadn't."

Our country-club philosopher blessed us with $3,000 worth of free psychiatric advice on the terrace.

"Modern man needs outdoor sport," he said, "and he needs books and music. Each is worth a thousand dollars a year against high tension."

So, a nickel in the jukebox?

I've now shot off $15 worth of shotgun shells, $9 worth of clay pigeons; so I'm as ready for the wild ducks as I'll ever be. . . . All except perhaps ordering a few home-grown tame mallards to pick up on our way home from our duck expedition.

"What a deal I've just put over with my wife!" reports Peter Comfort, winking as he tightens his son's handle bars. "We've agreed I'll help Junior with his manual training if she'll help him with his geometry!"

Vexed as I am by our youngest's lavish camera hobby, it'd be partly worthwhile if I could sneak a snapshot of him in his most characteristic pose, his head inside the refrigerator.

Our great state, long enamored of its concrete cowpaths, is now strong for a four-lane turnpike! And if we build a four-laner, our jealous sister states will take the plunge with six-laners. Just for spite.

. . . When I run across the boxful of my daughter's shorn red hair I used to save for a toupee,

. . . And Junior chooses my favorite phonograph records to take to college with him,

. . . Or our youngest gives me a tolerant junior-high nod of Jovian approval for something I've done.

. . . And my Dream Girl warns me I'm working too hard and kidnaps me in the middle of a sentence for thirty minutes of tennis,

. . . Then I'm glad her bonnie profile lured me away from my earlier dream of manning a lonely lighthouse.

Can this marriage be saved?



DON ORNITZ

SHE: "I haven't seen Gregory for nearly three years. My husband doesn't believe it. He is driving me crazy with his jealousy and suspicions."

HE: "With Gina's confession my world fell to pieces. She deceived me before our marriage. She will deceive me again."

One of the first lessons brides and grooms must learn is that they must create in their marriage new patterns based on the needs of the marriage, instead of trying to perpetuate old patterns they learned in childhood. People too often enter matrimony with great expectations—tailored to fit someone else, not this partner. Results of such miscalculations are evident in almost every one of the 15,000 consultations given each year at the office of the American Institute of Family Relations, 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 27, California, and in the thousands of letters received yearly from every part of the continent. The Institute's counselors are able to give effective help to 80 per cent of their clients, and the accompanying case history shows how one fine young couple were prevented from destroying their own marriage. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Carolyn Sichel. PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *Director.*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

GINA TELLS HER SIDE:

"JOHN and I haven't exchanged a civilized or sensible word since the night I told him about Gregory," said twenty-one-year-old Gina, a bride of six months. She was hollow-eyed, haggard, her pretty face drawn. "I haven't seen Gregory for nearly three years. My husband doesn't believe it. He is driving me crazy with his jealousy and his suspicions.

"For the last four months, John and I have incessantly rehashed every detail of my past. Regularly each day I am put through a fresh cross-examination. The minute I get home from work John is off. He follows me wherever I go: to the kitchen while I unpack the groceries, prepare and cook dinner; after dinner while I am washing and drying the dishes. If I ask him to help with the dishes, he refuses. Then I get angry at his meanness and say so, but he always swings our quarrel back to the subject of Gregory and me and—himself.

"When I fall into bed, exhausted—it's way past midnight by then—John crawls in beside me, still talking. He shakes me to keep me awake. I don't average five hours' sleep a night.

"I love my husband," said Gina, "but our present existence is torture. John has already made himself sick. Six weeks ago he was obliged to drop out of college and quit his job. Our doctor says his illness is mainly psychosomatic, but I think John is also taking too many thyroid pills. I'm healthier than John. So far I've been able to hang onto my job—I graduated from college last year, and since September I've been teaching music in junior high.

"The junior-high principal has complained of my inferior work and because I haven't attended any P.T.A. meetings. John won't allow me to be away from our apartment in the evening. If I'm fired from my job—I have only a temporary contract—I don't know what will happen to us. We spent all John's savings furnishing the apartment. I earn barely enough to meet our rent and buy groceries and pay for my piano lessons. John's father is rich, but he won't send John and me money, and in any case John is too proud to accept money from his father.

"I'm largely to blame for the mess we're in." Gina drew a long, painful breath. "I didn't play fair with John. How I wish I'd had the courage to tell him about my past before our marriage! But I was ashamed and I was afraid to risk losing John. If he knew the truth, I was afraid I couldn't hold his love.

"I did lose Gregory, you see. Losing Gregory after what we had been to each other was awfully hard on my self-respect and confidence, my pride. Giving all of yourself to a man who wants only a part of you is a—a miserable thing. When I met Gregory I was just seventeen—he was an ex-GI and a college senior and I was a sophomore—and he promised we would be married when he received his degree. I was dumb enough to believe him. Gregory lived off the campus; things happened and—well—we had an affair that lasted from Christmas until June. My college roommate used to sign me in for the dormitory bed check and rumple my sheets in the morning and Gregory drove me back to school in time for the breakfast check. I knew I was doing wrong, of course. My conscience knew. The June I was eighteen and Gregory got his degree he married somebody else and moved away.

"There's no use my explaining how I suffered the year I was eighteen," said Gina to the counselor. "For months I thought people could read at a glance what I had done and what had happened to me, as though there was a big scarlet letter pinned on my blouse. But nobody saw, nobody guessed. My parents are stern, religious people. I wasn't worried my father would suspect anything—church work is all that interests him—but when I went home that summer I was terribly worried about my mother. She noticed I was thin and jumpy, but blamed it on college. That summer at home, lying in bed and crying myself to sleep night after night, I learned to hate Gregory and I hated and hated myself.

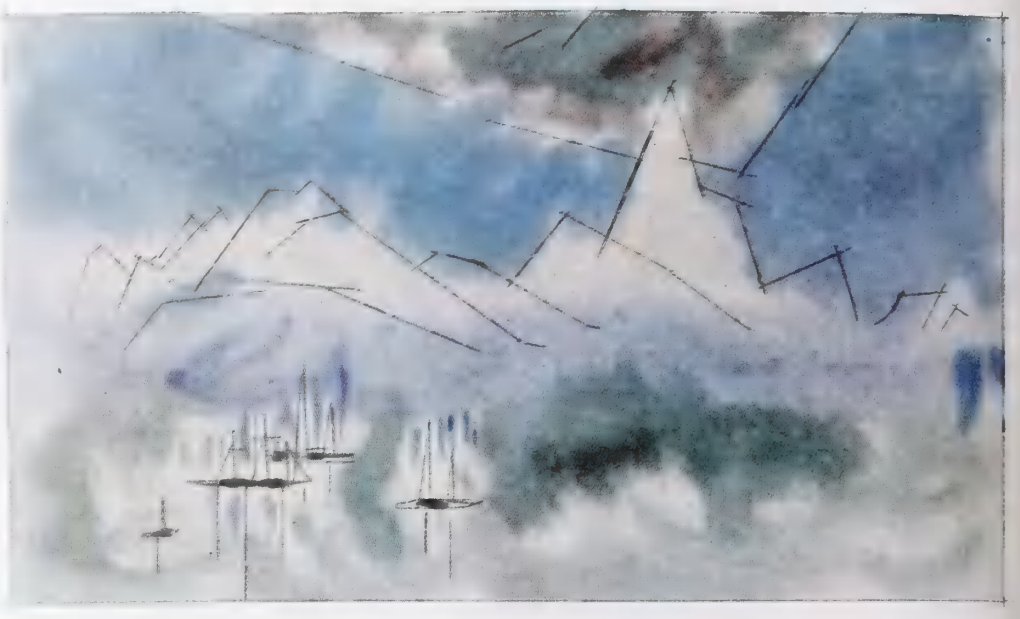
"In the fall when I went back to school," Gina continued, "I refused to date. I thought boys could sense right off I wasn't innocent and I was determined not to turn into a promiscuous woman. I doubled my music courses—my teachers say I have a real future as a pianist if I keep on studying—and I made up my mind, since I probably wouldn't ever marry, I would have a career. When I did begin dating a year later, I was stiff and reserved and cautious about petting. I wasn't very popular, but I didn't mind. Every date was helping me to forget Gregory and get back my self-respect.

"By the time I met John," said John's young wife, "Gregory no longer seemed real to me. It was as though some other girl—not me—had slipped out of his apartment in the early morning and hunched down on the seat of his car to keep from being seen. I didn't even hate Gregory any more. I felt indifferent, neutral. Oh, I wish John would believe that!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

"I was afraid that if John knew the truth he wouldn't forgive me. I did lose Gregory, you see."

LINE A DAY



"WHITE WIND," by Lyonel Feininger

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Canapés belong to the beginning of a meal—in most cases, before it. I usually put first things last, but this time I'll fool you, as this is a humdinger of a beginner.

2 Peel and mash 2 avocados. Blend smooth with ⅓ cup French dressing. Add 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon Tabasco, 1 teaspoon curry powder and ½ cup chopped Brazil nuts. Lay small thin slices of tomato on buttered toast rounds, cut the same size. Top with the avocado mixture and sprinkle with more chopped Brazil nuts.

3 The French like flattery—don't we all? To imitate is flattery, the best there is. Leading up to a receipt for doing something with apricots. Take a can of apricot halves and poach them in their own sirup, which you have flavored with almond.

4 Drain them and press two halves on the sides of a ball of vanilla ice cream. Set each portion on a large macaroon in a *coupe* glass. Cover with sweetened whipped cream perfumed with vanilla and almond and sprinkle with finely chopped nuts.

5 The relish tray should not be passed up when you are planning something different for the tried-and-true Thanksgiving dinner. Scoop out the centers of crisp radishes, stuff with a mixture of blue and cream cheese.

6 Another frivolity for this all-important meal, depending again on whether or not you like your traditions straight, has to do with the all-important cranberry. Open 1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple and drain without removing the slices from the can. Read on.

7 Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cranberry-juice cocktail. Heat and add another ½ cup cocktail and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until thickened. Pour into the can of pineapple slices. Chill until firm. Remove from can and cut through between slices; cut slices in half. A nice garnish, too, for a cold-turkey platter come evening.

8 Deviled ham is an old sandwich stand-by—here it is again, with a new twist. Combine the contents of 1 can deviled ham (2¼ ounces) with ½ cup cottage cheese, add a little minced celery and a little pickle relish. Good on white bread, extra good on rye bread.

9 Do you ever hanker for lemon ice cream when it's out of season at the drugstore? Well, I do and often I'm not in the mood to make a batch in the refrigerator. On such occasions I stir grated lemon rind and juice into softened plain vanilla ice cream until it's just right in taste. Freeze until firm again. Wonderful as a sauce on hot puddings, too, in its soft state.

10 The main dish for Sunday-night supper is composed of 1 can shrimp and 1 cup canned—or cooked frozen—peas. Heat red-hot in a can of Newburg sauce. Serve on toast. Easily extended for any number.

11 Would you serve ham and hear your guests exclaim, "Why didn't I think of that?" Well, place a thick slice of tenderized ham in a shallow baking dish with a cover. Mix ½ cup orange marmalade with 3 tablespoons water, and pour it over the ham. Cover and bake at 350° F. for 20 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to 300° F. and bake, uncovered, another 20 minutes, basting occasionally with the sirup. Serve garnished with peeled orange slices—and yams go with this dish.

12 French chefs disdain to make potato cakes, as we do, with mashed potatoes. Instead, they grate raw potatoes, and to about 2 cups add 1 tablespoon minced onion, a little thyme, salt and pepper, and 1 beaten egg. Shaped into cakes and fried in deep fat, or baked on a greased griddle, these are a delicious meat garnish.

13 *Satisfied Curiosity Department:* Butter curls are made with a curling knife, by drawing the knife toward you on a block or stick or pat of cold butter. Dip the knife in hot water before making each curl. A lovely little curl is the result. Serve on a bed of ice.

14 On a famous French liner, a new way with potatoes caused more exclamations than a new starlet in Hollywood. Long large potatoes are pared. Then they are "peeled" round and round to make an unbroken curl. These curls are plunged into ice water. Then drained and dried. Read on.

15 Deep fat is heated moderately, the curls dropped in and cooked until tender but not browned. Then they are removed, drained, and again dropped into deep fat heated to the smoking-hot point, when the potatoes will puff and crisp. Drain, salt lightly and serve very hot.

16 Another potato dish worth any cook's attention is made with cold boiled potatoes. Dice them fine and to 3 cups add 1 cup canned sliced mushrooms and 3 small onions, sliced. Sauté all in butter or margarine, turning over and over until potatoes are brown and onions tender. Season with salt and pepper and serve hot.

17 A tuna dish comes to mind. Drain 1 can whole-kernel corn, add ¼ cup chopped green pepper. Arrange in layers in 1-quart shallow casserole with a 7-ounce can tuna, broken up, and 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs.

18 Make a sauce with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon each prepared horse-radish, lemon juice and salt, 1 tablespoon grated onion and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Pour sauce over tuna, top with ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese and 1 tablespoon bread crumbs. Bake at 350° F. for ½ hour.

19 Another luncheon dish is composed to thrill the appetite as the sonata the musical ear. Sliced cold chicken or turkey, with ham, creamed, subtly seasoned, served in a macaroni ring and garnished with hot ripe olives and broiled mushrooms. Add a fruit salad, date muffins and coffee. Who could ask for more?

20 Little cupcakes made from my white-cake receipt, which I hope you have, are frosted in pastel colors. Concealed within each tender cakelet, like a tear in the heart of a rose, are bits of crystallized ginger, sultana raisins, a pecan or walnut half, the "insignia" of each decorating the top of each cake. Pretty as a picture, you'll find.

21 For the sweet-tooth set—and count me in. Raisin peanut panocha—and made as follows: Wash, drain an pat dry on a towel ¾ cup sultana raisins. Mix in a sauc pan 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups light brown sugar, ¾ cu evaporated milk, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 tablespoons light corn sirup. Bring to a boil, stirrin constantly. Continue cooking, stirring often, unt thermometer registers 236° F. or to the soft-ball stag

22 Remove from heat and cool at room temperatur without stirring, until candy thermometer registe 120° F. or bottom of pan is comfortably warm to th hand. Add raisins and ½ cup crunchy-style peanu butter. Beat until candy holds its shape. Drop from ti of teaspoon onto waxed paper.

23 A treat for an epicure is cream-of-squash soup wit oysters. Cooked frozen or canned squash may be use Add 2 cups rich milk, 2 slices onion, salt and pepper t taste and a lump of butter the size of an egg. He together in double boiler. Stir well. More to come.

24 Add 1 cup scalded cream. Beat smooth. Now add dozen small fresh oysters with some of their liquor an heat until the oyster edges curl. Serve very hot.

25 The reasons for the going-together of certain flavo are as mysterious as the secrets of the Pyramids. Lemo with black-bean soup, for instance. Almond with peach or apricots. Cucumbers and tarragon with fish. An many others. Do you know the answers? Nor do I.

26 From the maple-sugar belt: Spread a baked ha with maple sugar instead of brown sugar. Baked ha repays oft-repeated basting; and included in the bast maple sugar will be found near perfection.

27 And when I spoke of the maple-sugar belt, I clea forgot to speak of one of the daintiest, most delicate an delicious of tea-table sandwiches. On whole-wheat brea cut into little rounds, spread cream cheese mixed wi finely chopped pecans and cover with soft maple suga

28 It's on my mind now, if you can get some fillets lemon sole. Grill them, season, make some herb butt for the sauce to pour over them, sprinkle with paprik and garnish with lemon quarters, and water cress.

29 SPECIAL TO YOU ALL: Once more I am "makin book." I make, you buy. That's the idea. Do you get i The plot is this, and it's more truth than poetry, as th say: It is a classified collection of the wisdom contain in Line a Day for the past several years, with new iten you haven't seen.

30 I *hope* to have my opus ready for Christmas. "Ho springs eternal," you know. It will be privately print in my state of Vermont. The format is new. You'll u it in the kitchen. And the parlor won't be ashamed it. Advance orders are now in order, with a dollar as companion, and should be sent to me. Your name an address are important. Be sure to send them, for "Received—thank you."

Your ANNIE.

...r the men in your life

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In these three hours your skin *"dies"* a little

Your most troublesome skin problems are apt to start in daily 1 to 3 hour "danger periods," dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, your skin is "un-balanced". . . open to problems:

Dryness . . . cracking . . ."shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness

Had how women noted for their
beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

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g Oxidized secretions in pore-
-fi erunners of blackheads.

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rs not," skin specialists say.
te each washing, *'re-balance'*
n *stantly . . ."*

n f outstanding beauty have
ed ne *need* to "re-balance" their complexions after each washing—with an immediate application of Pond's Cold Cream. *No woman* can afford to ignore this need with the easy excuse: "But I'm too *busy*" or "I've let my skin go too long for results to show *now*."

60 times faster than Nature

You *will* see results—right away. This world-famous beauty formula promptly restores skin elasticity, combats dryness, flaking. Keeps pore-openings cleared, keeps skin texture fine and smooth. So *easy*—in 7 seconds you've smoothed the cream lightly over your face. Yet this one simple act "re-balances" your skin within *one* minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature. And, remember, a film of Pond's Cold Cream under make-up gives you *continuing* skin "balance" during the day.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides this immediate "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough *clearing* every night. A *deep* Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt. Stimulates circulation, awakens skin to its *full beauty!*

Do begin this simple, complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. After each face washing—a quick "re-balancing." At bedtime — a *deep* Pond's clearing. You've probably never tried a treatment so effortless to do. Nor as quickly effective. You'll soon discover *how* effective, when friends say, "Your complexion is looking *wonderful* lately!"

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SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

...e wringing wet. The restaurant was ...ither, even with the big fans on the ...ring up a smell of overripe musk- ... boiling coffee.

... sakes, Willis," she said, "you are ...ith perspiration. Get out your hand- ...d mop your face."

...n't sweat so," Willis said, "if I was ...aircut."

"...were," his mother said, "and you ... one yet."

... of Boston with a list of historic ...pread on the table in front of her. ...eal opportunity, Willis," she said. ...ng to see Faneuil Hall and the Old ...urch, where they put the lantern ...e belfry. Then we shall see the site ...on Massacre and then the old State ... then the Common. We shall then ...h the Public Gardens, and we shall ...ston Public Library. That ought to ... for the morning if we walk. It will ... to stretch our legs after the train."

... ey finally reached the North Sta- ...fter Willis had put the suitcases in ...bove them in the day coach, his ... him that it had been a delightful ...on, and something for him always ...er, but now it was time to put first ..., and she pulled "your father's" ...f her handbag.

...r what it will be like this time," she ...r father always starts by being en- ...and he's enthusiastic now about ...rcourt. I must say, it's very gener-

... who won't lie to a woman ...y little consideration for her ...s.
—OLIN MILLER

...Harcourt to let us have a house to ... on his place. Now, Willis, I want ...olite. I don't want people to think ...ude Western boy. Have you lost ...t comb?"

"...m," Willis answered.

..."t it out and comb your hair. You ... as a boiled beet. Are your shoes

..."Willis said, "awful tight."

..."u can take them off and rest your ...want to. No one will see you."

..."t I take my coat off instead, ...llis asked.

..."e said, "not in the train, Willis." ...was five minutes late. At least it ...wenty-one by Willis' Ingersoll ...n they got to Clyde.

...ly everybody knew about everyone ...e, because most Clyde citizens were ...with deep human interest—not ...aps, but indefatigable. It was only ... an authority should eventually ...could describe the first minutes of ...of Willis Wayde in Clyde. This was ...r, who for thirty years ran the bag- ...at the Boston and Maine Railroad

...en exactly the Harcourts' old Loco- ...h Patrick Flynn driving it, pulled ...ation. Mr. Harker was just getting ...eel out two crates of chickens on ...hen he saw there was someone else ...mobile with Mr. Henry Harcourt's ... was that new man working at the ...Mill, a kind of big-barreled fellow ...eyebrows and baggy pants. He re- ...the incident perfectly, because this ...d him "partner" and asked if the ... train was on time, and Mr. ... said it was bound to be late be- ...e soft place on the roadbed. The ...that his wife and son were expected ...r-sixteen and that they had been ...ite a piece. They had been coming ... from Oregon.

..."om Oregon?" Mr. Harker said. ...and other places," the fellow said.

It did not take a minute to get the chicken crates aboard the baggage car and there was nothing to come off except one light case for Fenwick's Dry Goods Store, so Mr. Harker could check on the passengers alighting. A gawky boy of about fifteen, wearing a Western ten-gallon hat, got out of the rear coach lugging two straw suitcases. He turned to help down a spry little lady who was on the steps behind him. Then this fellow Wayde shouted out "Hello, honey," and "Hello, Willis." Wayde kissed the little lady and shook hands with the boy; and Patrick Flynn didn't seem to know whether to treat the party like guests or like people just working for Harcourt.

"Say," Mr. Harker said, "you're working at the Harcourt Mill, ain't you?"

"Yes," the fellow said. "Designing engineer. If it helps you, my name's Alf Wayde, so you won't have to ask anyone."

He didn't belong around there and he wasn't friendly, but at the same time he was common just like you or me. He raised his voice just when the train was coming in.

"She's got a bad bearing," he said, "and her pistons need packing."

"Let's get going," Wayde said. "You sit in back with me, Cynthia, and Willis can sit up front. This is Mrs. Wayde, Pat, and this is Willis."

Patrick looked startled when the little lady shook hands.

"It's nice to know you," she said. "You shouldn't have hired this big automobile for us, Alf."

"I didn't hire it," Mr. Wayde said. "It's Mr. Harcourt's automobile."

Well, that was all there was to it. But anyway, Mr. Harker was the first one to lay eyes on Willis Wayde. You would never have thought that the young fellow would amount

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to much. He was just a hot, gawky, red-faced kid and he needed a haircut.

Later Willis came to realize that you could never tell whether Mr. Harcourt's chauffeur, Patrick Flynn, was sad or happy. You always felt that he was not at home in an automobile, which was understandable, since he had been the Harcourts' coachman until they had given up the carriage horses.

"It's an awful hot day, isn't it?" Willis said. "But it's hotter still in Kansas."

"Don't talk when I'm driving," Mr. Flynn said.

It was all like a foreign country. The street was lined with old-fashioned homes, all neatly painted and pretty close together. The trees were what impressed Willis most. He had seen elms before, but never so many big ones looking like green feather dusters, and not a leaf of them was stirring. Outside of town they passed a few small farms with fields bordered by stone walls. Then the road ran along the river for a piece, and all at once he saw a group of brick buildings and a high factory chimney. They turned left near the factory and began climbing a steepish hill, and a minute later Willis saw the dressed granite wall that marked the front of the Harcourt place.

When the Harcourt family, like other New England mill owners, had become suddenly rich during the Civil War, William Harcourt, Mr. Henry Harcourt's grandfather, had built the Harcourt place. While on a business trip to England, he retained the services of a British architect whose specialty was country houses, and consequently the Harcourt place always had a slightly foreign flavor.

When the Locomobile turned into the drive, the limbs of the beech trees that bordered it made a network of shadow over the freshly raked yellow gravel. Between their pale gray trunks Willis saw the mowed green fields on either side, with a sheep paddock in one space and then a duck pond and a summerhouse. It was quite a while before they came to the lawns and the terraced gardens. From there they turned down the back entrance past the greenhouse and past the stableyard, and for the first time Patrick spoke.

"This is the big house," he said, "and down there is the road to Mr. Bryson's house."

"Say," Willis said, "does Mr. Harcourt live there all alone?"

"He does," Patrick said.

The back drive had passed the kitchen garden, and Willis saw the garden house just at the edge of a grove of oaks.

"You get off here," Patrick said. He out of the Locomobile and opened t formally for Mr. and Mrs. Wayde.

"That's all right, Pat," Alfred Way "Willis and I can handle the bags."

"Mr. Harcourt told me to tell you, m Patrick said, "that if there is anythi need, to call Mr. Beane on the hou phone. Selwyn has left some grocerie you started, madam, and MacDon brought a few vegetables."

"That's very kind of Mr. Harcourt Wayde said. "Everything looks lovely we want anything Mr. Wayde can get Ford."

It was the first time that Willis ha that his father had a car, but now h Ford runabout standing in a small s neath the trees.

"Well, if that's all, then," Patrick s

"Yes, that's all," Mr. Wayde said. " Pat."

All three of them stood for a momen path looking at the garden house. I small two-story replica of the big hous of stone in the same Gothic style, an was a flower bed filled with deep petunias on either side of the front do

"Why, Alfred," Mrs. Wayde said, " a picture."

His father stood with his hands trousers pockets. "You come inside, Cy he said. "We've got a real place for o

Willis felt there must be some cat when they came into the small fron with its flight of carpeted stairs and wallpaper. On the right was a sittin with a big fireplace, all furnished wi chairs, pictures, lamps and everything was a big dining room on the left with oak gate-leg table and Windsor table and there was a kitchen ell with a fir stove and the table covered with groce vegetables.

"Do you like it, Cynthia?" his father

"Of course I like it, Alfred," she an "What's the rent on it?"

The corners of his father's wide tightened. "Twenty-five dollars," he s

"Well, maybe it's worth it," his moth "But can we afford twenty-five do week?"

"No," his father said, "twenty month."

Willis heard his mother catch her "Why is he only asking that? I don't se Mrs. Wayde began, and her voice ro higher note.



"I thought it was supposed to be our turn to cheer up the good-looking corporal!"

ght, Cynthia," his father said.
llis was looking over the bedroom
e his for a long while, he heard a
e front door.
as it, Alf?" he heard his mother
e front door had closed.
te from Harcourt," he heard his
er. "He wants us all to come to

do forget first times, particularly
when you were young. The sun
when they walked across the lawn
ouse. The front veranda with its
pillars was cool and shadowy.
only a second or two after ring-

were
a woman
(ly a man)

a woman . . . I'd continue
concerned about my
after marriage as I was
"dateing" days. I'd continue
y clothes and accessories
care . . . remembering
is made up of many
little things. Take *perfume*,
e. I wonder if a woman
w much the *right* fragrance
er . . . how much it adds
ninity . . . her appeal.
forget *my* first "whiff" of
ON. There was something
t a man can't explain or
that made the evening . . .
unforgettable. Since then it
her favorite gift from me—
ys. anniversaries, and
Christmas.
I were a woman—I'd try
er that the *right* perfume is
invisible thread that helps to
nce alive . . . and I'd choose
ce very. very carefully.



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ing before the heavy front door opened. An elderly man in a black tie and stiff white shirt had opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wayde," Willis heard him say. "Good evening, Mr. Wayde."

"Good evening, Mr. Harcourt," his mother said. "Isn't it a lovely evening?"

"It isn't Mr. Harcourt," his father said, and he laughed. "This is Selwyn, Cynthia. He's the butler here. Selwyn, I want you to meet my wife and my boy. You've heard me talk about them."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Selwyn," his mother said, and she shook hands with him. The scene was not embarrassing, because Selwyn showed no surprise.

"The pleasure is all mine, madam," he said. "If you will be so kind as to follow me. Mr. Harcourt and Mrs. Blood are watching the sunset on the west veranda."

"Mrs. Blood is Mr. Harcourt's sister, Cynthia," Alfred Wayde said. "This is my boy, Willis, Selwyn. Willis, you shake hands with Mr. Selwyn too. He's a good man to know around here."

The broad front hall led directly to another wide passage, which extended the full length of the house. This hall was carpeted with Oriental rugs. Its walls were lined with low bookshelves and gold-framed pictures. Willis had a glimpse through open doors of the drawing room and the library, and there was a clean smell to everything, of wax and flowers, that combined with a satiny sheen of woodwork to give a sense of complete security.

When they came to the open door of the west veranda, Selwyn halted. "Mr. and Mrs. Wayde," he said, "and Master Wayde."

There was a creaking of porch chairs as an elderly lady and a gentleman in a dinner jacket rose to greet them. Somehow he was not at all what Willis expected. Instead of being large, he was small and almost frail. His gray hair was brushed back from a high, thin forehead. His nose was straight and long, and his pendulous lower lip always twitched before he spoke, giving an impression that he was about to stammer, even though his words were always measured and precise.

"It's very kind of you to come to us at such short notice, Mrs. Wayde," he said. "It seemed to me that a dinner away from home might be a rest for you after such a hot day. I hope everything is comfortable at the cottage."

Mr. Harcourt smiled, and looked at Willis. "And this is your son, is it? What's your first name, Master Wayde?"

Willis cleared his throat. "Willis, sir."

"I'm glad to meet you, Willis. You must meet my grandson and granddaughter tomorrow, but first you must all meet my sister, Mrs. Blood. She's paying me her annual parochial summer visit. She wants to be sure we're not mismanaging the mill."

MRS. BLOOD was an inch taller than Mr. Harcourt, and her white hair, done in a pompadour, made her look taller still. She stood up very straight in her black silk dress with her pearls tied around her throat, and her diamond and sapphire rings glittered in the waning light.

"How do you do, Mrs. Wayde," she said. "My brother tells me you come from the West."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wayde said. "Kansas."

"Oh," Mrs. Blood said. "Kansas."

"What shall we have before dinner?" Mr. Harcourt asked. "Shall it be sherry or a dry Martini?"

"Oh, thank you," Mrs. Wayde said, "but I never touch anything strong."

Alfred Wayde laughed loudly. "Cynthia was born in a dry state," he said.

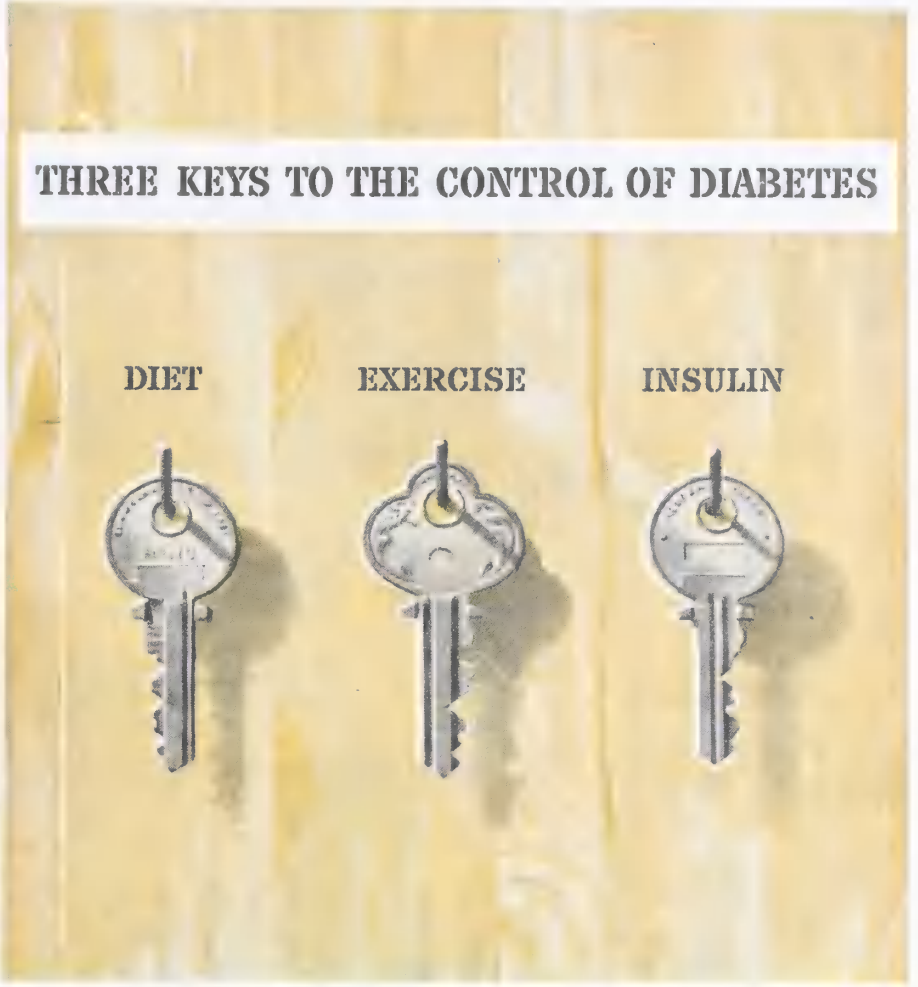
"My brother ignores the Eighteenth Amendment," Mrs. Blood said. "I should like some sherry, Henry."

"If it's all the same with you," Mr. Wayde said, "I could do with one of those Martinis."

When Willis sat apart from the rest of them after the sherry and the cocktails came, he did not feel gauche or shy, because in some odd way the house had offered its protection to him, giving him a feeling of being absolutely safe.

A large police dog walked slowly up the steps to the veranda, wagging his tail, and Willis patted his long head.

THREE KEYS TO THE CONTROL OF DIABETES



DIET . . . Many diabetics can successfully control their condition by following a carefully regulated but varied and nutritious diet. There is one basic rule, however, that all diabetics must observe—*they must restrict their intake of those foods that readily change to sugar in the body.*

EXERCISE . . . In the successful treatment of diabetes, exercise is essential because it helps keep blood sugar at a safe level. In other words, exercise helps "burn up" sugars and starches so that they do not accumulate in the system and cause distress.

INSULIN . . . This substance is indispensable in those cases of severe diabetes that cannot be controlled by diet and exercise. Thanks to the development of increasingly effective forms of insulin . . . as well as greater knowledge of the disease resulting from continued research . . . diabetes can generally be controlled more successfully than ever before.

It is estimated that one million Americans are known to have diabetes today. By faithfully cooperating with their doctors in using the three keys to diabetes control, most diabetics live full, active lives.

Studies indicate that millions of our people, who do not have diabetes *now*, are likely to develop it some time in the future. This is why it is so important to know the following facts:

1. *You are more likely to develop diabetes if . . .*
   a. the disease has occurred in your family
   b. you are middle-aged and overweight.
2. *You should suspect diabetes if . . .*
   a. you notice weight loss despite constant hunger and high food consumption.
   b. you feel constantly fatigued, thirsty, or urinate excessively.

Early in its course, diabetes may cause no symptoms at all. In fact, it may progress silently and damage your health before you are aware of it. This points up the necessity of regular medical examinations. The earlier diabetes is discovered and treated, the better are the chances to bring it under control.

Fortunately, tests for diabetes detection are simple, speedy and painless. Everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . *including urinalysis.* If the test shows sugar, your doctor can make further examinations which tell whether you have diabetes. If you have the disease, you and your doctor can work together to help control it. With proper precautions, your chances of living long, happily and usefully are unusually good today.



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"That's Benny," Mr. Harcourt said. "His real name is Benvenuto Cellini. He doesn't make friends with everybody."

"I get on pretty well with dogs, sir," Willis said.

"You and Benny and I will have to walk around and see the place tomorrow," Mr. Harcourt said. "Well, here's Selwyn. We'd better go in to dinner."

When the Harcourt dining table was extended, more than twenty people could sit at it comfortably. The dining room never seemed too small on these occasions, but conversely when the table was contracted to a small circle, as it was that night, there was never any sense of sitting in too large a room. The marble-top Chippendale serving table, the magenta brocade curtains drawn over the French windows, and the family portraits, and the silver service on the mid-Victorian sideboard only seemed to draw closer. Somehow the dining room was never formidable, even with Selwyn and a maid waiting on the table.

The meal was simple enough—cold consommé, guinea hen with bread sauce, and salad, and blueberry pie for dessert, and Willis was given a glass of ginger ale instead of wine.

"My brother says you can turn your hand to anything, Mr. Wayde," Mrs. Blood was saying to his father.

"Well, ma'am," Mr. Wayde said, "I've been thrown against a lot of stuff in railroading, building and mining. They all come down to pretty much the same thing in the end."

"What do you mean, the same thing?" Mrs. Blood asked.

"Making what you've got on hand do what it isn't meant to do," Mr. Wayde said.

"Alf is absent-minded about a lot of things," Willis heard his mother saying, "but never about machinery."

"I've noticed that myself," Mr. Harcourt said. "He's a great comfort to me at the mill. You see, I haven't a mechanical, only a business mind."

"Some people think Alf is lazy," Mrs. Wayde said. "When I first met Alf, I thought he was. It was at a dancing party at the Y.W.C.A. in Topeka."

Mr. Harcourt's lower lip twitched and then he smiled. "I'd like to know," he said, "how he ever got to the Y.W.C.A. in Topeka."

"Oh, a contracting firm was building some water works," Mrs. Wayde said, "and some of the young fellows on the job came to the dance. I guess Alf went because he'd lost all his money at poker the night before. I was teaching in the high school and living at the Y, and my sister Nell and I invited him out to the farm on Sunday with another fellow. He just sat on the piazza with his feet on the rail until the windmill broke down and we were out of water. Well, Alf got right up off the porch and climbed up the windmill. He came down with a broken cog or something, and asked where a blacksmith shop was. I said I'd take him down to Sawyer's and we hitched up the buckboard. Ned Sawyer's a Baptist and doesn't work Sundays, but Alf started up the forge himself, and he made a whole new cogwheel right by hand. It took him six hours and he was a sight when he got through, but he got the windmill going."

"Did you say you play bridge, Mr. Wayde?" Mrs. Blood was saying.

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes." Alfred Wayde answered, "but Cynthia would rather talk."

And Mrs. Wayde still was talking.

"If Alf's interested, he can do anything, but when he loses interest he drifts away to somewhere else. I hope Alf will like it here and I hope you'll like him, Mr. Harcourt."

"If I didn't, I wouldn't have let him have the cottage, Mrs. Wayde," Mr. Harcourt said.

"Now you've mentioned it," Mrs. Wayde said, "it isn't right charging us so little rent, but maybe Alfred got the figure wrong."

Mr. Harcourt placed his napkin on the table. "It's business, Mrs. Wayde," he said. "Not that I won't be glad to look across the lawn at night and see lights in the cottage. It's to my advantage to have you and your husband contented." His flat measured voice left no room for argument.

"There are difficulties in running any business. My son Bryson, whom I hope you'll meet later, will take over eventually, but in the meanwhile when the windmill breaks I have to fix it in my own way." He pushed back his chair. "Alfred, you and I might have our brandy and coffee in the library, and Willis can come with us."

"I ought to get back to unpack," Mrs. Wayde said, looking at Mrs. Blood. "Willis can take me home."

They had all risen from the table, and Mr. Harcourt smiled at Mrs. Blood. "It's early still," he said. "Ruth, please induce Mrs. Wayde to stay a little longer. You haven't had an opportunity yet to make her feel at home."

"Yes, Henry," Mrs. Blood said. "Please don't leave me alone, Mrs. Wayde."

As Willis followed Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Wayde into the hall, he heard Mrs. Blood speak again.

"Every time I visit my brother," she was saying, "he reminds me more and more of our father. When he speaks in that tone of voice, it's always best for you to do exactly what he says."

Willis' father followed Mr. Harcourt into the library, gazing curiously at the books and the moose head over the mantel.

"Sit down," Mr. Harcourt said. "Sit down, Willis. Will you have a cigar, Alfred?"

"Thanks," Alfred Wayde said, "I could do with a cigar."

Selwyn came in with a tray of coffee and brandy.

"Did everything go all right Three today?" Mr. Harcourt ask

"It's pretty well cleared out," A said. "We're going to need son struction under the vats, and a pressor."

"All right. I'd like to see thos tomorrow morning if they're rea

"They're ready," Alfred Wayd

"Good!" Mr. Harcourt said. "I looked at Number Three myself things were pretty busy in the Harcourt flicked the ash of his ci

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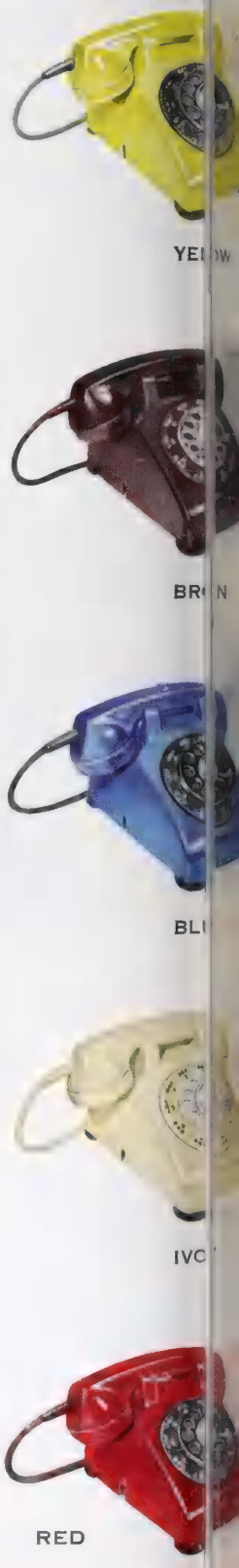
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GRAY



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YE ow

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RED

ty on the table beside him. "I'm
laus patents. Bryson isn't going
m going ahead."
nodded slowly. "You're not
ny boats if you do," he said.
get into conveyor belting, and
nts will put you on the ground
't ever be the Goodrich Rubber
you'll have a process no one

Mr. Harcourt said.
forgot that scrap of conversa-
conveyor belts. Later when he
understand its significance, he
y they were living in the garden

house. If it had not been for the Klaus patents, the mill would have lost business all through the twenties and would not have survived the depression, and it was his father who had advised the purchase.

Selwyn tapped softly on the open door of the library. "Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Harcourt are with the ladies in the drawing room," he said.

The long drawing room with its tall French windows looked over the south terrace. If it represented the late Victorian period of decoration, all its furnishings possessed their peculiar relationship. Its two crystal chandeliers from England, its mantel of Italian marble, its groups of chairs and sofas, and its ornate lamps—now converted from kerosene to electricity—were cumbersome taken by themselves, but they all added a personal quality to the room. It was one of those rooms that could never be imitated. And the people standing near the fireplace, even down to his mother and father, were part of the pattern.

"Mildred," Mr. Harcourt said, "you haven't met Willis Wayde yet, have you? Willis, this is my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harcourt, and Mr. Harcourt. I'm sorry you didn't bring the children over, Mildred."

He spoke as though Willis were a grown-up guest, but then his manner always was the same with everyone.

"Happy to meet you, ma'am," Willis said.

If Mrs. Bryson Harcourt did not look entirely happy to meet him, nevertheless she managed to smile. She was tall and angular in her green silk dress, taller than her husband.

"How do you do?" she said to Willis, and gave his hand a strong quick shake. "I'm sorry I didn't bring Bill and Bess over, governor. I just didn't think about it."

She always called Mr. Henry Harcourt "governor."

"Hello, young fellow," Mr. Bryson Harcourt said. In many ways he was a picture of what Mr. Henry Harcourt must have been when he was younger. His clean-shaven face was tanned and he had a trace of the Harcourt lower lip, but his features always seemed less in focus than his father's.

"We can only stay for a minute, governor," Mrs. Harcourt said. "We just stopped over to see how you were."

"I'm bearing up, Mildred," Mr. Harcourt said. "We had Decker and the lawyers over at the mill today, Bryson."

"I was at Marblehead racing," Mr. Bryson said.

"Of course," Mr. Harcourt answered. "I should have remembered. How did you come out, Bryson?"

"Third," Mrs. Bryson said. "Almost second, governor."

"Mildred always hates to lose," Mr. Bryson said.

"Of course I do," Mrs. Harcourt said. "Married couples never ought to sail in the same boat. Bryson, didn't you tell the governor you weren't coming in today?"

"It doesn't make any difference," Mr. Harcourt said, "but see me the first thing tomorrow, won't you, Bryson?"

Those brief snatches of dialogue were a part of the façade with which the Harcourts always contrived to surround themselves. There were good nature and affection in the words, and even humor, without a trace of strain and no undertone of disappointment. It was only after Willis knew what the Klaus patents meant that he recalled that Bryson Harcourt had been racing at Marblehead on the day they were purchased.

His mother was the only one who noticed anything at the time. When they were walking home across the lawn to the cottage, she was the first one who spoke.

"Alf," she said, "they're not our kind of people."

"How do you mean, not our kind of people?" his father asked.

"They're not our kind of people," his mother said again. "There was something that made Mr. Harcourt angry."

"Who? Old Harcourt? He didn't act angry."

"I know he didn't. That's why I say they're not our kind of people. Alf, there's one thing I don't like."

"What don't you like?" his father asked.

"Somehow he makes me feel we're all living here, Alf, on charity."

"Charity?" Alfred Wayde said, and he laughed. "Don't you believe it, Cynthia. I'm earning everything we get."

His mother's voice grew sharp. "Then why doesn't he pay you cash instead of giving us things?" she asked.

It was a good question and his father must have known it.

"Because he would rather give than pay," he said. "It makes some people feel better—giving than paying."

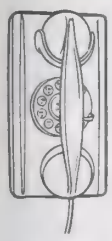
That answer of his father's was one of the wisest things that Willis ever heard him say about people. Mr. Henry Harcourt had to be the center of his world, and he was a very good one, too, until he died.

Willis was awakened the next morning by the whistle from the mill, which always blew at seven. He heard the thump of his father's feet on the floor of the bedroom across the upstairs hall, and then he heard his mother calling him to get up and start the fire in the kitchen. They were all following the familiar routine which had been created by other whistles in other places.

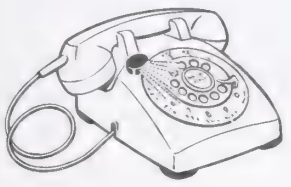
"What am I going to do if you take the Ford, Alf?" his mother asked. "I've got to get downtown and buy some groceries."

ur decorative scheme...

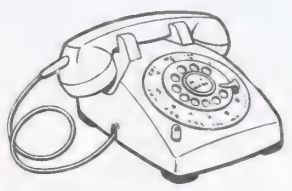
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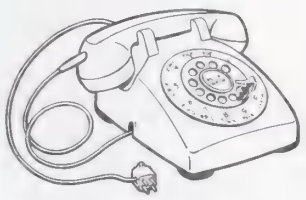
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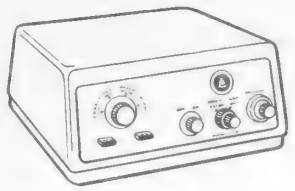
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Alfred Wayde looked up vaguely from his coffee. "Someone from the other house will be going," he said. "Call up and ask."

"No," his mother said, "I don't want to be obligated, Alf."

"All right," his father said. "I'll be back at five and drive you over."

She said she wanted to get the feel of everything in the house and she could do that only when she was alone. She told Willis to go out and walk around and get used to the lay of the land, and keep away from the big house and not bother anyone.

It was quite a walk that Willis took that morning. The dew was still over everything and there was a smell of fresh-cut grass. When he walked down the road to the stables, the routine of the place was already starting. Two men were working in the kitchen garden and another was trimming shrubbery. A stoop-shouldered man with a blank and patient face was spraying roses in the cutting garden. It was Mr. MacDonald, the head gardener.

A stout man in blue overalls was standing by the gasoline engine in the pump house. He took one glance at Willis and then turned away. It was Mr. Beane, the estate superintendent. Like Patrick, the people on the place already accepted Willis as a fact, but they did not know where he fitted in any more than Willis knew himself, and they did not want to talk until they knew, but Mr. Harcourt's police dog felt differently. Benny wagged his tail and ran ahead of Willis toward the oak woods beyond the house.

It was possible to walk freely beneath the trees, but for greater convenience the place was interspersed with well-cleared paths called walks—the Brook Walk, the Pine Walk, the Hickory Hill, the Azalea and the Rhododendron walks. Without knowing its name yet, Willis walked down the Brook Walk with the police dog trotting ahead of him.

He was walking toward a bend of the path near the foot of a large white pine tree when the dog sprang forward suddenly and a girl's voice called, "Down, Benny." Willis walked around the turn and saw a girl somewhat younger than he, patting the police dog's head.

The girl wore a middy blouse and a blue pleated skirt, and her blond hair was done in a heavy braid. Her face was as freckled as his own and her eyes were critical. He never forgot their color—a sort of bluish green.

"How did you get in here?" she asked.

"I was just walking around with the dog," Willis answered.

"Well, he isn't your dog," she said.

"I know he isn't," Willis said. "He came along with me for company, I guess."

"Oh," the girl said. "You're one of the people that my grandfather gave the garden house to, aren't you? Beane said you were about Bill's age, but you're bigger. I thought you were a town boy. They sneak over the wall sometimes."

"I didn't sneak over any wall," Willis said.

"I DIDN'T say you did," the girl said, "and you needn't act angry. This is my grandfather's place, and it's my place, partly. At least my brother and I are going to own it someday. I guess you don't know who I am, do you?"

"I guess you must be the girl," Willis said.

"What girl?" she asked.

"The girl they were talking about at the big house last night."

"Oh, you were up there, were you? Well, my name's Bess Harcourt. What's your name?"

"Willis," he told her. "Willis Wayde."

"Did you know this brook is stocked with trout?"

"No," Willis said.

"He didn't tell you you could fish, did he?"

"No," Willis said.

"You could if I told you. Do you know how to cast?"

"Yes," Willis said.

"I bet you don't. Where did you learn?"

"Out West," Willis said. "There are a lot of streams better than this out West."

"I've got to study French with Mademoiselle this morning. Do you know French?"

"Not very much," Willis said.

"I didn't think you did, but we can go fishing this afternoon. Maybe I'll bring Bill. Meet me here at three o'clock and put on some old clothes. Where did you get those clothes?"

"In Kansas City," Willis answered.

"I should think you'd take your coat off anyway," she said. "Can you play tennis?"

"No," Willis said.

"Well, maybe Bill's tutor can teach you. He has a tutor from Harvard. Can you ride?"

"Yes," Willis said, "everybody can ride out West."

"I don't mean Western riding," she said. "I wish you had a haircut, and you wouldn't look so funny."

"You don't look so hot yourself," Willis said.

"It's none of your business how I look," she answered. "I'm not trying to look any way at all."

"Neither am I," Willis said.

"Oh, yes you are," she answered. "You're trying to show off. I'll be here at three o'clock, and don't keep me waiting."

NEW ENGLAND MOTTO

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

This is New England, this the law:
The mother at her place gets up,
Puts back the china without a flaw
And gets herself a broken cup.

It will not do to use the rare
For common and the chance abrasions,
Keep best dishes cupboarded there
For red-letter, rare occasions.

A man would never wear his best
Trousers when he went to plow
Or ever sit in the blue-serge vest
He courted in to milk the cow.

Save the best, make common do,
Put the nicest dress away
Against a wedding day brand-new,
Against a coming funeral day.

"Bess," a boy's voice was calling, "Bess!"

"Oh, all right," Bess called back.

Of course it was Bill Harcourt who was calling. A second later Willis saw him, hurrying down the path, a slender, dark-haired boy in white duck trousers.

"It's all right, Bill," Bess said. "He's one of the people in the garden house. His name is Willis Wayde."

"Oh," Bill said. He looked at Willis quickly but not critically like Bess. "It's nice there's someone else around here," he said.

"We're going fishing this afternoon," Bess said.

"You and your fishing," Bill said. "All you want is someone to show off in front of. Come on, Bess."

Everyone had certain functions on the Harcourt place, as Willis learned without resentment. It was part of the order, he began to understand, that Patrick and Mr. Beane and everyone else should address Bill and Bess as Mr. Bill and Miss Bess, when they always called him Willis. On the other hand, Bill and Bess asked him around quite often to their house, but they hardly ever asked Mr. Beane's son, Granville, there. It was natural, however, that Willis and Granville became best friends, because they went to high school together. When anyone told him, as the town girls and boys frequently did, that Bill an court were stuck-up kids, Willis k was not so. Bill and Bess were from anyone else, when you got to They only led different lives.

The Bryson Harcourts alway Boston in the autumn and Bess w private school there, and Bill wer boarding school in Milton. M went to Boston, too, in late No the big house stayed open, and Bryson was always in it for a r every week. The Harcourts migh go, but the place and the mill there.

ONLY a day or two after he Willis saw Mr. Harcourt again. It time before school opened, with n for him to do except run erra mother. Willis had started out o his walks. He had seen the pond by the front driveway, and there swans there, floating effortlessly o water. While Willis stood on th largest of the birds glanced towa Willis called to him encouragin not the remotest idea of what mi until the bird made a hissing sou his huge wings and half flew and out of the water. Willis took a s backward, but the bird propelled i him, and Willis backed away agair

"Don't run," a voice behind hi

The swan still hissed and sprea and Willis turned and saw Mr. H

"Jupiter always loses his temp too near the edge," Mr. Harcour back in the water with the girls, have yourself." Mr. Harcourt wa toward the swan. "And you need gratuity every time you see me."

"I didn't mean to stir him up, said.

"The next time you come, th piece of bread," Mr. Harcourt sai certain members of my own family something and loses his temper i get it. I've just been talking on th for half an hour. That's why I'r nodded toward the driveway, an that the Locomobile was waitin haven't anything to do, why don down with me and see the mill?"

Mr. Harcourt could always pu ease. It was not charm exactly. It w the same with everyone.

He told Willis not to sit with Pa back with him, because, he said, the pleasure of his company. It long while later that Willis came t there was a reason for Mr. Harcou when Mr. Harcourt asked him w lived and where he had gone to sch really asking about the life of Al and it was not such a bad way t formation, as Willis realized late learned the same technique. If yo someone, even a boy, there had t change of confidence, and you about yourself in return for what y this required a deceptive sort of g a form of art which very few co and Willis never could be the art Harcourt was.

When Mr. Harcourt was a boy, used to drive with his own father t in a buggy drawn by a dappled gr had been run by steam instead o and coal barges were unloaded at gangs of Irish workmen. The hou little village of their own now. M touched on these matters casually Willis knew about them already.

The Harcourt Mill was running that morning. The hum and the came from its open windows and t smell of rubber from the vats c make it into a great machine, people behind that wire fence that it were moving according to its disc

When the Locomobile pulled up the mill, the gates swung back, bu court shook his head. "No, no," Patrick. "I'll walk around for a come back for us at lunchtime, P

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9





Why be Silver Shy?

DO YOU HAVE to take time out to wash silver between the courses of a dinner? If you do...you're silver-shy!

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A product of The International Silver Company

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

He stepped out of the Locomobile and nodded to the gateman.

"Stay close behind me, Willis, or you may get lost," he said, and he hurried past the trucks by the loading platform. No one seemed to notice Mr. Harcourt and Willis as they walked by. Mr. Harcourt always prided himself on never interrupting anything, and everyone there accepted his presence as a piece of everyday routine.

Mr. Harcourt walked through Sheds 1, 2 and 4 and through the pump shed and through Warehouse No. 1 to the shipping shed and then to the newer brick building, Unit No. 3, where they were installing new machinery. Except for sounds of hammering and the clicking of chain hoists, Unit 3 was quiet. A section of a boiler was being lowered to its foundation, and Willis saw his father in his shirt sleeves standing among the workmen, and for the first time in their walk Mr. Harcourt paused to watch.

"Easy, Joe," Willis heard his father saying. "Hold it." Alfred Wayde raised his voice to a shout.

"Is it coming down all right?" Mr. Harcourt asked.

"The boys are doing fine," Alfred said.

"Then don't stop on my account," Mr. Harcourt said. "I brought Willis along with me this morning."

"Oh," Mr. Wayde said, "hello, Willis. Let her down, Joe. Easy, easy." His father had no time for anything except for the problem in front of him.

"We'd better go to the office now. I don't think we'll be able to help them, Willis," Mr. Harcourt said.

The mill office building had been designed by the Boston architectural firm of Wentworth and Hynde, early in 1916. Representatives from a number of industrial plants had begun to visit the mill, and Mr. Harcourt had been the first to see the sales value of an impressive place in which to receive customers. Its large arched doorway and its small-paned windows with green shutters gave the mill office the appearance of a Federalist dwelling, as it stood by itself at the northwest corner of the plant on a carefully tended plot of lawn.

The interior, also, looked more like a house than an office. Mr. Harcourt had called in an interior decorator, who had furnished the main office with antique reproductions and often with genuine pieces of English Chippendale. The walls of the main hallway were hung with a collection of sailing-ship pictures, and the table in the directors' room was a Duncan Phyfe. If none of it had anything to do with commercial belting, it gave an impression of quality that was the basis of the Harcourt product.

Mr. Harcourt's mind was on this subject now as he walked into the main hall with Willis and nodded to Miss Minton, the receptionist, who sat behind a flat Georgian desk.

"How does this strike you, Willis?" he asked. "I've never seen why business should not be conducted in agreeable surroundings. Is Mr. Hewett in, Miss Minton?"

"Yes, Mr. Harcourt. He was asking for you," Miss Minton said. "Shall I tell him you're in?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Harcourt said, "I'll stop in and see him."

Mr. Hewett's door was open. Except for his neat brown suit and for his age—he was in his sixties then—Mr. Hewett reminded Willis of Mr. Beane at the Harcourt place. He was seated at his desk reading a report when Mr. Harcourt entered.

"Hello, H.H.," Mr. Harcourt said.

"Hello, H.H.," Mr. Hewett answered.

It was one of the old Harcourt jokes, that they both had the same first name and the same initials.

"This is Willis Wayde," Mr. Harcourt said.

"Oh, he's Alf's son, is he?" Mr. Hewett said. "Well, how does everything strike you, Willis?"

WILLIS cleared his throat. "It's pretty big to get an idea of it all at once," he said.

"Some people around here never do," Mr. Hewett said. "Will you draw up a chair and sit down, H.H.?"

"No, thanks," Mr. Harcourt said. "Is there anything I ought to know about, Henry?"

"Nothing this morning," Mr. Hewett said. "Decker is coming in this afternoon. Do you want me to sit in with you?"

"It might be just as well," Mr. Harcourt said. "Henry, Spinner Five is working all right now, isn't it? At least it sounded right."

"Old man Avery was sick that you noticed it yesterday," Mr. Hewett said.

Willis followed Mr. Harcourt farther down the hall, and Mr. Harcourt stopped at another open door.

"Go in, Willis," he said. "This is where I stay when I'm here."

Willis was surprised by the simplicity of Mr. Harcourt's office. It was larger, but its appointments were much simpler that the room of any other executive. Th desk, the old-fashioned carpet, th chairs around a bare pine table had from the old office of William Harc furnishings indicated dramatically Harcourt, as the head of the Harc could dispense with elaborate settin

Mr. Harcourt pointed to a chair desk and sat down himself on the sv behind it. Then he examined some front of him.

"EXCUSE me just a minute, Willis, and he read the office memoranda w centration that made Willis think t visible curtain had fallen between the

"Miss Jackman," he called, "will in, please?"

Miss Jackman had been his sec twenty years. She was gray-haired backed, with steel-rimmed glasses her look like a schoolmarm. Mr. smiled at her, but she did not return

"You've got me down for a p schedule this afternoon, Miss Jackn Harcourt said. "I'm getting old a time to turn around in."

"Yes," Miss Jackman said, "but y got the time today. You should ha earlier this

"Perhaps have," Mr. said.

"The bar you from Miss Jackn "Will you meeting on

"Yes," court answe I'll have lu club."

"Mr. Bry to see you," man told h

"What do now?" Mr. asked.

"It's abo Departmen

"Oh dear Harcourt s him to see house this there anyth

"Yes," Miss Jackman said. "N telephoned. She's very anxious to call her back."

"She called me here at the office shouldn't do that," Mr. Harcourt s get her for me in ten minutes. T Miss Jackman."

Miss Jackman strode back int office and closed its door sharpl cisively, and Mr. Harcourt smiled.

"I'm afraid Miss Jackman is disp me this morning," he said. "I wonde think of the Harcourt Mill, Willis, seen it. Would you like it if I got next summer in the school vacatio

"Yes, sir. I'd like it very much."

Hero worship is always natural You were always filled at that age filled wishes, and Willis was wishir that he could be exactly like Mr. court, without having the least idea a wish entailed.

Mr. Harcourt leaned back in chair. "From what I hear," he s family moves around a lot. I use change once myself, but now I'm the mill machinery, not literally tively. I suppose nearly everyone in some way eventually."

"I guess pa doesn't want to g Willis said.

"Your father has a creative n Harcourt said. "It's hard for anyo a mind like that to stay still."

"The last man pa worked for," "was a man named Mr. Harrod C ver. He's a pretty rich man, I gue you're acquainted with Mr. Cash.

"Yes, I know him," Mr. Har "He's a lot richer man than I am

"Well, he hired pa to get the wa silver mine of his," Willis said, "a

All these somberly moral people whose characteristic is renunciation completely forget what is essential. It is not morality, however indispensable and respectable that is. . . . The essential is the joy, the splendor, the magnificence of each man, of all men. Virtue is only a means. The essential is life—splendid life. There is no greater mistake than to imagine the Eternal looking with a pleased smile at these pale little virtues. What the Eternal loves is life—beautiful, powerful, intense—and everything which can strengthen it, make it last in the world, strong and active.

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h wanted him to run the mine, e mine wasn't a problem any

er told me about that," Mr. "What does your father want lis?"

he to be an engineer too," Willis

nt to be an engineer?"

Willis said. "I like making things, e machines apart."

Harcourt said, "it seems to me went regularly to school. I'm ou a secret, Willis. You can re- vant to, though I'd just as soon tween you and me. I happen to her is very exceptional in many o use you to keep him with us,

Willis said.

Harcourt answered. "I'm going about your future this after-

nk he thinks much about my Willis said. "Pa thinks mostly ery."

er thinks about his son," Mr. "You'll know when you have wn."

, because the door to Miss ce had opened.

peak with Mrs. James now?" said.

right," Mr. Harcourt said.

two telephones on Mr. Har- ne for the mill and one for the ted up the receiver of the out-

riet," he said. "I've been mean- . I'll be in town on Tuesday— ng. . . . Yes, you can reach me . Why, that sounds delightful, we say the usual place at the . . . I don't really care what ryson think. On Tuesday, then. lear."

rt hung the receiver back and "Miss Jackman!"

an opened the door quickly. ll up the house in town?" Mr. "Tell them I'll be in town over and if Patrick's waiting I'll go neon now."

has asked you for dinner Tues- iss Jackman said.

Harcourt said, "I know. Will rs. Bryson and tell her that I'm n town, and you might tell her with Mrs. James."

t be better if you told her that s Jackman said.

Mr. Harcourt said. "Well, Willis, eaving now or your mother will st, and I want to thank you for ry pleasant morning."

town had a self-consciousness small towns that had been eral centuries. New and late always set apart. When Willis' the Ladies' Alliance of the Con- urch, she was always known from the Harcourt Mill; and en he joined the Dock Street Mr. Hewett's invitation, was as the Wayde who worked at seemed curious to Willis that on was slightly different from ents. The difference must have gh school, where he was always boys as "the guy," and by the ellow," who lived at the Har- He was never the smartest boy e dullest one either, and he had too late to be identified with group. Yet it was amazing how emembered about him when it while to remember.

Lewis, who retired as princi- de High School in 1927, dis- ered, even at the age of eighty, It seemed only yesterday, he at Willis and his mother called -school building on the day be- ned in September, 1922. He was ately by the young man's fine, earance. Often when Mr. Lewis tour before going home, he would find Willis still studying at his desk, and he remembered what Willis said, just as though it were yesterday. "When I work something out by myself," he said, "then I know it, Mr. Lewis."

It was strange when Willis heard this anecdote repeated that he could not remember a single occasion when he had stayed after school to study, except once when Miss Minnie Wilson had kept him there after she had caught him passing a note across the aisle to Susan Brown, and it was not his note either. It was a note that Bill Ross, now owner of the Ross Garage, wanted delivered to Susan Brown.

Miss Minnie Wilson, who taught English, remembered Willis too. When she kept him after school for passing the note Miss Wilson never forgot what Willis had said.

"You won't do it again, will you, Willis?" she had asked him.

"No, Miss Wilson," he had answered. "I won't do it again."

He had said it looking straight into her eyes. He was really saying that he had no use for any little flirt like Susan Brown and he cared for someone else, and she could tell who that someone was.

Willis Wayde never bought a soda for a girl, let alone Susy, except once when he treated Winnie Decker, Steve Decker's sister, to a strawberry sundae.

Steve Decker had been in Room 3 with Willis too. Willis' old man knew his old man out there at Harcourt's. That was why he had Willis over to the house sometimes, and once they were on the debating team together. The subject was "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" Steve also remembered the time when Willis had treated Winnie to a strawberry sundae. Willis had been asked to supper, and after supper Willis had said suddenly:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

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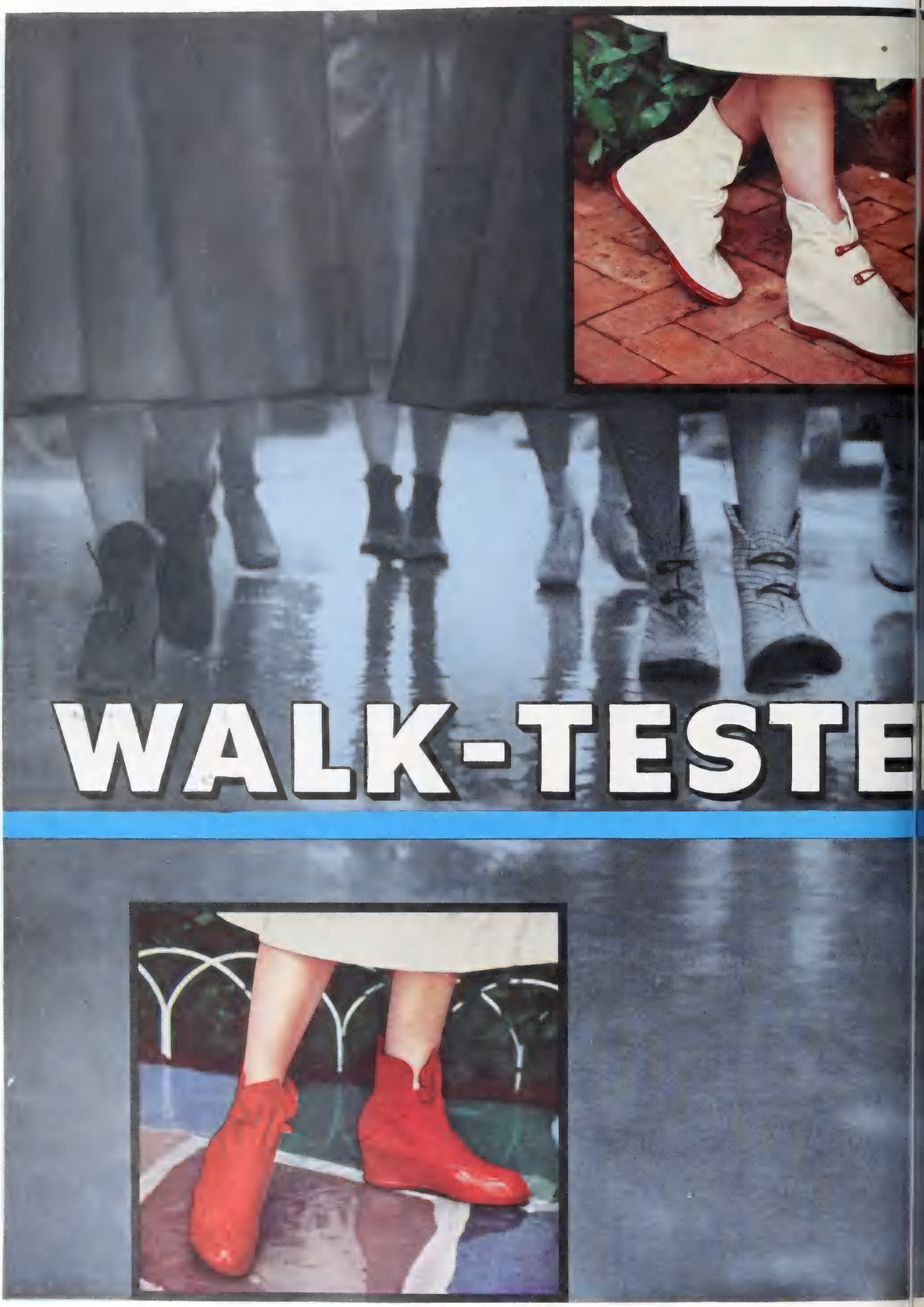
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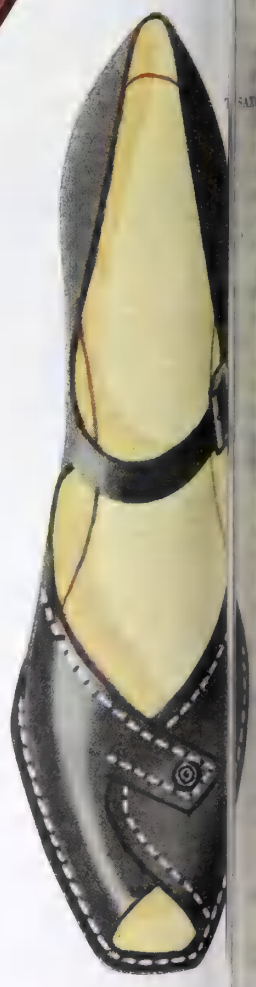
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THE CONTOUR



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NTINUED FROM PAGE 99

ld it be, Winnie, if we went down
tore and I was to buy you a
s a fact that Wayde said "was,"
n those days.
ple began to remember the youth
yde, whose names and identities
ntirely forgotten. The debating
senior dance, and the social eve-
parish hall of the Congregational
ch his mother made him attend,
alf-remembered interludes. The
supplied him with no love object
an the London streets had sup-
Kipling's soldier fresh from Man-
se he was on a higher plane far
f Susy Brown or Winnie Decker.
f course, was Bess Harcourt.

the years that his parents lived
urt place, his mother was always
n October came.
going to the city any day now,"
ay, "and we can have everything
es."
what she always said in the au-
ie must have known that they
have the place to themselves.
ees were bare and the gardens
l for the winter there were always
the big house and someone was
ng there in
court should
lenly from
never could
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e, and the
ue with the
urts. Some-
would meet
he other girls
iston school,
e occasions
pass by
ply saying
is," and he
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ing to the

es on the
uld hear her
he garden

ferent when
or some of Bill's friends. Bill
stop and introduce Willis to the
d sometimes he would ask Willis
in whatever they were doing.
ever worried that he did not fit
ups, because when they were by
and Bess and Bill were friends
especial way, and they all knew
ne's fault they were separated
nces beyond their joint control.

ned the situation to him once in
y that a girl of her age would—
was always frank. Willis met her
morning when he had gone to
othouse grapes, which Mr. Mac-
said he could visit any time as
nt in and out quickly and always
eenhouse door. He came face to
s just as he left the greenhouse.
ring a pleated blue-serge skirt, a
gray mittens, and a toboggan

he said. "What are you doing

oking at the hothouse grapes,"

n't eat any," she said. "Mac-
always tell. Where are you going

he said.
up to the pine woods to look for
in the snow," she said. "Would
me along?"
if you want me to," he said.
, I wouldn't ask you," Bess an-
ry up. I'm cold standing still."
d to find the paths through the
h the snow, but Bess knew them

ke going places with you, Willis,"
when there isn't anyone else

"Is that a fact?" Willis said.

"Don't be silly," Bess said. "When I have friends it isn't the same. They wouldn't like you and you wouldn't like them."

"Is that a fact?" Willis said.

He said it because it was an easy thing to say, and he could afford to be amused. He was older and his age put him in a superior position.

"DON'T be silly," Bess said. "I like you when I'm alone."

"All right," Willis said. "I've got my own friends."

It was pleasant in the pine woods. Beneath the trees the snow looked almost blue.

"Have you ever kissed a girl?" Bess asked him.

"Yes, I have," Willis answered.

"Oh," Bess said. "Where was that?"

"Back in Oregon."

"Oh, was she prettier than me?"

"Yes," Willis said, "and she was more grown up."

"Well," Bess said, "a lot of girls in my class have kissed boys."

"Is that a fact?" Willis said.

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that thing," Bess said. "I've never kissed a boy. I suppose I'll have to sometime. Would you like to kiss me?"

"No," Willis said, "not especially."

"Well," Bess said, "go ahead anyway. I've got to kiss a boy sometime, and I may as well get it over with. Go ahead."

She shut her eyes tight and clenched her fists and turned her face up toward him.

"Well," she said, "that wasn't much."

"No," Willis answered, "it certainly wasn't."

"It's silly, isn't it?" Bess said. "But we can try it again sometime."

In March there was a rumor that Mr. Harcourt had gone suddenly to Florida. On Saturday afternoon Willis' father asked him to come down cellar to help while he attached an electric motor to a centrifugal machine that he had been working on for several weeks.

Some time before, his father had brought home a bag of potato chips, of which he was very fond, and, while eating them, he had begun to wonder whether it would not be possible to slice and fry bananas in the same manner. He had found that he could slice bananas and cook them in deep fat and the immediate result was satisfactory, but an hour later the banana chips became limp and spongy. Banana chips, Alfred Wayde had discovered, were deliquescent, and now he was thinking of some way to get the water out of them.

The device, which roughly resembled a windmill, turned by a small electric motor, was going to get every bit of water and excess grease from the bananas.

"What are you going to do next if it does?" Willis asked his father.

Alfred Wayde looked at Willis impatiently. "It doesn't make a bit of difference. I only want to see whether it will. What made you ask such a fool question, son?"

"I thought maybe you could patent it and sell it," Willis said.

"Well," Alfred Wayde said, "why should I? I don't want to go into the banana business. You'd better go for a walk and not ask any more fool questions."

It was half past five in the afternoon. The sky outside was leaden gray, but there was still plenty of light because the days were certainly getting longer. As Willis walked along he began thinking what the woods must have been like a hundred years ago, before there was any Harcourt place. He was very much astonished when he suddenly saw Mr. Harcourt walking toward him.

Mr. Harcourt was dressed in the black broadcloth coat with the fur collar that he

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☐ *Charge 'em to Dad* ☐ *I.O.U.'s*

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the *present* to future service; get something glamorously "grown-up." But one day you *can* do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: *Kotex*. Those *flat, pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!



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You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for *you*. So too, a girl's *calendar* needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of *3 absorbencies*. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

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Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings: stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . *for a change!*

usually wore when he motored from the city. He was accompanied by a slender, middle-aged lady whose hat and fur cape looked more like the city than the country. She was holding Mr. Harcourt's arm.

"Why, hello," Mr. Harcourt said. "Harriet, this is Willis Wayde, the son of my plant engineer. They're living in the garden house, you know."

"Oh yes, of course," Mrs. James said, and she smiled at Willis and held out a gray-gloved hand.

"Mrs. James and I have been motoring," Mr. Harcourt said, "and I suggested that we might stop for a cup of tea before returning to Boston. Won't you join Mrs. James and me in a cup of tea?"

"I guess I ought to be getting home, sir," Willis said.

They were acting as though the whole thing were perfectly natural, but Willis was sure it was not.

"Please come with us, Willis," Mrs. James said. "You look as though you need a cup of tea."

Patrick's wife, who always helped out in the winters, served tea in the library. The ornate silver service, which Willis had seen in the dining room, had been placed on a low table in front of the black marble fireplace, where three lumps of cannel coal were burning. It was the first time that Willis had ever seen the conventional serving of tea.

"Do you want me to pour, Henry?" Mrs. James asked.

"I think so," Mr. Harcourt said, "if you would be so kind, Harriet," and suddenly he laughed.

Mr. Harcourt looked handsome and younger when he laughed, and somehow Mrs. James looked younger too.

Mrs. James was seated before the tea table, her hands moving gracefully and quickly, and she measured out tea into the silver pot and poured hot water into the fragile cups to warm them and then poured the water into a silver bowl. Willis never again saw anyone who could pour tea and move all those things about as beautifully as Mrs. James.

Something inexplicable had happened that had made Willis feel perfectly at home.

Mr. Harcourt turned to the window, and Willis saw the lights of the Locomobile coming up the drive. "Dear me," Mr. Harcourt said, and he pulled a gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. "There's Patrick and it's six o'clock. I suppose we'd better leave, Harriet."

"It's been ever so nice seeing you, Willis," Mrs. James said. "I hope we'll meet again."

"You'll meet again," Mr. Harcourt said. "Willis is going to work for me at the mill this summer, aren't you, Willis?"

"Yes, sir," Willis said.

He felt tremendously happy as he walked down the passage to the front hall. You had to have a hero when you were going on sixteen, and Willis would have gladly died for Mr. Harcourt.

WILLIS was not surprised at all when the news broke that Mr. Harcourt and Mrs. James were married and had gone for a while to Palm Beach in Florida. He could not understand why everyone, including Mr. Beane, appeared surprised and unsettled.

He understood more clearly that he had been in the midst of an earth-shaking event, the next time he saw Bess Harcourt.

"You say you saw her?" Bess sai

"Yes," Willis answered. "She was house."

"She doesn't look like much, d Bess said. "She's just an old lady w money or anything. I don't know people get married and make thing everybody."

"I thought she was kind of nic said.

"THAT shows how little you kn said. "You don't understand be haven't got a single cent of mone father is a silly old man, and mom ing me embroider a pincushion her."

"Maybe I'll make some money Willis said.

"Don't be silly, Willis," Bess s "I don't kn like you whe that way."

"I don't c don't," Willis

"Well," H "as long as and there's n around, don' to kiss me, W

"No, not Willis said.

"Now, Wi said. "We're have a dance in the vaca mommy says ing to ask Ste and Winnie They are th of Mr. Decke yer, you kr I'll get mom you too. Plea Willis."

Willis had time at that in fact, he have a good ever he was the Bryson house. After Harcourt pickup supp brightly ligh room they r the rugs in th hall, and M turned on t graph.

Willis al have troubl steps, but M Harcourt went out of her way to s was doing very well. Mrs. Harcourt in a low voice to try to be especia Winnie Decker, who was a fattish girl in those days. Willis was sure t having a much better time than Ste who looked tall and sallow and sc

"Say," Steve Decker said to step outside and smoke a cigarett

Willis had never smoked in his would have died rather than tell Ste He was very glad to step outside w

"What are you coughing for?" S him. "Haven't you ever smoked a

"Oh yes," Willis answered, "lots

"These parties bore me," Steve sa time the Harcourt kids ask us to o man makes us go. Bill Harcourt i either, do you think so?"

"No," Willis said, "no, he isn't s

"And Bess, she isn't so hot eith you know what?"

"No, what?" Willis asked.

"She asked me to kiss her. She time she learned how to kiss a boy. do you know about that?"

Willis coughed again. "What do y

Willis could still feel the acrid s cigarette smoke. He could even the exact sound of a footstep behi the gravel drive. It was young Bill

"Hello," Bill said. "What are y ing out here?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

SMALL BOY DRESSING

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

He gets on half his underwear,
And sock in hand, he sprawls to stare
And stare through space. Anon he draws
The sock on slowly. *Long, long pause.*
Then he can't find the other sock.
His mother pleads, invokes the clock.
At last, at lengthy last he's shod
And shirted . . . now to sit like God
And contemplate what cloudy bournes?
Clad in eternity, he scorns
The adult madness, haste. Why bow
To clocks when it is always *now?*

New!

RICHER LATHER! INSTANT RINSING! SHINY-CLEAN HAIR! YET THIS NEW SHAMPOO NEVER, NEVER DRIES YOUR HAIR!



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OR BEAUTIFUL HAIR-DOS RIGHT AFTER SHAMPOOING!

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After you think your usual cleansing method has cleaned your skin, use a few drops of Deep Magic. Then look at your tissue. See all the clogging make-up that only Deep Magic can remove . . . Proof that Deep Magic cleans deep, deep down— where beauty begins!

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cl ans your skin up to 3 times cleaner than soaps or creams



now you can have a clearer skin

because you can have a cleaner skin. New Deep Magic actually deep-cleans your skin as much as *three times cleaner* than soaps or creams—without soap drying, without cream greasiness! It leaves your skin far cleaner, radiantly clear the *very first time* you use it. Lanolin-gentle Deep Magic actually replaces natural oils, leaving behind an invisible powder base.

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so clear - so soft - so radiant!

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Cotton Balls



For bathing baby's eyelids



cleaning the diaper area



applying baby oil or lotion

For { baby care
beauty care
first aid use



sterile
Johnson & Johnson

No connection whatever with American National Red Cross

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

"Just resting," Steve Decker said, "and taking a drag on a cigarette."

"Oh boy," Bill Harcourt said, "give me one, will you?" Bill was always ready to try anything and his enthusiasm never died. Willis always had a warm spot in his heart for Bill.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Harcourt Mill occurred just after high school had closed in June and just before Willis started to work at the mill. The stockholders gathered at the Harcourt Mill and then met for luncheon at the big house.

Everyone was too busy to think of Willis Wayde. He wanted to keep out of the way, but curiosity impelled him to stand in the corner of the rose garden, where he could see the automobiles as they came up the drive. That was where Bess Harcourt met him and asked him, as she often did, what he was doing.

"You can see," he said, "I'm not doing anything."

There was no doubt that Bess was growing up. She was no longer the middy-bloused girl that she had been the previous summer. Her braid was doubled up now and tied by a ribbon, and she wore a gray sweater, and a red belt around her waist, but she still had her blue serge skirt and her sensible low shoes.

"Well, I'm not doing anything either," Bess said. "I guess they're fighting down at the mill. They all think grandfather's spending too much money. Aunt Emily was awful cross this morning. She was in the den with daddy before they went to the mill, and then Cousin Roger came, and then the Hayward cousins came. Mommy doesn't like the Haywards and I hate them. Let's go inside the big house and look around."

"No," Willis said, "we wouldn't have any business being there."

Bess looked at him thoughtfully. "You haven't but I have," she said. "If anyone catches us I'll say that I invited you."

"I'll stay here. You go if you like."

She took his hand and tried to pull him after her. "Gosh," she said, "you're twice as strong as Bill. I know a place where we can hide and see them through the banisters, at the head of the stairs. I did it last year."

He was sure he would not have gone if she had not said that he was twice as strong as Bill.

The front door stood open but there was no one in the hall, and not a sound except in the kitchen and the dining room.

The dining-room table was stretched its full length and there were turkeys and hams on the serving table beside the pantry door and heavy lace tablecloths and the green Chinese place plates, but the cut glass was what Willis recalled most clearly—that heavy, ornate glass of another age, tumblers and three wineglasses beside each plate, glittering like ice.

"They always have it for the meeting," Bess whispered. "I was going to have it someday, before he got married again." Then Bess drew a quick sharp breath. "Hurry. They're coming," and she reached for his hand.

He heard the sound of wheels on the gravel driveway. Bess still was holding his hand as they ran on tiptoe down the hall. In a second they reached the balustrade of the upstairs passageway that looked down on the hall.

It was not a bad place to hide, affording just room for them to sit close together on the floor and to peer through the banisters.

The whole house had suddenly become alive. Mr. Henry Harcourt had appeared, and Mrs. Harcourt was with him.

"Roger," he was saying, "I'm not sure whether you have met your Aunt Harriet."

He was speaking to a stout middle-aged man whose hair was so closely cropped that you could see the pink of his scalp beneath. He was so fat that he should have had the conventional jolly expression, but instead his round face had a petulant look.

"That's Cousin Roger," Bess whispered in his ear. "He owns a lot of stock."

"What's happened to Catherine?" Mr. Harcourt said. "I don't believe you've met your new Aunt Harriet, Catherine. . . . This is Roger's wife, my dear."

A tall lady with gaunt rangy shoulders came into Willis' line of vision.

"I've been looking forward to it," she said, "dear Uncle Henry."

"That's Cousin Catherine," Bess whispered. "She's nasty, and their children are nasty."

"And here's Will Browning," Mr. Harcourt said. "But you remember Will, don't you, Harriet?"

"He's the president of grandfather's bank," Bess whispered. "So he doesn't count, and there's old Decker, with spots all over his coat. He doesn't count much either."

The hall was filled with people now, shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harcourt, and then moving toward the living room.

"There come mommy and daddy," Bess whispered. "There must have been a fight at the meeting. You can tell because daddy's laughing too much. And here come the Haywards. Grandfather bought most of their stock, but daddy says they never miss a free meal. Everybody hates the Haywards."

"Doesn't anybody like anybody else?" Willis whispered.

"Of course not," Bess whispered back, "except when they take sides in a fight."

The group in the hall was growing smaller. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt stood alone near the foot of the stairs. They turned and walked toward the living room, and Willis moved uneasily but Bess shook her head.

"Don't," she whispered, "don't move. Here's grandfather coming back."

She had seen him before Willis had. He came across the empty hall and then he began walking slowly up the stairs.

"He must be going to the bathroom," Bess whispered.

Willis thought that it was a most indelicate remark. They could hear his footsteps moving nearer. Then they heard his voice right beside them.

"You can get out now," he said. "The show is over."

Willis heard Bess give a sharp gasp as he struggled to his feet. Mr. Harcourt was standing just in front of the niche that led to the window.

"It's all right," he said. "I noticed you up there," and then he laughed. "I used to watch it from here myself. Now if I were you two, I'd sneak down to the kitchen and tell Mary to give you some food. If she's cross, tell her it's my orders, Bess."

"Oh, grandfather," Bess said, "you're awfully sweet."

"Sweet as sugar," Mr. Harcourt said. "Well, Willis, you've seen the family. It may help you when you come to work for me next Monday. I'm putting you under o son in Building One. Beginning N and I will both be working for th He laughed and walked away.

Willis was almost sixteen the f he worked at the Harcourt Mill. with some of his schoolmates as Building 1, and then as an assistan the warehouse. The next summ graduated from high school, he w Buildings 2 and 3.

If his detailed knowledge of bel part that belting might play in a plant finally impressed a good people, he knew now that he cou father for this.

He never expressed this grat father until a long while afterwar the year 1948, to be accurate, Wayde was retired and living California. Willis had gone to the quick business trip by air.

It was late afternoon when Will development, called Canyon D'O D'Oro was one of those groups o dwellings that kept springing up rooms in California. There w planted hibiscus hedge in front, olive tree on the lawn. His moth dungarees and sneakers, was watc sprinkler when the taxi stopped. H white but she moved as fast as ev

"Willis," she said, "isn't it a lo It's just what I've always dreame

"Yes," Willis said, "it looks swe

"Your father's taking the car a She raised her voice to a commar "Alf, Willis is here."

His father appeared holding wrench. He had put on weight puffingslightly. "Hello, Willis," he tricks? Cynthia, you get supper, and I will sit in the breezeway."

As they sat watching the sun west, Willis thought of the sum Harcourt place when Alfred Wa came home from the mill together

"It's a long way since that Har Alfred Wayde said. "You were a You asked me the dumbest ques

"What question?" Willis asked

"If I knew so much about th Mill, why didn't I want to run it?

Willis did not answer, but it wa he still asked himself when he th his father.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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"How was I to know you were saving it for something?"

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Some prices slightly higher in West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Boy," Alfred Wayde said, "I've never wanted to run anything except machines. A good internal-combustion engine is better than a man."

You could buy people who fiddled with machines, and the price of people who fiddled with men came higher, but Willis did not tell the old man that.

"Old H. H. was always monkeying with people. He couldn't keep his hands off."

"I owe a lot to him," Willis said.

Alfred Wayde laughed suddenly. "Still on the same beam, aren't you?" he said. "Listen, boy. I've told you we don't owe them one thing any more than the engine in my Buick owes anything to me."

There was such a thing as loyalty, but Willis did not bring it up. His mother was calling them in to supper, and he had not known that his father owned a Buick. He never would have owned one if Willis had not been more like Mr. Henry Harcourt than Alfred Wayde.

If Mr. Harcourt had taken an interest in Willis, he had always known where to draw the line between interest and partiality. Mr. Harcourt treated Willis the same way he treated everyone else, and when Bill Harcourt worked there for a month there was no way of telling that Bill was his grandson, except that Mr. Harcourt expressly told the foremen in Building 3 that Bill was lazy and not to let him get away with anything.

When Mr. Harcourt used to meet Willis on the Harcourt place, he hardly ever alluded to the mill, but he often asked Willis about his high-school studies. When Willis took his college-board examinations, Mr. Harcourt asked about his marks, and seemed relieved that Willis had not done badly.

Mr. Harcourt called on the telephone the Sunday morning after Willis had told him about his marks to ask if he might drop in after church. As he sat in the livi church clothes—his striped trous coat, his stiff collar and his seve made the rest of them look very s

"Say, Mr. Harcourt," Alfred "how about a little rye and ginge

"Not at the moment, thank y Mr. Harcourt said, "but don't you." Mr. Harcourt smiled. "I to say a few words about Willis. I planning to send him to college."

Willis saw his mother straight her stiff-backed chair. "Why, ye "we are hoping to, Mr. Harcou

"I'm delighted to hear it," M said. "I hope you're going to Harvard. Bill's going there next

"Well," Mrs. Wayde said, "A think it's too expensive a school

"Oh, I would hardly say that court said. "There will be expens It occurred to me last night tha of some help along those lines. Granville Beane to Massachuse would give me great pleasure t Willis to Harvard, Mrs. Wayde."

There was a moment's silence Wayde and Willis both looked at M

"That's very kind of you, Mr. she said, and she folded her han in her lap. "I guess Alfred and I a ent people. It will mean more to do this without help, and more t

Mr. Harcourt nodded. "Well," respect your point of view. Wh thinking of sending him, Mrs. Wa

"We haven't made up our mind Wayde said, "but we're thinking a University."

"Cynthia," his father said, aft court had gone, "why shouldn't o have sent the boy to college?"

"Because it wouldn't have been she said. "We're obligated eno Harcourts, living here, and I don't to be weak."

During that summer, whenever seen Bill and Bess their relationsh same as they always had been. after church he had fallen into t walking by the brook, and it ge pened that he would meet Bess the neither of them had ever made Then one Sunday in October, just started with college, everything ch

He saw Bess coming toward h the distance she looked the same a had, but not when she came near sudden Bess was all grown up, u able and unattainable. Her tawn pinned up in a knot, and she had her nose, which looked more like the Harcourt portraits than it ever

"Why, Willis," she said, "you someone else. You've got a new su haven't you? Where did you get it

"Downtown," he told her.

"Well," she said, "it looks it. W you like Boston University?"

"It's all right, I guess," he said.

SHE swayed slightly, from one other. "You were an awful fool, "not to go to Harvard when offered to send you. Nobody goes University."

"That's all you know about it,"

"You wouldn't look so bad if yo ferent suit," she said. "Do you reme I used to let you kiss me? It seem doesn't it?"

"You didn't let me, you asked said, "and you asked Steve Decker

"Oh, Willis," she said, "don't b ridiculous. Anyway, it was ages a

"It isn't as long as that," he said.

"But it seems like ages ago. We been awful fools. If I did it now, think you'd want to marry me or s

"I don't want to marry anybo

She smiled. "All you think about don't you?" she said. "Well, I su have to. Well, you can work for us when you get through with Boston U

"There are a lot of other places Willis told her.

"We'd like to have you," she grandfather says we need new peo



Helps Heal: "I've been using Noxzema for three years," says Sheila Walden of New York City. "It has helped heal my skin of small spots and blemishes* and leaves my face feeling so much fresher and softer."



Dry Skin: "My skin gets extremely dry," says Janice Miller of Greenwich, Conn., "especially during a change of season. But I use Noxzema faithfully and with so much satisfaction. It helps my skin stay soft and smooth."



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It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore – your money back.

*externally-caused

50% More NOXZEMA for your money (than in smallest sizes)

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ill?" he asked.
answered, and she laughed.
eone who has to work. Willis,
e when you're in the woods.
me now, don't you?"

said, and she moved a step
ou do. I can tell you do."
ngry that she could tell, and
ound her roughly.
said. "Willis, no." But she
inst him. It was different
times he had kissed her. "I
I'm such a fool," she said,
t here, as long as it's only

wer, but they stood there for
ther.
oth belong in other places,"
can't help that, can we?"
as the wisest thing that Bess
d to him. Bess always had a
nse, more than he ever had,

ad a warm spot in his heart
e often called it later, though
that the personalized side of
ch to him. He had no time
r activities, because he com-
e work for his degree in three
es, he had to be careful of
nt.
ny refinements of life from
emporaries, he learned them
lace and not at old B.U. Mr.
model worth copying, and
ot what Bess had said about
utumn he had started off to
erved the
or of Bill
nd he hit
going to
in Cam-
clothing
e was al-
efore the
dents who
unds dis-
that were
d Willis
ho made
ly. By the end of his third
a Tuxedo, two good suits,
nd two pairs of white flan-

Harcourts often during the
ey always asked him at least
rty during the holidays. It
m as strange at all, until
e had never been inside Mr.
house on Commonwealth
rch of his last year at B.U.
pressed some surprise about
hen the Waydes had been
at the big house, as they
a month.
go back to Boston, Willis?"
I asked.
early train every Monday
, in time to get to a nine-

why I've never thought of it
court said. "If you want a
nday evening, let me know
And there's another curious
e you in Boston, do we? We'll
Tuesday night. Why don't
t seven o'clock for dinner?"
r," Willis said. "I'd like to

nice suit of clothes you have
Harcourt said. "I always like
He hesitated for an instant.
dress on Tuesday, Willis. I
ays do."

himself from saying that he
ow, but nothing would have
wearing it that evening.
alked that Tuesday evening
h Avenue the street lights,
spheres in the dark, made all
unnaturally large, and Mr.
was as large as any of them.
protected by an iron grille
tibule paved with squares of
a second glass door he
marble-paved hallway.

"Good evening, Mr. Willis," Selwyn said. "I'm afraid Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt aren't down yet, but if you'll wait upstairs I'm sure they'll be with you in a few minutes."

"Whereabouts upstairs?" Willis asked.

"I'd forgotten you didn't know your way," Selwyn said. "Your tie is a trifle crooked. Would you care to have me straighten it?"

"I guess I'm not very good at tying a bow tie," Willis told him.

"It will come with practice," Selwyn said. "You look well in dinner clothes. Not everybody does. May I make one suggestion, Mr. Willis?"

"Is anything wrong?" Willis asked.

"I wouldn't say wrong," Selwyn said. "But I wouldn't wear a handkerchief jutting out of my breast pocket. Mr. Harcourt never does and neither does Mr. Bill. Mr. Bill and Miss Bess will be with us tonight—just the family. This way, Mr. Willis."

THERE was another broad hall upstairs, with the dining room to the left and a large sitting room to the right.

"They'll be down in a minute, sir," Selwyn said. "There's the bell, I think. That will be Miss Bess and Mr. Bill."

Willis heard their voices in the downstairs hall. Then he heard them running up the stairs.

"Hi, Willis," Bill said.

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "let me look at you. You don't look like yourself at all."

Neither did Bess, for that matter. Her dress was a brilliant blue, and her shoulders were bare and her face was fresh and warm from the cold outside.

"I wouldn't know you either," Willis said. "That's quite a dress."

"What there is of it," Bill said, and he laughed.

"Oh, stop it, Bill," Bess said. "They're coming downstairs."

"How nice you three young people look," Mrs. Harcourt said, and Mr. Harcourt looked at them as though he were examining a newly acquired picture.

"Yes," Mr. Harcourt said, "you're quite right, Harriet. Bess, will you kiss your old grandfather? Willis, it's nice to see you in Boston, and, Bill, I was afraid they might need you at the club tonight."

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave right after dinner, sir," Bill said.

Willis did not know what they were talking about, but Bess smiled at him as though of course he knew. Mr. Harcourt rubbed his hands together.

"A pleasant ending for a busy day," he said. "I went down to Cohasset to see your Cousin Elridge this afternoon, Bess, and then I had a most rewarding tea party on the way home with your Cousin Lillian."

"I thought you didn't like them," Bess said.

"Well," Mr. Harcourt said, "can't you guess why I called on them then?"

"Did you want to buy their stock?" Bill asked.

Mr. Harcourt's face wrinkled into one of his broadest smiles. "Exactly," he said, "exactly."

"What do you want it for?" Bill asked. "Haven't we got enough?"

"Perhaps," Mr. Harcourt said, "but your Cousin Roger wanted it, and if Roger wants something ——" Mr. Harcourt left his thought unfinished. "Here's Selwyn. You're old enough to have sherry now, aren't you, Bess?"

Willis was proud that he had been allowed to hear this family gossip and he knew he had been deliberately allowed. Mr. Henry Harcourt never forgot anything when he handled people.

Bill excused himself directly after dinner, because he had to go back to Cambridge. When Bill and he shook hands, Willis saw that Mr. Harcourt was watching them both with a half-sad expression, and he did not speak until the front door closed.

"Everything always comes easily for Bill," he said. "It's hard on anyone when everything comes easily."

"You mean we've been born with silver spoons?" Bess said. "Well, it isn't our fault. Besides, you were born with a spoon yourself, weren't you?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Harcourt said. "It's something I've always tried to remember, and see you don't forget it either, Bess."

The Bryson Harcourts lived only a few blocks away on the water side of Beacon Street. When Bess said it was time for her to go home, it was only natural for Willis to ask if he might not walk home with her.

She wore a gray squirrel coat, and when they were on the street with the glass and iron doors closed behind them, Bess was like a stranger until she abruptly put her arm through his.

"It's funny seeing you here," she said. "You really look very nice in Boston."

"How did you think I was going to look?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Worse than you do, I suppose. You're not the way you are in the country."

"Well, you aren't either," Willis said.

"Of course I'm not," she answered. "Why should I be? Bill's been taken into the A.D. Club, you know. That was what they were talking about tonight."

"What's the A.D. Club?" Willis asked.

"That shows you don't know anything," she said, "but you look as though you did. What do you do here, Willis?"

"I go to B.U. and I study," he said.

"But you must know some girls."

I think it is good taste, and also good judgment, when a man prays for the sin of the people, that he should count himself in.

—JOSH BILLINGS

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"I haven't time to know any girls," Willis said.

"That isn't so," she said. "You have time to see Winnie Decker weekends."

"Who told you that?" Willis asked.

"Steve Decker, of course. I see him at the dances. He's on the list."

"What's the list?" Willis asked.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "You must be hard up if there's only Winnie Decker."

It was only a short walk through that dark night, along Commonwealth Avenue and right on Clarendon Street and across Marlborough and then up Beacon Street, where the wind was beginning to blow hard across the Charles.

"Well, here we are," she said.

She stopped at the steps of one of those brownstone houses that still impressed Willis as more aloof and forbidding than any houses in any other city he had known.

"You might as well come in for a minute," she said. "Nobody's at home."

The hall lights were on and she turned on the lights in a small downstairs room that must have been called the reception room at the time the house was built.

"Thanks for seeing me home," she said.

Then perhaps before either of them knew it, or before they thought of it, they were in each other's arms.

"I'm an awful fool," she whispered. "Oh dear, I wish that things were different."

That man is a success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who leaves the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Willis always admitted that his characteristics of aggressiveness matured later than they did in some young men. He had qualities of patience and a sort of modesty that combined to keep him from pushing ahead in any annoying manner. This probably explained why he never attracted a great deal of attention during the summers he worked at the mill, but later all sorts of people remembered him.

It was the business of Miss Minton, the receptionist, to remember everyone, and Willis was tall and handsome, with nice blond hair that always needed cutting, and there were girls in the office who used to say that they would like to muss up Willis' hair. Willis was popular but he was never fresh, the way Mr. Bill Harcourt sometimes was.

Mr. Hewett often said that he could have told plenty, if tact had not prevented him, about the goings on at the mill in those days. Henry Harcourt was having his troubles with Bryson, and Roger Harcourt was trying to shoot holes in everything and waiting for Henry to die so he could muscle in on the management; and Bill had no serious interest in the plant. Mr. Hewett had been surprised when H.H. told him that if Willis had a few more years on him he'd be management material. In spite of his age, H.H. had a mind that was twice as young as Bryson's. He was constantly playing with ideas to enlarge the Harcourt line and he was never afraid to spend money on experiment.

WILLIS was not aware of any of the upper-level stuff that was going on at Harcourt's in the summer after he had graduated from Boston University. He and Bill Harcourt and Steve Decker did odd jobs in the Sales Department and ran all sorts of errands, and Mr. Henry and Mr. Bryson Harcourt and Mr. Hewett were distant figures. Yet everyone knew that there was a cleavage of ideas, and that before old H.H. began planning expansion, the mill had been a comfortable family business that paid excellent dividends. Mr. Bryson never saw why it should not have been kept that way and Willis had one clear glimpse of that difference of opinion between Mr. Henry and Mr. Bryson.

During July both he and Bill were in the Sales Department helping one of the new assistants prepare a sales folder with photographs of the new Harcourt belting. They sat in their shirt sleeves side by side at a table.

"Say," Bill was saying, "here's a new one. Harcourt Oak-Heart. I never heard of that one."

"Oh," Willis said, "that's the general-purpose white belting."

IT seemed to Willis that Bill should have known that Harcourt Oak-Heart was one of the most stable features in the line. The binder threads in Oak-Heart were interwoven in such a way that ply separation was entirely eliminated.

"What's ply separation?" Bill asked.

It was difficult to do his own work and Bill's at the same time, but Willis knew a lot about Harcourt Oak-Heart, and he was starting to explain the whole thing when Mr. Briggs opened the door. He was holding a sales form covered with figures.

"Willis," he asked, "can you drop what you're doing?"

"Yes, sir," Willis said.

"Take this down to Mr. Harcourt's office, will you?" Mr. Briggs said.

The office building was beginning to grow cramped and inadequate. The Inventory Department had been moved outside, and the Engineering Department now occupied the vacant room. Things were quieter when Willis descended to the lower floor. There the illusion of the Federalist mansion still existed and the door to Mr. Harcourt's office was open as usual. Mr. Harcourt was seated in his swivel chair and Mr. Bryson Harcourt was seated near the corner of the desk.

"I only wish you'd tell me," Mr. Bryson was saying, "what on earth you think is going to happen here eventually."

Mr. Harcourt leaned back. "We've been over that before," he said. "It will have to be your problem eventually."

"Father," Mr. Bryson began, "I wish you'd try to see this from my point of view."

"Excuse me, sir," Willis said. "Mr. Briggs sent this down to you."

"All right," Mr. Harcourt said. "Thank you, Willis."

As Willis crossed the room and laid the paper on the desk, they were both looking at him uncomfortably.

"Well, Willis," Mr. Bryson said, "how's Bill getting along upstairs?" His voice was friendly. The façade was back in place.

"He's doing fine, sir," Willis said.

It was all one of those things one remembered only in view of what happened later. It was not Mr. Bryson's fault that he had not inherited the ability of Mr. Henry Harcourt.

When the five-o'clock whistle blew that afternoon, Willis' father asked if he wanted a ride home. He was still driving a model-T Ford.

"It's a funny thing," his father said, when they reached the driveway of the Harcourt place, "to be driving this can in these surroundings, but it runs all right."

"It ought to," Willis told him. "You take it apart and put it together enough."

"Say," Willis' father said, "you're working up there with young Bill. Is he any good?"

"He's all right," Willis answered.

"You know he isn't," his father said. "Not that he isn't a nice-enough kid. I wish you wouldn't play around with those Harcourts so much, Willis. It seems to me that you're getting big ideas."

"What sort of ideas?" Willis asked, innocently.

Alfred Wayde laughed harshly. "Like marrying the boss' daughter, and you don't want to marry any boss' daughter."

Willis felt his face redden. The Ford had stopped in the road by the garden house, but Alfred Wayde still sat with his hands on the wheel.

"I don't see how you got that idea in your head," Willis told him. "I'm not thinking of marrying anyone."

Alfred Wayde breathed deeply nose. "Don't act like I've bee you, boy," he said. "It's only some things about you that wor Now listen. No man ever thi about marrying. It just come when he reaches a certain age. your age I always liked girls, went seriously with anyone until mother in Topeka, and then it c the way I say. But I don't want lecture."

There were beads of perspirati Wayde's forehead and he rubbe across his face.

Beauty tric

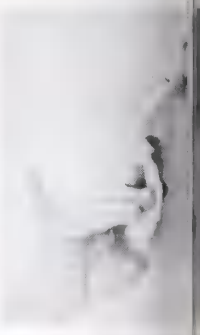


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'd take a few drinks sometimes, y around and see some girls—group, I mean, not girls like

ed his throat. "What girls, for he asked.

function to pick out girls for Wayde said. "What I mean are girls."

ing girls?" Willis repeated.

is," Alfred Wayde said, "I'm nical term, but I mean girls who e you back the same that you I mean is you ought to go me girls made out of the same ply as you. The town is full of pretty girls."

"Look," Willis said, "I understand what you mean, partly, but I don't have much time. I've been working pretty hard. I got through college in three years, you know, and I've been working every summer."

"I'll tell you what the trouble with you is," Alfred Wayde said. "You're trying to be something you aren't. You watch it, Willis. You keep on trying to be something you aren't, and you'll end up a stinker. You can't help being, if you live off other people."

"I don't get your point," Willis said.

Alfred Wayde leaned his elbows on the wooden steering wheel. "Listen boy," he said. "People are divided into two parts—people who do things and the rest, who live off those who do things. Now I may not amount to much, but I've had a pretty happy time, because I can turn out something. I can do anything in that mill that anyone else can do, and they all know it, boy. Well, maybe you'll spend your life living off other people's doings. Maybe you'll end up like Harcourt. I don't know. But you'll never be like Harcourt."

There was a good deal in what his father had said, and Willis realized it even then. He was listening to the age-old definition on management and labor, to a description of the chasm that always divided the creator and the entrepreneur, and of course his father had been right, but Willis could only put his thoughts in a single awkward question.

"But you like Mr. Harcourt, don't you?" Willis asked.

"Yes," Alfred Wayde said. "All his moving parts are greased. He knows what he is, and we get along, but he lives off me just the same. Now I'm going in to get a rye and ginger ale and you better have one, too, but just remember what I said."

Cynthia Wayde opened the door of the house just as they were getting out of the car. "What have you two been talking about," she asked, "out there in the sun?"

"I've just been telling Willis a few facts," Alfred Wayde said, "and now I'm going to give him a drink."

"Oh, Alf," Mrs. Wayde said, "you know Willis hardly ever takes anything."

"It's high time he started," Alfred Wayde said.

"Well, Willis isn't like you, Alf," Mrs. Wayde said, and she stood in front of Willis in the parlor while Alfred Wayde went to get the glasses and ginger ale. "Willis, I wish you knew some nice girls."

"Gosh," Willis said, "do you wish that too?"

The telephone rang in the hall.

"I'll go," he said, and it was Bess Harcourt calling.

"Is that you, Willis?" she said. "How about coming over after you've had your supper? The family's gone away to the shore."

"Why, thanks," Willis said, and in spite of everything he did not feel tired at all. "I'd like to very much."

Perhaps in some ways Bess was a reciprocating girl.

Bess was waiting for him on the driveway outside the Bryson Harcourt house. The brick Georgian house always looked to Willis rather like a country club, with its tennis court and its swimming pool. The last of the evening light was still in the sky when he saw it that evening, and it remained in his memory as a sort of dream of wish fulfillment.

Like the house, Bess in her cool silk summer dress was a part of that dream. They knew each other better, perhaps, than either of them knew anybody else. Nevertheless, he could never tell, when he met her, whether she would have good manners or none at all. She seemed almost shy that night.

"I feel awfully lonely tonight," she said. "It's too hot in the house. Let's go and sit by the swimming pool. It's awfully nice of you to come over, Willis."

"I always do, when you ask me," Willis said.

"Yes," she said, "I know."

THE pool was near the woods, and its water reflected the dying light in the sky. The pool was far enough away from the house so that no one could see them, and both of them must have known that this was their reason for going there.

"If you're lonely," Willis asked her, "why didn't you go down to the shore with your family?"

"You know why perfectly well," Bess said, and she laughed. "Don't you miss me sometimes?"

"Yes," he told her, "sometimes."

"It's nice to have a secret sin," Bess said, "and you're my secret sin. Well, what are you waiting for?"

She had stopped in front of the pergola at the end of the pool, where the reclining chairs were. There was no reason to wait any longer, and of course he kissed her.

"I'm awfully glad you're here," she said, "even if it isn't sensible." She sat down on one of the reclining chairs. "Move over close to me," she said. "I wish I didn't always like it when you're with me, and we can't go on like this indefinitely, can we? Or people will begin to talk."

"Yes, I guess that's so," Willis said, "but then, you asked me over, didn't you?"

She reached out her hand toward his. "You wanted to come, didn't you?"

"Oh yes," he said, "I wanted to."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

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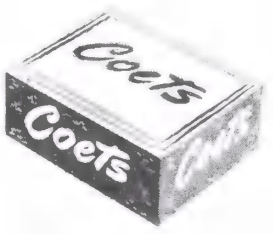
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

as long as you wanted to," and hand tighter. "I wish you could ound when I want you."

answer.

he said, "I've felt queer all day. lly old. I don't know why I can etter than anyone else. Maybe I t that would be awfully silly."

on sense made him agree with nd Bess Harcourt always had the ng exactly where they were.

wondering all day what's going us all," she said. "Daddy's nice, her stupid man, don't you think have the queerest feeling." Her l suddenly. "Promise me you y."

t want me around," Willis said,

nt you," she said, and then her d lower. "There's got to be some- fter us, Willis."

eposterous remark, and his own qually preposterous.

I love you, Bess," he said.

" she told him, "I wanted you to t's utterly ridiculous." She stood "I know you can't change any- re than I can. If we have to be t's go walking in the woods."

sure that something serious was when he received a typewritten n brought up by one of Miss pists one afternoon a few days ing with Bess.

court," the memorandum read, know if it is you to call at eight o'clock Please answer ith Jackman."

ed up a pen- "Yes" on the e of paper. d a physical t bordered on as almost sure that the summons g to do with Bess, because in the court always heard and noticed

is walked from the garden house use to call on Mr. Harcourt, he his hair carefully and had put on No matter what happened he was much as he could like Mr. Har-

ning, Mr. Willis," Selwyn said. rt's waiting for you in his study." a pulse beating in his throat. said, and he smiled, "do you ng about me?"

s," Selwyn said.

kerchief in my breast pocket."

as to tell you anything twice," "as I heard Mr. Harcourt say Willis."

way Selwyn might have spoken to as no wonder that he always had in his heart for Selwyn.

urt was in his small study with rs in front of him. "Oh, here you he said. "I hope this does not m some more agreeable engage- wn, but close the door first."

ssed the room and seated himself 's chair. Mr. Harcourt looked frailer than usual.

intending for some time to speak ly, Willis. In a way I am going to on your discretion and to say ings of a highly personal nature, I rely on you not to repeat."

Willis said.

I have to rely on people," Mr. id, "and I haven't gone wrong speaking about you to Bess the g. I wish she were a boy. She has bility, I think, and Bill hasn't got gree?"

now, sir," Willis said.

you know," Mr. Harcourt said. le have a commercial instinct and t. Bill's like his father—not that l of them. It's something I have and something they haven't. It isn't only an ability to make money—that's an incidental part. At any rate, I think you have it."

Mr. Harcourt paused again, and Willis felt a strange tingling in his spine.

"Well," Mr. Harcourt said, "if the family hasn't got the instinct, we must find it elsewhere, Willis. Henry Hewett's a good man, but he's too old for any long-term planning. Briggs is all right in Sales but he's too nervous to take on anything else. It's a mistake to think you're going to live forever. Well . . . I'm calling in a management firm—Beakney-Graham in New York. I'm asking them to go over the office setup and recommend new personnel. You don't know why I'm telling you this, do you?"

"No, sir," Willis said, "I don't."

MR. HARCOURT stared at him for a moment without speaking.

"Because I'm thinking of taking you into my office as a sort of assistant, Willis. I'm going to need someone in about two years who is loyal and who knows me and knows the family. Bill is going to the Harvard Business School in the fall. I want to send you there too. I want your rough edges smoothed off. Bill can teach you a little. I know you've been watching him, and I can help you, myself, but most of it is going to be up to you. I hope you see what I mean."

Willis cleared his throat. "I see what you mean, sir," he said, "but I don't know as I'd be able to do it. Have you talked to my father about this, sir?"

"Why under the sun should I?" Mr. Harcourt said.

"He wouldn't like it, sir," Willis said, "and he wouldn't send me to any business school."

Mr. Harcourt coughed gently. "He isn't going to. I'm paying for this party, Willis."

There was something arrogant in the way he said it that Willis did not like even then. "No," Willis said, "I couldn't do that, sir."

At least for once he had looked Mr. Harcourt in the eye and had laid it on the line.

"All right," Mr. Harcourt said, "all right, if that's the way you want it, Willis."

Willis pushed back his chair and stood up. "But thank you very much for offering this to me," he said.

Mr. Harcourt said, "We haven't finished yet. Suppose we put it this way. It takes two years to go through the Harvard Business School. I am prepared to lend you three thousand dollars for your expenses, Willis, and you can give me your note for it at six per cent. You'll be working in the summer. I'll have it amortized out of your salary. I'm taking a calculated risk, but I do that every day. Do you like that better, Willis?"

"Yes, sir, but it's a lot of money."

"I suppose it is, from your point of view, but these things are always relative," Mr. Harcourt said. "Will you do it, Willis?"

It was the first decision that Willis Wayde had ever been obliged to make, and he liked to think that he did it rather well.

"Yes sir," he said, "I'll do it, and thank you very much," and then he cleared his throat again, "and I'll always try to do the best I can, Mr. Harcourt."

He meant every word of it. Mr. Harcourt laughed softly.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," he said, "and I've never set you down as one. Well, that finishes our conversation. Let's go out and join the ladies, Willis."

His first instinct was to thank Mr. Harcourt and to say he should be going home, but instead Willis followed him down the hall to the living room. Even on that short walk he began to be vaguely aware that he had lost some sort of freedom which he could not name exactly and which he had not valued until he lost it.

He was not surprised when he saw Mrs. Harcourt and Bess seated on the living-room sofa.

"Well, Harriet," Mr. Harcourt said, "Willis is going to the Harvard Business School."

Mrs. Harcourt took his hand in both of hers. "Oh, Willis," she said, "I'm so glad. I know you're going to be a great help to Mr. Harcourt."

"I'm glad, too," Bess said, "but you certainly took a long time talking about it."

"Not so long," Mr. Harcourt said. "There'll be some more details tomorrow, Willis. I want to see you and Bill at the office at ten o'clock."

"I'd better be going home now," Bess said, and she smiled in a quick way like her grandfather. "You'll walk home with me, won't you, Willis?"

"Yes, of course, Bess," Willis said.

"Willis, dear," Mrs. Harcourt said, and he was startled. It was the first time she had ever called him "dear." "We want you to feel that you are a part of the family now, don't we, Henry?"

Mr. Harcourt put his hand on Willis' arm. "He knows that already," he said, "or he ought to, Harriet."

Willis knew that it was true. In some way, without the words being spoken, he had sworn some sort of allegiance in Mr. Harcourt's study. He had traveled a long way since he had stepped off the train with his suitcases and his Stetson hat six years ago, and he was sure that Mr. Harcourt had planned it. Mr. Harcourt had always planned everything.

(To be Continued)

Wives are people who feel they don't dance enough.

—GROUCHO MARX

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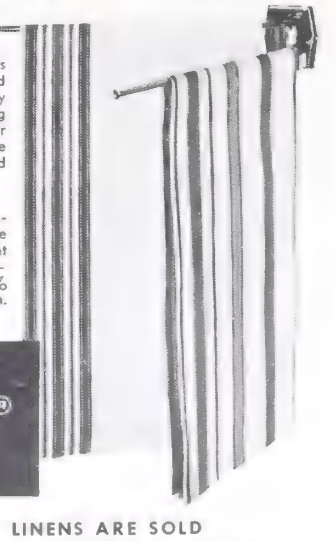
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Look for the Startex trade mark on packaged Kitchen Towels and Dish Cloths in leading dry goods, department and chain stores; Towelings and Piece Goods by the yard; Hand Printed Towels and Table Cloths; Hand Towels . . . Startex Mills, 55 Worth Street, New York.

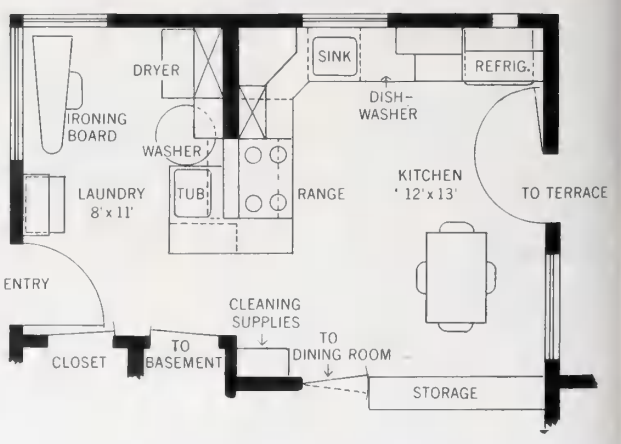
News: hard white plastic now practical for counters; baked-on finish for steel cabinets in favorite colors; venting hood over range serves both kitchen and the laundry beyond.

"Kitchen-laundry to suit me"

By GLADYS TABER

"WHEN we built our new Colorado home," said Mrs. B., "I knew exactly what I wanted—a kitchen and laundry in one room. I've lived too long in houses with 'afterthought' kitchens. Our architect was amused, but even he applauded the step-saving result we worked out." The result: a room 20′x13′ contains a complete laundry, a fine L kitchen, even a dining corner—and I applaud too! "Ironing," the lady told the architect, "won't be a chore if I have a view," and so she has, with windows placed to give a CinemaScopic sight of the Rockies as she works. For the rest of the laundry section, washing equipment is streamlined on one wall. Mrs. B. prefers a wringer washer and chose a model with good safety wringer and a pump to drain the water away. A gas-heated dryer beside it makes it unnecessary to wait for good weather before laundering. The laundry tub is a help in washing family woolens, doubles for garden clean-up jobs—and her two teen-age children use it for cleaning brook trout.

The kitchen is colorful and gay with steel cabinets in her favorite turquoise color. Even the floor is individual with 18″ squares of rubber tile in a random color arrangement in lilac, two blues and white. Pride of her work center is a two-oven range, a gas model only 36″ wide—"It gave space," she pointed CONTINUED ON PAGE 171



STUART-WILLIAMS



Snack table with plastic top and plastic-cushioned chairs brilliantly withstand hard wear. Roll-away doors cover pass-through to dining room, with china and glass shelves above.

Portable ironing table adjusts to sit-down or stand-up heights. When ironing, damp clothes go in hamper at right, finished ones on wheeled table or racks at left.



hamburger news! It's a meal in itself–

and it's marvelous made with this

born-to-be-better corn ☆

☆ grown from special seed we developed to give you sweeter flavor and extra-tender kernels in DEL MONTE Corn

You could husk a thousand ears of fresh, sweet corn and *still* not find the equal of the sweet, tender kernels tucked away in every can of DEL MONTE Brand Corn.

Reason being, DEL MONTE Corn is grown from our own special strains of seed...super seed developed to perfection over a period of 20 years.

Each kernel, each forkful, and each can of this custom-grown corn offers you the ultimate in delicious natural sweetness and thin-skinned tenderness. DEL MONTE's the brand. And your grocer has it.

ALL-IN-ONE HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

- 1 cup packaged rice (type pre-cooked by manufacturer)
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 1 No. 2 can DEL MONTE Tomatoes
- 1 can (12 oz.) DEL MONTE Golden Whole Kernel Corn

Grease a 2-qt. casserole. Measure rice from package and spread in even layer on bottom. Mix flour, chili powder, salt and pepper. Sprinkle ⅓ mixture over rice; dot with ½ tablespoon butter. Next, mix ground beef with onion and spread over rice. Repeat flour mixture and butter as above. Make a layer of the tomatoes, including liquid; repeat flour mixture and butter. Spread corn on top and dot with remaining butter. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45-50 minutes. Serves 6.

Try all 3 styles: Golden Cream Style, Golden Whole Kernel, White Cream Style



el Monte
BRAND

your sweetest buy in corn

THE BRAND YOU KNOW PUTS FLAVOR FIRST

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Tuesday—which was precisely what Miss Dove had predicted the afternoon before when, shining a flashlight on a plaster-of-Paris globe, she had demonstrated to the sixth grade the reason for the lengthening of the vernal days.

During the night a flock of robins had returned from their Southern winter resort (Miss Dove had told the first grade this was the week for the robins) and now they were busy pulling innocent angleworms from new-spaded garden plots, looking spruce and pompous and complacent—as if they knew they were expected and thought the worm-rich earth had been loosened expressly for their benefit. At seven, households stirred. Families, groggy from dreams, fought among themselves for the bathroom. Lost socks were hunted, ears were scrubbed, hair was combed, milk was spilled and the air was rent with squeals and remonstrances and the resumption of those domestic hostilities which, in general, keep personal identity alive. At seven minutes past eight—punctual as the sun and, unlike the sun, not varying with the seasons—Miss Dove descended the front steps of her house on Oakwood Street. At her gate she paused for a moment. She looked at three fat robins in her pansy border—not severely but strictly, as she might have looked at children to see how they were occupied; she observed, with a slight frown, a dandelion blooming out of place on her lawn; she lifted a critical gaze to the sky and, seeing that it was quite clean, gave a nod of approval. Then she opened her gate—it was an old gate made of wrought iron in a Victorian pattern of hearts and ferns, but it did not squeak because Miss Dove kept its hinges oiled—and began her morning walk to Cedar Grove Elementary School.

Jincey Baker saw her from an upstairs window. Jincey was eating breakfast in bed, not because she was ill or lazy but because she was going to have a baby any time now and she was young and beautiful and her husband liked to pamper her.

"There she goes, Tommy!" Jincey cried on that note of delight which was evoked in her by all sorts of trivial, commonplace sights. "Right on the dot!" She patted her stomach. "I wish little Whosit—the slowpoke bum—would copy Miss Dove and develop a sense of time!"

Tommy (Dr. Thomas Baker, surgeon) laughed. "It would be a strain, though, to have a baby like the terrible Miss Dove. Imagine burping it!"

"Do you suppose *she* ever was a baby?" Jincey said.

"No," Thomas replied flatly. "She simply emerged from her house one day—fully formed like Venus on the half shell."

"With her hat on?" said Jincey.

"Of course," said Thomas.

"And her mousy hair in a little bun behind?"

"I'm not sure," said Thomas. "You see, I have a unique distinction. I'm the only man in Liberty Hill who's ever seen the terrible Miss Dove with her hair down."

"Tommy!" Jincey clapped her hands. "You kept it from me!"

"Oh, I have my reticence," Thomas said.

"Tell me now," demanded Jincey.

"I'll save it for a long winter evening when we can't get a baby sitter," Thomas said. "I have to tear myself away now. I'll be home for lunch unless some rash fool bursts an appendix."

"Stop at the Burnhams' and pick up the bathinet they're lending us," said Jincey.

"Sure. And if anything happens—if you have the slightest twinge—don't dally. The hospital's alerted for you." He bent and pressed his cheek against her soft, sweet-smelling red hair. "Don't worry, darling."

"I'm not worried," Jincey said. "Are you?"

"Of course not," Thomas said with more than necessary emphasis.

He ran downstairs whistling an optimistic tune from Oklahoma! and thinking with remorse of all the prospective fathers he had privately jeered at. Those wan creatures with their stubble cheeks and dying-calf eyes, pacing the halls, needing a drink—they were his brothers now!

At nine minutes past eight Miss Dove crossed LaFayette Avenue. Old Mr. Porter, who had been her father's friend, saw her from his flagstone terrace where he his preprandial exercise. He ch watch by her. At eighty-two, Mr. an epicure of time. He relished it, u for its own essential flavor.

A few minutes later, from the wi dining room facing on Maple St Burnham saw Miss Dove go by. "F oatmeal, Davie-dear," she said to year-old son. "Miss Dove has pa don't want to be tardy."

"Oh, puke," said Davie-dear. "Th stinks!"

Polly flushed, but held her peace band, the Reverend Alexander Burn aware of a curious tingling sensat palm of his right hand and an almos sible longing to bring that palm dow in a series of blows upon the plumpe of his son's anatomy. He rose. "If cuse me," he said to his wife, "I mu my notes for meeting." He off to his st veling at hi straint.

Both the el hams knew gently nurtu dren rough lan a healthy sig of growth and ing of the e knew, further David, becau sembled one phael's cherub a minister's more need t for toughness must bow to and pretend n tice. All the b that.

At eight-two Dove crosse corner of M Grant wher Grove School brick, stolid one cedar left its ugliness. loway, the tr on duty, saw h looked as na nature," he later in a tone der. "I tipped and said, 'Goo ing, Miss Do she says, 'Goo ing, William.'"

By eight-thi two hundred children ranging in age from six to tw safely inside the school building. Ir home rooms they gauged, with the shrewdness of innocence, the variou of various teachers. How far dared today?

But as the morning progressed classes went, in turn, to spend minutes in the geography room w Dove, they dropped their restless spe

For Miss Dove had no moods. M was a certainty. She would be today had been yesterday and would be to And so, within limits, would they. S they would enter her room. Each chi pause on the threshold as its mothe ther had paused, more than likely (M had taught there for thirty-six yea would say—just as the policeman ha in a distinct, formal tone, "Good Miss Dove." And Miss Dove wo directly at each of them and reply, morning, Jessamine," or "Margar "Samuel." They would go to their a desks. Miss Dove would ascend to h lesson would begin.

There was no need to waste time liminary admonitions. Miss Dove's r as fixed as the signs of the zodiac. A were known. Miss Dove rehearsed the beginning of each school year, stating

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

CARROUSEL

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

As children ride upon the carrousel,
Enchanted by the painted steeds that flee
Through music-jangled night, caught in a spell
Of speed and laughter and calliope;

So I, my darling, dizzy with my love
Rode reckless, reinless through the spangled night
Rising and falling laughing, swept above
The sawdust ground that braced my frantic flight;

And all the world was carnival and mad
Until the plunging horses slowed, until
The tinkling music ceased. And were you sad
To walk into a night so sudden-still?





Tray top lifts off



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40-A $17.95*

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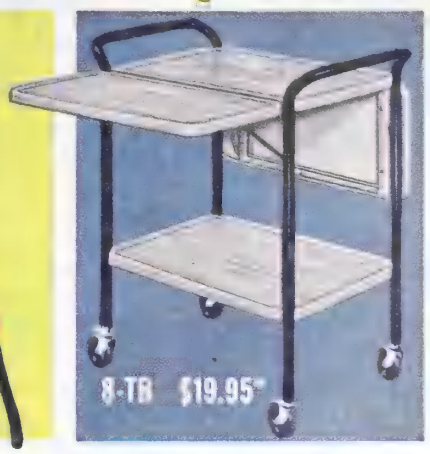
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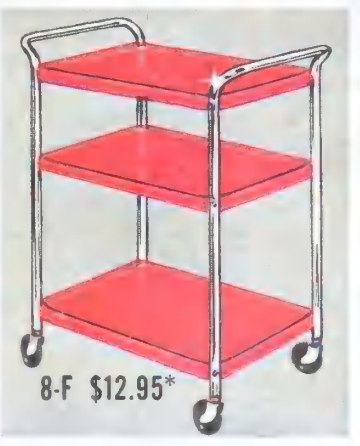
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8-TB $19.95*



8-H $5.95*



8-F $12.95*



8-LX $10.95*

art: Top doubles as serving tray! 29½" x 23½". Chromium legs; five-ply COSCOAT finish, four colors. **Also 8-WB:** Black en- **40-A Posture Step Stool:** Back adjusts or comfort! Foam rubber seat, 24½" high. y" steps; chromium finish; Duran uphol- colors. **Also Model 40-AB:** Black enamel **Baby Jumper:** Enamel finish; removable eat, three colors. **2-B Regular Stool:** Seat, ll-enamel finish, two colors. **5-D Bathroom Stool:** 15" high. Chromium finish, waterproof upholstery, five colors. **14-E "Convertible" High Chair:** Converts to Youth Chair with removal of adjustable tray and footrest. Chromium finish; Duran upholstery, three colors. **Also 14-EB:** Black enamel legs. **4-A Step Stool:** 24" high. Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. All-enamel finish, three colors. **4-MB Step Stool:** Seat, 24" high. Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. Black enamel finish; Duran upholstery, four colors. **Also 4-M:** Chromium finish. **8-TB Drop Leaf Utility Cart:** 29½" high. Top (leaves up), 23½" x 40½". Black enamel legs; COSCOAT wood-grain finish, four colors. **Also 8-T:** Chromium legs. **8-H Utility Table:** 29" high, 16" x 22". All-enamel, three colors. **8-F Utility Cart:** 29½" high, 16½" x 23½". Chromium legs; enamel finish, three colors. **8-LX Electric Utility Table:** 29½" high, 16" x 22". Double convenience outlet, heavy duty power supply cord. Chromium legs; enamel finish, three colors.

*Prices slightly higher Colorado and west, and in Canada.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

calmly and dispassionately as if she were describing the atmospheric effects of the Gulf Stream. The penalties for infractions of the rules were also known. If a child introduced a foreign object—a pencil, let us say, or a wad of paper, or a lock of hair—into his mouth, he was required to wash out his mouth with the yellow laundry soap that lay on the drainboard of the sink in the corner by the sand table. If his posture was incorrect, he had to go and sit upon a stool without a back rest. If a page in his notebook was untidy, he had to copy it over. Of course there were flagrant offenses that were dealt with in private. In those instances the delinquent was detained, minus the comfort of his comrades, in awful seclusion with Miss Dove. What happened between them was never fully known. (Did she threaten him with legal prosecution? Did she beat him with her long map pointer?) The culprit himself was unlikely to be communicative on the subject. Afterward, as was duly noted, his classroom attitude was subdued and chastened.

Miss Dove had no rule to cover prevarication. A child's word was taken at face value. If it happened to be false—well, that was the child's problem. A lie, unattacked and undistorted by defense, remained a lie and was apt to be recognized as such by its author.

And in that room where no leeway was given to the personality—where a thing was black or white, right or wrong, polite or rude, simply because Miss Dove called it so—there was a curiously soothing quality. The children left it refreshed and restored. For there they enjoyed what was allowed them nowhere else—a complete suspension of the will.

Good teachers cost more, but poor teachers cost most.
—WAURINE WALKER

On this particular Wednesday the first-graders, whom Miss Dove gave a survey course in the flora and fauna of the earth, drew pictures of robins. They drew them in crayon on eight-by-ten sheets of Manila paper.

They did not draw them from memory. They copied the bird Miss Dove had drawn for them on the blackboard. They left an inch-wide margin, measuring it with a ruler, around each picture. (Miss Dove believed in margins—except for error!) All the first-grade's robins would look alike. Which was as it should be; Miss Dove was concerned with facts, not with artistic impressions.

She divided the second grade into activity groups. One group cut scenic photographs from old magazines and pasted them in a scrapbook. Another modeled clay caribou for the sand table. Still another drew a colored mural on the rear blackboard. The groups did not talk among themselves, asking questions and giving advice. They had no need to. Miss Dove had told them what to do.

The third grade recited the states of the Union. It was Miss Dove's experience that the eight-year-old mind learned best by rote.

At a quarter past eleven the fourth grade filed in. This grade was studying economic geography—the natural resources of different regions and their manifold uses in civilized life—and on Monday was to take a proficiency test prepared by the state board of education. Regarding these tests, Miss Dove's sentiments were mixed. She resented them as an intrusion upon her privacy and as an implication that the efficiency of her teaching was open to question. But she recognized in them, grudgingly, a certain practice value to the children.

FOR in every life—once if not oftener—there was a proficiency test. A time came when one was put to the proof. One stood alone. Certainly such a time had come to Miss Dove.

And on a plane more human than sublime, Miss Dove's vanity had always been flattered by the results of the test. Cedar Grove led the state in geography.

"You may utilize this period for review, children," she said. "Open your books to page ninety-three. Memorize the agricultural products of the Argentine pampas."

At that moment Miss Dove was first aware of a pain in her back. The pain was small in area, but it was acute. It thrust into her spine. It was so intense, so and so unexpected that she hardly it. It descended along her right Dove counted ten. The pain was e gone. It had been only a threat.

Tension, she thought. Nerve about the proficiency tests. She wa with herself. She despised wome nervous backaches. And after a wi sure she had imagined that stab her spine.

SHE slipped a rubber band from fifth-grade essay papers. She took and began to correct them. But mind stayed with the class that w She knew, for instance, when Vi who was disposed to daydreams, book and started gazing out th "Come back, Victoria," she said.

She heard when David Burnh and muttered something excee proper under his breath: "Hell a

"You will remain after class, D Dove said without glancing up.

"Yes, Miss Dove," said David.

At noon an electric buzzer, oper switch in the principal's office, shril Cedar Grove School. It was the lunch and "big recess." In almost children slammed their books sh their feet, sloshed their paint water a mass lunge toward food and free the geography room there was n Forty-three children sat quietly in t They did not look up. Their post perb. From this room they were becked or call chanical noises s principal's buz they acknowle sole authority w time, would spe

"Attention, p Miss Dove in voice of one wh be obeyed.

Forty-three children folded thei their desks and raised limpid eyes

"Close your books, please," said

Forty-three books were closed, n in the respectful manner due to bo

"The class will rise," said Miss

The class arose. So did its teache returned. It nibbled at a vertebra small rodent with sharp, burrowing it was bearable as most things are i sustained by duty.

Miss Dove continued standing th raised platform as she did at the e class period. (To sit down would weakness. And no teacher, Miss convinced, could afford to show she wished her pupils to show stre

"The class is dismissed," said Mi

Forty-two children, one by on scrambling or pushing—filed out in David Burnham remained stand aisle.

For an instant Miss Dove was let David go with the others—to with a reprimand or, at least, t punishment until next day. If she during the whole lunch hour — David's character was in her keepi

Miss Dove understood, quite David's parents did, the child's (She had taught other ministers' unlike them, she did not care whe loved or hated her. She cared on adhere to the rules.

David knew she had heard hi oath. He had meant her to hear it parlance he had "asked for it" an right to "get it."

Miss Dove looked at David. He neutral. Not contemptuous. Not She saw no hero in the aisle, and n either. She saw a nine-year-old bo gone a little further than he now wish

And what did David see as he lo at Miss Dove? How did any of M pupils, past or present, see her? On that would seem an easy question. nothing elusive about Miss Dove's a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

e News about World's Only Washer-Dryer all-in-one!

photos of an atomic washday! n independent laboratory* au-ized by the Atomic Energy Com-sion to conduct research with ioactive materials!—atomic dence that the Bendix Duomatic sher-Dryer gets clothes cleaner an automatics that only wash thes, without drying them!

uclear Instrument and Chemical Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

Lady, you never saw a washday like this before!



1 | RADIOACTIVE DIRT IS ADDED TO ORDINARY SOIL IN ATOMIC WASHDAY TEST

These pieces of cloth contain dirt radioactivated with isotopes from the Oak Ridge Atom Laboratories. That's so the Geiger Counter can measure the exact amount of soil in each washer-load.



2 | FIVE LOADS ARE WASHED IN EACH OF SIX LEADING AUTOMATICS

Atomic scientists put each machine through its washing cycle, following manufacturer's directions. Five loads are washed on different days. This tested the *consistency* of each automatic's washing performance.



3 | GEIGER COUNTER MEASURES DIRT LEFT IN CLOTHES AFTER WASHING

The Geiger Counter detects and measures deep-down dirt the eye can't see! Shows that the Bendix Duomatic Washer-Dryer gets out more *imbedded* and surface soil than *any* of the other leading automatics!

OMIC PROOF: IMPROVED BENDIX TUMBLE-ACTION WASHES CLOTHES CLEANER



Only a lucky neighbor who already owns a Duomatic—or your Bendix dealer—can show you *why* this amazing washer-dryer actually washes clothes 3 ways cleaner. For the secret is the Bendix Duomatic's new, improved Tumble-Action.

See the Exclusive Hi-Lift Deep-Surge Tumble-Action

Raises clothes higher, plunges them deeper than any other washing action! Washes your clothes as safely as by hand—but far more efficiently! Lifts, drops and flexes them in the suds more than 500 times in a 10-minute wash!

See the Exclusive Magic Heater

Other washers let wash water cool off—but not the Duomatic! The exclusive Bendix Magic Heater *maintains* the temperature of the water all through the washing cycle . . . keeps it *extra* hot for tough-job washing . . . gets your whole wash *sanitary*-clean!

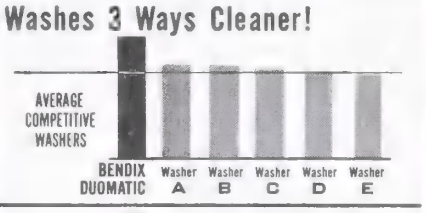
See the Exclusive Triple-Rinsing and Flushaway Draining

After it washes your clothes, the Duomatic keeps them tumbling in *two* deep rinses and *one* flush rinse. Traps and flushes away the dirt so that dirty water *never* strains back through clean clothes.

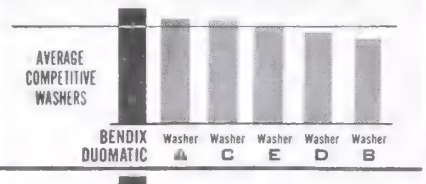
Don't wait to get the full story of the world's first washer-dryer all-in-one. See your Bendix dealer or mail the coupon *today!*

Bendix Duomatic actually Washes 3 Ways Cleaner!

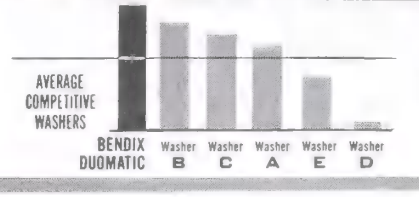
1 SURFACE SOIL REMOVAL
Fabrics came out of the Duomatic whiter, brighter—newer looking—than any of the other automatics washed them.



2 THOROUGH CLEANLINESS
The Duomatic washed clothes cleaner of *both* surface and deeply imbedded soil—by actual Geiger Counter test!



3 MOST CONSISTENT WASHING
No half-clean loads . . . no half-clean garments in the Duomatic! Every item in every wash came out cleaner every time!



urns into a DRYER *automatically*

After it WASHES your clothes!

Bendix Duomatic is the world's SHER-DRYER *all-in-one!* Takes nches of wall space—little more parate washer alone!
ad it and leave it. Your clothes t thoroughly washed . . . thoroughly rinsed . . . thoroughly dried. And all garments stay separated as they're gently blown dry. No balling, no deep-set wrinkles. Everything comes out ready to iron . . . or fold and store away . . . or ready to put on and wear!

ENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Div. AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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1329 Arlington, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

and it had, moreover, remained much the same for the space of a generation. When she had begun to teach geography, her figure had been spare and angular and it was still so. Her hair was more shadowy than it had been but, twisted into a meager little old-maid's knot, it had never shown much color. Her thin lips were still firm and innocent of paint; her large eyes were still naked (for Miss Dove retained perfect vision) and seemed still able to penetrate veil upon veil and to perceive, without astonishment, many hidden—and often unlovely—truths; her pale face never flushed with emotion—a slight pinkness at the tip of her pointed nose was the only visible indication of ordinary human blood's running through her veins. She wore round-toed black shoes with low, rubber-tapped heels. Her dress, of some dull-surfaced, dark material, was close cousin to the one in which she had made her pedagogical debut: it had the same long sleeves, the same high neck, and the same white linen handkerchief (or one very like) fluted into a fan and pinned to its left bosom. The handkerchief was not for use (Miss Dove did not cough or sneeze in public). It was a caution to Miss Dove's pupils that it behooved each of them to possess a clean handkerchief.

But there was more to Miss Dove. There was something that defies description. She had an extra quality as compelling as personal charm (which she did *not* have and would have scorned to cultivate). She gave off a sort of effulgence of awe and terror. But the terror did not paralyze. It was a terror that caused children to flex their moral muscles and to dream of enduring without a whimper prolonged ordeals of privation and fatigue. Sometimes if their ideal of courage was high it caused them to dare even Miss Dove's disapproval.

She had been under twenty when she had begun to teach—a reserved, hesitant girl whose deep romantic impulses had not yet caught fire. A girl who had felt calamity in one swift blow before she had felt more than a tentative "fluttering up toward joy." She had embraced her profession with the singleness of purpose that she might, under other circumstances, have bestowed upon matrimony, or foreign travel, or carving in stone.

Miss Dove was the eldest of three daughters in the first family of Liberty Hill. Her father was president of the bank—a witty, bookish man more amiable than provident. Her mother was a fragile woman who smelled of violets and had the kind of gentle beauty that "trembles over children sleeping." Her two little sisters were like their mother. Miss Dove was like herself. She had that innate appreciation of excellence that occurs, *sui generis*, in the morally elect.

The whole family admired her, but it was her father who—being a traveled man and, in a dilettante way, a connoisseur of human nature—perceived most clearly the special quality of his daughter. It was a quality that should not be tampered with. It was like the delicate glaze that distinguishes fine porcelain from ordinary tableware; like the bouquet of vintage wine; like the star in the heart of a sapphire. Accordingly he assumed responsibility for her early education. He taught her languages and the geography of the earth, ancient and modern. He read the poets with her—taking care to delete those passages that might offend her ear. He taught her to play chess and to dance and to ride (there was no girl in town who could sit a horse the way Miss Dove did) and he taught her to think well of herself. Above all Mr. Dove enjoyed expounding those lofty principles of honor and integrity that he truly worshiped (though sometimes from afar!) and that no one appreciated as his daughter did.

WHEN she was eighteen she was sent east to school for a year of finishing. The school was a good one built of gray stone, turreted like a castle and set among spacious lawns overlooking a river. Once a week there was a party to which select young gentlemen were invited. At one of these Miss Dove met a Princeton graduate student who was interested in archaeology. He was taken with her and she, within ladylike bounds, with him. She allowed him to call upon her. They sat on the lawn reading The Last Days of Pompeii and discoursing at intervals upon Greece and Rome.

The summer she was nineteen she "came out." She was presented to the simple, old-fashioned society of Liberty Hill in a simple, old-fashioned way. Her mother gave a tea party to which were invited not Miss Dove's contemporaries but her mother's own friends. In a white dress—a charming dress of imported muslin and lace insertion—and with her hair still down because her father had begged it, Miss Dove stood in the parlor and was introduced, in a new role, to the ladies. She was no longer a child with a child's privileges and limitations. She was a young lady—the grown-up daughter of the house.

By conventional standards Miss Dove was not pretty. She was too thin. Her nose was too pointed. Her eyes were too large for her face. But she had a look of elegance. And her soft, wavy hair caught the light like autumn water. She had the "threshold look" that young girls have sometimes and that can pierce the heart. She was flint waiting to be struck into flame. She might become anything at all, and whatever she did become was likely to be remarkable.

That evening her mother retired early. Miss Dove sat on in the parlor with her father. He had just received from his book dealer in



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ong-sought copy of Marco Polo's took it to a table under a lamp. went to the piano. She began to nese waltz that her father liked. was full of roses and through the ws came the honey-sweet scent of new-cut grass.

som of her dress she had stuck a the young archaeologist. In it he to visit her in Liberty Hill. he wrote, "our friendship begun happy auspices will ripen into warmer."

something—a deepening quiet in behind her, or perhaps a half- —made her cease playing and d on the piano stool. Her father d forward with his face on his One arm lay flung out on the up, as if in a gesture of helpless

ter the funeral, three days later, Dove learned that her father had yle to which his means had not . His family was worse than poor. ebt. And the debt was not an Mr. Alphonso Dove had lifted the bank.

r, her father's successor, told her other and sisters had gone to bed, rugged with grief.

't much," Mr. Porter told her ur thousand, give or take a few honnie must have been under confident he meant to repay it."

" said Miss Dove.

never know, do we?" Mr. Porter proposes; God disposes!'"

er *stole!*" said Miss Dove. Her ed. Her eyes stared into space.

er behavior nor her words were rter considered womanly. He had red to comfort tears, to soothe ut this! He rallied to the defense ted.

we to judge?" he said. "He was his generosity ——"

" Miss Dove said flatly. Mr. Porderstand that she forced herself the face of truth. She was utterly her past was destroyed, for her ection made all her previous life—lly the high principles she had outh—seem sham. She knew she her grasp upon facts—nettles were—or be lost.

ed him. I respect his family," Mr. "I should regret having to dismother of her house."

st stay here," Miss Dove said. ust never know."

er felt himself pushed into the a villain who is unmoved by the widows and orphans in the cold. g business is like Caesar's wife," ut if you and I could concoct a "

nk of one," Miss Dove promised let you know tomorrow."

ext morning Miss Dove, the erstfortune, had taken inventory of s. She had two assets. She had a ority and a knowledge of geogvould teach.

she received aid in her project. insisted upon making her a perithout interest or record; he reimbank and she agreed to reimburse e times were in her favor. Liberty g been affably incurious about the d its environs, but the war in Eugun to trouble its composure. It splendid move—a modern, pro-e—thought the superintendent of ecure a specialist in geography for ry grades. Besides, his wife was a of Mrs. Dove.

of that summer while generals tegy in France Miss Dove mapped edchamber. To represent a classaid her father's chessboard—an ard of ebony inlaid with mother- a table by the north window. were desks. The ivory men were or hours on end, moving them board, speaking to them in unrms, she did what might be called "practice teaching." To the last detail she planned her procedure. The greeting to each class as it entered the room ("Good morning, Pawn," she said in a low, uninflected voice. "Good morning, Castle. Good morning, Knight,"), the ceremony of its dismissal, the rules and penalties and forms were all settled upon. The presentation of her subject matter was carefully considered. And just as carefully she considered how to impart the new and terrible knowledge that had come to her:

Life was not easy. Life did not excuse mistakes. Life demanded all the disciplined courage, and more, that one could bring to it.

She had written the young archaeologist that her recent bereavement would, of course, prevent her receiving him. If he had disregarded her letter—if he had come posthaste to Liberty Hill—well, who knows? Miss Dove was young. Storm might have taken her. But he wrote her a beautiful letter of condolence and forbore to intrude. He was not a Lochinvar.

In September Miss Dove exchanged her chessmen for pupils of flesh and blood. As she stood on the dais in the geography room, wearing her black mourning dress, her white handkerchief, and her small, tight, lusterless bun of hair, she looked very pale. But her pallor was that of purpose. She knew exactly how to proceed.

She kept her father's name clear of obloquy. She repaid Mr. Porter's loan, though that took twenty years. She saw that her sisters were suitably educated. She supplied her mother, through a long period of failing health, with every possible comfort and care and finally buried her with the circumstance that befitted a Dove of Liberty Hill.

In the accomplishment of these ends Miss Dove had denied herself much. She had ignored fashion. (Hair styles came and went—the spit curls, the overblown ear puffs, the boyish bob and the page-boy, and the pony-

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tail. Flesh-colored georgette blouses were all the rage, knee-high skirts, empire waists, the new look—she scarcely noticed them.) She had dismissed her dreams of travel. She had renounced her youth. Persons of Mr. Porter's vintage who had seen her riding a blooded bay mare or standing in white beside her mother winced at their recollections.

But Miss Dove did not wince. She regretted nothing. Deep within her, like a steady-flowing subterranean spring, was a sense of power. She had discovered that she was equal to her task. She controlled her own destiny.

Now, gazing at David Burnham, she realized that she had gazed at him long enough. His mouth was beginning to tremble. She wished to rein his spirit, not to break it. With her map pointer she gestured to the sink. "Very well, David," she said.

David went to the sink. He tore off a piece of paper towel, rubbed it on the bar of yellow soap and scoured his mouth. He returned to the aisle.

"You may be seated," Miss Dove said. "Open your notebook to a blank page, please."

Miss Dove walked to the blackboard. Each step cost her an effort. It was as if her right leg had forgotten how to move of itself and had to be consciously directed. She took a stick of chalk and wrote a sentence on the board in her neat, round, legible hand.

"Nothing is achieved by swearing," Miss Dove's sentence read. "Twenty times."

Twenty times was exactly right. When David had finished the cafeteria would still be open, though the supply of choice items on the menu—hot dogs and Eskimo pies—would be exhausted. It was Miss Dove's observation that whereas the punishment of a boy's palate had a salutary effect upon his behavior, the punishment of his stomach to the point of growling hunger often roused the brute in him.

She started back to her desk. She reached it in the nick of time, for now the pain gripped her in earnest. There was a crushing weight upon the lower part of her spine. A wave of giddiness swept over her.

She lowered herself into her chair. The pain lifted. But in its place was something more frightening than pain. In her leg, Miss Dove realized, there was no feeling at all. She tried to move it. It did not move.

For the first time since that evening in the shuttered parlor with Mr. Porter, panic seized her. She must do something. But what? She could send David for aid from other teachers, but her heart sank as she imagined those women fluttering over her, exclaiming, witnessing the humiliation of her weakness.

"David," she said. Her voice was hoarse.

David looked up from his penance. He saw Miss Dove's face pasty-white—with anger, he presumed. He gulped. "Yes, Miss Dove."

"Is your father likely to be at home?"

This was worse, thought David, infinitely worse. She meant not to beat him herself but to have his father do it in her presence.

Wildly David considered replying that his father had gone to New York or was in bed with pneumonia. But habit was strong. He told the truth.

"Yes, Miss Dove. Daddy's home," he said.

"I am indisposed, David," said Miss Dove. "I —— Will you go and tell your father? Ask him to call young Doctor Hurley."

David could scarcely believe his luck. "Do I need a permission slip from the office?"

"No," said Miss Dove. "My permission is sufficient. Mention this to no one. And, David"—her tone came close to pleading—"do not loiter. *Run!*"

David ran.

The pain had subsided, but Miss Dove noticed, with objective surprise, that she was trembling. Then, as she had before in times of transient trouble, she turned her mind to her lifework, which was eternal in character. She felt steady.

She stared critically at the second grade's mural. It was a jaunty effort, covering half the blackboard. It showed an expanse of snow, a row of igloos, a man, a dog and a reindeer (all approximately equal in size) and, in the background, the northern lights spreading a fan of garish colors—purple, green, orange and pink. Across the white field of snow—lest anyone entertain a doubt—was written in large red script: The Artic. Reginald Smith had written that; Miss Dove knew his sprawling hand. Tomorrow she would call his attention to his error in spelling and have him write the word divided into its syllables—"arc-tic"—three times in his notebook.

SUPPOSE she were not here tomorrow. Suppose—the palms of her hands grew clammy—she were never here again. But that was arrant nonsense. Except when the school itself had been closed because of blizzards or epidemics or a burst boiler, Miss Dove had always been here. She was not entirely proof against the ills of the flesh, but she managed to suffer them at convenient times. She had her colds during the Christmas holidays.

The pain must have been mechanical, she decided. A kink in a muscle. A sudden movement of a joint held stiff too long. And the numbness? But why should numbness be alarming? Feet went to sleep and woke again. Soon young Doctor Hurley would arrive. He would prescribe a tonic and a heating pad. He would warn her in the coarse, jesting way that she would accept from nobod she ought to kick up her heels, raise go on a three days' spree!

Doctor Hurley was seventy-two distinguish him from his doctor had delivered her and had been de a quarter century that Miss Dove "young." In his actual youth he radical—doubting the efficacy of purge and scoffing at the theory tha grew thick in winter—but the year lowed him. Beneath bluster he was, felt, a sound man. She trusted him

"A penny for your thoughts, M

LORRAINE ELLWOOD, the music tea in the doorway. She was a wispy thirty-four who had begun to fa knowing it in the crumply way of rosebud. She wore bangs and an dress with a dirndl skirt. She was f ing that she felt like a big sister to and although her devotion to ther cere—Miss Dove granted her that— not control them because she live level. She had, Miss Dove thought, than sense.

"Mona Leckford's engagement is bag," she chirped. "We're cutting a honor in the rest room. Won't you

Miss Dove indicated the essa "Thank you, Miss Ellwood," she remembered her colleague as an gocart, but while on duty she di first names.) "Unfortunately, I am

"All work play ——" Lo gan and let her off.

"Be so kind as my felicitations Leckford," said M

"We'll miss y the music teach turned away. He went down the pat, like the feet child.

One should realize how infinitesimal is the importance of the best that one can do, and how infinitely important it is that one should do it.
—ANON.

Suppose, Miss Dove thought, l mind return to its gloomy speculat the doctor didn't pooh-pooh her c If she were really ill, if her stran sensations declared the close of her the buzzer had declared the clos morning's work—*what kind of teac take her place in the geography room*

Would it be a soft little person like Ellwood? Would it be a brash, heart the art teacher? Or worst of all—oh to think of!—would another Mona sit here on this dais, slumping, stifli behind a hand? A languid woman, M thought with contempt. A teacher *w was not in her work!*

There was a sound of footstep solid, masculine—in the hall. The Alexander Burnham hurried into t With him was Dr. Thomas Bake brought up the rear.

"Davie said you needed help, Mis said Alexander. "So I brought Tom

"Young Doctor Hurley is my ph said Miss Dove. Her tone implied th for a seasoned medical man and t fered, instead, the services of Thom was like being sent a troop of Bo when one had requested aid from th

"Davie told us that," Thomas said remembering the importance Miss D always attached to the delivery of "s message." He felt protective toward D illogically, toward himself. The famil was casting a spell upon him. The one blackboard, the map on the ot above all the mingled odors of chalk that permeated the air (*Chalk smells forever and so do little boys*, he thoug sense of discovery)—all these belied sage of time. He was eight years old, twelve at the most. He was facing th Miss Dove, who had accurately s through some clairvoyance of her own had a live garter snake in his trousers "Doctor Hurley is ill with bronchitis.

"The immoderate use of tobacco Dove said. She glanced at David,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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ple have the idea that dieting means
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. of drab, uninteresting or one-sided
f lagging energy and constant hunger.

ult, all too often people who *should*
dieting. All too often people who *do*
e lost pounds right back again.

approach to diet planning

authorities say that anybody who
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-without making drastic changes in
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and easier to *stick to* because you go
ting the foods you like. You do not
food—you simply *cut down*.

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foods, sugar, can be one of the
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down your total calorie intake!**

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or the good things that contain
your diet you actually take ad-
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blood sugar level.

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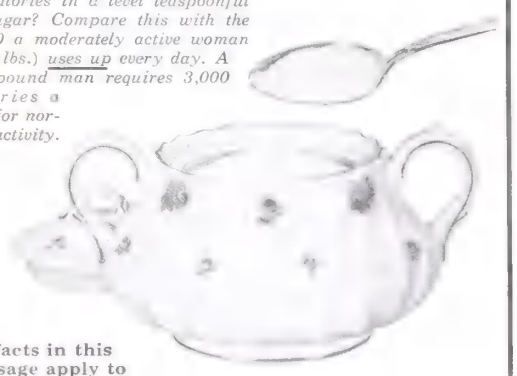
You may also use a spoonful of sugar in your coffee or tea, and may eat desserts that include sugar with lunch or dinner. The *sense of satisfaction* they give is far greater than would be provided by the same meal without sugar.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

guilty, she suspected, of smoking in the boys' basement.

David slid into his seat and resumed his copy work.

"Quite likely. At any rate, he's *hors de combat*," said Thomas. "I happened to be at Sandy's when David came."

"Tommy's had excellent training, you know," said Alexander.

"I know," said Miss Dove. Of course she knew. It was she who had begun his training. It was she who, day after unremitting day, had drilled into him respect for industry, passion for exactitude, and the civilizing grace of inhibition. "Only ——" Only what? Only that for all his six-foot stature, his degrees and his accomplishments, he was still to her the boy who had wiggled his ears whenever her back was turned.

Thomas understood Miss Dove's hesitation. "Perhaps Miss Dove would prefer someone riper," he said.

But Miss Dove was not prepared to wound an old pupil's professional pride. Besides, she needed advice.

"I shall be glad of your opinion, doctor," she said. With succinctness and clarity, as though she were listing the chief products of the Great Lakes region, she described the symptoms of her malaise.

Thomas nodded. He mounted the low, raised platform, and as he did he had the feeling that he took the final and necessary step up from childhood to the plateau of adult authority. With the tip of his finger he touched a spot in the teacher's rigid back.

Sharply, Miss Dove drew in her breath.

"That's all," Thomas said. "Was it bad?"

"Yes," said Miss Dove.

"I was afraid it would be," Thomas said. "And your leg—there's complete absence of sensation?"

"My limb has gone to sleep," Miss Dove said. "As soon as I move about ——"

"But that's what we can't allow," said Thomas.

"Can't . . . what?" Miss Dove inquired. It had been a long time since anyone had proposed to impose his will upon her.

"Can't allow you to move about," said Thomas.

"What is your diagnosis?" asked Miss Dove.

"I haven't one yet," Thomas told her. "I'll have to get you to the hospital. Right away."

"Is that necessary?" Miss Dove demurred. "Young Doctor Hurley ——"

"It is quite necessary," Thomas said. "Right away."

"Next week, perhaps," said Miss Dove. By next week Doctor Hurley's bronchial tubes would doubtless be clear and his comfortable skill at her command. "At present I am very busy. I am reviewing my grammar grades for the state proficiency tests. They will be given on Monday."

"RIGHT away," said Thomas. His voice was flat. In it was the unyielding tone she had heard in her own when her patience was tried and she meant to brook no more nonsense.

"But the fifth grade is weak on the winds and the tides," she said.

"Miss Dove," said Thomas, "the decision is not yours. Medicine is *my* theater of command."

"Yes, Thomas," Miss Dove said meekly.

"Shall I call an ambulance?" asked Alexander.

"No! Please!" begged Miss Dove. With horror she imagined a siren shrieking down the street. She saw herself supine on a stretcher emerging from the portals of Cedar Grove School. "An ambulance is so conspicuous."

"I know," said Thomas. "Sandy and I could carry you to my car. That won't be so comfortable, of course ——"

"It will be quieter," said Miss Dove. "More discreet."

"Very well, then." Thomas said briskly. He wished to seize, before it changed, Miss Dove's submissive mood. "Now, Sandy ——"

"My hat, please," said Miss Dove. "My gloves and my bag. They are in the closet."

"I'll fetch them," said Alexander. But with his hand on the china knob of the closet door he trembled. He was about to penetrate an awful mystery. How often, especially when his conscience had been heavy, he had looked at that closet door and looked away! No one to his knowledge—no one except the terrible Miss Dove—had ever seen behind it. Speculation had been rife, of course, and everyone had agreed that the closet was an eerie place festooned with cobwebs and containing strange instruments of torture. Alexander opened the door.

The shallow whitewashed closet was uncluttered. From a peg beside the door hung a turkey-feather duster. On the floor were a pair of rubber gaiters and standing in the corner was a furled umbrella. From a shelf Alexander took Miss Dove's hat—black, small, straight-brimmed, a hat and nothing more—her long gold hatpin, her gray gloves and her handbag. He backed out of the closet, shutting the door quickly.

Miss Dove drew the gloves over her long, elegant fingers. In one hand she took her hat, in the other her pin.

Alexander averted his eyes. (It had been the consensus of his classmates that the teacher secured her hat by driving that pin straight through her cranium.) His gaze met Thomas' and asked a question. Thomas answered with a rueful shrug. His expression was grave.

Miss Dove's hat sat, level and s
her head. She looped the strap of
her arm.

"I await your convenience, gent
said.

The two men joined their four
ing the sort of chair that childr
play. They lowered it behind Mis

"Sit down," said Thomas. "Pu
around our necks."

All this while David had be
notebook, intent on escaping
when he heard the doctor's strang
and realized to whom it was ad
looked up. His marrow was chill



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r and Doctor Baker had lifted Miss the air. She was sitting between heir hands, with her bony arms David wondered, could they en- ouch?) hugging their necks. Her l down.

y go, David," she said.

ss Dove," said David.

r regarded his son. "Were you use of your conduct?"

" said David.

r glanced at the board. His face he way—David remembered—it d at breakfast. "Have you finished copies?"

"I've done fifteen," said David.

"Do the other five," said Alexander. "Do five extra for good measure."

Miss Dove stiffened. This was the typical parental error. To indulge a child in his folly, gloss over his faults and then, in an outraged moment, to punish him excessively. "David has been diligent," she said. "He was interrupted to run an errand at my request."

"He has to learn ——" David's father began.

"It is I who deal with him here," said Miss Dove. "To borrow Thomas' words, this classroom is my theater of command. David may go."

"Yes, Miss Dove," said Alexander. He and Thomas carried their proud passenger into the hall.

Left alone, David began to weep. He wept because, being a child of sensibility, he appreciated the austere beauty of justice and was moved when a tyrant came to his defense. He wept because he sensed that the world was subject to change and because to be left to his own undirected devices made him feel forlorn. He hated himself for crying. He hated his tender nature. It was his dream to become a big-league pitcher or a space-rocket pilot like the heroes on the ready-to-eat-cereal boxes—who were *never* pictured in tears!

"Hell and damn!" he said aloud.

But the fine-flavored oath had lost its tonic property. It caused him to feel no bigger, no tougher, no less deserted. Why, he thought, shocked at the heresy to boyhood, the teacher was right! Nothing *was* achieved by swearing.

Down the central corridor of Cedar Grove School Miss Dove was borne aloft. The big front door was open to the brilliant day; the corridor was dim by contrast like the tunneled passage in a dream. From the teachers' rest room on the second floor came Lorraine Ellwood's thin true voice singing Always in honor of Mona Leckford; it sounded wistful and unreal—the ghost of a song. Yes, everything was very strange. And strangest of all was the fact that Miss Dove herself should move without the exercise of volition through territory where her presence had stood for law.

"Spine straight, Miss Dove," Thomas warned her. "Don't wobble about."

Miss Dove could scarcely believe her ears. "It is not my custom to wobble," she said.

THEY approached the door. Beyond lay the schoolyard—a piece of the large, uncloistered world—harsh with the glare of publicity. What would the children do when they saw her? Would they stare? Would they gape? (Miss Dove abhorred a hang-jawed child!) Would they giggle?

Alexander Burnham glanced up at her briefly. His eyes were full of concern. "You'll be all right, Miss Dove," he said.

"I am always all right," said Miss Dove.

Mercifully, although she was prepared to carry it off with éclat, Miss Dove was not obliged to run the gantlet of her pupils. A softball game and two or three vendettas had drawn the student body to the playground behind the school. On the front lawn only a flock of robins and one child, hidden among the boughs of the cedar, observed Miss Dove's departure.

The robins cocked their yellow eyes and continued pecking for worms.

The invisible child was Vicky Evans, the dreamer. She had climbed the tree for solitude. She was thinking up a story. And just as the elements of literature—an explorer lost among the mountains of the moon, a ruined castle, an enchanted princess—had begun to emanate from her mind, she saw something stranger than fiction. She saw two tall men carrying a woman between them. The woman was Miss Dove.

In her first surprise Vicky felt only a mild shock of that ineffable wonder that all children feel when events go topsy-turvy. It was the way she might have felt if she'd heard a white rabbit talking to himself or seen a baby turning into a pig. But as she watched the group move down the cement path through the schoolyard, she was seized by horror. Miss Dove was being abducted! She had been "drugged into submission"—that was why she did not scream!

The fact that Vicky recognized both the "abductors"—that Mr. Burnham was the rector of her church and Doctor Baker the surgeon who had removed her grandmother's gall bladder—did nothing to allay her fears. (She had learned from comic books that wolves employ many disguises other than the fleece of lambs.) Swinging from limb down to limb, she dropped to the grass. She raced across the lawn.

She plunged through the doorway and ran, with mounting terror, down the cavernous hall of the school. Her voice froze in her throat. When she saw five or six teachers descending the stairway, looking gay and sentimental, she began to howl.

"Vicky, darling!" cried Miss Ellwood. "Are you hurt, dear?"

Vicky shook her head. Between howls she made a burbling, unsuccessful attempt at articulation.

"Something's frightened her," Mona Leckford said with an air of perspicacity.

"Kidnapers!" Vicky managed to gasp. "They've snatched Miss Dove!"

The music teacher sat down upon the bottom step and pulled Vicky into her lap. "Sweetheart," she said, "you've been making up stories—nice little let's-pretend stories that belong in books. But we mustn't confuse let's-pretend with really-so, must we?"



Flint t Food Mixer, $4.95.

Flint Holdster set, $17.95. Other sets from $3.95. Individual knives from 89¢.

GIFT IDEA

Modernize . . . glamourize her kitchen with the right tools for every job . . . in sight and in reach!

ve t se wonderful Flint products by Ekco to spruce up ki en . . . ease up her work . . . make her say you ve gift" for choosing just the right gift!

F NT KITCHEN TOOLS The only kitchen ols good they're guaranteed for 15 years! The spat- is flexible it's like an extension of your hand. The rato asher has a unique design that mashes a potato one otion! Every tool is gleaming stainless steel, pre- on- ide to do its job to perfection! Be sure to get uir Flint! No other kitchen tools like them!

FLINT BEST FOOD MIXER So fast, it beats egg whites stiff in 28 seconds. Blends sauces, whips potatoes, or beats batter smooth with a few twirls! Stainless steel blades, lifetime nylon gears never tire your arm.

FLINT HOLDSTER SET The six knives you use the most — in a safe, convenient, decorative Holdster. Blades are finest hollow-ground, vanadium stainless steel. Set includes Roast Slicer, French Cook's Knife, Utility Knife, Paring Knife, Serrated Edge Bread and Ham Slicer, Steak Slicer.

AVA BLE BEAUTIFULLY GIFT-BOXED WHEREVER FINE HOUSEWARES ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

"They snatched her!" Vicky sobbed. "I saw them!"

Then David Burnham came out of the geography room and told what had happened.

Miss Dove was not transferred to the doctor's automobile. Thomas decided against that for fear of jolting his patient. He discussed his decision, across Miss Dove, with Alexander.

"It's five blocks to the hospital," he said. "Can you make it, Sandy?"

"If you can," Alexander replied. He sounded offended, as though he considered the question a reflection upon his age (he was a few years the senior of Thomas).

"Good man," said Thomas.

"What of Miss Dove's comfort?"

"Oh, she'll be O.K. so long as she keeps her spine rigid," Thomas assured him. "And that's an old habit of hers."

It was odd, Miss Dove reflected, to hear herself spoken of in the third person as if she were absent or deaf. Odder yet, it was rather agreeable. For the fact that she was not consulted put her anxieties—for a brief interlude at least—at a certain remove. Like any pupil in the geography room, she had now to think only of her present duty and that duty was defined. *She was to keep her spine rigid.*

Back down the route she had taken in the morning she rode between her bearers. Along Maple through a shower of winged, coral-colored seeds some of which settled on her hat; up Oakwood, across LaFayette, past her own house to Elm where, half a block farther on, the hospital was situated.

The noonday hush was on Liberty Hill, but Miss Dove's progress did not go unnoticed. Polly Burnham was on her porch, awaiting her husband's return. She started forward when she saw him, but he warned her off with a shake of his head. He walked very slowly, she observed, keeping careful step with Thomas. She telephoned Jincey Baker.

Jincey called her sister and her mother-in-law. Within five minutes a score of persons stood, half eager and half afraid, at front windows. And when they beheld the awaited spectacle they felt betrayed as people feel when they first glimpse the outrageous fact that their parents are not immune to change but have been touched, as by frost in the night, with an intimation of mortality. If Miss Dove's strength could crumble, what of their own?

Law, embodied in the muscular bulk of Patrolman Holloway, was cruising the streets in a police car. The car drew close to the curb.

"Has there been an accident, doc? Is she bad off?" Holloway asked. He was abjectly devoted to Miss Dove, who had once shown him consequence when that had been what he needed. He pronounced "she" as if it began with a capital letter, like the pronoun of deity.

"I have the immediate situation under control, Bill," Thomas said. "Scoot over to the hospital and tell them that I want a private room. Say I'm not asking for it—that I'm telling them!"

"Yes, sir." With siren wailing the car sped off at sixty miles an hour.

Jincey Baker was in her front yard. She wore a full yellow smock. The sun gave an extra burnish to her hair. Her complexion had that glowing delicacy that blesses some women in the terminal weeks of pregnancy and there was a sprinkling of freckles—a touching, left-over grace of childhood—on the bridge of her exquisite nose. She looked like spring.

AFTER nearly a year of marriage, Thomas was not hardened to his wife's beauty. For a piercing instant he was oblivious of all else. He nearly stumbled.

But Miss Dove was not dazed. She noted only that the girl seemed to have outgrown the flighty butterfly airs that had made her first youth absurd.

"How d' y' do, Virginia," she said.

"How d' y' do, Miss Dove," said Jincey. She looked at her husband. "Can I help, Tommy?"

"No," Thomas said. He rapped out the negative, wishing to cut clear of the tenderness that threatened to unman him. "Just look after yourself. Don't do anything foolish."

Miss Dove approved. His tone had been unnecessarily brusque, perhaps, but what more appropriate advice could be given Virginia than a caution to steer clear of folly?

"We're almost there," said Thomas as he and his companion turned into Elm Street.

"If I may indulge my curiosity," said Miss Dove, "how long must I expect to be hospitalized? Overnight?"

"Longer than that," said Thomas.

"This is Wednesday. I should like to be in school by Mon[illegible] the latest."

"Not next Monday," said T[illegible] week from then maybe. Or a m[illegible] depends."

"Oh," said Miss Dove.

IN the front bedroom of the bu[illegible] abutted the hospital grounds Jo[illegible] Evans had just arisen from his c[illegible] as he was known generally, was[illegible] charm and unfortunate habits. [illegible] covering from a spree of consider[illegible] so—and what could be more n[illegible] poured himself a little "hair of th[illegible] took his glass to the window and [illegible] a salute to a new day and a new [illegible] kindled in the liquor. *Fire*, he tho[illegible] *heart of a rare jewel.* He was smi[illegible] what mawkishly, at his pretty cond[illegible] saw Miss Dove.

The sight unnerved him. Sever[illegible] the past he had been subject to va[illegible] holic fancies, but they had taken v[illegible] shapes suggesting snakes and legen[illegible] He had never seen anything like t[illegible]

"Con[illegible] Pearl," h[illegible] his wife, entering [illegible] bring hir[illegible] masked in[illegible] shire sauc[illegible] Pearl h[illegible] side. "W[illegible] Dove!" "Your te[illegible] Dove!" "You[illegible] too?" W[illegible] forehead with the [illegible] lief. "Bu[illegible] do you [illegible] got her?" "Ton[illegible] Sandy," "She mu[illegible] "Shen[illegible] than sick[illegible] The teach[illegible] a tragic[illegible] thought, [illegible] death—n[illegible] deeply. [illegible] in many[illegible] spects [illegible] Dove, b[illegible] mired he[illegible] stood [illegible] tude, pr[illegible] thority—was what Wes wished t[illegible] Often it was the appalling consc[illegible] the gulf between the ideal and the[illegible] sent him to the bottle.

"*The time you won your town th[illegible]*
They chaired you through the ma[illegible]" he quoted softly.

"What's that, darling?" his wif[illegible] anxious tone.

"Housman," he said. He set his [illegible] untasted. "I'm through with *that*,[illegible]

"Of course you are," Pearl said[illegible] said countless times. She did not [illegible] what passed through his mind (a[illegible] had been raised in another tow[illegible] knew that something had touched[illegible] ous, liberating spring in his nature[illegible] now—oh, for months with any[illegible] could bask in the halcyon weather[illegible] band's sobriety. "Can you swallo[illegible]

Absently, Wes swallowed the eg[illegible]

He continued to stare out the v[illegible] could now see only Miss Dove's[illegible] prim feet visible beneath the decen[illegible] uncompromising neck, the shape[illegible] as stiff and uncoquettish as a m[illegible] But upon his mind her pale se[illegible] stamped. The nose was superciliou[illegible] was lofty and calm. The eyes met, [illegible] with recognition, composure and c[illegible] the eyes of mankind's uncouth an[illegible]

However, as had happened [illegible] poetic temperament deceived him. [illegible] was not thinking of death. She w[illegible] of the proficiency tests.

But the hospital, like the the[illegible] schoolroom, is a world contain[illegible]

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

NEXT MONTH

"The only difference between island entertaining and any other kind is that on an island guests stay all night or for two weeks—or a couple of years. Everybody always misses the last ferry. But any dinner can be stretched by the addition of noodles—and sleeping in the lawn swing isn't bad if you take two sleeping pills."

■ Betty MacDonald, author of The Egg and I, tells about living on an island in the Pacific Northwest ("There weren't any houses for rent and none for sale for nothing, which is what we had") with her husband, two daughters and assorted guests in

ONIONS IN THE STEW

Complete in the December JOURNAL, condensed from the book soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

Make cleaning less like work . . .



CHOOSE BRUSHES WITH

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Women Astounded By Make-Up Miracle On TV

DEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The Secret That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

I FAMOUS AC-
S OOK SO YOUNG
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ow t last, Charles Antell
th ecret cosmetic avail-
v body. We call it
S.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use (Even Pop)

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick — and your husband will look at *you,* instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop up just before a date.

Men use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to cover shaving nicks, skin blemishes or even a black eye.

Your Friends Will Think You Found "The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up *over* the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking *more* made up, you will look *less* made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires. It makes your make-up ten times more effective.

Remember — Touch-Up Stik is *invisible.* People see the *results* — not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with *beautifying, softening lanolin.* It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

Seeing Is Believing

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model *shed ten years* in *ten seconds right before your eyes.* You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to *you.* Think of how *you* will look *without* dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, birthmarks and blemishes all made invisible. *The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.*

re test Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick



It looks like a lipstick and it's just as easy to use. And it comes in exactly the right shade to blend into your complexion invisibly. Just run the Touch-Up Stick lightly over the dark circles under your eyes, over the lines from the sides of your nose to the corners of your mouth. Cover a blemish here, a little scar there, even a birthmark or freckles or little red veins. In a matter of seconds, dark circles are gone — harsh lines softened — blemishes disappear. The face is now a smooth, even color because all imperfections are concealed.

ALWAYS TOUCH-UP BEFORE YOU MAKE-UP



WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK — WITH TOUCH-UP STIK

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Stars' Secret Now Yours During Limited Introductory Bargain Offer

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only $2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you free a $1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first *complete* make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you free a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the $2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, *(up to a year's supply)*—in your choice of the perfect complexion tone for *your* face, the $1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, *plus* the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only $2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must look 10 years younger in 10 seconds or you get more than your money back. Keep the $1.50 matching Liquid Makeup With Lanolin. Keep the Makeup Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik—and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

Charles Antell



TOUCH-UP STIK



NOW AVAILABLE AT DRUG AND COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE!

If your dealer is sold out, write to Charles Antell, Dept. A, Baltimore 3, Md., enclosing $2.00 plus 50c for handling and we'll mail your kit to you. Be sure to specify your complexion shade — Fair, Natural, Medium, Light Brunette, Brunette, Suntan (very dark).

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

turning on its own axis. In its atmosphere is some hypnotic or amnesiac quality before which ordinary life recedes. Even Miss Dove, with her high resistance to foreign influences, was affected by the spell. She approved of the hospital. Of its formality, its regard for order and its implacable determination to seem exactly what it was. She admired—though with initial reluctance—the authority exercised over herself.

She did not, of course, quite abandon her self-determination; she relinquished it into temporary safekeeping along with two possessions of value that she carried in her purse. One was a mother-of-pearl card case containing a dozen visiting cards upon which her name (plain Miss Dove without amplification) was engraved in chaste block letters. The other was a large, heavy-lidded gold watch that had been her father's. In this place she had no need to prove her identity (it was posted on the outside of her door) or to measure the passage of time. She lay becalmed in the present.

When Mr. Spivey, the principal of Cedar Grove School, called to express his concern for her health and to say he was assuming personal responsibility for her classes, he found her curiously at ease. Not once did she fix him with the Dead Sea gaze that had so often made him feel naïve in faculty meetings. Even when she touched upon the preparation for the coming tests—upon the fifth grade's confusion about the winds and the tides, for instance—she seemed neither tense nor haughty. Next day, with a catch in his voice, he told his teaching staff, "The old quarterback is resting on her oars!" (Like many men who employ athletic metaphor, Mr. Spivey liked a potpourri.)

The hospital, forewarned by Holloway, had been ready for Miss Dove. It was small by contemporary standards but big for Liberty Hill, and so new that its vanity was still intact. When word came that the town's perfectionist was bound thither everyone, from the superintendent down, rose to the challenge.

So gently that she felt only a twinge Miss Dove was deposited upon a bed. She looked up at solicitous faces. It was a new sensation for her who was accustomed to look down at faces from an eminence.

"I secured a special in case you wanted one," the superintendent said. "A 'practical' was the most I could do for day duty, but Mrs. Green is one of our best."

"I try to be," the nurse said, drawing a blanket over Miss Dove's knees. "Do you remember me? I was Billie Jean McVay."

"Yes," said Miss Dove. She remembered Billie Jean very well. A sloe-eyed child who had been languorous at seven and who, at twelve, had troubled the air of the school with a suggestion—almost an aroma—of sex precociously in the ascendant. "I remember you, Mrs. Green."

"Of course I'm older now," Billie Jean said as if she'd read her patient's thoughts.

Alexander took his leave and Thomas, after a hurried consultation with the nurse, did likewise. There was an emergency case for him, the superintendent told him. The Knight kid—Lester, Jr.—had been admitted half an hour before with abdominal pain and a high white count. His mother was with him, in worse shape than Lester.

"I dare say," said Miss Dove. She could imagine how Jane Knight, nee Simpson, would behave under threat of a son's appendicitis. All the Simpson girls had been flighty and likely to go to pieces at examinations.

Thomas, who was also acquainted with the Simpson strain, laughed shortly. But immediately he sobered. "I'll see you later, Miss Dove," he said. He walked away without a backward glance.

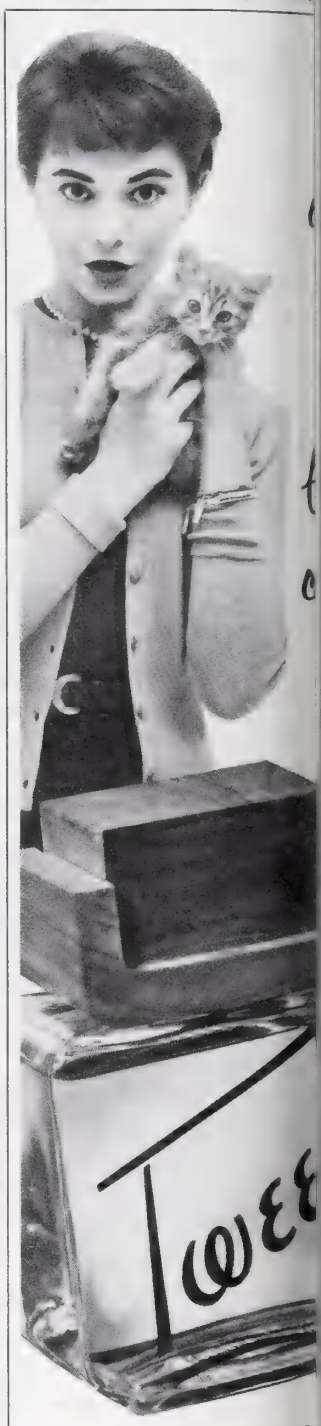
Miss Dove did not feel abandoned. Thomas, she knew, had put her problems into the proper pigeonhole of his mind, much as she did with the problems of the third grade when the fourth grade trooped in.

"I'll take you up now," said Billie Jean. The bed was on rollers. Grasping it by the footboard, she propelled it to the elevator.

The nurse's skirts made a whispering noise—like water among reeds, she thought;

the light had an aqueous quality
self seemed to be drifting in a b
produced in her a rhythmic peac
lapping waves, and the rhyth
recollection. She remembered
verse that one of her less rever
composed back in the thirties.

Geoffrey Lyons, the parodist
fat boy with a sullen and even
countenance that had a discon
lighting up suddenly, for no d
son, as if a lamp burned under i
He had taken for his model sc
the Arthurian legends—those e
scribing the "lily maid," the fa



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I dreamed I lived in
a house of mirrors in my
maidenform bra®

Magic mirror on the wall...I'm the fairest of them all!
My curves are a vision from every angle. Yes, when
it comes to multiplying a girl's charms...there's nothing
like a Maidenform! My dream-of-a-bra makes
a wonderland out of any looking glass!

The dream of a [illegible] bra in nylon taffeta or broadcloth,
[illegible] AAA to AA cups for the teen figure, 1.75

iss Dove the grim, Miss Dove the
Geoffrey had written. "Miss Dove
's Head of Cedar Grove!"
ttletale prig had left the lines on
s desk, hoping, no doubt, to wound
and get the budding author into
ut the prig had failed on both
ss Dove had not been hurt. On the
he had been mildly elated by the
erself as an august being to be ap-
arily lest her omniscient eyes turn
ie. And certainly she would never
ed to anger with an eleven-year-old
, later on, Geoffrey had become a
she had felt gratified in a proprie-
d had even consented to fly to New
guest on the opening night of his
s. The play had been well con-
e had thought, though trivial in its
ter.
m into which Miss Dove was
s a small, blue room. Its window,
on budding treetops and gabled
ike a big framed picture.
e'll take off our clothes and then
ore comfy," said Billie Jean. She
umoring tone with steel behind it.
that she intended to assume com-

noun 'we' is misleading," said Miss
less you propose to take *your*
'
n tittered nervously, but refused to
ted.
ved Miss Dove's outer garments,
e and chemise and petticoat and
ioned boned stays. She gave her a

my ablutions this morning," de-
s Dove.
tine," Billie Jean said, lathering
s flat, immaculate stomach.
ll, Mrs. Green," said Miss Dove.
ot, in conscience, oppose routine.
re's something to make our skin
eet. *Your* skin," Billie Jean said.
ed a few drops of emollient lotion
ove's neck and shoulders. "Know
k of when I put this on my pa-
little can of talcum you gave me
as in the third grade."
ond grade," said Miss Dove. Her
gifts had long been standardized.
for second-grade girls. Girls in
ade got celluloid thimbles.

d a picture of a lilac on the tin,"
aid. She pulled the bedclothes up.
you gave it to me you said some-
r forgot. You said, 'This is to use
ash your neck.'"
ed no reflection upon you," Miss
uickly. "That is what I say to all
s."
take it personal," Billie Jean as-
'But it's funny what kids remem-
ear you say that like it was ten
!" She emptied the bath water
vatory drain and hung the wash-
wel (neatly, Miss Dove observed,
ners pulled out straight) on a rod.
d, still talking, to the bedside.
how some girls can't pass a cos-
er without they spray themselves
logne? Well, I couldn't bring my-
that. I'd feel dirty. Everybody
o queer!"
ndards are our own," said Miss
was, she discovered, fatigued. She
hospital regulations enjoined si-
nurses—that they were required to
ands for permission to speak.
Miss Dove's lips that were closed.
stuck a thermometer between

that I don't care for perfume,"
attled on after a minute of grateful
ng which she had counted her pa-
. "I guess every normal girl does.
by—my little Ava. She's going on
's crazy about my Lotus Lady."
w the thermometer. "But I tell her
time she begs for it—I say, 'First,
h yourself good!'"
murmured Miss Dove.
n, mistaking the monosyllabic
for an exclamation of interest,
hat's exactly what I tell her!" She

read the thermometer and jotted down a figure on a small pad.

"What is my temperature?" asked Miss Dove.

"That's confidential information for the doctors," said Billie Jean. Apologetically, she patted Miss Dove's hand. "Even if I told you, you wouldn't know what it meant. It's in centigrade."

Miss Dove did not defend herself against the girl's bland assumption of her ignorance. "My question was indiscreet," she said.

"Oh, no! Not indiscreet!" Billie Jean protested. "All patients ask. But you know rules."

"Yes. I know rules," said Miss Dove.

"That Lotus Lady," Billie Jean said, as if eager to return to a safe subject. "Bill Holloway gave it to me. He said it smelled refined." She blushed shyly. "He's going to give me something else. A ring."

"An engagement ring?" asked Miss Dove.

Billie Jean nodded. "I feel like a dream walking! I've been a widow for five lonely years and now ——"

Miss Dove made an inarticulate sound of sympathy. Billie Jean, she knew, had gone west to work in a factory. She had been married there to a Mr. Green, who had met with some sort of untimely—and, perhaps, unseemly—demise. Billie Jean had returned home with a new name and a new baby and had become a practical nurse.

"And now," sighed Billie Jean, "I'm the happiest girl in the world!"

"But your life is full as it is," said Miss Dove. "You have your child and your work."

"A woman's life," said Billie Jean, "is never too full for a man!"

Miss Dove said nothing.

"Bill has you on a pedestal. He says you're his idea of 'genteel.'"

"I value William Holloway's opinion," said Miss Dove.

She voiced no idle politeness. She did value his opinion as she valued her own. That fact

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would have startled the society of Liberty Hill in which Miss Dove was considered—not entirely without reason—something of a snob. But such snobbery as she had was not of the common variety that flies, like a homing pigeon, to money or prestige. She was a moral snob. And so, in his way, was William.

All the signs had been against the boy. He came from a home—if one could call it a home—that might euphemistically have been described as "underprivileged." He was an orphan who lived with his grandmother, a woman of unsavory repute, in a leaky shack near the gasworks. On his first day at school he had been barefoot. His hair had been matted and over one cheek had been the brownish stain of a fading bruise. He had held an elbow crooked as if to ward off a blow.

Mothers entering their pretty six-year-olds in Cedar Grove School had gasped. One, a Mrs. Holmes, had begged Miss Dove to keep her son on the other side of the room from William.

"I believe in democracy," she had said, "but I don't want Charlie to catch anything!"

"My seating arrangement is alphabetical," Miss Dove had told her coldly. But privately her heart had sunk.

It was wearisome enough to deal with raw but scrubbed first-graders from ordinarily decent families. An unwashed child from the criminal fringe of town posed a problem indeed.

And then William surprised her.

All the rules of manners and procedure that Miss Dove persuaded ("bullied," her critics said) the other children to accept, William took to his bosom. When he greeted Miss Dove at the door he did so in the accents of dedication. At her "Attention, please" he sat up straight and showed the proud poker face of a soldier presenting arms. He began to wash. Like a badge of honor he wore a clean handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket.

Miss Dove gave him Saturday jobs raking leaves or mowing grass. He performed these jobs with meticulous care and later, on her recommendation, he procured a paper route. He was the best paper boy in town. He was never late and he always laid the paper, folded, on the doorstep instead of twisting it and tossing it on the roof.

It was Miss Dove's custom to pay pastoral calls at the residences of her pupils, but she did not visit William's grandmother. In his case, she felt, the school and home had best remain apart.

So she never saw the squalid little house on the alley until William had been for years beyond her care. And then it wore a pitiful dignity. Upon its door was a sheaf of carnations. It was a house made significant for a day by death.

In a larger world than that of Cedar Grove, beset by temptations and not sustained by the classic simplicity of inflexible rights and wrongs, William had not done well. He had played truant. He had hung around poolrooms. Once he had been haled into juvenile court for shooting craps. And yet Miss Dove had not lost faith in him.

One day, when William was seventeen and had quit school, Miss Dove heard that his grandmother was dead. She had died under sordid circumstances. In a free-for-all fight over the rights to a debouchment of coins from a slot machine, someone had split her skull with a beer bottle. She was to be buried late that afternoon.

After school Miss Dove put on her hat and gloves and set out for the house of bereavement. On the listing lean-to porch were a few neighbors. Miss Dove bowed distantly to them. She walked straight to the door.

INSIDE, wearing an ill-fitting, evidently borrowed dark suit, stood William. He was a tall fellow now—thin, but with powerful shoulders—and Miss Dove thought she had never seen a more perplexed distress than that which marked his face. She extended her hand.

"May I offer my expressions of sympathy?" she said.

William took her hand. He straightened his shoulders. "Thank you, Miss Dove," he said. "Would you like to come in and see grandma?"

There was little Miss Dove would have liked less, but she followed William into the front room. There the remains of the disreputable Mrs. Holloway reposed in a cheap coffin. In death, Miss Dove was certain, the old woman had an aspect of decency that she'd never had in life.

"She did the best she could," said William. "She didn't"—he gave Miss Dove a glance of profound respect—"have my advantages."

"Her troubles are over," said Miss Dove.

"I hope so," said William. "Some say they're not."

Miss Dove rode with William to the cemetery, sitting erect in the undertaker's limousine. But when the obsequies were over she bade him farewell. "I will walk home," she explained. "I wish the exercise." Then she looked William full in the face and said in a clear tone that could be heard by all the lesser mourners, "I shall follow your career with interest." She went off, leaving him to decide, in that loneliness which is the true climate of decision, whether to respect his life or throw it away.

As it turned out, William was sensible. He joined the Army. After three years, honorably discharged and seventy pounds hea returned to Liberty Hill. Using his G tional allowance for living expenses, pleted his high-school education. Ther sound understanding of himself, he the field of law enforcement.

EACH morning when Miss Dove sa the intersection of Grant and Maple and solid, lifting his great, white-glov to halt traffic or beckon children ac street—she experienced a moment exhilaration. There was a man who and muscles functioned in harmony. A love with his work. For him, she kne liceman's lot was a very happy one.

Of his domestic lot, which he pla cast with Billie Jean's, Miss Dove certain. And yet, she remembered, Bi *did* wash her neck before applying sce was a straw in the wind.

"I've tired you," Billie Jean said rue always go yak-yak when I'm nervo see, Bill thinking so much of you and ing the terri—well, being who you ar flustered."

"That was natural," said Miss Dov

"A nurse has got no business be ural," said Billie Jean, rebuking her nurse should think of her patient."

Quiet reigned in the room. Miss laxed. Some thread that had always s taut, holding her fast to responsibility, to have snapped clean through. She cl eyes and let her mind bob up and dow cork on the surface of a pond.

Billie Jean fed her soup from a sp technician drew blood from her finger carried it away in tube. She scarcely

Through the floated the blithe ar relsome voices of released from scho floated from a sphere, from a point in time.

An intern came room. He was a shot man with a crew cut, bright pink che the gloss of appalling youth. In his wh and trousers he reminded Miss Do sixth-grader dressed up for the gradua ercises of Cedar Grove Elementary The stethoscope around his neck, hi rimmed glasses and his deep bass v seemed assumed like poor theatrical d

Billie Jean, as she leaped to her fee at attention and registered deference, a to be play-acting too. "Here's Doctor Miss Dove," she said.

"I am Doctor Baker's house officer," tern announced from somewhere lov visceral cavity.

Not knowing what a house officer w Dove reserved comment.

"I hope you're fairly comfortable," "I believe you're complaining of pai low dorsal region and of extended nu in the right leg?"

"I am comfortable, thank you," sa Dove. She added, "And I did *not* con

"We use the word in a medical se do a physical now before I take your h

"*You?*" said Miss Dove.

"A superficial one," he assured he fine points I'll leave for Doctor Baker."

Miss Dove sought words for protest been strange enough to take order Thomas Baker and to be washed b Jean; to lie here at the mercy of an child with a false voice was ridiculous.

But Billie Jean had unbuttoned t shirt. The doctor's stethoscope was against her chest. Submission was th part of dignity. Lights were flashed eyes, up her nose and down her thro blood pressure was tested. She was p in the ribs, in the solar plexus and in domen. When the examination was ov Jean retired from the room.

"Now we'll take your history," said Temple.

The questions he asked were person Dove thought, to the point of irrel However, she answered them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Not everyone can do great things, but everyone can do small things in a great way. —ANON.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

She had been born in 1898. Her mother had been nineteen and her father thirty-eight. So far as she knew, there had been no untoward circumstances attending her birth.

Yes, she had siblings. Two sisters much younger than she. They lived three states away now with growing families of their own. No, she had never been jealous of them. (Jealous of Flora and Dora! Those timorous creatures who jumped on chairs when they saw a mouse, and echoed their husbands' opinions!)

She had had the usual juvenile diseases.

She told Doctor Temple she did not suffer from headaches. She had no allergies. She was not often afflicted with respiratory infections. Her family tree revealed no epilepsy, night blindness, eczema or melancholy.

"What about your emotional life?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Dove.

The doctor blushed. "Well—love, you know. And feelings of frustration. Inadequacy."

"I have never felt inadequate."

"The question was routine," he assured her. "Suppose we call your emotional life satisfactory?"

"That will be correct," said Miss Dove.

"Thank you, Miss Dove," he said. "Doctor Baker will be in later, of course. And if there's anything I can do ——" He hesitated. He smiled in an engaging, unprofessional way. "You and I are really old friends. In a manner of speaking, I've known you all my life."

"You have known *me?*" Miss Dove said. She scanned his face. It was vaguely familiar, but only vaguely.

"I'm Adams Temple," he told her. "My mother was a Liberty Hill girl."

"Angela Adams, of course," said Miss Dove. He had the same brown eyes, myopic and speculative, and the same conformation of the forehead—bulging over each eyebrow as if small, stubby horns were about to sprout through the bone. He had the same *enfant terrible* expression. "I should have known."

"Well, it's been a long time. Mother's family moved to Kansas when she was fourteen. But she remembers you."

"I remember her," Miss Dove said without marked enthusiasm. "She had an inquiring mind."

Angela Adams had been one of Miss Dove's first pupils and one who had taught her, indirectly, valuable lessons in the technique of classroom management. Her name being what it was, she had sat on the front seat of the first row. In the show-offy way in which most children enjoy turning cart wheels or flexing their biceps, Angela had enjoyed mental gymnastics. "Why" and "how" were her favorite words, and when Angela uttered them she was apt to look smug as if she thought, "*This* time I'll trip the teacher!"

Once, had she had the humility to leave well enough alone, she might have done just that.

MISS DOVE had been reading aloud from a book on the dietary habits of undomesticated animals. "Bears like honey," she read. "They are also fond of red ants which have a flavor similar to that of pickles."

Angela had waved her hand. "How does he know, Miss Dove?" she had demanded. "How does the author know what ants taste like?"

The thirty-nine other children in the room had fixed their trusting eyes upon Miss Dove, waiting for her answer. Then Angela, herself, saved the day. Brash with the imminence of victory, she had pushed her advantage too far.

"Did he eat an ant to see?" she had asked sarcastically. "Or did a bear tell him?"

The class had giggled. Ordinarily Miss Dove frowned upon laughter, but this time it fell like music on her ear. She directed upon Angela her steady, solemn, scrutinizing gaze.

The child blushed. She folded her hands.

"Never pretend to be silly, Angela," Miss Dove said at last. She waited until a hush settled upon the room. Then she continued to read from the book: "'The giraffe is a vegetarian. His long neck enables him to nibble the leaves of trees.'"

"She used to tell us stories about you," Doctor Temple said. "Mother said, too, that my Latin teacher in high school was like you. She kept us on our toes. Right now I could conjugate any verb, regular or cared to give me."

Miss Dove did not care to giv "I am honored by the comparis

"Of course she was more na than you," he went on.

And by what rule, pray, have the breadth of my mind? Miss D lently.

"It came from a surfeit of dea guess. Do you know what she sa I left for college?"

"No," said Miss Dove.

Doctor Temple grinned remin said, 'Good-by, Adams. Don't ideas!'"

Miss Dove saw nothing funn teacher's advice. She thought i cogent and particularly sound Angela. "And did you?" she as

DOCTOR TEMPLE laughed. "Ver mitted. "You know, there *aren't*

With a nod he was gone. A upon Miss Dove that for all his had told her nothing of her p tion. She said as much to her nu

"He's not in charge," said "You're Doctor Baker's private

"Then what is it"—Miss Do her mouth went dry—"what Baker suspects?"

Billie Jean shook her head. you what you need to know."

"I see no occasion for myste Dove.

"Don't try to see," said Billie do the thinking!"

Let us do the thinking! Us! B Vay, whose expression when she little boy had been that of a g veying the cherry on top of a but dae; Thomas Baker, the erstwh ear wiggler; and the complacen of Angela Adams! Oh, no. Miss thinking. It was the habit of a teacher's burden accepted long sloughed off for an instant! In room she drew the conclusio them out to her pupils who whole, without analysis, and wr between even margins in their

But this was not the geograp

Thomas did not appear unti By that time Billie Jean had be the night nurse, a dour, middl who was not a native of Liberty been trained (as she made k ately) to be a ward supervisor. was resting between positions Miss Dove's case as a favor t tendent of the hospital.

"I am interested in the *theor* she said.

"I see," said Miss Dove with to be impressed. The mental new nurse was probably greate Billie Jean, she reflected, but h was less and she lacked the hu the sign of true vocation.

Thomas breezed into the r dressed all in green. Green trou sleeved blouse and a green, tur his head. Miss Dove was startle wondered, been acting in a p brate the arrival of spring?

"This is the latest fashion room wear," said Thomas. "I eyes. Did you think I'd forgott

"No," said Miss Dove. She herself forgotten.

"I've been busy since I left said. "Just dull, run-of-the-m consumes time. First the K course ——"

"Lester eats imprudently ar said Miss Dove.

"He's hungry already," "We'll have him up tomorrow." Dove's hand a perfunctory dropped by to see that you w treated."

But Miss Dove did not inten cape so easily. "I should like to tions concerning my own state said.

"Why, certainly," Thomas the transparent disguise of ca

...e to recognize. "But I'm not sure ...them. Doctor Temple —— Did ...y the way, that he's Angela ...'

...ss Dove said indifferently, re...ecoy.

...r T...ple's findings had all been nega... told her, which was good. Her ...res...re—systolic and diastolic—was ...efr...ion of the eyes normal. Heart ...ut...paired. No palpable abdominal ...

...is ...our guess?" asked Miss Dove.

...'t ...ess," said Thomas. "Tomorrow ...d...exhaustive tests. By Friday I ...e ...e to speak with some degree of ...on. ...ntil then ——" He moved away. ...oo...he paused and his tone, though ...arr...d an undertone of command. "I ...pe... you, Miss Dove, to assume ...e ...docility."

...d...or," said ...ve...he closed ...s ...d surren... ...th...nevitable.

...eat...r changed ...ght...lext day— ...y-...vas raw ...t. ...t Cedar ...ch...the chil... ...e ...tless. Mr. ...all...a special ...

...'re...ll sorry to ...he...id, stand... ...th...podium, ...ov...is in the ...Bu...we're go... ...c...with our ...y...ork. Our ...ack...has been ...n...rimmage, ...goi...to sub for ...an...o call the ...ays...he would ...I...n't know ...ays...s well as ...S...whenever ...de...want you ...e. ...K.?" ...i...audience ...d. ...w...e all in ...ch...g togeth... ...

..." ...eral boys ...he...ands and ...im...inary fast ...

...in...gruously ...in...e geogra... ...n, ...l...found the ...as...d as their ...

...gh...orty-five ...gr...e filed in. ...ey...ough a bachelor, was a family ...ea...The first-graders were his pets. ...to...e them lollipops, to join in their ...re...ss, and to feel they loved him. ...y, ...en they greeted him, their faces ...o...ry smiles. Today they kept their ...an...orced him to keep his.

...st enter the room was a lisping, ...d...g...known to all and sundry as Sis... ...rna...y. "Good morning, Mithter ...' ...s said. ...I...ning, Sister."

...sh...her head. "Mith Dove callth ...be...she said. "And firtht you have ...me...my mannerth again becauthe I ...

...piv...cleared his throat. "Pronounce ...c...ectly," he said in a gruff voice. ...ke...ass. He twinkled at Sister. ...id...t return his twinkle. "Good ...lv...ss-ter S-spivey," she said.

...he...nainder of the class—excusing a ...of...s when he called Raymond ...'a...Susan "Peaches"—he did mod... ...ell...

...— Raymond—raised his hand. ...tul...ons," he said. ...ik...," said Mr. Spivey. ...re...elcome," said Raymond. He ...is...ds upon his desk.

The others did likewise. They all sat there, perfectly silent, with their hands—as Mr. Spivey told Miss Ellwood later—closed together like the wings of sitting ducks, and their wide eyes fixed on him.

"What do I do now, Raymond?" he said at last.

"You say 'Attention, please. The lesson will begin,' " said Raymond.

Step by step, grade by grade, Mr. Spivey was helped through the day.

ACTING on the principle that requires a captain to be the last man to leave a ship, Mr. Spivey made it his rule to remain in the building for a full hour after school was dismissed. Today he was surprised that the music teacher, Miss Ellwood, had stayed too. He met her in the hall. She wore a red rain cape of transparent plastic. Its hood cast a glow upon her complexion. Attached to the zippers on her boots were tiny silver bells that tinkled.

"Some third-grade moppets were making a dish garden for Miss Dove," she explained. "I stayed to help them. You know what store she sets on neatness."

"That was awfully nice of you," said Mr. Spivey.

"She taught me," said Lorraine. Her blue eyes were filmed with moisture. "Back in the dark ages."

Mr. Spivey understood that her reference to the far past of her childhood was intended to elicit from him a gallant contradiction. But *à deux* with a woman, he was a bashful man.

"I took her classes and I feel I've been through a wringer," he said.

"I'll bet you do!" cried Lorraine. With a dainty handkerchief that smelled of lily of the valley she dabbed her eye. "She was a fabulous teacher! I mean she *is!*"

The spectacle of this gentle creature—all tenderness and femininity—weeping for an old tartar was infinitely touching to Mr. Spivey. "You're right to say 'is,' " he said. "We must be positive and optimistic. I know Tom Baker is gravely concerned, but—'No game is ever over 'til the final whistle blows!' "

"Life can be so sad," said Lorraine. "There she was reviewing the fourth grade for the proficiency tests! And with no warning ——"

"I still don't approve of her didactic methods," said Mr. Spivey. "I believe in being pals with children. In classroom democracy."

"Oh, so do I!" said Lorraine.

"I don't approve of them," he went on musingly, "but I'll have to admit, they *work!* I figure it this way: Miss Dove is sincere. And kids are fair. You can't fool 'em. When they see somebody doing a good, sincere job, they know it. And they play ball!"

"It's so *big* of you to understand that."

"I strive for tolerance," said Mr. Spivey. Then he suggested that Miss Ellwood let him drive her home. On the way they might stop at the Grill and Fountain for a cup of coffee. He would like to discuss with her a paper he was writing on the problems of extracurricular activities in the elementary school.

"Oh, Mr. Spivey, that would be super!" cried Lorraine.

Thomas Baker once again brought Jincey her breakfast. He tried to maintain his usual bantering manner, but his humor was forced and distrait.

EMILY AND GOD

By JESSAMYN WEST

Emily wanted a voice of thunder
When she was young:
She with her words of wonder
Like bells rung.

Emily wanted to make God hear
Whatever she said.
Emily spoke out loud and clear
To Him overhead.

"Emily," God said, "Emily, my dear,
Quiet words
Are almost the only ones I can hear."
So bees and birds

Emily sang, and clover and the sea.
Papa above,
Emily told, of Earth's infinity.
And of her love.

When Papa above heard Emily's words,
Quiet and spare,
"Emily," He said, "I've never heard
Better songs anywhere."



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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

"Are you worried about me or Miss Dove?" asked Jincey.

"Both," said Thomas. "But I have to stop worrying about you." He took her hand in his. "I have to shut you right out of my mind."

"Can you?"

"Yes." He gave her a level look. "I am Miss Dove's doctor."

Jincey wanted to cry. She was not in the least alarmed about herself. She was, in fact, one of those fortunate women in whom pregnancy induces a euphoric illusion of immunity to mischance. But she had counted on having her husband with her during labor much as she might have counted on having him at a dinner party.

"Well," she said, "I have a doctor too. Sam Tillet will probably be relieved not to have you messing round."

"I'll speak to Sam," said Thomas.

"I'll speak to him myself," said Jincey. "In my interesting condition I'm still capable of using a telephone! Look, Tommy. Seriously, this is what I'll do. I'll move over to your mother's house today. Tomorrow, if I'm still navigating, I'll enter the hospital for the duration."

"That's a very smart idea," Thomas said, beaming upon his wife. She was ten years younger than he. He had married her for love—lighthearted love evoked by such charms as her coloring, the music in her laughter, and the exquisite balance of her flesh and bone—so that her gift for rationality, which he'd discovered after marriage, he thought of as a bonus he'd had no right to expect.

"I never was as stupid as I looked," said Jincey. She tossed her head. Loose tendrils of her tumbled hair glittered like delicate copper wires in the lamplight.

"Your hair's a halo," said Thomas.

"Miss Dove never thought so. She thought it made me vain and diverted little boys from their lessons—and she was darned right! Once, I remember, she took it in her hand and pulled it back and tied it with a little old piece of grocery string!" She crossed her arms as if to warm the recollection against her breast. "Only yesterday, Tommy," she murmured staring at the rain-blurred window glass. "That sweet, funny hat!"

The Thursday Bridge Club was as select and small as a bridge club could be. It was composed of four young matrons who took cards seriously. But today, at Mrs. Reese's house, the play was erratic.

"If you hadn't finessed the te
made our contract," Mrs. Reese
to her partner, Mrs. Knight. "Th
good."

"I can't keep my mind on the
Knight said. "I've been thougl
Lester Junior's narrow squeak an
paralyzed!"

"Is that what it is? Paralysis?"

"She can't move her leg. A rose
name ——"

"Tommy hasn't arrived at a dia
Mrs. Briggs, who, as Jincey Ba
presumed to a knowledgeable air.

"What does he think?"

"Tommy's a clam," Mrs. Brigg
he's deeply concerned. He tol
morning that she'd have to manag
baby with no help from him!"

"The poor child! If there's e
woman needs her husband ——"
sighed sentimentally.

"Jince has plenty of spunk,"
said. "She knows her duty as a do

"Besides, Sam Tillet is an excel
cian," said Mrs. Reese.

"I saw her yesterday," Mrs.
trying to sound modest. "Miss Do

"How did she look?"

"Like herself," Mrs. Knig
"Only—well, different in a way
plain. Gentler. Like an old lion w
pulled."

"It breaks my heart to think o
Miss Dove being *gentle!*" Mrs
claimed.

"We saw her on her way to th
said Mrs. Evans. "Tom and Sand
ing her. Wes knew something seri
pened. He acted like he'd seen a
Evans said. Not being a born Lit
she thought her husband's reac
more important than the teach
"He'd been under the weather, you

Her companions nodded. They
served Mr. Evans' antics at a rec
club dance.

"—— and he was about to tak
pick-me-up. But he didn't. He s
egg instead."

"Maybe that will prove the turn
his life," said Mrs. Reese. Her
lost upon Mrs. Evans.

"I have faith that it will," de
Evans, in whom faith died hard.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



"Just be patient, dear. He'll be taking us out to dinner pretty soon now."

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

A PRODUCT OF ANCHOR HOCKING GLASS CORPORATION, LANCASTER, OHIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

was through forever." Her face was suffused with hope and happiness. "God moves in a mysterious way!"

This was too much for Mrs. Knight. "I don't believe for an instant that God was thinking of Wes Evans' habits," she said.

"Oh no! I didn't mean that exactly!" Mrs. Evans cried. "I'm dreadfully sorry about Miss Dove. You must all have been devoted to her."

"If we were we didn't know it," said Mrs. Reese. "She turned us to stone."

"Remember the poem Geoff wrote?"

"Remember the clean handkerchiefs and the margins?"

"The laundry soap?"

"Can anybody bound Russia?" asked Mrs. Knight.

"No. Not now," said Mrs. Reese.

The three women were drawn backward in time. They returned to a safe charted world where the air smelled of chalk, the colors were paintbox bright, the boundaries stayed the same, and all the ideas they could conceivably use were handed down to them, complete with punctuation, from a raised dais.

"I was counting on her to break Snookie of chewing her hair the way she broke me," Mrs. Briggs said. Then she began to cry. So did Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Reese. Mrs. Briggs fumbled in the pocket of her purple gabardine suit. "Damn!" she said. "I haven't got a handkerchief!"

"Take mine," said Mrs

"What would Miss D this?" Mrs. Briggs sniff age—having to borrow a

"And saying a great bi Mrs. Knight.

Mrs. Reese rose abru have to pull ourselves tog She went out to the kitc hot coffee and patty shel creamed chicken and—s was dieting—a dish of ginger in lieu of a heavy

The local Rotarians h for their weekly lunche Alexander Burnham had The shrimp cocktails had Suddenly Mr. Porter, founder and president en club and who saw no r dress the chair before floor, struck his knife aga tail bowl. He struck so blob of red sauce leaped fright, and landed upo tablecloth.

"Boys," said Mr. Por his full height, which v in spite of the stoop of considered opinion, afte observation, that a go man's heart is not in his wallet."

This remark was greet laughter.

But Mr. Porter had be witty. He beetled his b his long, gaunt old neck severely at his audience. water goblet.

"Before I proceed," voice that creaked with me propose a toast. T Miss Dove!"

The Rotarians drank. goblets down. They app on a common impulse, t in their chairs. They pla firmly upon the carpet. ened their backs. A few their hands.

In the hospital, und tests that Thomas Bak exhaustive and that w covered, certainly exha Dove did not imagine t created any stir of feeli Hill. Her joints were t small hammer. Her spi by a needle. In her bed from strange place to A machine was clasped and her brain waves rec bones in her body were

Thomas was in co ance. Unless some em too complicated for handle, he promised t through all her tests.

"And Adams Temple He can handle most th "I'll be sorry to see hi

"He is not staying?"

"No. He's only temp ished med school at starts a Hopkins inter He's helping us out time. I gather his moth to get acquainted with

"His mother had mind," said Miss Dov

Thomas laughed. " you mean. Adams get himself at times." He t Jean. "And now, Mrs. cussion hammer, pleas

Thomas' attitude alt became aloof in a way Dove confidence. His w was directed upon his He was gentle. He wa did not apologize when to hurt her. Only once first spinal puncture—c wince with compassio



"A nut-rich, extra-flaky crust... so easy... so sure, with dependable Gold Medal!"

Betty Crocker
of General Mills



NUT CRUST

1⅓ cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup chopped nuts
⅓ cup Wesson Oil
3 tbsp. cold milk

Heat oven to 475° (very hot). Mix flour, salt, finely chopped nuts. Measure oil, milk into same cup. Pour all at once into flour. Mix well. Press into ball; flatten. Roll between two 12" sq. waxed paper (to edges of paper). Dampen table top to prevent slipping. Peel off top paper. Place paper-side-up in pie pan. Peel off paper. Ease into pan. Flute. Prick well. Bake 13 to 15 min.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON

Fill with Pumpkin Chiffon (recipe in Gold Medal sack, or write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis). Or use your favorite pumpkin pie filling recipe. Top with Reddi-wip.

• For this new STIR-N-ROLL nut crust and for everything you bake—depend on America's favorite flour. Gold Medal is *the "Kitchen-tested"* flour—tested in Betty Crocker's kitchens and in the kitchens of homemakers like you. Try it—enjoy "Gold Medal Success" every time.

Make it best with
Pure-mild, Wesson Oil
Gold Medal
"Kitchen-tested" Flour
Real cream Reddi-wip





kers shrank from causing pain, nembered. It was a family trait. laze of her own pain she seemed boys again—Thomas, Charles, d Sterling! They all had dimpled did eyes and pink, mobile ears.) essed her thoughts Thomas gave npersonal look. And as the day eased to think of him as one of rs. She ceased to think of herself He was a doctor. She was a ill hung suspended on his. se of mingled triumph and dis- perceived all this. He had taken vith Miss Dove because he had her hand would do. He had won or ascendancy. But his victory weet.

of the examinations were far ging. Each test drew Thomas diagnosis he dreaded. But he re- odical and open to persuasion. d how to do that in laboratories rooms. He had learned it in the d learned it even earlier in the om at Cedar Grove School.

nal X rays, when he was helping ide the patient's bed back to her dent occurred to show him that as still Miss Dove.

ght, Jr., having accomplished overy of which callow youth is making full use of a wheel chair. ed from the children's ward and along the corridors, careening rs, and whooping with mirth at ch he occasioned to pedestrians.

arted for him ack when Les- ith freedom, air in his di-

Miss Dove said one was level perfectly us

ked his chai ed.

gave him a ok. "You may return to your id.

Dove," said Lester. His voice

nurse with cap askew and ex- seized him, chair and all, and ay.

e smacks his jaws," said Billie

Dove!" said Thomas. He bent d it not been for her eyes—the quenched the ebullience of Les- ould have kissed the pink tip of

r of her room he left her.

w afternoon we'll talk," he said. want you to put all this business ind."

away before she could argue.

was banked with hothouse flow- ureau, the table and even in cor- oor they bloomed.

too many," said Miss Dove. "I white azalea. Later I can set it sheltered place. Please dispose "

s Dove," said Billie Jean. She appointed as a child.

ast be other less fortunate pa- uld enjoy them," said Miss Dove.

N brightened. The prospect of ough the wards playing Lady s to her taste. After she had com- t of her errands she sat down and fountain pen.

e cards," she said. "And I bor- stationery. If you'd like me to nk-you notes. I'd be glad to."

uld be obliging," said Miss Dove. f using Billie Jean as a social sec- velty. The notion of keeping her arm.

dictate them?"

d Miss Dove. "Use your discre- reen. Only avoid the fulsome."

was restful. The dwarf azalea bush e in color and line against the blue was no sound except for the spring rain murmuring against the window and for Billie Jean breathing hard (like a child taking a proficiency test) in the throes of literary composition.

"I've finished," Billie Jean said after a while. "I said the same thing to everybody." She handed a sheet of paper to Miss Dove. "Is it all right?"

Miss Dove perused the sample.

"Dear Mr. Porter," it read, "at the request of Miss Dove I am advising you that she is thrilled by your florial offering. The sympathy of friends brings sunshine to shut-ins. Cordially yours, Billie Jean Green, R.P.N."

MISS DOVE, being totally unendowed with humor, had no inclination to laugh. Her inclination, arising from established editorial habit, was to pick the letter to pieces—to point out its errors in tone and spelling. But something in Billie Jean's face—a look of vanity as innocent as spring flowers—deterred her.

"What does R.P.N. stand for?" she asked.

"Registered Practical Nurse," said Billie Jean. "How is the letter?"

"It is very"—Miss Dove sought a word that would carry truth without a wound—"very genteel."

The word was perfect. "Oh," said Billie Jean, "I'll tell Bill!"

"You may, Mrs. Green," Miss Dove said.

Billie Jean brought a damp cloth and washed her patient's face. She did it gently. She was a good nurse, Miss Dove reflected—more gifted in providing kindness and creature comfort than in verbal expression. She was a woman who had found her sphere.

"You know, Miss Dove," Billie Jean blurted out suddenly, "I'm not really Mrs. Green!"

Miss Dove said nothing.

"I took the name for little Ava's sake," said Billie Jean.

Miss Dove still remained silent.

"I was way out there in Detroit!" Billie Jean continued. Her tone was pleading.

"Virtue knows no geography," said Miss Dove.

"I was on the night shift," said Billie Jean. "It got me all mixed up. I'd never been anywhere before. Mamma was always careful with me—she never let me go on high-school hay rides or anywhere much except church socials. I wasn't very mature!"

"No," agreed Miss Dove.

"All the fellows wanted to take me out. I guess it went to my head. There was this one fellow—I didn't know he was married—that was wonderful to me. I—I gave him too much. In other words ——"

"You need not elaborate," said Miss Dove.

"He was so good-looking and big," said Billie Jean. "And I was so homesick. You know how it is!"

"I do *not* know how it is," said Miss Dove. "But I know that right is right and wrong is wrong."

"That's what Bill says. Those very words," said Billie Jean. "So little Ava came way out in Detroit." (She seemed to imply that the infant had been clever to manage to be born in that outlandish place.) "I could have left her for adoption. But—well, she was mine. And how did I know other folks would raise her right?"

"A child is a responsibility," said Miss Dove.

"So I brought her home and told that tale about my husband being killed. Mamma said she'd keep Ava while I worked. I talked to Reverend Burnham and Doctor Hurley. They got me into the practical-nursing course. So here I am!"

Miss Dove sighed. She was not astonished. She knew that in the great world, both in and out of literature, such things happened. And after half a Biblical lifetime in a public school she was immunized to astonishment Her sigh was for William Holloway.

"And why," she said, "did you confide in me, Mrs.—Miss ——"

"Billie Jean," the nurse said. "It was because you said that about the letter. I couldn't deceive you."

"Deceit is a tangled web," said Miss Dove.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"I had to tell Bill, too," Billie Jean said. "He's like you. A person you tell the truth to."

"Ah!" said Miss Dove.

"He was cut up," Billie Jean said. "He was furious. He didn't date me for a week. And then he said he'd marry me anyhow, but if he ever caught me doing anything unrespectable—even looking fresh at a fellow or smoking in public—he'd"—she paused dramatically—"he'd *take his belt to me!*"

Somehow Miss Dove felt sanguine as to William's domestic future. He was one of those elect who had the gift of authority and the nerve to use it. And Billie Jean was born to love a master.

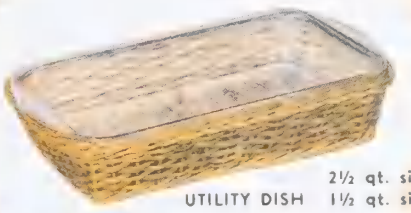
As she fed Miss Dove her evening meal (asparagus soup and apricot whip) the nurse was silent. She was brooding, no doubt, upon Patrolman Holloway's strong right arm. At last she said, "I guess I'm one of those that have to learn the hard way."

"We all are, Billie Jean," said Miss Dove.

When the night nurse arrived she went about her duties more efficiently than she had. She maintained her air of being above the station in which she found herself, but her hands were gentler. Miss Dove noticed the differ-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

Exciting News!



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2 qt. size $2.59
1½ qt. size $2.39
ROUND CASSEROLE

GUARANTEED... not for months, not for years but FOR LIFE



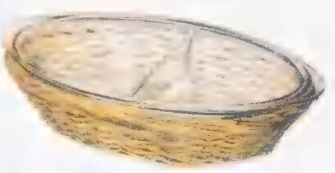
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GLASBAKE BASKETWARE IS wonderful for baking and serving. Adds a festive touch to every meal you prepare. You bake in smartly-styled Glasbake ovenware . . . whisk dishes to table in charming imported baskets.

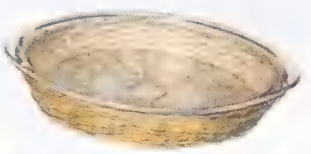


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1 pt. each side $2.59

SEE THEM ON DISPLAY at your favorite department, hardware or variety store. 11 lovely Basketware dishes from which to choose. All beautifully gift-packaged.

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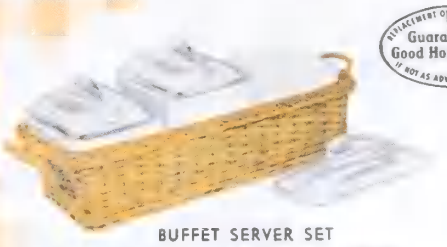
Designed for baking . . . Styled for serving



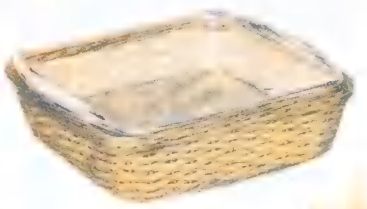
PIE PLATE 10½" diameter $1.99

McKEE DIVISION, Thatcher Glass Mfg., Co., Inc., Elmira, N.Y.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



BUFFET SERVER SET
Three 1½ qt. covered casseroles $7.95

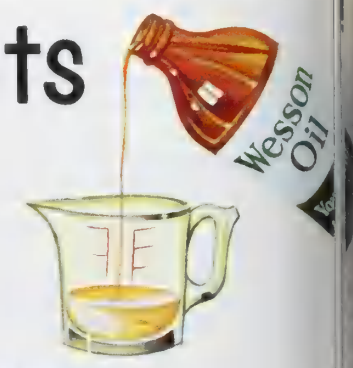


CAKE DISH 9" square $2.59



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2 qt. size $3.95

Quicker way to start party treats —*pour* delicate Wesson Oil...



The New Luxury Chiffon Layer Cake
---with only 2 eggs

THIS IS "LOVELIGHT"— glamorous new *2-egg Chiffon layer cake.* You make it with Wesson Oil—the shortening you *pour to measure* and *never have to cream!* Just *2 minutes batter beating* with light, delicate Wesson Oil. It's the *only shortening* that gives you the airy Chiffon texture and delicate Chiffon flavor of a true LoveLight cake.

WESSON POPS CORN FLUFFIER. Even youngsters make *extra fluffy, tender* popcorn with Wesson Oil. No digging out solid shortening. Wesson *pours* to measure. Heat 3 tablespoons light, sparkling Wesson Oil in heavy skillet. Add ½ cup popcorn. Cover and shake. When popping starts, reduce heat; shake until done. Salt to taste. Delicate Wesson Oil coats each kernel lightly, distributes the heat evenly, so *every kernel* pops fluffy, crisp and delicious.



"LOVELIGHT" CHOCOLATE CHIFFO

Developed by Betty Crocker of General Mills

2 eggs, separated	**¾ teaspoon salt**
1½ cups sugar	**⅓ cup Wesson Oil**
1¾ cups *sifted* Softasilk Cake Flour	*** 1 cup buttermilk**
¾ teaspoon soda	**2 squares unsweetene chocolate, (2 oz.),**

**Sweet milk may be substituted for buttermilk in this recipe.*

Heat oven to 350° (moderate). Grease generously a with flour 2 round layer pans, 8″ by at least 1½″ d 1 oblong pan, 13″ x 9″ x 2″. Beat egg whites until Gradually beat in ½ cup of the sugar. Continue until very stiff and glossy.

In another bowl, sift remaining sugar, Softasilk Cake soda, salt. Add Wesson Oil, half of buttermilk 1 minute, medium speed on mixer, or 150 vigorous by hand. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantl remaining buttermilk, egg yolks, chocolate. Beat 1 more, scraping bowl constantly. Fold in meringue into prepared pans. Bake layers 30 to 35 minutes; 40 to 45 minutes. Cool. Split each layer into two Spread Chocolate Fluff between layers and over cake in refrigerator until used. Cut oblong cake in squar spoon Chocolate Fluff over each square for serving.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF: Mix together in chilled bowl *heavy cream, 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar, ½ cup dash of salt.* Beat until stiff enough to hold a Refrigerate until used.

Table of adjustments for high altitudes: 3,500 to 4,500 ft. use spoon soda; 4,500 feet and over, use ¼ teaspoon soda. Increa temperature 25°. Bake layers 25 to 30 minutes; oblong, 35 to 40



AMERICA'S FAVORITE
for Salads, Frying,
Stir-N-Roll Pie Crust
and Biscuits

Wesson Oil

SEE "HAWKINS FALLS"—NBC TELEVISION NETWORK MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

UED FROM PAGE 139

ed its cause. The woman sus-
t her patient was more than
. Miss Dove was no longer a
hoolteacher with a backache.
flame of fear leaped in her
stant it burned steady, throw-
to the amorphous shadows of
Miss Dove refused to look
pointed. Thomas Baker had
put the whole business out of
she had exacted obedience
hat roles were reversed, she
to exact it of her.
ough the night, and if she
er dreams were of that child-
ential kind—scarcely more
a lullaby—that dissolve with
iousness. She awoke to hear
g the night nurse good-by and
ain had stopped. Beyond her
y was opalescent gray—the
self.
passed quietly. Miss Dove
d breakfast. The intern made

stopped in, wearing a ruffled
oking remarkably like a little
aying at pregnancy with a pil-
r her waistband. She had been
hospital, Jincey said, more for
of mind than anything. She
past term. If nothing definite
y Saturday night, Sam Tillet
give Nature a nudge.
octor Tillet suggests will be
n said primly.
said Jincey. "Right now he
keep walking. I peeped in to
o wish me luck."
a," said Miss Dove.
had left to continue her prom-
an said, "I used to think she
est, dumbest brat in Liberty
really a good kid. She hasn't

hardly seen her husband for days, and not a cheep out of her!"

"A physician cannot call his time his own," said Miss Dove.

"Nor an officer of the law either," Billie Jean added smugly. "It's like the old folks say. 'Men must work and women must weep.'"

"I consider that an effete philosophy," said Miss Dove.

"Oh, so do I!" agreed Billie Jean, who had no inkling of the meaning of "effete."

More blossoms arrived. There were two mixed bouquets from the florist (Miss Dove disposed of them) and the dish garden that the pupils of the third grade had made under Miss Ellwood's supervision. The dish was a biscuit pan filled with moss and bordered with ferns and hepaticas. In the moss was stuck a seedling cedar and nearby, in the exact center of the pan, sat a rectangular building made of red cardboard upon which the pattern of bricks had been marked in white ink.

"It's Cedar Grove!" said Billie Jean. "Oh, isn't it sweet!"

"Yes," said Miss Dove. As she examined the arrangement of the garden she saw something sweeter still. She saw a group of children absorbed in a task and aiming at perfection. She was aware of a constriction in her throat. "The ink work is laudably neat," she said. "You may place it on the window sill."

Just before noon there was a message from the hospital receptionist. Two out-of-town visitors wished to see Miss Dove. One had telephoned to ask permission. The other was waiting in the lobby.

"Who are they?" Miss Dove asked Billie Jean.

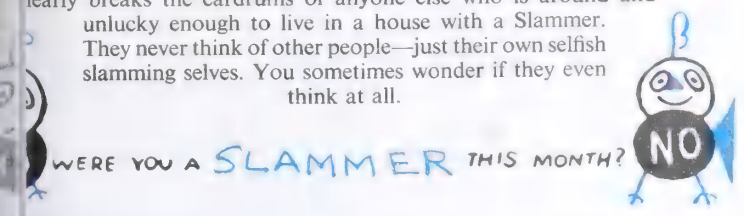
"Well, they're not birds of a feather as the old folks say," said Billie Jean. "One is Mr. Lyons, the writer from New York. The other is Fred Makepeace." She looked haughty. "I suppose you know where he resides!"

"I do know," said Miss Dove. Fred was an inmate of a prison camp. "I shall be glad to see them both. They are my former pupils."



By MUNRO LEAF

IF there is one person that a quiet, peaceful and happy household can't have around, it is a Slammer. Slammers never shut a door the way a civilized human being would. They give it a shove that almost breaks it off its hinges and slam it with a blast of noise that nearly breaks the eardrums of anyone else who is around and unlucky enough to live in a house with a Slammer. They never think of other people—just their own selfish slamming selves. You sometimes wonder if they even think at all.

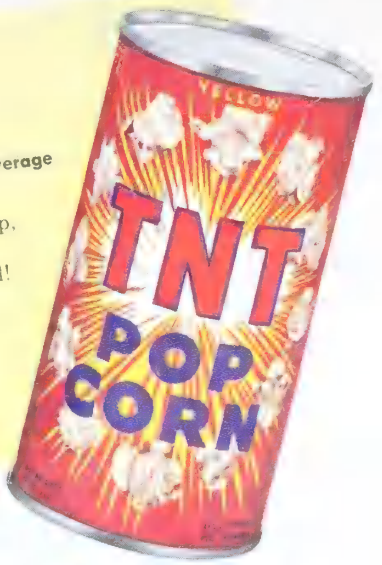




Old Time "Popper Party"

1 can TNT White Hulless or Hybrid Yellow popcorn
1/2 cup Vegetable Oil
1/4 cup Melted Butter
Salt to taste
Your Favorite Beverage

This is *lively* popcorn, this TNT. Just heat it up, and there's a barrage of hot, buttery goodness... the likes of which you've never tasted! Notice those puffs--how big 'n fluffy--and fully popped. Isn't this the kind of "rare old fun" you should be enjoying tonight? Why not? It's as easy as reaching for the TNT Popcorn. Tender. Nutritious. Tasty.



9 quarts from only one can.

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Available Seasoned (yellow label) or Non-Seasoned (red label) at grocers everywhere in U.S. and Canada.

Adolph's — the Meat Tenderizer reported in Reader's Digest

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For PARTY SANDWICHES

Mix FLUFF with cheese and ginger, nuts, pineapple, peanut butter or marmalade as fillers for new, exciting sandwich treats. Spread FLUFF, too, on graham crackers and brown in oven. *Write for FREE "Yummy Book," illus. in color, Durkee-Mower, Inc., Dept. L 11, Lynn, Mass.*

JOLLY TIME THE BEST POP CORN YOU EVER ATE!

"*Mr.* Makepeace," said Billie Jean, with a flounce of her head, "was sure of his welcome. *He's* already come. If you don't mind, I'll wait outside." She walked stiffly away. Obviously, as the fiancée of a policeman, she intended to preserve herself from association with felons.

Fred Makepeace entered the room. He was a lean, sandy-haired man in the middle thirties. He was dressed in blue serge. A snow-white handkerchief protruded from his breast pocket. His shoes were polished to a luster. The hand he extended in greeting was scrupulously clean.

Miss Dove gave him three fingers, like a duchess. "How d' y' do, Fred," she said. (She would have preferred to call him "Frederick," but he had not been christened so.) "You may be seated."

Fred sat on the edge of a chair. He placed his hat—a dark gray Homburg—upon his knees and folded his hands upon its crown.

Having nothing to say, Miss Dove waited for him to speak. She studied his face. She found it remarkably unchanged. It was a smooth face, neither good nor bad. There was no malice in it and very little character. The eyes, blue and cloudless as a child's, were set too wide apart.

FRED was, she knew, serving a sentence for forgery and the theft of an automobile, and so must be counted among her failures. But she did not blame herself. Rational humility had always told her that the ultimate success of a teacher depended, in some measure, upon the material with which she worked. In the last analysis one could not go behind the hand of Providence.

And yet, in Fred's case, it was possible that neither she nor Providence had failed. Fred was a follower. When rules were made clear to him he obeyed them. It was only when he made independent choices—which an unrealistic society now forced him to make—that he invariably chose wrong. Miss Dove remembered how neat his margins had been. She remembered also the offerings of fruit that he'd brought her each Friday—polished apples and tangerines and heavy bunches of Malaga grapes—until she'd discovered that he stole them from a grocer.

"I'm not A.W.O.L.," said Fred.

"I am gratified to hear that," said Miss Dove.

"When I seen in the paper you was sick I went to my gang boss. 'Boss,' I says, 'the only teacher that ever learned me anything is in the hospital. I want a day off to go tell her I'm preparing to reform my ways.'"

"And he gave you leave?"

"Yes, ma'am. He says, 'Why sure, Fred. I know I can trust *you*.'"

"A compliment to value," said Miss Dove.

There was a tentative-sounding knock at the door and Geoffrey Lyons came in. In contrast to Fred's sober formality, his attire was loud and untidy. He wore brown flannels, a tweed jacket, a yellow shirt and a Tattersall waistcoat. His shoes were rusty.

"Miss Dove," he said, "I'm Geoffrey Lyons."

"I knew you, Geoffrey," said Miss Dove.

Fred jumped up. He grinned. "Recall the face, Geoff?" he asked.

Geoffrey whistled. "Old Babe Makepeace! The best slugger Cedar Grove ever had!"

"I hear tell you're doin' pretty good in show business," said Fred.

"Fred," said Geoffrey, "I'm on my way to Hollywood now. It's a rat race. What are you doing these days, Babe?"

Fred widened his blue eyes as if in mild surprise that anyone should be in ignorance of his situation. "Me?" he said. "I'm on the road." His tone was so unabashed that Geoffrey missed the import of his words.

"On the road? Acting or selling?"

Fred laughed. "Mostly diggin' with a pickax."

Miss Dove deplored levity. "Fred Makepeace is paying his debt to society," she said.

Geoffrey smiled at Fred and at Miss Dove. "That's a debt few of us ever pay."

"Exactly," said Miss Dove. She was thinking, Geoffrey guessed, of his last play, which had dealt in a frivolous way with a certain form of misbehavior.

"I got in a jam Christmas a year ago," Fred explained, "and had to pass a coupla checks

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…y's name on 'em. Then I bor-
…rom a parking lot and hap-
…t."
…l Geoffrey.
…ulda let me off with a fine and
…ntence," Fred said. "But I
…ere to look for the money and
…robation. So I decided to pull
…it over with. I'm doin' twenty-
…the roads."
…roled for the day on his own
…aid Miss Dove.
…aid Geoffrey.
…eared. She was careful to look
…y. "Your time is up, gentle-
…you little Billie Jean McVay?"

…reen," Billie Jean said, with-
…is direction.
…me!" said Fred.
…ospital in the soft spring air
…tted together.
…ll see a lot of cheesecake in
…ed said wistfully.
…ect me," Geoffrey said. "I've
…six kids in Upper Montclair."
…ay!" said Fred. "I had a wife,
…ed without the ring of pleas-
…feller
…way!"
…ell, I'd
…n'. I'm
…camp
…st me
…ave no
…old the
…ted to
…r he'd
…horse
…down
…tarted

…u get
…thes?"
…'em
…ome,"
…ll." A
…d won-
…e the
…of a
…s face.
…e how
…?" he
…ove, I

…dded.
…ne bed
…er than
…oird—one of them robins on the
…ed to think she was Goliath."
…aid Geoffrey. He took out a
…es. "Smoke?"
…e two?" Fred asked. "One for

…ck," said Geoffrey.
…red said. "Remember how we
…n the boys' basement at Cedar
… were the days, Geoff. We'll
… good again!"
…," said Geoffrey. "When you—
…g you, get in touch with me. I
… put you onto something."
… thing," Fred said. "So long,
…egards to Marilyn Monroe."
…ched his old schoolmate walk
… how Fred hunched one shoul-
…ard off a chilly wind. He felt
…him that mysterious mood of
…ch is the courted darling of ev-
…knew, in his bones, how Fred
…had moved him to risk extra
…al servitude for a brief visit to
…od. He even understood him-
…t. Why had he wanted Miss
… when his first play appeared on
…timentality? Publicity? Ah, it
… than that!

…ally seeing it—but *feeling* it,
…he misty, low, tree-blurred sky
…Hill. In his mind a play had be-
…pe. It was the play he had al-
…write—a play woven of home-
…notions like love and nostalgia
…d fortitude. It was unlike the
…ittering things that had brought
…was as simple as a Chekhov.

Geoffrey tossed his cigarette into the gutter. He returned to his brother's house, went up to his room, locked the door, and put a sheet of paper on the roller of his portable typewriter. He started writing.

At four-thirty or thereabouts, Billie Jean began tidying the room. She whisked about rearranging objects and flicking at imaginary dust in the immemorial fashion of a woman expecting important guests.

"Doctor Baker'll be here in a few minutes," she said. "I want things prettied up."

UPON the bedside table she arranged a pitcher of fresh ice water, two clean glasses and a stiff-backed loose-leaf notebook. "That's your chart," she said. "Everything's ready if he comes while I'm out. I'll just slip down to the rest room now and freshen my make-up."

So the waiting was nearly over, thought Miss Dove. And suddenly the protective apathy that she had assumed fell away. Without the least compunction—and realizing perfectly the breach of hospital etiquette—she reached for the notebook. She began to read her chart.

She was not a self-conscious woman. She rarely looked into a mirror and for many years she had been too busy weighing her impressions of others to speculate upon their impression of her. Now, before her fascinated gaze—neatly typed in the laconic, "unprettied-up" language of a medical man—was her own image as reflected in the mind of Adams Temple.

"The patient," Doctor Temple had written, "is a slender, fully developed female aged fifty-five, showing few of the usual senile changes, lying quietly in bed in no apparent distress, alert and collected."

She read the sentence again. It was too long for style, she thought, but style had not been what its author had striven for. It was grammatical. It was correctly punctuated. It was economically expressed. And as for the truth it conveyed—art could have done no better!

Billie Jean returned. She came and took the chart from Miss Dove's hands—gently but firmly, like a teacher confiscating a small boy's comic book. In her reproachful eyes was more sorrow than anger. "I'm surprised," she said. "I *trusted* you!"

"I'm sorry," said Miss Dove. But she was not sorry. The thing she had read had restored to her a sense of personal identity. Whatever tidings Thomas might bring she could receive as became a lady. Quietly, collectedly, and "in no apparent distress."

Thomas arrived accompanied by Mr. Porter.

The old gentleman refused a chair. "I can talk better on my feet," he said, "and I shan't stay long."

He stood leaning on his gold-headed cane, beetling his bushy brows, thrusting his pendulous underlip, and glaring at Miss Dove.

"I am not here in a private capacity," said Mr. Porter, sounding unctuous in spite of his creaking voice. "I represent the Rotary Club."

"Indeed," said Miss Dove.

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Porter. "The club has voted unanimously to assume entire financial responsibility for the expenses of your illness."

Miss Dove opened her lips to speak. Mr. Porter silenced her.

"Wherever you choose to go for this operation," he said, "Rochester, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore—Rotary is behind you!"

"And if I decline the kind offer?" said Miss Dove.

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

Edited by John M. Henry

Next thing, we suppose, will be that the fishermen will ask the Government for a guaranteed annual catch.
DICK CONWAY
in London, Ohio, Press

A guy who has a girl in every port will always be at sea.
RAYMOND DUNCAN
in Ellaville, Ga., Sun

If you want to find out a woman's age, ask her sister-in-law.
BERTHA SHORE
in Augusta, Kans., Gazette

An average man is one who thinks he isn't average. GEORGE BOWRA
in Aztec, N.M., Independent-Review



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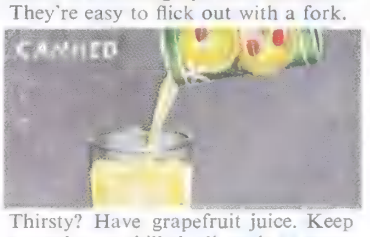
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FLORIDA Grapefruit

A flush swept over Mr. Porter's gaunt face. He pounded his stick.

"Who do you think you are to decline it?" he demanded. "Who gave you the right to insult your friends?"

"My dear sir," said Miss Dove, "if you wish my attention you must employ a civil tone. I am not to be bullied."

"Bullied!" Porter croaked. "You talk of bullying!" He turned to Thomas. "She's always been a stiff-necked termagant. Do you think *my* pride hasn't suffered, seeing the daughter of my friend penniless, working for her bread, wearing outlandish clothes ——"

"You have forgotten yourself, Mr. Porter," said Miss Dove.

"I have forgotten nothing," Mr. Porter rejoined. "I haven't forgotten that I made you a *very* civil offer once!"

Mr. Porter had once offered Miss Dove his name. That had been fifteen years before when he had still been a fine figure of a man—a vigorous sixty-seven—and a widower of a year's standing. He was rich. He was lonely. Miss Dove was undoubtedly lonely, too, and far from rich. What could have been more suitable?

Walking up Oakwood Street with a rose in his buttonhole and a spring in his gait, he had felt utterly sanguine as to the success of his errand. And then she had refused him. She had simply said no, thank you, and changed the subject.

Now, in this hospital room, the c that old moment was plain as a w face.

"The offer was generous," said M "but nonetheless ridiculous."

Mr. Porter trembled. His haw blazed. But he knew he could not s rage against Miss Dove. She had o something for him, consciously o sciously, that would always comma votion.

That had been in February, '33 month that still recurred to him in nightmares. There had been a run on All morning the lobby had been pac line of frightened customers had n ward the teller's window, withdrawi blood of trade. And then, bobbing a milling, muttering throng, Mr. Porte flat black hat and the pale pointed fa Dove. Her features were composed. tip of her nose was pinker than usua was owing, no doubt, to the frost outside. She spoke. Her voice was precise, level voice of the geography Cedar Grove School.

"Will you allow me passage, ple said. "I wish to make a deposit."

The crowd parted. The man at th the line—a man prepared to deman scrapings in the till—insisted that sh place. She deposited her salary chec month. It was a check for ninety-eig She took her time. She inquired as t of Mr. Porter's health and, with par into that of his wife, his cousins, his his nieces. She had just completed he tion when the courthouse clock str Banking hours were over. Mr. Por close the teller's window, lower t baize shade behind the glass, and pu in his hands.

By next day the bank had been ab vert a few of its intangibles into re but there had been, it transpired, no for doing so. The temper of panic ha

Since then, whenever he had hear speak of entertaining angels unaw Porter had thought of Miss Dove.

"I am sure your Rotarians intend fense," said Miss Dove, "but I am n ject of public charity."

Mr. Porter felt his fierceness deser was only an old man leaning on a c

"It isn't charity that Liberty H you," he said gently. "It is ——" He for a word that would satisfy he Gratitude? "It is respect," he said.

"That," said Miss Dove with an a cious *noblesse oblige*, "I shall accept qualified pleasure."

"Now," said Thomas, bringing versation back to medicine, "I've your case with Doctor Hurley."

"What was young Doctor Hurle ion?"

"His opinion concurs with mine," said. "You have a small growth on y that must, if possible, be removed."

"If possible?"

"If possible," Thomas said. "Until we can never be sure about the natu tumor."

"Oh," said Miss Dove. She unders was not so naïve as to fail to guess the doctor had chosen not to use.

"All you have to decide," said M "is *who* shall remove it and where!"

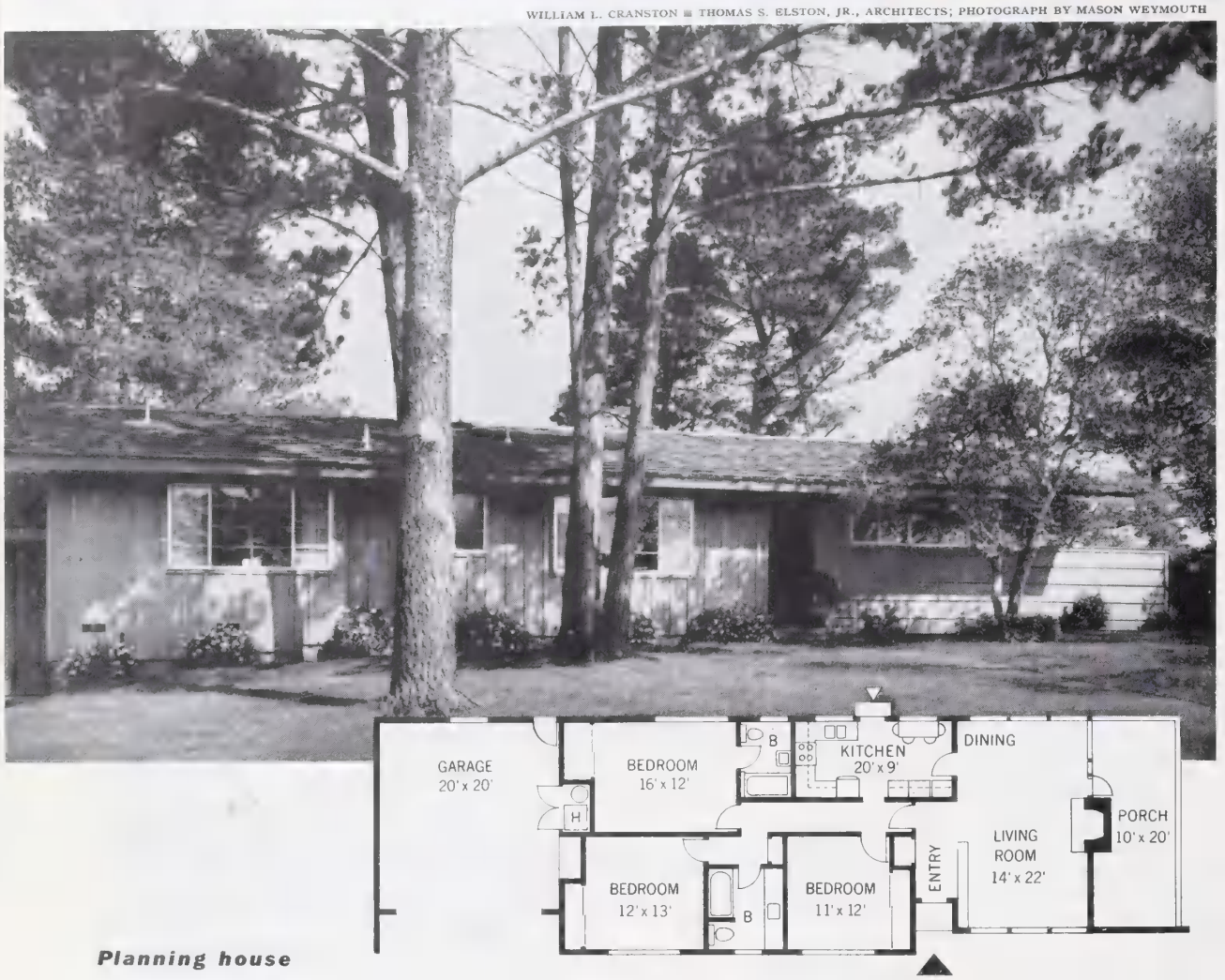
"Aren't you competent?" Miss D Thomas.

"Yes," Thomas said without h (Miss Dove liked men who did not p diffidence.) "But there are surgeons experience and reputation. I am not man."

He explained that he had not yet tain examinations which would qual a Fellow of the American Board of He had completed the residency in a teaching hospital and had expe amined, but financial considera tered his plans. His parents had educate. When he had been o position at the new hospital in Lib had felt obligated to accept it at o

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

WILLIAM L. CRANSTON ■ THOMAS S. ELSTON, JR., ARCHITECTS; PHOTOGRAPH BY MASON WEYMOUTH



Planning house and land together can turn a problem lot into a prize

PLANNED FOR LIVING on a shallow lot

By CAROL L. MERCADO

A shallow lot can be a real bargain, if the house that's built on it is proportioned to fit the site. The setting for this house, a heavily wooded plot in Carmel, California, was budget-priced; a sharp slope at the rear of the property seemed to limit its possibilities. But imagination took advantage of the limitation, and the result? An attractive house, with plenty of privacy for indoor and outdoor living.

Several large shade trees were prudently saved, and a wide front lawn cleared to lend depth to the property. The house itself—only 28′ deep from front wall to back—stretches across the lot, concealing the land behind it. A garage wall faces the neighbors to the left; the high-walled porch shields the house from the neighbors to the right. The deep setback protects the house from roadside view, and the sloping land completes the protection at the rear of the lot.

The house fits its site, and fits the needs of its occupants for easy-to-keep livability. The oiled board-and-batten exterior walls require little upkeep (and see how the change from vertical to horizontal application minimizes the length of the house). Window frames are aluminum; each triple window has a central section of fixed glass, flanked by out-opening casements.

The living-dining room, hidden from the entry by a wall of bookshelves, is isolated from traffic. U-shaped kitchen work area has plenty of counter space, with cabinets above and below. Laundry equipment and extra cupboards are opposite the breakfast corner.

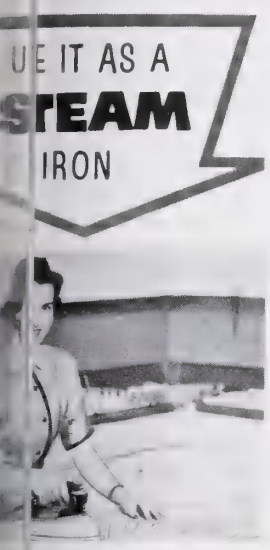
The long lavatory counter in the family bath provides clean-up and comb-up space for several children at once; shelves below supplement the hall linen closet. The parents have their own bath, and a luxurious walk-in closet too. Careful placement of doors and windows allows complete furniture-arranging freedom in the bedrooms.

The extra-large garage accommodates heater, hot-water tank and bulk storage. It performs most of the duties of a basement, but is much less expensive to build.

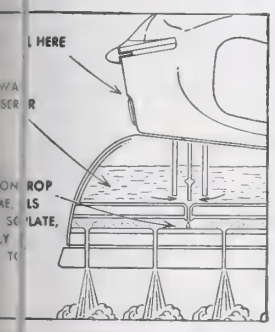
If you're shopping around for a lot, this house offers a good lesson: don't reject problem property until you've explored all its possibilities. Perhaps you, too, can turn liabilities into assets, and stretch your building dollars.

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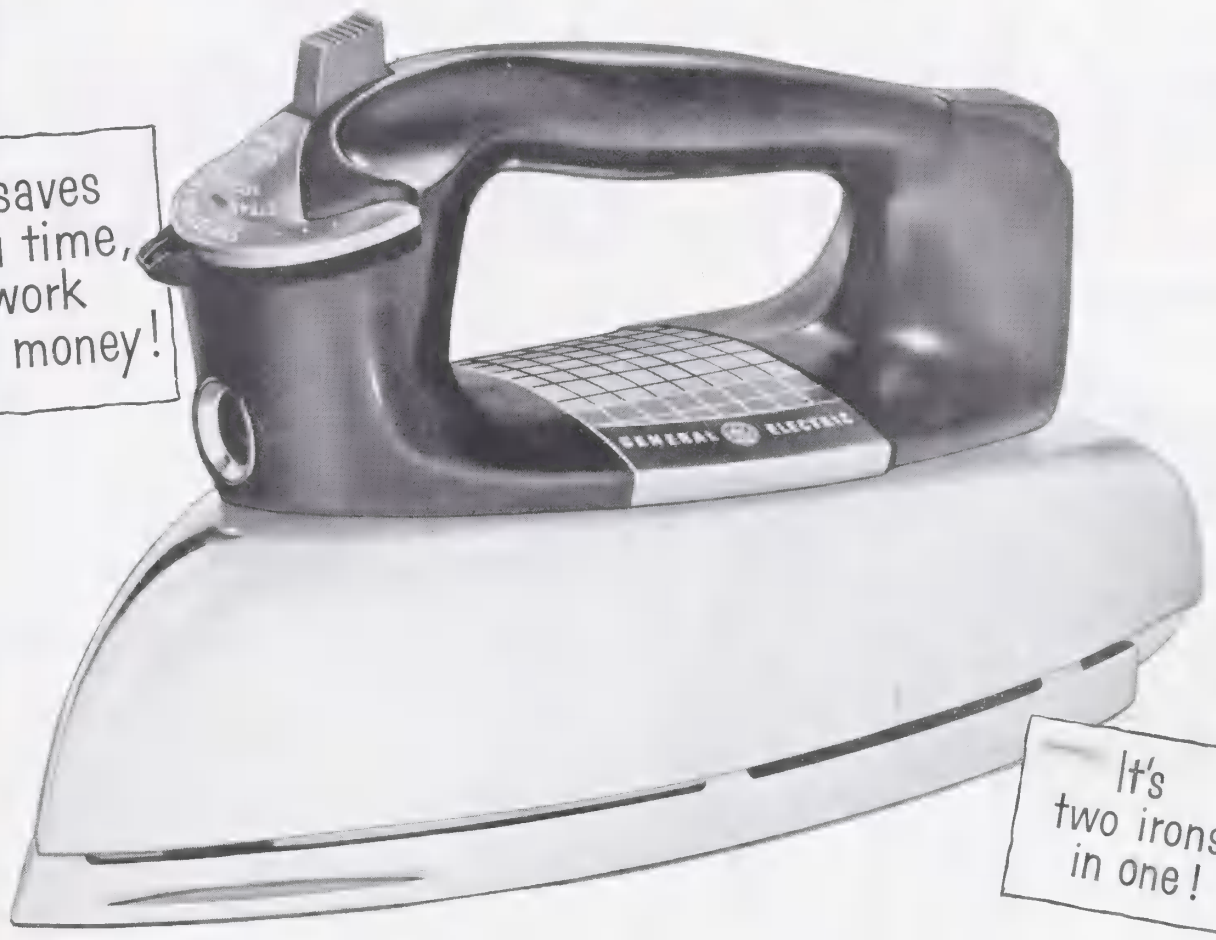


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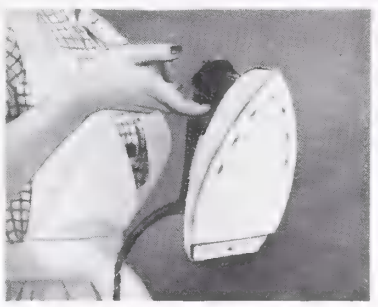
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

"I plan to take Boards this summer," he said. "But in the meantime ——"

"I am not a Boards *woman*," said Miss Dove. This was true. Miss Dove had never satisfied the state board of education's requirements for a Grade A certificate. She had never had a course in educational psychology, or classroom management. She was rated—and paid—as a substandard teacher.

"If you decide to go elsewhere, that won't be interpreted by anyone as a professional slap at me," Thomas said. "The operation is extremely delicate."

"The club can charter a plane," said Mr. Porter. "There's a famous man at the Mayo Clinic ——"

"Allow me to deliberate," said Miss Dove.

Mr. Porter leaned on his cane. Billie Jean stood, still as a statue, against the wall. Thomas waited at the foot of the bed. His hands rested lightly upon the rail.

Miss Dove deliberated. Her thoughts took her far into the past.

She was in the geography room. The third grade was painting maps. There was quiet in the room except for the occasional faint musical clink of a paintbrush striking the edge of a glass. Miss Dove reached for a book. As she did so, she upset a box of chalk. She was mortified by the accident; she had never done such an awkward thing before.

It was a new box, scarcely broached. Its contents spilled on the floor behind the teacher's desk, making a rattling sound. The pupils looked up. Their hands shot into the air. They were all bright-faced, glad of diversion, eager to be of help.

"You may continue painting," Miss Dove told them distantly. "I can attend to this."

To retrieve the chalk she squatted down, balancing her modest *derrière* upon her heels. She was thankful that her solid-front desk hid her from view, for she thought a stooping position incongruous with dignity. S arranging the sticks of chalk neatly in t lining them up as they'd been packe inally, when she sensed an electric qu the silence of the room. Then someth brushed her cheek, her neck. It fell shoulders. It was her hair!

Pivoting on the balls of her feet, sh face to face with Thomas Baker. He h wire hairpin between his thumb an finger. Half a dozen others protruded fi mouth.

For an awful moment she faced ignon defeat. The citadel of her privacy, of h agogical immutability, had been attacke eight-year-old boy! She would soon be ject of derision. She wanted to shake T until his bones rattled, until he choked hairpins.

Happily, however, an expedient occu her. If he was dexterous enough to rem pins without her knowledge, he was dex enough to repair his mischief.

She spoke in an almost inaudible w close to Thomas' blushing ear. "Put ea back in its proper place," she said and away to continue gathering up the chalk

Her appearance, when she resume throne, was quite usual. Her face was sive. Her hair was screwed into its custo knot at the nape of her neck.

"Remember to print your names legi the lower-right-hand corners of your gins," she said to the class.

She had not glanced at Thomas. twenty years later, she did glance at him.

"I remember," she said, "that you ha skillful fingers."

"You had very pretty hair, Miss D said Thomas.

Miss Dove did not smile. She never s except in a perfunctory way—a mere tu up of the corners of her thin lips—at P parties in the school cafeteria. But for a stant her face softened.

"I shall feel perfectly safe," she said, "i hands of my children."

It was too much for old Mr. Porter. Wi ing back his tears, he stumped out o room. Billie Jean followed him with a gla water.

"Now that the air is clear of emotion," Miss Dove to Thomas, "we can resume discussion."

"I think we ought to do it Saturd Thomas said. "Tomorrow. As you used t us, there is no merit in delay."

"None," said Miss Dove. "Tomor then."

"Shall I notify your sisters?"

"Afterward," she said.

"As you wish," said Thomas. At ten evening, he told her, she would swallow a sule containing a powerful soporific. would sleep soundly. So soundly that morning when she was given a hypodermic might scarcely know—certainly she woul care. She would be taken to the operat room and put under general anesthesia. cause of the position of her tumor, the op tion for its removal would be slow. It might lengthy. In that event the anesthetic would prolonged and so would its aftereffects. might well be Sunday before she really awo

"Where?" asked Miss Dove.

"What?"

"Where will I awake?"

Thomas shook his head. The Bakers, M Dove recalled, had never been good at disse bling. "I don't know, Miss Dove," he said.

Miss Dove, as her history would bear out, was little given to bravado. But even was not proof against that human var which impels one to say something me orable and gallant upon the eve of crisis.

"Here or there is immaterial," she sa with a shrug in her voice. "I have long be curious as to the topography of heaven."

Later, she reflected that the boast had be unworthy of her. It was unworthy because was untrue. She had always been rather co toward heaven.

She did not question the existence of that bourn. It lay, she presumed, beyond all galaxies and universes and horizons that finite mind of man could imagine. It was estimable country. But from hearsay the co

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and, the character of its fauna and of its populace did not appeal to were too many sheep there. (Silly Golden streets were ostentatious. flowed with milk and honey would s. Faces "shining as the sun" rd on the eyes. And the place held or improvement! Its institutions tants were perfect. How dull it or a teacher!

, Miss Dove had never voiced that She hardly knew she entertained vas her eventual home. She would t. Someday she would go there and h what grace she could muster, perpetual idleness.

whispered to herself, *not tomor-*

g to read a magazine, she thought s—the lowly, earthbound places— long to see. They ran through her natches of poetry. The white cliffs ne Lake Country, and all the green ntryside. Rivers and deltas and ts where bull elephants charged undergrowth and supple feline alked their Orient. Paris. s seven hills. Circle. The Passage? In s childhood route from st had still ht. She had discover it rew up, and had never ting her. all and cir- her life had had a great burst its see, to ad- ree!

's beginning said Billie rned on the

was over. e changed. d in again— time, but iscouraged. *see the child?* asked her- ad meant to ough Cedar ool, for she welve years te statute o stop teaching at sixty-seven. *And I know whether it's a boy or a girl?* s much she wanted to know. After nt she had meant to study Greek y. She had meant to learn more nigratory habits of birds. She re- glecting to verify the statement flavor of ants that Angela had g ago.

emple came to listen to her chest. ital "busy work," Miss Dove patiently; but recalling his descrip- elf, she was gracious to him. ou write to your mother, which I at regular intervals ——" she be-

week," he said. u may tell her I do not find you un-

e proud to hear that," he said. een that she sometimes fancies her e obtuse than it is!"

know how ants taste?" Miss Dove out preamble, simply because she urned to know.

e looked alarmed (was the patient ?) and Miss Dove herself was aware estion had a mildly lunatic ring.

ms Temple—Angela's own true a young man to whom curiosity, per a normal, wholesome appetite.

es. My mother told me," he said. ne once, when she was a little girl, They taste like sour pickles."

to unhinge her patient's mind even e night nurse was more silent than usual. When the Reverend Mr. Burnham appeared she was visibly relieved. "I'll leave you with your pastor," she said and discreetly withdrew.

Alexander laid a prayer book on the table and sat down in a chair close to the bed.

This visit, Miss Dove thought, was the final test of her power of humility. It had been hard to accept Thomas as a medical authority and harder to preserve equanimity beneath the stethoscope of young Temple and the bossy ministrations of Billie Jean. To regard Alexander Burnham as her spiritual shepherd was hardest of all.

In church she found it easy. There the familiar rhythm of the service, the candles and the organ and the vestments combined to give him a kind of exalted anonymity. He seemed less a man than a symbol of office and quite dissociate from the high-strung boy who had been a touchy problem in Cedar Grove School.

He had been an uncertain child. Too tense. Too much enamored of magnificence to endure willingly the long stretches of mediocrity that lie between the peaks of experience. And he had been afraid. Miss Dove had done what she could. She had tried to show him that he was not unique, that—in her room at least—he was subject only to the strict but unfrightening laws of cause and effect. Once she had protected him. But from another. Not from himself.

One day a pane of glass in the window of the principal's office had been broken. After recess a baseball was found among the shattered glass on the floor. It was Alexander's ball. Around it in an equatorial band the name "Alexander the Great" was printed in Old English.

The principal, who liked to impose discipline in a delayed and pompous way, had waited until school was out to question the suspect. He had chosen the geography room—possibly because its climate was unfriendly to falsehood—as the scene of his inquisition. Miss Dove had sat at her desk, divorcing herself from the proceedings while her so-called superior—a man of coarser grain than Mr. Spivey—had confronted Alexander with his evidence.

"Is this your ball, Sandy?" he asked.

Alexander glanced at the ball. He blanched. "Yes, sir," he said.

"You positively identify it?"

"Yes, sir." A greenish tinge crept into the boy's pallor.

The principal gave him a heavy, threatening look. "You're guilty of destroying school property, aren't you?"

Alexander swallowed. Miss Dove could see the muscle bulging in his throat as he struggled with himself. "No, sir," he said.

"You deny that you broke the window?"

"No. I mean yes. I didn't break it."

The principal gave vent to a cynical laugh. "Now look, Sandy. We all know you never let anyone else touch that ball. We ——"

Miss Dove spoke. Her voice was controlled and quiet. "The child has answered you," she said. "You asked your question. He gave you his word."

"But ——" the principal began.

"There are no 'buts,'" she said. She fixed her terrible calm eyes upon the flustered man. "The incident is closed."

The principal thumped the baseball down upon the teacher's desk. "Very well," he said as he left the room, "*you* manage it!"

"I will," said Miss Dove.

For a moment Alexander stood where he was, trembling, turning greener. Then he lunged forward. He reached the sink in the corner by the sand table. He gripped its sides and bent over it, retching again and again.

Miss Dove did not go to him to hold his head or wipe his mouth with a cool damp rag. She sat on at her desk, as if he did not exist.

When, at last, he was quiet she said, "Remember to take your baseball as you go."

Now he was a man. A man to whom other men came for advice in perplexity. A man useful in church and state. He was one of her successes, she supposed, but it was difficult to forget the boy at the sink. And yet, in simple parochial duty, she must do so.

"Thomas has told you?" said Miss Dove.

"That he'll operate tomorrow? Yes," said Alexander. "I'm glad you're staying here. Tommy's as good as they come."

"The outcome is doubtful," she said.

"All outcomes are. Always," said Alexander.

"I do not wish to die," said Miss Dove. Now she had said it. She had used the word. She felt curiously purged.

"No. Of course not," he agreed. "It may seem strange, in view of my calling, but I scorn the person who is resigned to death. He is ungrateful to life."

"Life," said Miss Dove. She dwelt on the word as on a lover's name. "It is ——" But

FAMILY DRIVE

By WILLIAM STAFFORD

Sweeping toward us over the hills
on the road toward home came telephone poles;
coming in by bridges were cottonwood trees
that held the light in their glittering leaves;
wide as the world poured the open fields.

At the end of my life in swallow flight
I will touch again that blowing wheat
and the way of space on roads we've gone
that came rushing near through beams of sun,
in those years I hold near as the beat of my heart.

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Downyflake Waffles add excitement to all your meals . . . in a hurry! Just pop Downyflake Frozen Waffles into your toaster and they pop right back at you . . . mouth-watering, nutritious waffles that turn an ordinary meal into something special. As a base for so many dishes, crisp, golden-brown Downyflake Waffles really make menus sparkle. Brighten up tonight's supper with batterless, botherless Downyflake Waffles!
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she had not the eloquence to say what it was. "I have been happy," she said.

She had never said so before. She had, in fact, considered it ignoble to measure one's degree of euphoria. She saw now that she had been one of the blessed simply because she had not guessed it. That civilized adults attained to bliss only when they were so absorbed in work that they could spare no time to think of happiness.

"I know," said Alexander.

"Thomas is not hopeful, is he?" she asked.

"Not very. But there is a hope that transcends the medical." He reached for the prayer book. "Perhaps if we read ——"

Miss Dove was grateful for Alexander Burnham's candor.

"Do you intend to read the general confessional?" she asked.

He nodded. "In such circumstances that is customary."

"Then I must warn you," she said, "that when I repeat that prayer I do so with reservations."

"Reservations?"

"Yes," she said. "I have made mistakes. I have my human limitations. But I do not, in all honesty, find the burden of my sins intolerable. And I haven't erred and strayed like a sheep!"

"The language is archaic, I'll grant you," Alexander said. "But it contains the core of truth. All of us ——"

But Miss Dove was adamant. "No," she said. "I have never spoken hypocrisy to my Maker and now is scarcely a propitious moment to begin." Her neck, propped on the pillow, looked very stiff indeed. "I am *not* a miserable offender."

The rector smiled. His smile was warm and engaging and bright with the good gaiety that radiates from men whose hearts are leavened by work they love. *Why*, Miss Dove thought, *he is at ease with himself. He is the man I wished him to become.*

"And I'll tell you a secret, Miss D said. "Neither am I!"

He sat with her for a while, there in pital room that was as small and n ascetic as a monk's cell. He talked world outside—of his garden where cuses were up, of the old gnarled crab the courthouse square that was full and of the far places he had seen whe been a chaplain in the Navy. Places once helped him locate on the sch map. Just before he left he said casua could have our prayer now if you lently but together."

"I *should* like," said Miss Dove.

She could not know—nor did sh guess—the nature of Alexander's pet her own was simple. "Whatever come she pleaded, "let me take it like a teac

The nurse came in. She carried upon which a yellow capsule reposed those little fluted paper cups that usu tain chocolate creams.

Miss Dove swallowed the capsule.

After the lamp was out she lay wa sleep to trip her in her thoughts and the square of sky framed in the winc sky was a deep, stained-glass blue fectly clear except for one long, thi transparent cloud. Over it innumera seemed to swim and swirl like a swarm tal bees. Then, as if Miss Dove had aside at a remove from actuality, she own star—the planet Earth, her darlin she knew in all its beauty and imper hung aloft outside her window. It wa No trivial celestial insect. It was a rc as large as the globe on her schoolro It glowed with a brilliance that came without but from within and it revolv so that she could see the familiar pa its continental bodies shadowed on it Like a child just graduated from Ced it was on its own now—beyond he correction. She bade it Godspeed as i the April night.

On Saturday morning at eight o'cl tor Baker stood in the corridor ou operating rooms and talked with h Doctor Temple. He appeared relaxe ried and steady of nerve—which, as of fact, he was. Just before an opera matter how difficult or fraught with this miraculous thing always happen fell away from his mind and left it c sharp like a scalpel.

"The parson and the cop are in th Adams Temple said. "Potential bloo They both match."

"Good," said Thomas.

"An odd pair," Adams said.

"Oh, I don't know. They both grev in Liberty Hill. They went to the sam Well, it's time to scrub."

THE operation lasted for hours. D morning a number of callers came to pital. They were drawn there, as by to inquire, to leave their cards and

John Wesley Evans buttonholed erend Mr. Burnham. He spoke feelin personal reformation.

"It's like Damascus," he declar never touch another drop!"

Alexander, who was ordinarily i of John Wesley's ups and down kindly.

"Take it easy, Wes," he advised. " a time."

For the most part Billie Jean ren her patient's empty room. Now a however, she manufactured an excus sulting the receptionist in the lobby the pure pleasure of gazing on Willia way, who sat, majestic and muscu brown leather lounge chair. She v when the delegation from Cedar Gro arrived.

The delegation was composed of and eight boys. Their faces, preter clean, were solemn, brave and sca girls were in Brownie dresses and th Cub Scout uniforms. Their right sle rolled to their shoulders.

Billie Jean met them at the door. aren't allowed without their pare said. "What do you want?"



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NUCOA is so good it's digestible even for babies

important business," young
n said haughtily. "A matter of

lk," said Vicky Evans. "I'm

hot," said David.
o give blood to Miss Dove,"
e crooked out her bare arm as
be seized and bled on the in-
her lips and squinched her eyes

d her. "Dope! They don't do it
lay you down and afterward
omato juice."
do it anywhere to folks your
e Jean.
big," piped a diminutive, pig-
're all over nine!"
alth badges," said Vicky. "Our

s maternal tenderness was
en, honeys," she said gently,
you. We've got David's daddy
lloway right here. But I know
can do for Miss Dove."
ked David suspiciously.
ency test's Monday," said Bil-
he comes back to school and
ked it she'll be so-o-o mad!
le! You go home and study for

neone muttered. "We know

re?" asked Billie Jean. In rapid
pointed her finger at child after
questions like bullets. "What's
etween longitude and latitude?
t Lakes. The chief product of
s the Tropic of Capricorn?"
the children backed nearer to
ist they were gone.
d that like a seasoned diplo-
n," said Alexander.
miled. "I wish I knew the an-
bbed at her eyes. "Those cute
e murmured brokenly and hur-

eared his throat. The generosity
n had touched him and Billie
considered womanly and gen-

Miss Dove had set out on a

en the journey began (was it
ve had her vision of the home
how long it lasted and what
red are questions impossible to
Miss Dove was baffled by them.
she would find herself in a new
knowing how she had got there
d move on before she had a
y her recollections. She decided
she arrived at her destination—
might be—she would sit down
om alone and fill in the gaps in
he was not fond of gaps.
that she knew all there was to
entered a realm where ordinary
of gravity and space and time—
nt.
was being carried—in a palan-
umed—across a beautiful plain
t on either side and was dotted
of buildings. Pagodas. Palaces.
were ringing in the distance—
mellow, wistful sound—and the
landscape were clear and deli-
s had twisted trunks and their
ud-flattened crowns were a soft
ned in gold. They were like the
ese tapestry. Beneath one tree a
ding a book. He wore a crimson
ong, thin chin beard that fell to

Marco Polo?" he called when he
e.
replied, finding nothing strange
n. "I am Miss Dove of Liberty

e!" he cried and made a deep

s old Cathay! she thought. Of
w now that the whole plain was
wall. She wished to explore it
o go into its temples and its fab-
and to talk to its wise men so
her father all about it.

She didn't know the language of the palanquin bearers, but she remembered that French was the international tongue. What was the French for "stop"? All she could think of was "*Parlez vous français?*" which did not sound right. "Attention, please!" she said in a distinct tone. But even as she spoke she saw that the scene had changed. She must have crossed the wall without noticing.

She was in the middle of a desert.

Suddenly she realized that she was not riding in a palanquin. She was sitting on a seat made of four joined hands which belonged to Thomas Baker and Alexander Burnham. The boys were grinning up at her in an impish way. They were about eleven years old. They wore red sweaters and corduroy knickers. Alexander was smoking a cigarette.

"How unseemly!" she said. "Put me down."

Thomas wiggled his ears. "This is *my* theater of command," he said.

"You have never been in more grievous error," said Miss Dove. "Put me down."

"Keep your spine rigid," said Thomas. "Ready, Sandy? One—two—three—*go!*"

Instead of putting her down, they swung her aloft. She left their hands and bounced into the air—very lightly, she remarked, like a soap bubble—and found herself perched comfortably upon the hump of a camel.

The camel turned its head and looked at her with a mournful eye. "I am not a pretty beast," it said.

Miss Dove was chagrined. Although she had dictated those words many times to the advanced first grade, she would never have been so unfeeling as to say them to a camel's face.

"Pretty is as pretty does," she said.

"I can go many days without water," the camel said. It moved off toward the flat, treeless horizon.

Miss Dove was agreeably surprised at the smoothness of its gait. She had understood that the motion of a camel was apt to be jerky



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and rough, but this one seemed to glide. He was, indeed, a veritable "ship of the desert." She felt borne along on a gently undulating stream.

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Miss Dove the grim, Miss Dove the terrible—

the lines flowed drowsily through her mind. She shook them off.

The desert looked exactly like the sand-table desert that the third grade always made when it was first introduced to Arabia. Only, of course, no table could begin to suggest this sense of illimitable space, of vastness and emptiness stretching beyond the scope of the eye or the imagination. Then, against the horizon, she saw a caravan. Its "desert ships" and their robed riders were purple. They might have been cut from the purple cardboard that the children used to suggest distance.

Miss Dove and her steed were approaching an oasis. It was a green, inviting spot—a clump of date palms around a bubbling spring.

"Could you take a sip of water?" asked the camel.

Miss Dove was tempted. She would have enjoyed a sip. But pride would not permit her to be less abstemious than a beast.

"We will wait until big recess," she said.

Before long she regretted her refusal. Her mouth was dry. When she saw another clump of palms, shimmering near at hand, she said she would now like to pause for refreshment.

"That one is a mirage," the camel said contemptuously. "You can go thirsty."

"You must employ a civil tone," said Miss Dove.

The camel snorted. It turned its head to her. Its heavy-lidded eye, its curling lips and its long yellow teeth made her think of Mr. Porter. "I made you a civil offer once," it said.

When the desert was crossed, how she dismounted from her perch Miss Dove could not say. She only knew that before long she was in an airplane speeding over land and sea and receiving a kaleidoscope of impressions that were both strange and familiar.

The plane was not like the DC-6 in which, at Geoffrey Lyons' invitation, she had flown to New York. It was such a machine as she had watched rise above the county fairgrounds in the summer of 1910. She flew it herself. She sat in an open cockpit and held the stick with one hand while with the other she pressed down hard on her hat to prevent its blowing off.

It was night. The moon and stars were shining. They were very close to her, or else her vision was even more acute than usual. Below her, white in the moonlight, gleamed the remnants of antiquity—the Leaning Tower, the Pyramids, the broken pillars of the Parthenon. Black ink blots of jungle were spilled, sprawling, over the earth; in their depths she saw the burning jewel eyes of tigers on the prowl and the great rivers winding silver to the sea. The Amazon. The Euphrates. The Nile. She knew each one by its peculiar bends and turns that she had so often traced on the schoolroom map. The sea itself. The vast, mysterious matrix of all life. Wider than the desert. Wide as the sky.

Near her some invisible person was singing an old, silly song that made her think of honeysuckle at a dormitory window:

"Come take a ride in my ai-rr-plane
And we'll vis-it the man in the moon!"

The plane nosed downward. It went into a spin. Round and round and round and round into a funnel of darkness went Miss Dove. She lay fathoms deep in water. Slowly she floated upward. She had an impression of light seeping down upon her. She had nearly reached the surface. She had reached it. There was an odor of flowers and of something else—half sweet, half sickening—pulling her down. Faces bent above her. If they would go away, move back, give her air ——

She was in Paris. The chestnuts were in flower. Ladies, exquisitely gowned, strolled beside handsome gentlemen with mustaches like her father's. Well-mannered children sailed boats in a pond. Everything was suave and *comme il faut*, and yet she was uneasy. Paris was a beautiful city full of beautiful names—Champs Élysées, Bois de Boulogne, Place de la Concorde—but she did not trust it. She would have liked to buy a book at one of the stalls along the Seine but she didn't dare, lest it be an improper one. She was still thirsty, but she was afraid to sit at a table at a sidewalk café and order a drink lest the waiter—the *garçon*—should bring her something alcoholic.

"'Oh to be in England now that April's there!'" she sighed.

"It's just past the channel," said a man at her elbow. Or did he say "crisis"? He had an American accent—a Liberty Hill accent. "It ought to be smooth sailing."

"Thank you," said Miss Dove. She descended a flight of rickety steps to a pier at the end of which a small steamship was bobbing on choppy water. The man called down to someone on the ship.

"She's all right," he called. "Let her sleep!"

Let her sleep, let her sleep, let her sleep ——

In London she felt more at home. A bobby saluted her. "They're expecting you, mum," he said. He put her into a cab—a hansom cab—and she rode through the gray calm heart of London past the British Museum and Trafalgar Square and the Old Curiosity Shop. The cab stopped at the gates of Buckingham Palace. Miss Dove alighted. A soldier in a busby flung

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"They're expecting you," he

ent past him. A garden party
s. Miss Dove sat down at a
esently Queen Mary joined her.
anner was stately and affable.
turban covered with feathers

Do," she said, "I admire your

, ma'am," said Miss Dove,
herself upon remembering to
o the queen. "It is not to be
yours. Yours is a chapeau."
stroked the feathers on her hat.
h before applying scent," she
ou care to see my herbaceous

," said Miss Dove, who was an
any.
tful distance she followed her
e never saw the border. Instead,
e to the end of the path she
tanding on the jutting point of
dge of a high plateau. Far be-
hat looking down made her
ow inlet joined two great seas
and right. Between the promon-
h she stood and another prom-
ly like hers, a footbridge
hasm. It was a flimsy-looking
f wire and barrel staves and less
width. Miss Dove drew back.
with a feeling of inexplicable

n Bridge?" she asked.
ion is satisfactory," said the
ly the Northwest Passage."
" said Miss
rora borealis
t fan of col-
y. Far down
n iceberg re-
med light and
out to sea
mulus cloud
ting sun.
ther end of
od the young
t. He wore
trousers, a
azer, a high
stiff straw hat which he re-
flourish.
now me, Miss Dove?" he asked
though familiar, sounded differ-
voice of the young man she had
he campus lawn. "I'm rather bi-
te benign!"
crossed the bridge. She walked
rst, but by the time she reached
he had no fear of falling. On the
the chasm the world was bathed
old. All the vegetation was over-
patina of light. Each lacquered
s stood separate from its neigh-
y leaf on every tree the delicate
was visible.
d a new quality. As Miss Dove
er lungs she was filled with a de-
, to sing, to laugh. To loosen her
t blow in the wind. She had dis-
felt, some marvelous secret that
pulse of the universe.
ese happy auspices ——" the
eologist began and would have
nd.

away from him. "I must tell
ried. "I must tell them!"
looked back to see if he were fol-
he was only standing there, dec-
nimportunate.
hrough the town of Liberty Hill.
lloway stared, shocked and dis-
s she passed him at Maple and
aised a big gloved paw to halt her.
halt.
own the central corridor of Cedar
ol. She took a long, flying leap and
e floor, the way she had seen boys
y thought she wasn't looking. She
to the geography room and in at

n was noisy and bright with chil-
were playing leapfrog over the
sang and shouted and called one
de names.

When they saw Miss Dove they reined in their joy. They went to their seats. They opened their notebooks and sat erect—feet on the floor, hands folded on the desks, solemn, scared eyes to the front.

Miss Dove mounted the platform. "Attention, please," she said. She meant her voice to ring, but it came out level and precise. She wanted to say to the children, "Unclasp your little hands! Forget the rules. A fig for margins!" She wanted to tell them, "Look for the golden light and the new-veined leaf! Drink the air of spring! Life is the only thing that matters at all. Life!"

But the spell that had fallen upon the class fell upon her. She could not speak. The only sound in the room was that of a fly buzzing against a screen. She picked up yesterday's folded newspaper which she had saved against such an emergency. At a measured pace she walked to the window and sedately swatted the fly.

Bizarre, benign. Benign, bizarre. Bizarre, bizarre, biz-z-z-z——

She was in the funnel again. She was under water. She was floating. She was coming up—up—up ——

She opened her eyes.

She was lying, of course, in her hospital bed. Beside her stood a tall iron contraption, like a floor lamp, that held a jar of clear liquid. From the bottom of the jar depended a small rubber tube that was attached by a needle to the vein in the inside bend of her elbow. Glucose, she thought correctly and knew where she was and what had happened.

From outside, beyond glass, she heard the courthouse clock striking the half and then the sweet, dissonant ringing of church bells. It was Sunday. Those were the bells for early service.

Sunlight flooded the window. In it the red paper schoolhouse in the dish garden was incandescent. *There it is,* she thought. *There is life!*

She thought of all the children she had pruned and polished and to whom she had explained, by precept and example, the hard, true, simple and beautiful meaning of the human adventure. She thought of their faces lighting up with fresh wonder when they conceived, for the first time, the roundness of the earth. Of her successes and her failures. Of those who had gone and of those—if she dared hope—who were yet to come. For a shocked instant, before she forgot it entirely and forever, she recalled those other dream children who had jumped over the desk. She was aghast at the amoralities she had been about to utter to them!

She knew, with passionate yearning, exactly where she wished to go. Not to old Cathay. Not to London or Paris or to the anomalous country beyond the hills. She wanted to walk down Oakwood, across LaFayette, up Maple, over to Grant (bowing to William Holloway) and into the portals of Cedar Grove School. She wanted to go into the geography room. To put her hat and gloves and bag in the cupboard. To unroll the big map of the world. To mount her platform and to stand there waiting for the first-graders to file in—abandoning folly as they entered her door, greeting her soberly, one by one, in the prescribed language that told her the day had begun to blossom.

Billie Jean was tidying the bureau. On her left hand a single diamond sparkled. She pushed the pot of azalea so far back that it tilted the mirror and Miss Dove could see her reflection and that of Thomas Baker as he came into the room.

Thomas' face looked tired, like the face of a man who has forgotten about sleep. But it looked jaunty as well—the way it had looked, she remembered, when a hard test or a baseball game had come out better than he'd had a right to expect. In the crook of either arm he carried a bundle wrapped in a blue blanket.

(Twins, thought Miss Dove. *Boy twins. I shall have to keep them apart even though it upsets my alphabetical seating arrangement.* But would they —— Would she —— Hadn't something been said—something in Thomas' voice—about strangeness and benignity?)

Thomas had paused just inside the door. When he saw in the glass the reflection of Billie Jean's delight he wiggled his ears. He cocked one eyebrow. "What a man among men I am!" his clowning plainly declared.

He tiptoed to the bedside. The babies began to cry. "An-ha-n-n, aha-n-n-n!" their shrill voices went.

"Quiet, please," said Miss Dove.

Nobody—not she nor Thomas nor Billie Jean—was surprised when the crying hushed.

She gazed up at the doctor. Her eyes were luminous and unillusioned. She waited to hear the truth.

Thomas returned her gaze. His face, like the paper schoolhouse on the window sill, seemed to glow from within. Then he told her what she wanted to know. He told her without wasting a word.

He stood erect. He drew a curtain of gravity over his face, making it blank of everything except decorum and sober dedication. In the reserved, deferential accents of Cedar Grove Elementary School he spoke at last.

"Good morning, Miss Dove," he said.

END

Wit is necessary to a clever talker; intelligence is enough for a good listener.

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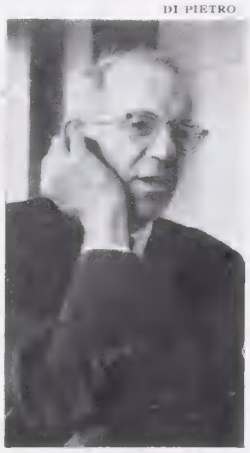
Mennen . . . Baby Specialist since 1880

Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

Most babies must put things in their mouths.

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

DI PIETRO



Dr. Spock says: "The most constructive thing I can tell grandparents is that I sympathize with their irritation when their grown children greet their suggestions with 'That's not what the baby book says.'"

I RECEIVED dozens and dozens of friendly letters from mothers glad to tell about their experiences with pacifiers. Most of them were very enthusiastic. But I should remind you right away that this may not represent a "scientific sample." It's possible, of course, that an equal number had had unsatisfactory experiences and had no urge to write about them. Most of the writers had used the pacifier for colic. All but one said it helped a lot, whether the relief was complete or only partial. Other mothers used it, always with great success, for excessive fretfulness and crying. Another large group used it for babies who seemed to have an unusually great need to suck.

Very few of these pacifier babies ever became thumb-suckers, and the mothers happily contrasted this with some of their other children who hadn't had pacifiers and who had thumb-sucked for several years.

A number of mothers had run into the problem of the baby's losing the pacifier at night and waking and crying. Even those who had not easily solved this problem said that getting up a few times was still a lot better than walking a colicky baby for hours at night. Others found that the baby learned to find the pacifier again, especially if several were left in the bed, or if the pacifier was tied to the side of the crib with a long ribbon, or if a dim light was left on. Many of the mothers felt they had avoided this problem by always taking the pacifier out of the baby's mouth as soon as he was asleep, thus keeping him from ever expecting to find it there when he waked.

A majority of the mothers reporting said that they had not tried to break the habit and that their babies had become bored with the pacifier and given it up, mostly between two months and two and a half years of age (one at three and a half years). What surprised me greatly was that the larger number gave it up before fifteen months and that the months most frequently mentioned were three, four, five and six. (This contrasts with Dr. Milton Levine's large group of babies whom he followed in his own practice, a majority of whom quit between one and a quarter and two and a half years, and it suggests that it may have been mothers who had had the greatest success who felt most like writing me.) This gives me the idea that a mother might be smart to be on the lookout for signs of lessened interest in the pacifier at three to six months and, if she sees this, try gradually and tactfully to cease offering it if the baby proves willing.

Several children between one and two years of age chewed holes in the pacifier and then threw it away in disgust.

A minority of the mothers writing did not wait for the baby to give up the pacifier but took it away, a few before a year, most at two or three years of age (one at six). The children were unhappy for a few days. Several mothers cut holes in the pacifier and the children then threw them away.

Several mothers said proudly that their children had no displacement of the teeth. One mentioned some crookedness, but she did not know whether the pacifier had anything to do with it.

There were many references to the disapproval and disgust of relatives, friends and strangers, but all the mothers mentioning this said firmly that this wouldn't keep them from using a pacifier with another baby who might need it.

Several mothers commented that they thought it was an abuse of the pacifier to be popping it all day long into the mouth of an older baby or child who expresses no desire for it, who has no colic, no great need to suck, no trouble going to sleep, just to keep him contented and inactive because the mother is too lazy to prepare his meal yet or doesn't want to bother to watch him when he's out of the pen or bed or carriage. I can see the convenience of it occasionally as a substitute for something more constructive, but agree that it shouldn't be used regularly as a sort of sedative for a baby who doesn't need sedation.

One letter, about the problem of breaking the pacifier habit, should be of interest to all parents who wonder why they get into jams with their children, not necessarily about pacifiers but about toilet training, feeding and other aspects of management.

This mother explains that the pediatrician recommended the pacifier for colic, and they used it, but "my husband and I were both opposed to its use, simply on the basis that we anticipated difficulty in breaking the habit. Our apprehensions were quite justified. . . . At various times we have tried to take it from him but his screams always force us to give it back to him. He is two years old now, has restless sleep because he loses the pacifier and is a 'pacifier addict.'"

In the first place, this raises the question whether it is ever wise for parents to use any psychological method that they disapprove of strongly, no matter how expert the person recommending it seems to be. In a general way I'd say they shouldn't, though there may be exceptions.

The management of a child has to be carried out, for better or worse, according to the parents' own philosophy and feelings. Any mother has to go into action in relation to her child a thousand times a day, directing him, stopping him, helping him, encouraging him, approving, disapproving, comforting. These actions come from inside her, instantaneously, spontaneously. If she had to stop and think each time, she'd be exhausted with the effort in an hour. The child and she would get into all kinds of difficult situations because of the delay. If, in even a quarter of these minor crises, she had to wonder whether some authority or adviser would approve or not, she'd become paralyzed in her will. Even if the eventual decision were technically correct, it probably wouldn't have the desired effect on the child, because he'd sense right away that it wasn't her natural self speaking.

It's bad enough to be trying to manage a child when you're wondering what an expert would say. But it's almost impossible to be doing what a doctor, for instance, has told you when it goes strongly against your grain. You're not just uncertain, you're mad—at the doctor and at the child—particularly if you think it permits the child to get away with murder. One thing you're likely to do is carry out the "letter of the law" hoping, unconsciously, that it will work badly, to prove the other person wrong and you right.

I've seen this happen when a housemother in a children's institution thinks the superintendent is making rules of management that are too lenient on the children, or when a stern teacher thinks the same thing about a principal.

When you get psychological advice you try, of course, to see whether it gives you a new slant and whether you can use it comfortably. But if in the end you feel it's not for you, then you have to be yourself and do it your own way. It may still be the best for you and your child even if it wouldn't be the right way for your adviser and his child.

Now I want to focus once more on the sentences in the letter where the mother says of the pacifier, "My husband and I were both opposed to its use, simply on the basis that we anticipated difficulty in breaking the habit. Our apprehensions were quite justified." Of course their apprehensions were justified. I don't know just how they did it. I can imagine that if I thought a pacifier was disgusting and habit-forming I'd give it grudgingly and I'd probably keep trying to take it away from my baby, especially as he grew older, always with an uneasy and cross expression. My crossness would make him cross and obstinate about giving it up. The fact that I was always trying to take away something he felt he needed would surely make him anxious and it would steadily increase his sense of dependence on it. I've seen the same thing dozens of times in thumb-sucking. The parents who continually and irritably try to get the child's thumb out of his mouth always end up with the most persistent thumb-sucker. This works the same way with grownups. When I'm told that the cold water has been shut off, I suddenly am terribly thirsty and no other drink will do but water.

I'd better make it clear that I'm not saying that no parent should ever stop his child from doing anything for fear it will increase his determination. You have to stop a child from running into the street or playing with matches or deliberately making a mess at table or eating things which you don't think good for him or being rude.

You can usually stop him right away if he generally trusts you, knows that you are usually reasonable, knows that you mean what you say, and if you are firm and believe you are right. He doesn't really resent the prohibition, either, because he senses that you are doing it for his good. This is very different from chronically nagging a child in a sour spirit (and perhaps never being really firm) about something that has been his habit for a long time and which he naturally considers his own business.

I'm in the process of making a revised edition of Baby and Child Care and need advice from parents. Some of the suggestions I've had don't seem to me practical or necessary, like a chapter on pets (I don't know enough about pets) or a long list of names for children (I think parents can be trusted to find their own names) or a chapter for grandparents (the most constructive thing I can think of would be to tell them I sympathize with their irritation when their grown children always greet their hesitant suggestions with "That's not what the baby book says"). The book can't be any larger, it ought to be smaller.

I need most to know whether there are things in the book which have worked wrong and got you into trouble, or things that have worried or bewildered you unnecessarily. I'd like to know about information you wanted urgently and couldn't find. I'd like to hear about practical solutions for everyday problems which would be of wide usefulness but which I didn't seem to know about.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*

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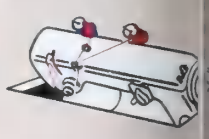


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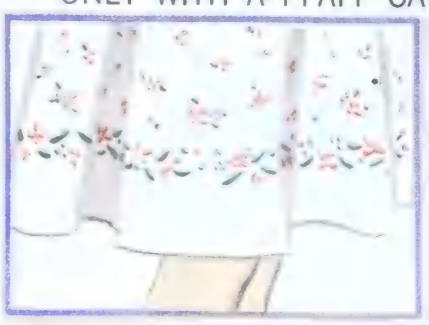
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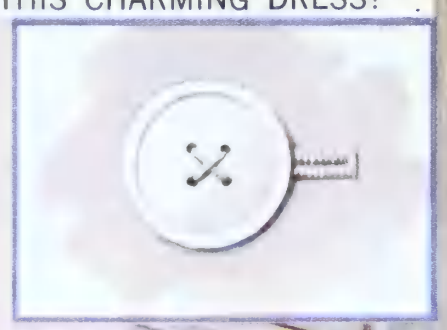
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

I met on my twenty-first birth-
l of us went to a restaurant to
John came. He brought me a
summer purse—and I was sur-
eased. John now asks whether I
ith him that night the way he
love with me, and I don't know.
now.
v I didn't push and trick John
, as he now thinks. It was he who
ste. John and I knew each other
onth before we got married, and
hought we should become better
thought the same. In a week I
y love for John. I felt he needed
ter him—John is only four weeks
I am, but in many ways he seems
and quite helpless—and I knew
. But I begged for a six months'
t least. I realized John was pos-
it, emotional. Knowing I should
t Gregory and me, I looked for
, the right place, the right words.
ce I figured out the right words,
und the right time.
strange person. Even before he
t Gregory, John behaved as
gretted our marriage. The very
were pronounced man and wife,
changed character. His kiss at
cool. He scowled when the minis-
ated him. He was discourteous
s and rude to the other wedding

a souped-up jalopy. We raced
pensive hotel where we were to
neymoon—it cost thirty dollars a
had paid for three days in ad-
hty miles an hour. I was terrified.
meant to kill us both. I begged
own; he wouldn't. When we did
el I barely had a chance to glance
obby before he dragged me out
again, leaving behind his ninety
aid he didn't like the place. We
dding night in a cheap motel. I'd
o get together a proper trousseau;
ed because my going-away suit
nd needed cleaning; he criticized
n I'd bought. Nothing about me

ay honeymoon was a nightmare,"
nd hesitated. Then she flushed.
mething I should tell you. John
ove one time before our marriage,
before our wedding. When John
't refuse him. I wanted to prove
him. John now seems to take that
nce I am morally loose and that
t the only man in my past.
o cut short our honeymoon-trip
had wasted the ninety dollars. I
it. When we got back and rented
nt things were a little easier, for a
John was working and going to
rted teaching. I'm still not an ex-
eper, but I learned to cook and
idered John's comfort and tastes.
fusing to drop my piano lessons,
in nothing. Somehow I couldn't
n I loved him enough. I didn't
appy. I wasn't happy either.
n acting so strangely and criticiz-
ery turn, I didn't see how I could
him about Gregory. I should have
can't build a marriage on deceit.
r, intuitive. He soon sensed I was
cret from him. He asked questions
y broke down and told him I had
r with another man. Since then,
, our lives have been torment.
I need somebody's advice," Gina
ounselor. "Even if our marriage is
n himself needs help. Otherwise,
elieve my husband may lose his
nind because of my conduct in the
jealousy."

Is His Side:

lways wanted somebody to love
John. Wiry and slight of build,
d, he gazed at the counselor
k spectacles. His narrow face was flushed, his myopic eyes burned with emotion. "I'm physically unattractive, as you can see for yourself. I loved Gina long before I found the courage to speak to her. I would watch her on the campus and in the night I would think of her as Dante must have thought of Beatrice. Perhaps that's why the truth, when I learned it, came as such a shock. Maybe I expected too much from marriage because my whole life has been hard and loveless and unhappy.

"My father's income is fifty thousand dollars a year," John said. "I am an only child, but I bought my college education with my own toil and sweat. Five years ago I hitchhiked to California from Delaware to get away from my father. My mother died when I was born. Possibly my father blamed me for her death; anyway, he wasn't ever fond of me.

"I don't suppose you can call my father downright vicious," John went on reflectively,

KISSING KIN

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

I'll get me a pocket
To carry you in
And a filigree locket
The size of your chin,
My dilly, my docket,
My kissing kin.

My pride now has grown
As immense as the nation,
And warm to the bone
Is my new inclination:
Content to be known
As your kissing relation.

Oh, fair is the sight
Of the light of your grin,
And silver-spoon bright
Beams the small soul within,
But love charms against night
Are your kisses, sweet kin.

"but he has no feeling whatever for people who aren't like him. My father fought his way up from nothing to become the leading citizen and owner of the largest factory, the yacht-club commodore, in the little shore town where I was born. My father didn't marry until he was forty-one. He chose my mother for her family plus her entree to the yacht-club crowd. By then he had his fortune.

"He grew up in a tenant farmer's shack in Georgia with nine brothers and sisters and never enough to eat. I grew up in a huge house staffed with five servants. Yet my father expected me to carry a morning-newspaper route, go to the private day school with his local friends' sons and get high marks, and then, after school, ride as a helper on the village garbage truck. To please him—in those days pleasing my father meant everything to me—I stuck to that schedule.

"While the sons of his friends were learning how to swim and sail and play tennis and golf I was using my free time at hard, unnecessary, humiliating work. My father couldn't understand why his friends' sons weren't my friends. He was forever pushing me at kids who liked nothing better than to jump me and beat me up. Being small and weak, the runt chicken pecked by all the others, I was scared to death of them. I have been driven by fear all my life, though I always did my best to hide the fact from my father.

"One Sunday he arranged at the club for me to sail as crew for a kid who'd thrown rocks at me and the garbage truck the day before. I knew Chuck didn't want me as crew and I hid out until the race was over. That night my father beat me until Annie—she was our upstairs maid—threatened to call the police.

"Annie was colored, a warm, kind woman with a gentle voice. Annie and my dog, Jiggs, were my only friends. My father let me keep Jiggs because my mother's oldest sister, whom he didn't care to offend, gave the dog to me. Annie stayed with us until I was twelve, when I was sent off to prep school.

"I was afraid to go away to school and I begged to stay home. I was small for twelve, more like nine or ten. On my first day a bunch of five or six big kids jumped on me and my glasses got broken and I needed twelve stitches. That night I climbed out a window of the infirmary and hitchhiked home.

"JIGGS was glad to see me, and I hoped my father would let me stay. He wouldn't. However, the school refused to take me back. Nearer us—eighty-five miles away—was a military school. It was worse than the prep school, but I stuck three weeks before I ran home again. I hid in our attic a whole week, with only Jiggs knowing I was there. When my father finally caught me he called in the county probation officer, and I was given my choice of going to a reform school until I was of age or returning to the military school.

"I went back to the military school," John said, "and stayed there until I was sixteen. After the first couple of years it wasn't so bad. One time in a fight I broke another kid's arm by mistake—he didn't peach on me—and the rest finally decided to let me alone.

"Every other weekend, provided I had no demerits—I was the demerit king of the school—I was permitted a forty-eight-hour liberty. The round-trip bus fare home was a dollar seventy-five. My father wouldn't pay the fare. He didn't want me around, but I had to see that Jiggs was being cared for; and besides, I kept hoping my father would find something to admire in me. I would start walking the eighty-five miles from school toward home. Usually some truck driver would pick me up; those truck drivers were nice fellows. I used to wish I was a truck driver's son." John paused. "It was one of the drivers who accidentally killed my dog. Jiggs happened to be loose that morning, racing around in our yard. Like a stupe I whistled before the truck stopped and Jiggs ran to the road and straight under the right-front wheel. He was an old dog by then, and he was fat and clumsy. My father saw the accident. He ran down to the road in his bathrobe, and there I was kneeling in the snow beside my dog, bawling like a two-year-old. I looked up. I thought he was going to hit me. Instead he said, 'John, I'm sorry.' I got up from my knees and I hit him as hard as I could, and he fell in the road. It was too late for my father to be sorry. I didn't care about him any more. I was sixteen. I wasn't afraid of him.

"A month later, I quit the military school for good. With thirty dollars I'd saved I hit out for California. In ten days—I was lucky with rides—I got here," John said to the counselor. "I didn't hide from my father. Right away I wrote him a post card with my address. He sent a telegram saying, 'You wanted to be on your own. You are. Good-by.'

"Then and there, I made up my mind I would finish prep school and graduate from college with honors. My father isn't a college man. He is quick-tempered, illogical, ruled by prejudice and whim. I decided, too, I would marry at twenty-one. To get an education and money, to win a sweet girl's love—those were my objectives.

"I had no time for dating. I was carrying twenty hours of college studies a week and driving a truck forty-five hours. For two years I contented myself by watching Gina, dreaming of her, and I waited. Finally I arranged we should meet." John took off his thick spectacles and carefully polished the lenses. "That evening I took her a gift and she looked not at the gift but at me when she smiled. She has a beautiful smile. I asked Gina to marry me that same night and she was sure I was kidding, but I wasn't. To me she was perfect." He sighed. "A crazy thing—something I can't

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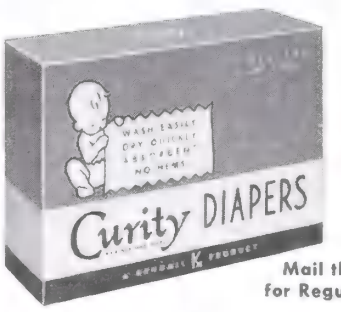


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is often this...



understand—happened when we were married. Gina turned from the altar to give me her first kiss as my bride, and I wanted to run. I was terrified. I felt like the most inadequate person in the world, and I couldn't believe Gina or anybody else could love me for myself.

"I phoned long distance to my father from our wedding reception—I'd looked forward a long while to telling him I was married—and he said I was a fool and there must be something wrong with my wife. I was taking on a responsibility I couldn't handle, he said. Hating my father, I hung up.

"I was so desperate," said John, "as Gina and I drove away from the reception I halfway hoped we would both be killed in an accident. Gina seemed like a stranger to me. We arrived at the fancy hotel I had chosen for our honeymoon and at once I saw it was the type of hotel my father would choose. So we left there.

"All through our honeymoon, I was trying to believe Gina really loved me and I was failing. I was cranky, unreasonable. I couldn't help it, but Gina complained. I guess I complained of her too.

"Doubts collected and circled in my mind. I wondered why Gina had given herself to me before our marriage. I wasn't satisfied with her explanation. There was a mystery, a secret. I began to question Gina about her past. She was evasive. Four months ago I found out the reason for her evasiveness. With Gina's confession, my world fell to pieces. She deceived me before our marriage. She will deceive me again.

"When I go in the Army I have no belief Gina will remain faithful. Why should she? I am sick, helpless; she is now supporting us both. Is there any way," John said to the counselor, "you can advise me how to straighten out my thinking and be at peace? I love Gina. I am willing to forgive her past, if only I can gain confidence in our future together."

A mother, with mingled feeling of exasperation and tenderness, found on her newly papered wall written in a round, boyish scrawl, "I love you, mother."

—FRANCES BROWN

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Gina's and John's emotional difficulties," said the wise, middle-aged counselor, "were less complex than either supposed. They were an unusual pair—mentally brilliant but emotionally in grammar school. They were very young. Both were dramatizing themselves and, in a way, enjoying their agonies. John in particular. John's jealousy was not the real issue in his conflict with Gina.

"His real trouble, as he eventually acknowledged to me, was his lifelong feeling of inadequacy. Even had there been no Gregory in Gina's past, it is my guess he and Gina would have run into difficulties. For John was demanding the impossible—he wanted Gina to supply him with the love, security and self-confidence of which he had been deprived as a child.

"Almost immediately John looked at his bride with the skeptical, critical eyes his father had turned on him. There must be something wrong with Gina, thought he, or she would never have chosen to marry a poor stick like John. Alarmed he couldn't measure up as a husband, he automatically decided Gina couldn't measure up as a wife. It is hardly surprising the honeymoon was disappointing.

"John's physical collapse—he lost twenty-six pounds in four months—was, in my opinion, a subconscious attempt to test Gina's love. Certainly he brought his collapse on himself. His doctor prescribed half a grain of thyroid daily; on his own John increased the dose to five grains a day. He then couldn't sleep; his nervous system went to pot. He had plenty of time to conjure up jealous fantasies and unanswerable questions for Gina. If he became helpless, if Gina not only assumed his financial support but tended him in uncomplaining patience, so I believe John was subconsciously arguing, perhaps then he could be at peace and credit her professed devotion. Naturally Gina, in these circumstances, wasn't always patient. John then completely lost faith that he was beloved. Young people who set about testing each other by seek crete proof of something as intangibl make a mistake.

"Fortunately, John was intelligen as intellectual and imaginative. In interview he was already dimly aware childhood—the fearsome image he c his father—must be responsible for so torments. By our third interview, J virtually counseling himself. He stop ing overdoses of thyroid and hi promptly improved.

"WITHIN a few weeks—though this miraculous—John told me he had thoughts of Gina's past from his min alized that he loved her for what sh the present. He then earned the righ he was grown up, free of his father As a man, emotionally qualified to band, he saw Gina was in need of his understanding. He went back to resumed his college studies and, months, graduated with honors.

"Of the two, Gina was more di assist," the counselor continued. "H hood background was quite dissimi John's. Gina's parents are members o cally strict religious sect; so joyless music, except a few selected hymn bidden. Against fierce parental op Gina went to college, worked her way a fine-arts course. Her love affair with may have been a pa general rebellion. ending of the a most inevitably she greatly from feelin worthiness and gu

"Otherwise, sh hardly have tolerat abuse. Subconsc believe she consid husband's rage an tions a just pu for her sins. W and I first met, C blaming herself fo that she sometimes had dreams Gregory appeared. Indeed, her dre vided the material for some of the most passionate quarrels. In the mor would repeat her dreams to John on and at once the battle would start. An ing side light is that Gina stopped about Gregory when John stopped about Gregory. Eventually, Gina bec to see herself objectively, and to re past in the proper perspective as a her life that *was* past.

"Neither she nor John had paid an Gina's chronic exhaustion, her need They had no recreation at all. Wh went back to work, Gina dropped o outside music courses and cut down h ing schedule. On Saturdays and she and John started going to the r dancing or visiting friends. They l world and acquired other interes learned how to laugh together, hav gether.

"A few months ago Gina and John Germany, where he is doing his milit ice. Gina is realizing a lifetime aml continuing her musical studies abr she and John, as I gather by corresp are now talking about starting a fa whether Gina will ever shine as a pianist, I don't know. I do predict a s marriage for them, a marriage es on a sensible, companionable, lovi Recently I had a letter from John it said:

"'My father is touring Europe. T night we asked him to our quarte bang-up, home-cooked meal. I m help me with the dishes while Gina p us. My father seemed proud to see m form. Then he remarked he was surp Army took me. Afterward Gina an laugh over that. These days, thank we seem to understand each other so quarrels worth mentioning, very fe ences of opinion. We are having a wo happy life together.'"

Editors' Note: This case history was con condensed from actual records by

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNE

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AS MRS. A

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

joke to make our Miss Gee Merle told me. "*De*glamourize- me assignment. Changing her of it. One of the interviewers lked 'like a young deer.' Irving irector, had an awful time walk heavily and clumsily." g deer" was an exact descrip- first time I saw her in Private y, less than a week before her e started to spring out of her hospital bed, against doctors' orders, to show me a dance step she had invented, I was fascinated by the precision and grace of her movements. To watch her walk across the room or stride across the lawn at The Berries, or run from our beach house fifty feet across the sand to plunge into the bay, was similar to seeing a virtuoso playing a great instrument to produce a passage of exquisite clarity and beauty. If there was ever a woman with whom a man could fall in love for her walk alone, that woman was Gertrude.

Gertrude was not attuned to the Hollywood social climate. As she wrote to me once, "Everyone is jumpy and unsure. This isn't the *Theatre*. Their name for it is right—the Industry."

This fish-out-of-water feeling was accentuated for Gertrude by the atmosphere of the set on which she worked every day, a dreary tenement flat overlooking a grimy alley. The furnishings were cheap and shabby. She lived ten to twelve hours a day enveloped by hopeless and unredeemed ugliness. The part she played—the poverty-riddled mother of a lame, lonely daughter and a rebellious son—further undermined her morale. Throwing herself into the role unsparingly, she lost part of her own identity, until the frustration and failure inherent in Tennessee Williams' tragic story impregnated her normally blithe nature.

"*Dear one:* I didn't mean to blub over you today on the telephone," one of her notes reads. "Please don't worry. I shall snap back . . . as time goes by . . . I shall have several months in which to toughen up. . . ."

Gertrude's mood of self-doubt was apparent to anyone who had known her over a long period. Director Edmund Goulding, as an old friend and as a director, understood her sensitivity to the role. "Don't let this part get you down, chum," he advised.

She confessed that it had. "When I look in the mirror, I don't see *me*. I see that dreary has-been Amanda. She's even begun to color my thinking—about myself, and ——"

"And Richard?" Goulding asked.

Gertrude nodded.

GOULDING looked at her. "Since Richard has never seen you made up for the part, there's no reason to believe that he thinks of you except as you are—beautiful, desirable, entertaining and valuable. That makes you quite a packet. When a man gets hold of a good thing, he wants to hold on to it."

Toward the end of the year, I managed to fly out to Hollywood to spend some time with Gertrude. The week we had together did a great deal for both of us.

Unfortunately, there were a couple of weeks of shooting left on the picture, so Gertrude could not return to New York with me. I arranged instead to join her in Florida as soon as the studio released her.

It was the latter part of January when I went to Tampa to meet her incoming plane from California. She came down the ramp carrying one of those canvas bassinets the air lines furnish to transport infants. It held something completely swaddled in a pale blue afghan.

"What is *that?*" I demanded.

She glanced around warily. Seeing that no one was watching, she gently pulled down a corner of the blanket—exposing a plant with glossy leaves. She explained that this was a small orange tree on which she had grafted other citrus fruits—all California varieties. It would be interesting to experiment adding Florida specimens to the collection to see what such a union would bring forth.

"But why the blanket?" I asked. "There is no frost here."

"It's not the climate I'm afraid of," she replied. "Remember when I came home from England and brought some plants for the garden? The customs men held me on the dock for a long time. It even got out that Gertrude Lawrence was suspected of smuggling."

I pointed out that there was no customs inspection for travel *within* the United States.

"But this is Florida," she rebuked me. "And I'm coming from California. How do you know what regulations they have? I'm taking no chances."

Passing a bored policeman in the doorway, she gazed fondly down at the bundle in the basket and then up at me. "Darling," she said sweetly, "everyone says he's the image of you."

We drove to Naples to spend our vacation. There were long hours when she sun-bathed in a sheltered spot. She took me shelling. We confined our fishing to the pier—I having shown myself no sailor on our one and only deep-sea trip. As an officer in the Naval Reserve, my acute susceptibility to seasickness brought jeers until Gertrude defended me with the reminder, "Lord Nelson was seasick too." Out of consideration for me she gave up going out on the Gulf while I was there.

It was a perfect holiday.

However, I was finally obliged to return to New York, where the problems of a busy season demanded my attention. I left Gertrude to bask longer in the sunshine she loved.

I had reckoned without the rumormongers. Although our marriage was on as even a keel as ever, we had spent no time together in New York for two years. Now that no necessity of career held Gertrude away, whenever I was seen around town with this or that star with whom I had business dealings, eyebrows were raised. So far as I knew, the tongue-wagging



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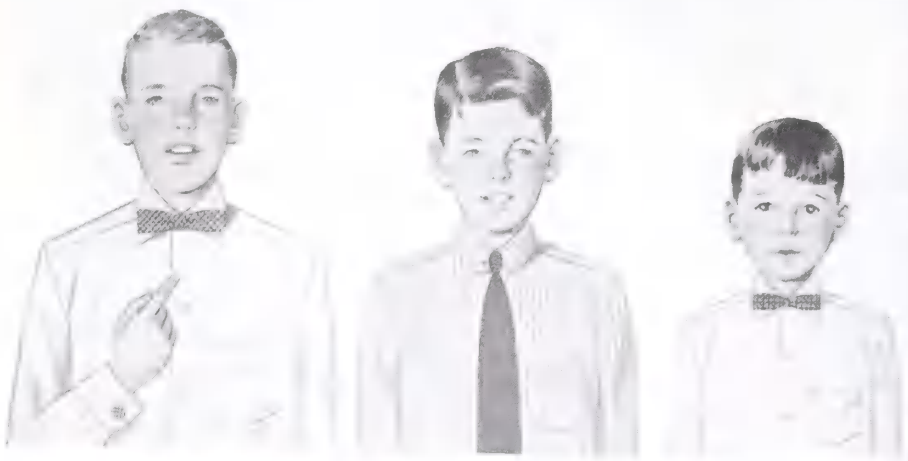
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and innuendoes had not reached Gertrude. I was therefore totally unprepared for the letter which reached me on Valentine's Day:

Dearest: I guess you will have your old lady back after all, and I shall be very happy to go around the town with you, so there! But I do wish "little birds" wouldn't write hints to me that have horrid interpretations about you.

Please tell me if you aren't happy with me—or if you are bothered by trying to be in more than one pair of arms! I couldn't blame you—darling—it would be my fault—I want you to be happy, but my work has always made a mess of my personal life, so I could face it again I guess & go on my way.

Don't for God's sake stay with me because of habit, or because of the fear of hurting me. Be in love, be free, but *please* be truthful for both our sakes. Your own,

"MRS. A"

When my eyes came to the end of the second page, my hand went toward the telephone. I put in a call to Gertrude at Naples. In a voice which I tried to keep quiet and steady, I said I was taking the plane south that afternoon.

"But, Richard, what about your play? Haven't you a lot to do?"

"There's nothing in my life so important as our being together," I said. "If you doubt that, even for an instant, I must come down at once and make it clear."

"No, darling," she said quickly. "I'll fly to you. It's my place to do it. And it's what I want. You never wanted to be a star's husband. And right now, what *I* want more than anything else in the world is to be Mrs. Richard Stoddard Aldrich. *Your* Mrs. A. . . ."

While Gertrude was still in Florida, Joseph Mankiewicz had approached her agents to secure her for the lead in his forthcoming picture All About Eve. The script gave promise of becoming one of the best pictures of the year; the role would give an actress plenty of opportunity to qualify for an Oscar. Not the least of the inducements was the salary which the studio was prepared to pay in order to get Gertrude.

"I'm turning it down," she informed me.

"Are you sure that's wise?"

"I'm sure it's very foolish—financially speaking. And it won't help my career. But—I want to be Mrs. A."

She had plunged into the role of Mrs. A with an intensity that left me breathless. No man I knew was so lovingly looked after in all matters of comfort, health and companionship. It was even better than during our honeymoon winter on Long Island when she had tried to turn me into a country squire—or during my first six months in the Navy when she was grooming me for a hero's glorious death.

A man would do nothing, if he waited until he could do it so well that no one would find fault with what he has done. —CARDINAL NEWMAN

SHE was standing beside my bed, folding the silk bedspread which she had removed. "You must nap, darling," she said briskly, "if we are going down to Maurice Evans' party tonight after the play." I took off my coat. Before I could drape it over the back of a chair, Gertrude had taken it from me and was hanging it neatly on the proper hanger in the closet.

"Noel is right," I remarked. "You never underplay."

I watched her cross to the window, slim and alluring as ever—yet crisply efficient. "The devoted little wife," I murmured. "I wouldn't dare let any of my friends know how well I'm taken care of. Their wives would all gang up on you. But I'm onto your game. You're just working to make me realize how much I'll miss you when you go into your next play."

She turned quickly. "Who said anything about a play?"

"No one. But I've noticed quite a flurry of calls to and from the Holtzmann office the past few days. Something is *up*, Mrs. A."

I was in bed and Gertrude was smoothing the covers about my shoulders. She could never resist an opportunity to play nurse.

"Always Right Aldrich," she said lightly. "Something *is* up. Something big and very wonderful. I can't tell you yet. It's still too uncertain. But Fanny is working on it a know soon and then I can tell you ever

"Including when I am going to Mrs. A?"

She leaned over and kissed me "You'll never lose her for long again. I'm resolved on that. Even if everythi out as I hope it will, there can't be a next year. For the first time you ar have *a whole year* to ourselves wit career getting in our way."

The "something big and very wo was the plan for The King and I.

GERTRUDE's "sabbatical year" pro with some memorable experiences. least of which was the twenty-fifth re my class—1925—at Harvard.

At Gertrude's insistence, I reluct ceded to the class secretary's request t a cocktail party launching the reuni then on, there was no holding her. She the model Harvard wife, discreet anc during our three-day stay; as enthus any amateur over her role as a memb Wives' Entertainment Committee.

Gertrude was one of the six perfo the comedy sketch put on by the wiv prelude to the gala dance at the Hote set. What the lyrics lacked in sophi was more than balanced for that auc the personal allusions to the husban performers. Gertrude sang so direct that I felt my ears redden:

"Now Pinza may sing better than the that I picked,
And frankly, as a playwright, Noel got him licked.
Fonda's profile is better, and Fred more spry
But I wouldn't s my Harvard guy

"Darling, isn't she cried when I her for the first dan ing by the light in she might have bee ager at her first pr

Halfway through Ruby Newman, th tra leader, begged her to sing a few Gertrude looked at me inquiringly. I she stepped to the mike and the swung into "Jenny."

Gertrude gave them "Jenny" as sh to that startled first-night audience i years before, with a gay mischievous and the finest bumps ever produced yard since its founding in 1636.

After that she couldn't beg off. For hour she entertained with her old son songs and songs that she hardly kne ever she did, the audience loved.

Brooks Harlow scrambled up on form beside Gertrude as she finished and raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he bega Aldrich has given us a thrill here tor we'll all remember a long, long time. to do the same for her by giving h straight-from-the-heart Harvard che

As the ancient rallying cry rang rafters, staid businessmen cast off the lated years of dignity and shouted th tion; a feeling of exultation and goo ship ran through the entire crowd. the memory of anyone present ha tribute been paid to a woman at Ha

I kept my eyes on Gertrude, alon describably humble in the center of th saw her sway momentarily at the mi and realized that she was on the poi lapse. The intense activity, topped c hour of solo singing and now the exci the crowd's ovation, had been too muc

I bolted toward the platform. I pu firmly around Gertrude. With my fre signaled Ruby Newman to start playi thing—anything that would break th mood and restore a quieter atmosph

Ruby did not let me down. He q his orchestra in a spirited renditio waltz, Two Hearts in Three Quarter

I led Gertrude down from the plat in a moment the two of us were spinni the dance floor.

ır step," she whispered. "We

ound.
lone on the floor, like an exhibi-
am, watched by nearly a thou-
rs. And I did not mind. Although
considered myself more than a
cer, I felt myself gliding along
hly, borne without effort on an
ide of rhythm.
racle or an illusion? To this day,
v. But miracle or illusion, it was
rtrude on that strange and won-

hing clouded the happiness of
of 1950. This was my mother's
When we drove over to Groton
found her a little weaker, a little
d. She was in her ninetieth year.
ess, was lowering her strength
on life.
ınd Aunt Alice were with mother
me. The three Joys held stanchly
ıer. Mother, well aware of the
shadow, spoke several times with
ı of the custom which would re-
ing buried in Upton with my fa-
drich plot, and not in her beloved
Groton.
Joy had died while I was over-
ıe war. "Joy is resting in Groton
bara's little Peter, and I will be
on," mother sighed to Gertrude
sit. Gertrude comforted her with
, "But, darling, Richard and I
chard and David—we will all be
u someday."
low far from my mind was the
less than two years after my
th, Gertrude would rest beside

er always seemed better and
ı Gertrude was with her. She was
sted in the forthcoming play be-
om Anna and the King of Siam.
forth for Gertrude innumerable
issionaries she had known had
t Siam in the days of Mrs. Anna's
ut Anna Leonowens herself. Be-
se reminiscences, Gertrude said
d the feeling that she herself had
ıl Mrs. Anna. One of my mother's
Gertrude was the copy of Anna
book An English Governess at
Siam.
ı came over the land, we all
other, who loved this season and
ed many of its colored leaves
een the pages of the books she
tly, would not see the winter. In
ys, Barbara and my niece Rosa-
oy's daughter, who lived nearby,
ragement of Gertrude's presence
tical helpfulness. And I became
ne edge of Gertrude's character
otherwise have escaped me.

, for all the vigor of her person-
ıy woman. She disliked publicity
hile in Groton, Gertrude was
about not being recognized as
wrence. When she went on an
would wear an old raincoat; her
e covered with a scarf or tied back
able pony tail. She looked only a
ler than Rosamond.
rs after my mother's death, a re-
oned the house. He asked whether
le Lawrence would be coming to
he funeral. "No," Gertrude an-
's busy with her new play in New
fied, the reporter hung up without
ned his story.
then I realized how scrupulously
d always deferred to mother's
ublicity. She never spoke of her
w to interviewers, or to most of
n the theater with whom she was
ouch. Few of them knew I had a
ıat Gertrude and she enjoyed an
relationship.
e mother died, I was sitting with
through some old snapshot al-
overed that a good many of the
had been cut into, apparently
re scissors, and figures and faces

removed. In reply to my query, mother explained that it was her custom to go through the books from time to time and censor them. Anyone appearing in the books who seemed to her to have behaved wrongly was snipped out. Barbara's first husband had been dealt with in this fashion. A boy I had played with and who later figured in Mayor Curley's political machine had been excised from a picnic gathering, leaving a leg behind.

But the most extraordinary renovation had been given to a photograph of my father, taken in Egypt, the Pyramids and Sphinx in the background. In front of these were several camels ridden by tourists. Arab dragomans supervised all but one of the camels. This last, ridden by a plump lady in black basque, flowing skirt and a neat black bonnet, was held by father; in his good Boston woolen suit, his imposing gold watch and chain and with his stout umbrella, father looked more than a match for any camel.

The photograph had been familiar to me since childhood. But mother's scissors had worked a strange alchemy on the familiar scene. Father stood there still, assertive and competent. The camel was in place. But the lady in the basque had vanished. Over her, mother had pasted a head of Gertrude. Beside the Sphinx, Gertrude smiled demurely at father and his fellow pilgrims to the Holy Land. At my exclamation of surprise, mother placed her hand on mine. "He would have liked it, Richard," she said. "I have regretted many times that your father never knew Gertrude."

With her scissors and paste, mother had done what she could to make up to father for this loss. No daughter-in-law could have been given a greater accolade.

In November of 1950, Gertrude wrote to her English friend, Evie Williams:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161



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NUED FROM PAGE 159

vie: It is ages since I wrote, but s nothing to do, I am busier than

man with Mrs. Vincent Astor of a hich we are giving to raise funds n National Theatre and Academy Eve. I am on the fund-raising he Memorial Center for Cancer ases, I am making recordings for erica which we hope reaches into t-occupied countries. There are rances in connection with The e, and soon there will be costume King and I.

ot too gay these days. Richard's k, has been called for the Army, s senior year at University of Vir- wed to graduate and will go in a mess looks *horrible*. Big Rich- due for special duty in Naval In- is all hush-hush. Even I am not his job is to be, or where he will es for Washington early in Janu- me rehearsals start for my play. ctor Bill have cracked up. She is e suburbs and doing odd jobs in Well, they both seem happier now d and I suppose one should ad- ge in facing facts.

where any of us may be next year, have Pam, Richard's two boys, len, her husband and their young I's sister Barbara all for dinner on

ou are well and have a decent hat this new meat rationing won't impossible.

s letter indicates, the news from bled her exceedingly, as did the young Dick's being sent to the time came for me to leave ing I never knew her to do be- e down completely. "I don't see hrough it all again," she said as d up in her eyes. "I could be u went the last time. But it's It breaks my heart to think that eally accomplished by all the th. Peace is no nearer. Are we er wasting lives and happiness?" reassure her, nor could I com- at there dutifully stitching tapes e to my shirts, underwear and ad done back in 1942, proudly urn the dreary job over to en I tried to inject a note of ying that she was sewing so Japanese or South Korean would ever rub the labels off, verted. "Not Korea, darling. I f they send you to Korea. We fore. God has been so good to us. I'm choked up with thankfulness all the time. But will we be lucky always? It makes me afraid, and I've never been afraid before."

Soon afterward I found on her dressing table a little printed card: "*One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day . . . Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. This is all life ever means to us—just one little day. . . . God gives us nights to shut down upon our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.*"

How much this philosophy meant to Gertrude is revealed by the fact that when she went out she carried the card in her purse. It was always with her. That she did not stop with merely keeping it near her, like an amulet, but assimilated its philosophy was shown more and more through the last year and a half of her life. All of us who knew her best realized that she had acquired a peace of mind which lifted her above worrying, above daily annoyances, even above physical pain.

She had always been courageous, especially about refusing to allow illness or even a painful accident to interfere with her work in the theater. While playing at my Falmouth Playhouse in the summer of 1950, she suffered a fall while wading on some rocks one afternoon. That night, just before her entrance, she fainted. Dennis King, who was playing with her—the play was Traveller's Joy—had to announce that Miss Lawrence had had a "slight indisposition"—an understatement that was belied by his agitated expression. He asked the audience to wait until he had more definite news to announce. Suddenly, Gertrude's voice was heard clearly, protestingly: "I'm all right." She came on and went through the play, though she was suffering excruciating pain in her back. Next day when she was X-rayed, it was known she had broken three vertebrae. The injury troubled her at times for a long period.

At a matinee of The King and I, in Boston, when she made her entrance for the scene with the King's wives before they welcome the British ambassador, the heavy steel hoop holding out the very full skirt of her pink satin gown caught in something, throwing her forward. There was a horrified gasp as the audience saw her gloved hands reach out and find nothing to cling to, saw her fall, her body hidden by the billowing skirts of the royal wives. Then came her voice, just as at Falmouth: "I'm all right." *I'm all right* was Gertrude's philosophy to the very end.

Early in our life together she said wistfully that she wished she had a religion. My reply was that she seemed to be confusing religion with church membership; whatever she chose to do about the latter, she had the former in a very live and flourishing state, much according to the pattern of the early apostles.

"But what is religion, Richard?" she asked.

I referred her to the definition Professor Whitehead gave us at Harvard: "A man's religion is what he does with his own solitariness."

Gertrude, more than anyone I ever knew, dedicated her solitariness to love. All her work for and her generous gifts to others were illumined by love. She wanted to help people, severally and en masse, because she loved people. It hurt her when she had to work with someone for whom she could not find some love. Those she had once found lovable she kept loyally in her heart and in her life. Most of her friends were old friends. She might not see them often, but the tie was never broken.

When rehearsals were called for The King and I early in 1951, Gertrude necessarily stopped all her other activities. Her letters to me in Washington spoke of the length of the play and the amount of work there was in it. She was very happy that Yul Brynner had been engaged to play the King.

Sandy Kennedy was to play the role of Mrs. Anna's son Louis. Gertrude had known his family for years. When Sandy came to his first rehearsal he was shy and plainly in awe of Gertrude. She recognized this and immediately set about rectifying it. "Hello, Louis, I'm your mummie," she said gaily. From then on, she helped Sandy identify himself with the role he played. She put on his make-up until he learned how to do it himself. After that, he would present himself at her dressing room, before every performance, for what they laughingly called "inspection." Gertrude would check his make-up and costume. With consummate skill and care she introduced him to what the professional knows as "theater." Still more carefully and artfully, she encouraged him to live his part.

While she was, as she used to tell him, his "backstage mummie," she gave Sandy the sort of companionship that made him feel that he and she were contemporaries. It had been the same years before with my sons. Few adults have this ability; but Gertrude had it. When we went to the Kennedys', as we sometimes did, she always spent time upstairs with Sandy, playing with his trains and his puppy. In doing this Gertrude did not condescend. She enjoyed herself hugely.

THE fifteen Puerto Rican tots who played the royal children in The King and I became fanatically attached to Gertrude, whom they called "Missis Anna." They came to her with their childish troubles, as when one little girl lost her shoes and was afraid of parental discipline when she went home. Gertrude sent Hazel out with the child to buy new ones.

The children added immeasurably to the charm of the play, but they also appeared to constitute an almost insurmountable drawback to a London production. Gertrude wrote one of her English friends:

> As for being home for the Coronation, that is very debatable. I had set my heart on playing at Drury Lane, but there is great doubt whether we can do The King and I in London at all, due to the Child Labor Laws. We have seventeen children in the play and they must be children. Not midgets. Ours here range from seven to eleven years and they are divine. Real children, not academy kids. So it presents a grave problem as we cannot do the play without them.

The children in the cast created problems here too. During rehearsals there was an epidemic of colds among them which spread to the adults in the cast. Gertrude went on at the New Haven opening with a fever of 103°.

The costumes for her roles were enchanting and beautiful. However, it was especially difficult for her to accustom herself—she who moved naturally "like a young deer"—to the weight of the skirts which were held out by heavy steel hoops.

Gertrude attacked this problem with customary directness. Before the play opened on the road, she borrowed a hoop from the Brooks Costume Company and wore it around



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the apartment until she could move with the grace she wanted to achieve on the stage.

One Saturday, as I went up to her dressing room to take her out to dinner between shows, Hazel called me aside.

"Mr. Aldrich, someone has to do something about those steel hoops," she said. "She'll never complain, but her knees and legs are just black and blue with bruises. Every time Miss L. curtsies to the King, the hoops hit her—and she curtsies more than fifty times in each performance. I've counted."

I knew that Gertrude would say nothing about the hoops, since she thought they were an essential part of the performance. Therefore, without her knowledge, I requested the Holtzmann office to suggest to the management that lightweight metal or bamboo hoops be substituted for the steel.

Those who had followed Gertrude's career, like John van Druten, were impressed by what they considered a change in her which was revealed by her playing of Mrs. Anna. The gaiety was there, but veiled. As John said, "Her comedy in the part was gentler, Victorian, almost evasive, and her touch on the sweeter and more personal notes was stronger and surer than New York had seen before." They did not know—how should they?—that what they saw was not a Victorian English governess exerting a transforming influence on Gertrude Lawrence, but, for the first time in the theater, the emergence of Mrs. A.

It took Gertrude a long time to find herself; to discover and express that part of her personality which was the core of her individuality. She had played so many roles through the years, starting in childhood, that she had had scant opportunity, time and strength to develop what was essentially and truly herself. Much of the time she was not sure what she herself was, and she tried to be a great many selves. Noel's phrase comes to mind: Seven women under one hat.

The inner indecision and instability was what fascinated many people as much as it disturbed them. They realized that much of the time she was play-acting to herself, as much as to the world. They wondered, as one of her friends said, "would she ever alight?"

During the year she was out of the theater—the year she spoke of dedicating to Mrs. A—Gertrude made an important discovery. She came to realize—not without some sense of shock—that the woman she was with me, in our moments of greatest clarity and tenderness, was her innermost self. Mrs. A, which many of her old intimates suggested was "just another role that Gee was trying out" for as long as it amused her, was actually the basic truth of her.

Returning to the stage, Gertrude brought a new set of values, a maturity and self-confidence that greatly enriched her talent. She was a greater actress because she was greater as a woman.

To what greater height she would have climbed, had time been given her, is one of the things I am unwilling to dwell upon. I can only be deeply glad that before the curtain fell for her, that richer, deeper self which she gave to me was given also to the theater she loved and served so loyally. It is as Mrs. Anna that she will live in the minds of the many thousands who knew her only from across the footlights. And this is good. They will know her as she very often was, and as she would have been more and more through the years, had these been granted her.

As warm weather came on, I became concerned. Gertrude was committed to remain in the play throughout the summer. It would be the first time she had played during the hot weather for many years, and I dreaded it for her. She always wilted in New York summers. I suggested that we take a house in land or along the Connecticut sh which she could motor to the theater

"I won't take a house more than from the theater," Gertrude declare won't be dependent on transportatio if necessary, I can walk to work."

Through her volunteer work on cancer research, Gertrude had r Hines, chairman of the Women's C of the New York Cancer Society a friend of mine. When Gertrude r that she was looking for a house Betty said, "Don't look any furthe you to have my house for the summ

Betty planned to spend the summ rope. Before leaving she not only house put in order for Gertrude's e she also had it air-conditioned. Th sort of thing Gertrude would do fo but, as she told me, it was the first t experience that a friend had bee ciously generous to her. Dorothy h her husband were re-engaged on a basis to live in the house. Hood bec trude's chauffeur and Dorothy res long-time role of devoted personal n easy in mind about her even when, e summer of 1951, I was ordered to sp in Europe.

During that summer the heat w than it had been in many years. Ba the St. James Theatre the temperat stuffy dressing rooms stood in the nin Gertrude, condemned to wear hoo satin costumes over many petticoats ant wig and bonnets, the prolonged was torture. Friends who came bac see her marveled how she stood it.

One of the friends who came was of the board of an electric-appliance on whose radio program Gertrude ha guest appearance when her autobiogr published. The friendly relations e then had continued through the yea ping his brow, her visitor said to "You mean too much to our compa to let you melt away. We will air- this dressing room for you."

Unfortunately the location of the room presented a difficult engineering for the proper functioning of the a tioner. Gertrude asked them to put into the room where the chorus dres

The girls' gratitude was shown at performance, when the King's wives themselves in their new crinolines

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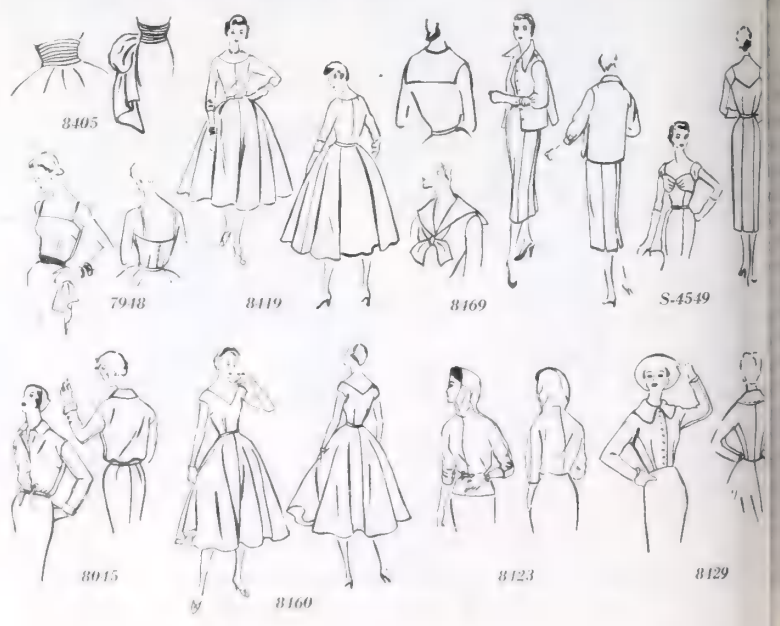
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before the reception of the
dor. Standing at one side of
rynner inspected the row of
opposite him with Gertrude
them. Suddenly, at his bark
wives prostrated themselves.
crinolines, disclosing to Ger-
iew the underpants. On each
tter in lipstick. The letters
age: WE LOVE YOU.

July 20, 1951

ere I am all alone up in my bal-
In spite of the heat, or perhaps
house grows more divine every
eturn to America, we *cannot* go
setrap on Fifty-fourth Street. I
nouses, and I hope to have a
you when you come back to
ss you so. I have sent the cold
are on the labels. You take one
own together. As to your um-
darling, how attached you are
end it to you as almost everyone
ready gone to Europe for the
believe it would be cheaper and
r you to make the effort to over-
England thrift and go to the
te and buy yourself a new one.
u got my cable, dearest. It is
have an address which will find
in the war I had that. . . . Yes-
When I got to "Young Lovers"
gave out. Our meetings and
ys so casual, yet when you go
ou terribly. I realize how lucky
n my life but I often wonder also
the same about me. Now that
ain you may be thinking about
much enjoyment out of being

you have till you get
vant. —IRISH PROVERB

If you had a wife who did not
could be with you. Should you
e please let me know. I want you
ve all things. You deserve some-
ates you more obviously than I
eeply but am self-conscious and
work and I know you need more
n I give.
off me I'll spit in your eye!
Angel. Write whenever you can.
Ever thine,
Mrs. A.

years of marriage, I knew Ger-
ugh to realize that a sense of
her personal relations was al-
m of fatigue. But since I could
r, I sent this cable from Paris:

SALIVA SALVO. KEEPING SAME
NEW UMBRELLA. LOVE. MR. A.

more soberly, encouraging her
to move into when Betty Hines
quite content with our "mouse-
-fourth Street, which was our
any house she would grace, I
be home to me.
Gertrude telephoned me to re-
ntly that she had obtained a
ulleses' home at No. 239, next
she had also obtained permis-
ver Dulles to redecorate.
is news with grave misgivings.
a liberal way of interpreting
" I hastily wrote a note to the
sking them to arrange privately
ses for the insertion of a clause
structural changes; thus I was
e that Clover and Allen Dulles
rn to find unfamiliar wings and
uting from their home.
d to limit her fun to painting
ht colors; hanging floral drapes
s over white curtains, scattering
ossessions about the house. The
her enormously, especially the
rary overflowing with books on
ffairs, and the old dining-room
d belonged to two former Secre-

influence, no doubt, of the at-
e Dulles house, Gertrude began to acquire notions about a diplomatic career for me. She cited the British idea that men who have established themselves in their professions should take up public duties when they reached a certain age.

It was on those grounds that she justified her sudden plunge into French lessons.

"Haven't you got enough on your hands without that?" I demanded.

"But darling, let's be logical," she argued. "When you become an ambassador, I'll *have* to know French!"

At that time, Gertrude certainly had a very full schedule. She was an active member of the Women's Advisory Committee of the New York Cancer Committee, and had just made three cancer-campaign motion pictures in the children's ward of Memorial Hospital. She had succeeded Gilbert Miller as chairman of the Mary MacArthur Memorial Appeal of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. And with Alfred de Liagre, she selected plays for the Five Enchanted Evenings sponsored by the Hospitalized Veterans Music Service.

But this, plus housekeeping and singing lessons, did not complete the inventory of Gertrude's activities; early in September she calmly announced that she had accepted an appointment to the faculty of Columbia University, in the School of Dramatic Arts, of which Dr. Milton Smith was director. Her particular post was instructor of Class 107 in the Study of Roles and Scenes. The class met on Thursday afternoons.

I voiced my disapproval of this undertaking in no uncertain terms. But as weeks went by, I began to see that, rather than taxing Gertrude's strength, the work at Columbia stimulated and revived her. She drew an ingenuous pleasure from being on the faculty. She loved talking about "dropping in at Doctor Smith's office to discuss class problems."

A few weeks before Christmas, the university trustees and faculty gave a Sunday-night reception "to welcome Miss Gertrude Law-

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rence as professor." Seldom had Gertrude been more flattered. She made her list of special guests with extreme care. As was always her way, she was particular that those who loved her most should be invited. She also let the women among them know that she expected them to do her proud that evening.

She herself went to Hattie Carnegie and ordered a new evening dress. Not to be wanting in respect, some of her guests followed suit. Radie Harris put off her departure for the Coast in order to attend the reception. Obedient to a not-too-veiled hint from Gertrude, she too went out and bought a gown for the occasion.

Before the reception, there was to be a performance which Gertrude had supervised of A Comedy of Errors by the drama students. No first night of her own had ever been attended by such breathless expectancy on her part.

She had Hazel come to the house to dress her. At Hazel's knock on my door, and her message: "Miss L says come and see how she looks," I followed her into Gertrude's room. Gertrude turned from the mirror and came a few steps toward me.

"Well, Richard, will I do?"

Poised there, in her long, shimmering gold gown, she was as radiant, as beautiful and as suggestive of imperishable romance as she had been on that Sunday morning on which our decisive trip to Northfield began. Eleven years of marriage had not dimmed her. She was still the most desirable and exciting woman in the world.

I told her so. More lights seemed to shine in her eyes.

"Then you're pleased with me, darling?"

With Hazel fussing about the room I found it difficult to say how very pleased I was. I took refuge in pleasantry. "No one," I told her, "would ever take you for a schoolteacher."

It was as if the words had pulled a switch. All her lights went out. Gertrude stood there looking at me in sudden consternation.

"Oh, then I can't go on like this," she exclaimed. "I'm wearing the wrong costume. Tonight I'm not Gertrude Lawrence, the actress; I'm Doctor Lawrence of the Columbia faculty, and I must look it. I'll have to change."

Nothing I or a thoroughly irate Hazel could say would move her from that decision. The glittering golden gown had to come off. If she wore it she would be overdressed. She might seem to be showing off.

"Nonsense," I argued. "Everyone expects you to look your best. They'll be disappointed if you don't dress like a star."

"No, Richard," she persisted. "I'm surprised that you don't see it my way." Disregarding Hazel's mutterings, she took a quick survey of the dresses hanging in her closet and selected one of blue-and-gray-checked wool with a matching jacket. "I'll wear that."

"What got into you, Mr. Aldrich, to go and say what you did to Miss L?" Hazel demanded sullenly. "You'd ought to know by now that everything she does is playing a part and she's always got to be dressed right for it—if it's schoolteaching or horseback riding. The trouble with men is they don't know when to keep their mouths shut."

I withdrew in as good order as possible.

WHEN Gertrude joined me she looked demure and disturbingly efficient. On the drive up to Morningside Heights, it was not a great star nor my wife whom I was escorting. It was Professor Lawrence of Class 107.

Hazel's chagrin was as nothing compared with that which appeared on Radie's face when Gertrude came down the aisle to join her "family" in the reserved seats in the front.

"And to think of the time and money I spent dressing up for you, Gee," Radie sputtered. "If this is your idea of a joke, you should see my dress bill!"

"But, dear, you're dressed to perfection for what you are," Gertrude responded with a sweet condescension which must have sent Radie's blood pressure soaring. "You are a guest. But I work here!"

"How about the professors' wives?" Radie shot back. "They've all come in formal dress."

"Because they are guests too," Gertrude replied imperturbably. "They aren't members of the faculty. I *am*."

As usual, Gertrude's dramatic instinct did not let her down. She was the cynosure of all eyes—the only woman at the reception who was underdressed.

Gertrude by this time was carrying a schedule that, piled onto her eight performances every week in the theater, seemed to me definitely dangerous. "Anna" was by far the most exacting role on Broadway. The physical effort involved in playing it was tremendous. Far worse than this, however, was the nervous strain of the role.

Gertrude had run a high fever in the spring, during the early weeks of the play in Boston. Then she had been taxed badly by the sweltering New York summer—doubly so because of her heavy costumes. When I returned from Paris in the fall of 1951, I found her visibly

SONNET FOR SUBTERFUGE

By FRANCES ELEONORE SCHLUNEGER

Now, being woman, I have pondered long
How much of subterfuge God grants my sex.
Man's means to end are straight, his weapons strong,
But woman's will outdistances such wrecks
As her frail man-to-man endeavors wrought.
And even God, they say, makes strange His ways,
Achieving such great wonders as are sought
For benefit of one with faith, who prays.

Then who am I to contemplate the straight
And obvious paths as being more desired?
I seek my heart one love and I am late.
Brave sons that I would bear are yet unsired. . . .
Bathsheba bathed in no secluded spring,
Else never had she mothered David's king!

weary. I begged her to cut down on her commitments. This she refused to do, but she finally agreed to go to a hospital for a thorough checkup. She spent a week undergoing tests of all sorts, returning each morning and remaining there until theater time; then coming home after the play directly to bed.

The doctors agreed in finding nothing wrong with her; in fact, they reported, she had the physique of a woman in her twenties. She was somewhat tired, but that could be ascribed to working through an excessively hot summer without a vacation.

"Don't do too much," they suggested.

But there was nothing specifically that they banned—and that was all the excuse Gertrude needed for carrying on exactly as before.

One afternoon in December Gertrude insisted on taking me and Angus, her new West Highland terrier, for a walk toward the East River. Going through a side street in a neighborhood of shabby tenements, we had been stopped while piano movers removed a piano from a house into a waiting van. At a ground-floor window, a woman and a little girl watched the proceedings. Sadly, we thought.

"I know just how they feel," Gertrude said. "It used to happen to us. Poor dad would have a little luck and the first th mummie would do to celebrate w get a piano on the hire-purchase loved some music when he drank h the idea was that a piano in the ho only elegant but would be good f was going on the stage. But no stayed with us long. Dad couldn the payments. The company would get it. Those two at the window mummie and me. It's funny, I d I've ever owned a piano all my rented them, or there's been one house, but never really mine."

I REALIZED with relief that *this* C would know what present to give

I arranged to have the piano d Christmas Eve, when Gertrude mally be making up at the theater it would be a surprise for her whe home. The piano arrived, but my su awry. Gertrude had been sent to t with pleurisy two days before.

On Christmas Day, she was of in a hospital bed. Scores of gifts c there. Conspicuously absent, hov anything from me.

Finally Gertrude inquired, "Richa you a Christmas present for me?"

"Of course. There's a package n for you."

Her face brightened. "Oh, do b and bring it!"

I promised—if I could manage on to the hospital directly from home I might mislay it, I warned. Gertru at that. But the Christmas present s much on her mind. The moment sh home, she asked for it. I told her:

"It's still up in the living roon tree. You can open it on the way t

She darted an odd disbelieving l and moved swiftly up the stairs. O living-room door, she discovered Steinway grand, wrapped in cellop decorated with a huge red bow.

"My very first own piano!" she She tore off the cellophane and sa play until I literally carried her off

In February, Gertrude had a touc chitis. I was increasingly disturbe tendency to colds and by the recurr of which she complained. When charged from the Navy early in 1 termined to do something about n take a rest. Setting aside my establ never to interfere in Gertrude's wo her to leave the play to go South f pointed out that she had created th had made it her own. She had beer the "Tony," the theater's most cheri for giving the best performance of t

She refused to listen to my plea mitted she was tired, but she had neve out of a play before the termination tract in her life. It was a matter of

But I learned it was more than m The obstacles to a London produ longer appeared insurmountable. had set her heart on playing The Kin the Drury Lane during the Coronati

"I promised myself that," she tol I could not budge her.

Nor could Noel. He passed thro York and I talked to him, asking hi vail on Gertrude to take a rest. She u that she always took his advice an understood her better than anyone

Noel took her to Sardi's for lunc what he could to help me. But her him was the same she had given wanted to play Mrs. Anna at Drury L

"The doctors say there's nothing with me," she told Noel, "except been playing the role a year without I could have one week off, just to lie and rest, I would get over this fa then, after my six weeks' holiday this I could carry on to the end of my c June, 1953."

I had been looking forward to C six weeks' summer holiday as much a In the course of our two busy care things were, of necessity, left unsai

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

NEW DELICIOUS FLAVOR

for frozen fried foods fixed this easy way with Mazola Oil

N MAZOLA OIL METHOD

on top of the stove

ooking time in half!

m you prepare a package of frozen od ust fix it this new, easy way . . . f ne stove with Mazola Oil.

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ottom of skillet with a generous o Mazola Oil and preheat it. Add v ite frozen fried food. Fry over e heat, stirring occasionally until olden brown all over. Drain on v els.

ozen fried foods are frosty when k e is opened simply place food on p towels and let stand a few minutes e ve frost...this prevents spattering.)



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BREADED SHRIMP . . . *temptingly tender, fried to crisp perfection in Mazola Oil.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

other, many things left undone. The world outside us always encroached on our own lives with demands on our time, with needful separations, with inescapable tasks.

But in these six weeks, I resolved that nothing would interfere with our privacy. Arranging my affairs accordingly, I dedicated myself to making Gertrude's vacation the complete and placid relaxation I knew she needed.

So we spent our days on the beach and in the garden doing nothing—a luxury which most couples take for granted, but which in the past we had had little opportunity to enjoy. Relieved of all tension and strain, Gertrude blossomed. She appreciated my sharing her pleasures—even the sand in the picnic sandwiches and my toleration of the interminable radio soap operas.

Such friends as we entertained were old and comfortable ones—Bea Lillie, Helen Hayes. There were none of the children of the family around us. Dick was at his Air Force base. David, at Gertrude's suggestion and partially as a present from her, had gone on a trip to Europe. Pamela was bicycling around France on a sketching tour.

"What's the matter with us?" Gertrude asked one afternoon as we sat by ourselves in the garden. "We've been together weeks. Do you realize, in all that time, we haven't quarreled about *anything?* Are we getting adjusted, or just middle-aged?"

"Whatever it is," I replied, "I find it comfortable, don't you?"

Gertrude reached across to the chair in which I was lounging. "It's like peace on earth," she sighed. "I used to see couples in restaurants sitting opposite each other and never saying a word and I'd pray 'Dear God, please don't ever let me be like that!' But they had something that I never had—peace. And it isn't at all dull. It's rather exciting in a strange and deeply satisfying way."

"More than that. It's earth-shaking and revolutionary," I teased. "Do you realize, Mrs. A, that you are now content to leave things as they are? You no longer stuff the Sunday newspapers in the wastebasket the moment I drop them on the floor. It's almost a year since you rearranged my closet and bureau drawers. And you haven't given anything of mine away since you sent my accordion to the Disabled Veterans."

"That old squeeze box!" Gertrude scoffed. "You speak of it as if it were a Stradivarius."

"It was better than a Stradivarius to me," I retorted. "And for the hundredth time don't refer to it as a squeeze box!"

The accordion was a cherished relic of my first year with the Jitney Players, a group of undergraduate players from Yale and Harvard who wandered the summer-resort circuit in the early twenties. Alongside the others, all of whom played instruments or sang, I had been ingloriously mute. Then someone introduced me to the accordion. The same kind soul inked numbers on the sheet music and corresponding numbers on the keys. Substituting perseverance for talent, I learned to press the right keys at approximately the right time. It was an accomplishment of which I was inordinately proud—so much so that I resented Gertrude's use of the British variety artist's term "squeeze box" as detracting from the dignity of "my" instrument.

"Darling, if that's all you hold against me, after twelve years," she said, "I think we should be good for the full term of the contract!"

Dick telephoned us unexpectedly that he had a brief leave. He had been ordered to Korea—and wanted to come up to Dennis and say good-by.

We made no plans for extra entertainment for him and I believe this was what he wanted. He seemed content to laze on the beach with Gertrude and me. Between swims we napped and talked. Nothing serious, nothing important. Nothing, I was aware, that touched on his immediate future; Gertrude made sure of that, leading the conversation deliberately toward recollections of other summers at The Berries, when mother was with us. And those earlier summers before The Berries was built: the baseball games with the English boys and the Hyde grandchildren; Harrison and Barbara; Bunny and the obstreperous Bounder.

One day she spoke of Northfield and how mother had expressed a longing to visit it again as a spot that belonged in a special way to our family. The boys had never been there.

"I'd like to see the place," Dick said, "sometime."

"Why not tomorrow?" Gertrude proposed with sudden eagerness. "The three of us."

I objected on the grounds that Gertrude needed rest and it was a long drive. "We'll go there when Dick comes back from Korea," I said. It was obvious to me that Dick was curious about Northfield, but only mildly so. After all, it held no memories for him.

"No," Gertrude insisted, to my surprise. "He should go there *now*." She added, almost wistfully, "It would be wonderful for the three of us to go together."

Dick turned to her quietly. "If you'd like me to go now, Gertrude, I'll go."

We planned to leave the following forenoon. But that evening when I drove back from the Music Circus, Gertrude greeted me by stretching out a swollen arm. "Poison ivy, darling. I broke out this afternoon." She had already seen the doctor and received an injection.

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uld you possibly get poisoned?" I
y foot of our property had been
lier. "That means no trip to North-

se," Gertrude countered. "I'll be
ick has only two more days. He
ave without going to Northfield."
had suggested that we drive by
ton, where she intended to visit
ave. She had fallen in love with the
tle town with its white clapboard
can't see why mother objected to
he commented at the time of
neral. "There's not a more peaceful
world to be buried."

morning Gertrude was up early
vers for mother's grave. Shortly be-
ur for our departure, she went up-
was arranging piles of linen in a
Helen Mahoney, in an adjoining
rd her call, "I feel faint." Helen
rude slumped against the wall. She
lie down and then called me.

the humidity," Gertrude insisted.
ding over and there was no air in
I'm all right."

tor whom we summoned thought
was a reaction to the poison-ivy in-
e ordered her to spend the day
e motor trip was off.

ly for me," Gertrude protested.
must go."

d, but Gertrude insisted. I realized
ing to give Dick and me two whole
her without the intrusion of other
es. It was like her to realize the im-
o us both of a
ing away from
ed of all associ-
he old irritations
her-son relation-
the first time
as born, my son
as men.
r diffidence and
ess had shackled
the years was
one, and I found
ld talk to him of things that were
y heart. One of those things was

Northfield, where so much of my
e was spent, it seemed important
n should know his grandfather; and
at knowledge perhaps gain a sense
ility and continuity sorely lacking in
today. My father was a man of firm
mpromising beliefs. He lived his
as an affirmation of those beliefs.
Northfield I found I could summon
it and re-create the portrait of a man
not ashamed to have faith—and I
transmit to Dick a feeling of kin-
quality with his grandfather. Amer-
ed in faith. Much of our strength in
erived from it. Our future lies, so I
ould have my sons feel, in our con-
have that faith.

OE asked no questions, but I think
I that the trip had been a spiritual
for Dick and me. He left the follow-
and she followed him in thought
Pacific, reliving her own wartime
es.

her holiday was nearing its end, she
p the subject of Northfield again.
een thinking," Gertrude said, "how
it would be if we had a little place
eld that we could run away to now
nd refresh ourselves, renew our con-
things of the spirit. If we could per-
the chalet ——"

that the chalet was still owned by
of the Mabie family. At Gertrude's
h, I began inquiries as to whether
d be willing to part with it.

ctor had continued to give her injec-
inst poison ivy. "I want to be im-
next year," she said. She was plan-
she would do to the garden and the
welve months' time. Her contract for
and I would terminate in June. "Then
up to the Cape and perhaps open in
in London in the autumn. Or if we
e my play to London, perhaps Noel
something for me to play in either
broad. But I'll want my rest first, and
there are so many things I'd like to do around the place."

Friday morning, she packed and wrote a long list of work for Ed, the gardener, to do in the fall and winter. The list ended with the stern reminder:

KEEP FOOD FOR BIRDS
ALWAYS IN FEEDERS

I drove her to the airport. Our peaceful interlude together on the Cape had lasted exactly six weeks. On Monday, August 11, Gertrude resumed her role in The King and I.

Driving up to the theater that evening, she was pleased to see a long line of ticket buyers queued up at the box office, in obvious response to the announcement of her return. Even more cheering was the affectionate welcome that greeted her backstage. Shepherded by a beaming Hazel, the entire company—dancers, principals, children—all flocked to Gertrude's dressing room to say hello to "Mrs. Anna" and report their news. Before the curtain went up, every member of the cast had stopped by to say a warm word.

Gertrude returned to the play fresh and relaxed from her weeks in the sun. The night before, she had phoned me at the Cape.

"I feel wonderfully fit," she said. "I'll be better than ever tomorrow night."

Those who saw Gertrude's performance during the next three days agreed that she was as good as her word. Advance sales shot upward, although the last two weeks of August are far from the best box-office period in the year.

Early Thursday morning, she rang Fanny: "Could you go shopping with me today, Fan?"

"Shopping?" Fanny had disquieting memories of Gertrude's onetime buying sprees. "What for?" she asked wearily.

"Don't worry. We won't go near Hattie Carnegie's," Gertrude promised her. "It's for Richard. He has a birthday Sunday."

"What are you getting him?"

"I was thinking of a squeeze box."

Gertrude was to meet Fanny at three o'clock. Shortly after lunch, Dorothy was in the pantry when she heard a crash overhead, followed by a muffled cry.

Alarmed, Dorothy ran up to the library. There she found Gertrude doubled up against the writing desk in obvious distress. At her feet were a shattered vase and a bunch of white blossoms. She had been arranging the flowers when she was suddenly stricken.

Dorothy helped Gertrude to the sofa—"All the color was out of her face; you could see every step was a terrible effort." She had the butler call the doctor and Fanny, while she looked after Gertrude.

By the time the doctor arrived soon after, the pain had virtually disappeared—or so Gertrude said. The doctor made a thorough examination, then hazarded an opinion—as had the physician at Dennis—that the attack could have been caused by the injections against ivy poisoning; there was no immediate evidence pointing to anything more serious.

"But don't go on tonight," he counseled Gertrude, "just to be on the safe side."

"Of course I'll go on," said Gertrude. "It was just a tummy-ache. I've played through tummy-aches before." She turned to Fanny: "Please don't tell Richard. It's not worth bothering him about."

At six o'clock that evening, Gertrude went to the theater as usual. There she said nothing about the afternoon's incident; but Hazel, lacing her into tight corsets for the opening-scene costume, commented on the way Gertrude winced when the stays were tightened.

"Please, Hazel, don't say anything to Miss Fanny about it. She'll only tell Mr. Aldrich and I don't want him upset. It's his busy time at the Cape."

Speaking to me on the phone at midnight, Gertrude did not even mention her illness. She was chiefly concerned with plans for my birthday. "I don't want you to feel neglected, darling," she said. "Next year we'll celebrate together—no matter what."

It is best to love wisely, no doubt, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.
—THACKERAY

Friday evening, Gertrude went gallantly through her performance, despite the additional handicap of a late-summer heat wave. Hazel expressed growing concern as her star struggled into costumes which a few days earlier had been an easy fit.

Again Gertrude pleaded and bargained. "Don't tell anybody, Hazel. I'll have the weekend in which to rest, once we get past tomorrow. Just let me get through tomorrow."

In spite of a valiant effort, Gertrude never did "get through tomorrow."

At one o'clock Saturday, as she was making up for the matinee, John van Druten, director of The King and I, dropped in at her dressing room. "She told me of her illness," he recalled, "and of her determination to beat it.... She asked about my troubles casting my own new play. Then she laughed and said, 'Remember, I shall be free next June. And I'm no trouble.' I kissed her and left her."

That was the last performance she played.

After the final curtain at the matinee, as Gertrude was crossing backstage on her way to the dressing room, she fainted. Hazel was quickly at her side. When Gertrude regained consciousness, she said quietly, "I can't go on tonight, Hazel. Call Miss Fanny."

"That's when I really began to feel funny, Mr. Aldrich," Hazel told me later. "I said to

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myself, 'If *she* gives up, then it looks like something bad.' Because she never did give up!"

Three weeks later—at four o'clock in the morning—I was awakened from a deep sleep by the ringing of the telephone. I had been flying back and forth from Dennis; it took a moment to orient myself to the fact that I was in my New York home. I picked up the phone. It was the New York Hospital calling. Gertrude, who had been a patient there for over two weeks, was in a state of shock.

As I dressed, I was overwhelmed by a peculiar sense of unreality. The call was so unexpected, so at variance with what I had been led to believe to be Gertrude's condition, that for a moment I wondered whether I was actually awake or was merely acting out an overvivid nightmare. . . .

After a few days at home following that last Saturday matinee Gertrude had gone reluctantly to the hospital for diagnosis. She underwent a series of tests, after which the doctors agreed she was suffering from hepatitis—a liver ailment which is painful, but rarely fatal. They assured me that they found nothing whatever which would warrant alarm.

With medication and diet Gertrude seemed to improve. Certainly her spirits never faltered in my presence. I remembered particularly that on the afternoon we received the hepatitis report, Gertrude was immensely cheered and in a gay mood. She sat up in bed, beguiling in a blue bed jacket, her hair falling around her shoulders. She would talk of nothing but my sidetracked birthday present.

"I didn't get it in time for the big day," she said regretfully, "but as soon as I return home, you are going to become the proud owner of the world's nobbiest squeeze box."

"An accordion? But why?"

"To replace the one you had with the Jitney Players, that I gave away. I'll mark every note on it personally, just the way they were in the original!"

"But what on earth would I do with an accordion now?"

Her eyes danced impishly. "I thought we might work up a variety act together. The Aldriches—Troubadors of Song! You play. I sing. We both dance. Look ——"

She swept aside the bedcovers and swung her legs to the floor. "We could start with the step I used in Red Peppers. Watch this."

Stopping the rehearsal then and there, I lifted Gertrude off her feet and deposited her firmly back in bed. "You stay put, Mrs. A!" I ordered.

Squirming and giggling as I held her down, Gertrude looked like anything but a critically ill hospital patient.

In a few minutes, I was dressed and out of the house. It was a hot, sultry night, quiet, with the peculiar stillness of a big city in slumber. The street was deserted. As I walked in search of a taxi, I found myself praying, praying fervently, that it was all a fantastic mistake.

Just a few days before, Gertrude had been so full of eager plans. Each time I saw her, she asked whether there had been any word from the owner of the chalet at Northfield. Although I was still not certain that the chalet could be purchased, Gertrude was already decorating it in her mind. "It will be a retreat for us," she said, "a haven where we can seek peace. This country should have more places like Northfield for busy, tense people."

Her recuperation was something Gertrude looked forward to as a new and exciting adventure. We would fly down to Florida, she decided, and take a cottage at Naples. Later, when I returned to New York, Daphne du Maurier would come over from London and finish the play she was writing for Gertrude (which she later developed into her historical novel, Mary Anne).

"Isn't it wonderful how I time my illness," Gertrude exclaimed. "It's the off season—I can convalesce at reduced rates." She turned to Fanny. "You must admit, Fan—after all these years, I've finally learned to economize!"

The taxi whisked through the empty streets, and in a few minutes I was at the hospital. Gertrude was unconscious.

Forbidden to enter her room, I paced the corridor outside. If only I could be with her a moment, take her hand in mine . . . perhaps somehow the sense of my presence would break through the mist into which she was fast sinking. More than anything else, I wanted her to feel, no matter how dimly, that I was there with her. I wanted to offer her strength that would pull her back from the abyss. If only I could give back to her now, in the hour of her need, some of the warmth and light which Gertrude distributed so generously, not only to me but to others, as she traveled through life.

"Go back to the Cape, darling," Gertrude had urged on one of my visits. "I hate to think of you hanging around this hot town over the weekend. Besides, you ought to be there when Bea opens at Dennis on Monday."

Gertrude was referring to An Evening with Bea Lillie, which had its tryout at my Cape Playhouse before coming to New York for a successful run.

"You must give Bea a party," she added.

"Not now," I protested. "I'm hardly in a party mood."

"Oh, do keep Bea happy while she's at the Cape. See that she's taken care of and made to feel at home."

It was this kind of consideration for her friends that evoked such tremendous devotion to Gertrude on their part. I was sitting in her hospital room one day when we heard a commotion outside the door.

"Why *can't* I see her?" a deep voice demanded.

Gertrude's face lit up. "It's Mister John, darling—John Golden!"

I stepped to the door.

"You tell her from me, Dick," John boomed, "that if it will help her to get well, I'll give her a coronet of diamonds to wear at the coronation. Yes, and I'll pave Forty-fourth Street with red roses for her to walk over. She *must* get well and come back soon. We can't do without her."

"We can't do without her." John Golden's words echoed in my mind as I kept my vigil outside Gertrude's room.

Less than twenty-four hours ago, I had been feeding her the rare beefsteak which Olive and Bill Leeds brought to the hospital every day. With each swallow, her eyes sought mine for approval. Never was her look more tender; never did she appear more beautiful to me.

When she finished lunch, I reached for the old volume of Browning, a gift from mother, that was among Gertrude's most ch possessions.

She shook her head. "Not Brownin said. "Read me Dick's letter again, Richard."

I unfolded the airmail that had arri day before from Dick in Korea. G dropped her head back on the pillo closed her eyes. When I came to the c ing lines, in which Dick related how tacked Gertrude's picture over his "queen of the pin-up girls," she looke me and smiled.

To her ears, I realized, this was the l poetry of all.

Through the window at the end of t ridor, I could see the east grow gra pink. . . . The door to Gertrude's opened softly, and a nurse came out doctors hurried past me into the room were with Gertrude a long time. In tently, a tight-lipped nurse and interns ha in or out.

I paced the darkened corridors, w wondering. . . . A nurse came down t carrying a flask.

"How is she?" I asked.

"We're hopeful," was the brisk reply

"Hopeful." And yet ——

A note penned on the morning Ge was stricken ill—the last letter sh wrote—had a strange overtone of pre tion. It was written to a fan who had a A Star Danced.

August 14,

Dear Miss Perry: Ever so many than your charming letter. I am so delighted th enjoyed the book.

However, a sequel will have to wait while until I am either made a D.B.E. o gracefully into a peaceful country life found asleep never to awaken.

There has to be a final conclusion to quel, and I would prefer someone else to w

The afternoon before Gertrude died, learned, she had called Fanny to he side.

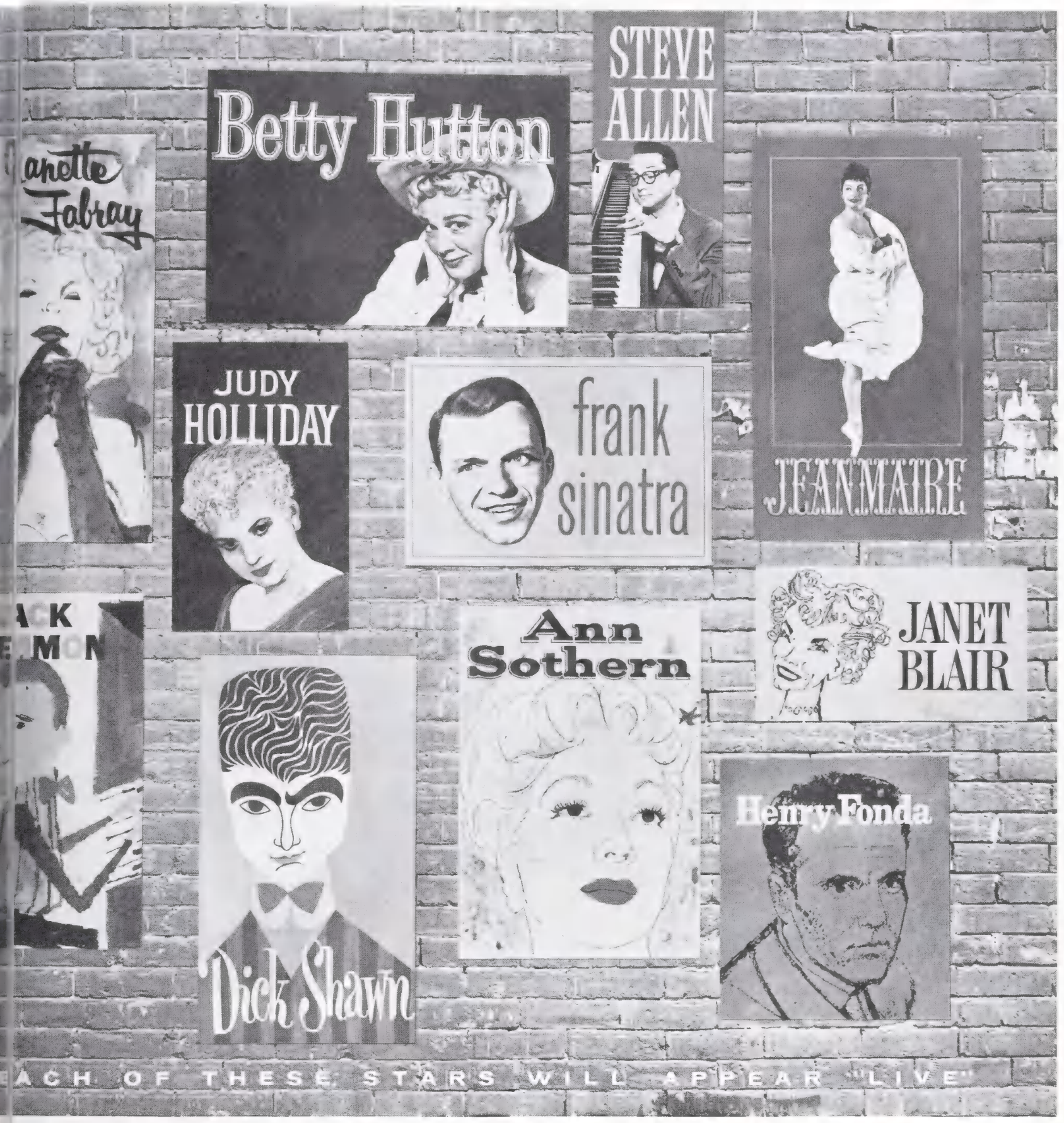
"I don't think I'm going to get out place, Fan," she whispered. "Don Richard, but I have a feeling. There are I want you to do for me."

She directed Fanny to write to Sandy nedy, telling him not to worry about h ness. And to send notes to everyone wh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 171



"Isn't it a shame that boys have to change to men?"



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You use that handy, pre-cooked rice right from the package. It swells into luscious, tender kernels, rich with the wonderful flavor and beautiful color of Hunt's Tomato Sauce.

Because Hunt's is *all* tomato and seasoned so tastefully, it helps you gain flavor for all your cooking. It contains no starchy fillers, has no "soupy" taste. That's why men like it 'specially well.

Make this delicious 18-minute Spanish Rice for your family. Then, use your creative cooking skill and add Hunt's Tomato Sauce to your stews, soups, casseroles, meat loaf, fish, gravies. It's *easy* – and you'll love it!

¼ cup bacon drippings — 1 medium onion, thinly sliced
½ medium green pepper, diced — 1⅓ cups pre-cooked rice
1¾ cups hot water — 2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 teaspoon salt — Dash of pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard (optional)

Melt drippings in a skillet. Add onion, green pepper, and quick-cooking rice (the pre-cooked kind that takes only minutes). Cook and stir over high heat until lightly browned. Add hot water, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, seasonings; mix well. Bring quickly to a boil, cover tightly, simmer 10 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Delicious variations: Use recipe above. Brown ½ pound ground beef, or ½ cup sliced mushrooms, with rice. Or stir ½ cup grated cheese into cooked rice.



RECIPES FOR YOU! *A delicious one*
every can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce...at yo
Hunt Food, *Inc., Fullerton, California*

Hunt-for the bes

NTINUED FROM PAGE 168

ers or "get-well" messages. "The the right-hand drawer. About the t Connie Carpenter steps in. She long for her chance. See that she And see that Yul gets star billing. d it."

ories below us, the city began to om the river below came the of tugboat whistles. I looked at was nearly 7:45.

to Gertrude's room opened, and tors stepped out. One of them rd me. Before he was near enough knew what he had come to say. without regaining consciousness, d slipped away from me.

k had enlisted in the Air Force after graduation—I was in ude had seen him off to Camp e took with him a photograph of Anna in the pale pink satin gown the "Shall We Dance?" number. reference to their relationship on ph which Gertrude signed:

lear Private Aldrich
/ith love—Gertrude Lawrence.

autograph she added her own for those dearest to her—a heart n arrow.

ograph went with my son through period. He took it with him when orea the following summer. Ger- s "pin-up girl," admired by all the s. None of them knew that she mother. The shocking news of death came to Dick at Kimpo ea, which he had reached only a efore. A fellow airman who had g to a news broadcast called to Aldrich, did you hear that? Your st died."

no death, and no cause to mourn pirit lives on in those you love," d told me once.

t few days, it would have been a ieve unquestioningly in this sim- t it was not in me to do so. One g thought went round and round Gertrude was gone.

d world heard the news of her wirl of activity that followed—the going of telegraph boys with mes- mpathy, the well-meaning calls , the insistent questions of news- no reality for me. Numbed, I to our 54th Street apartment, joined by Pam, who had flown ngland.

ed alone until shortly before the art of the funeral. Services were ifth Avenue Presbyterian Church t, where I had been a member for ears and where Gertrude and I ly worshiped together.

nd I emerged from the 55th Street our apartment house a half block ere surprised to see the street people. The crowd was so dense great difficulty making our way n.

every sort were there: brokers, bobby-soxers, construction work- s and models from the Madison s nearby. A musician carrying a ood out in the street, staring with eyes at the Union Jack fluttering ched entrance to the church.

eaded our way through the crowd, wistful reminiscence came to our ember Gertrude Lawrence in Pri- . . . "I'll never forget her ——"

hrough the solemn throng, unrec- unknown to them, we nonethe- same warm sense of kinship with ey clearly felt toward each other. ered the side door of the church, as momentarily blocked by two

g to die," said one. "Did you see alion?"

"I saw her in *everything!*"

More than ever I was aware of Gertrude's extraordinary human appeal—that divine spark of vitality, warmth, zest for life—that brought a glow to all who stood in her presence. It was more than a theatrical gift; it was the essence of her whole being. And at the moment it was a tangible force in the heart of busy Manhattan, bringing a hush to the roaring traffic and forging a link among thousands of complete strangers who had little else in common.

Inside the church, during the hour that followed, the luminaries of Broadway and Hollywood paid their respects to a great lady of the theater. Outside, the nameless thousands stood in quiet reverence, mourning a beloved friend.

That day the Columbia University flag at the foot of the library steps flew at half-mast,

TURNING TOWARD YOU IN THE DARK

By DAN G. HOFFMAN

Turning toward you in the dark,
In the gray light when the soul is lonely
That is darker than the midnight dark,
I offer you the mortal pillow
Of my crooked elbow,
My bone and flesh beneath your head.
The house is silent save your breathing:
Dimly the blankets fall and rise
Upon your breasts. Dimly, my eyes
Perceive your most familiar and beloved form;
You draw close by me, sleeping still
Upon my bent protective arm.
I can't remember now what dream dreads roused me,
What solitary fears the shadows keep;
Since you turn toward me in the dark, half drowsy,
I am contented while I watch you sleep.

while groups of students gathered silently outside the Brander Matthews Theater where Gertrude had conducted her classes.

At 8:30 in the evening—curtain time along Broadway—the lights of every theater and moviehouse blinked out.

For two minutes the most dazzling thoroughfare in show business stood dark and silent in honor of the girl who had conquered America.

Three thousand miles away, in London's West End, the glittering marquees on Shaftsbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road, and in St. Martin's Lane—where Gertrude and I had first met—likewise flashed off, in tribute to a star whose brilliance would shine no more.

And on the other side of the world, in the battle-swept hills of Korea, a unit of British fighting men gathered in a dusty hollow to say their own kind of farewell to Gertrude. Peter Carlisle, who was there, described the scene in a letter to me:

The dust was thick on the temporary parade square and the light wind blew it in little patterns. The Union Jack flapping in the breeze spattered color against the steely sky. The khaki of the men drawn up in a hollow square faded in with the dun-colored hills in the background.

A padre, his white collar standing out against the khaki, spoke: "The news has flashed across the world, men, Miss Gertrude Lawrence has passed away. Many of you have come to the C.O. to ask him to hold a memorial service for her. Many of us knew her when she appeared, smiling and gay, in the last show. We thought it was *our* show, but it was hers too. Her spirit was great and when she appeared in some corner of a hangar, or a NAAFI hut, she brought brilliance, color and glamor to our drab world. No *grande dame* of the stage she, but a real performer, a bringer of laughter, a singer of songs. And she could jig as well as Paddy's pig. Boys, I have a feeling that the moon and sun will have to squeeze over a bit to make room for a star like our Gertie. And now I want to read you the Twenty-third Psalm."

In his rich Lancashire voice he read the old cry of faith in God's providence: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . ."

After he finished he turned, saluted and moved off. For a moment there was silence. Then somewhere in the rear ranks a voice, high and light, started to sing: "Someone to watch over me." A young officer was about to move towards the singer but the colonel stopped him and joined in the singing. Soon the entire company was singing.

When the last note had died into the distance the company bugler sounded The Last Post. The flag dipped and slowly sank to half-mast. A deeper silence spread over the square. Not a dead silence, for it was one that was filled with a feeling of tenderness towards someone who had always given tenderness. And in the far distance the flat slap of mortar fire, the roar of the larger guns, echoed. No, it was not a dead silence, but it was a moment's pause for someone who had gone. Again the same voice started to sing. This time, Limehouse Blues.

The bittersweet music wavered and played over that odd-looking Korean landscape. When it had died down the colonel rubbed at his eyes with the back of his hand and dismissed the company with a nod.

One little cockney, stumping his way up the hill to the field kitchen, turned and looked back. The parade square was empty. The flag was flying high again. Standing there on the hill, he snapped a salute and said aloud, "Good-by Gertie. You was the sweetest Goddamned Limey I ever saw!"

The next day, the handful of people who were closest to Gertrude trudged up the path of the little hillside cemetery in Upton, Massachusetts. It was a perfect New England day—bright, crisp and cool. The September leaves of maples were tinged with gold; sunshine sparkled on the lake below.

Halfway up the slope we stopped at the grass-covered knoll which, since Revolutionary days, has been set apart as a resting place for the Aldriches. Around us, under a score of simple granite headstones, lay Aldrich wives of earlier generations: Zilpah, Patience, Abigail, Hannah.

There, near them and next to my mother, we laid to rest my Gertrude, "Mrs. A"—the English girl who, by her love and eager understanding, had made herself a part of America, a part of my family and a part of me. END

"KITCHEN-LAUNDRY TO SUIT ME"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

out, "for those corner cabinets with whirl-around shelves." The kitchen sink is midway between range and refrigerator, and beside it is a dishwasher that fits in under the counter. When the stainless-steel door is opened, the top or bottom rack rolls out independently, making it easy to load so that soiled dishes never pile up. The ice-making gas-model refrigerator—"It brings in teen-agers from miles around"—turns out continual crescents of ice until a generous bin is full and never disappoints a thirsty young crowd gathering after a tennis game.

For snacks, the family gathers in the dining section that overlooks a porch and is wallpapered in pink, turquoise and dark blue floral print. The blinds are split wood with colored cotton stripes woven in. Her triple-duty kitchen, I decided, is just as fresh as a mountain breeze, and I *don't* wonder if that architect she converted isn't right now carrying her invigorating idea to other new home planners! END

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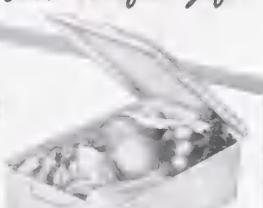
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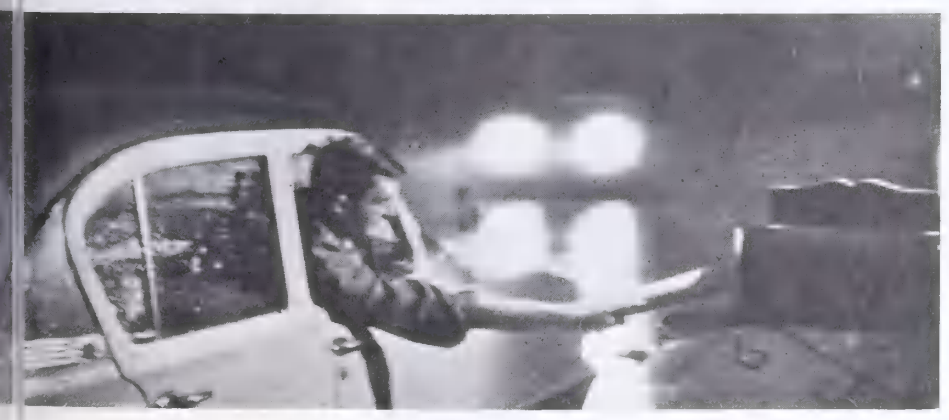
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

THE PINK-HOUSE BOBOS

Their day begins at 3 A.M. in Atlanta, Georgia.

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

er 90-mile route each morning, Barham delivers papers. "Missed one day—got 75 phone calls."



IT is three o'clock in the morning. In the hilly residential section north of Atlanta, the houses are dark, the curving roads empty. But in the kitchen of a small house perched on a hilltop, one light burns cheerfully. There Dottie Bobo, mahogany hair hanging loose and green eyes sleepy, clutches her flowered housecoat about her and droops over the skillet. Her husband Barham ("Pronounce it like *bear*," suggests Dottie, "and then sort of tack on *m-m-m-m*") folds his lanky 6′ 2″ into a kitchen chair and waits for his customary breakfast of orange juice, toast, three scrambled eggs, coffee—and perhaps some cold sliced meat from last night's supper.

"I simply refuse to fry bacon at three A.M.!" says Dottie—but she takes the early rising as a matter of course, scrambling eggs with her eyes shut, then wandering back to bed after drowsily checking on five-year-old Jennie, curled in her lower





Entertaining is held down because family bedtime is 9:30, "but we see all our friends at Sunday services." Bo (9) wears his uniform, Jennie (5) her prettiest hat.

After first call to breakfast at 3 A.M., Dottie goes back to sleep, gets up to make second breakfast at 7 A.M. for whole family. "Our most expensive meal."



At 1 P.M. Dottie is through housekeeping, waits till Barham brings car home from school so she can shop clearances. She buys 2 or 3 sizes ahead for children.

bunk, and Bo, nine, sprawled in his upper. A few minutes later, the kitchen light goes out, in the driveway the headlights of their '54 car sweep an arc through the darkness—and Barham is off on his regular ninety-mile paper route.

Delivering subscribers' copies of the Atlanta Constitution is Barham's hard-earned answer to the difficult problem of how to support a family and pay for a house while working toward his Georgia Tech degree in mechanical engineering. The problem began in 1946, when Barham, fresh out of the Army, went to work for Carrier Air Conditioning and tried to forget his interrupted college education. Fo years later, the idea of giving up a stea job paying $100 a week to live on the $1 a month provided by the GI Bill st seemed so impossible that Barham tried while longer to compromise—worki part time at Carrier while going to nig school. Then, after a year of unsuccessfu juggling class hours, study hours and wor ing hours, he heard about the chance getting a paper route.

"I decided to take it," he says. ' seemed like quite a sacrifice then—brea ing completely with Carrier after fi years, going to CONTINUED ON PAGE



Barham does his studying at night . . .



sometimes stays clearheaded for weeks . . .



at other times falls asleep at his desk.



Tests keep him up. Dottie reminds

rham left his $100-a-week job
to go to Georgia Tech full time.
s monthly GI allowance of $120
nd paper-route income of $170
pport the family while he studies.

Small Bo goes to military school from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. At home he's a handy man. With $20 gift he bought a lawn mower and cuts grass for family and friends.





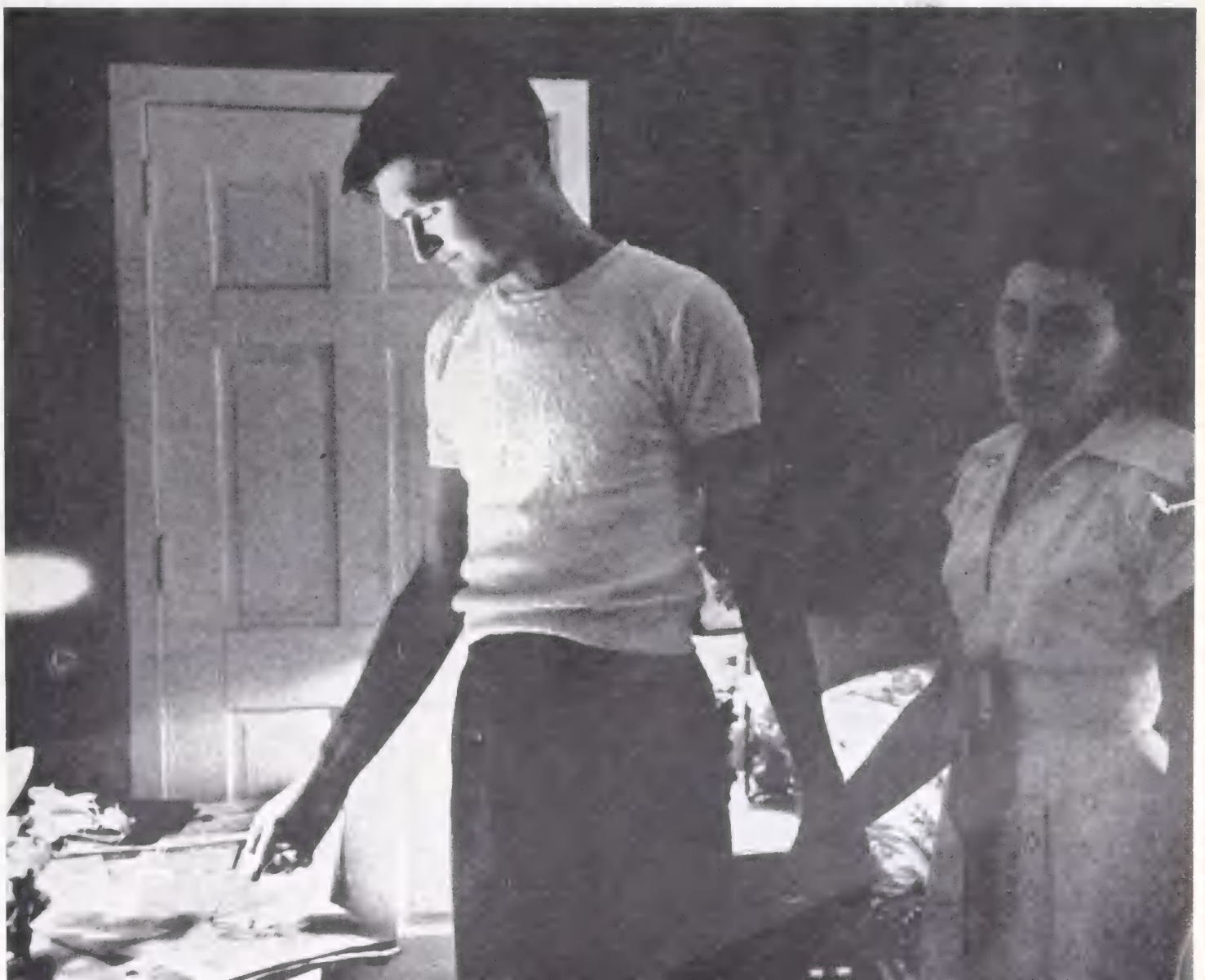
Jennie, like Bo, handles her own money. Last year she bought 14 Christmas gifts for $2.10. Her main interests: modeling, making pudding, dancing when dad takes a break.

At 30, he debated returning to college: "Suppose I don't try? How will I feel the rest of my life?" Is the current struggle worth it? You get a resounding "Yes!"

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES



nevitably rings at 2:30 A.M.



Dottie says, "If I don't get out, I get cross. I'm more social than he is." Barham encourages her in churchwork (she heads women's circle) with one veto: no long phone calls for her while he studies.



After B.S., Barham may stay on for master's degree, is already sought for jobs. Dottie's first thought on offer is "to see how far north it is."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

school full time, counting on the paper route plus the GI allowance to support us when we'd been used to four hundred dollars a month. But I felt very strongly about it. I thought, 'Suppose I don't *try?* How will I feel the rest of my life?' I had the chance, and whether I succeeded or failed, at least I wouldn't have passed it up."

Now, three years after that decision, the GI allowance does little more than pay for food and clothing—but by 3½ hours of hard driving each morning and occasional afternoons spent collecting bills, Barham manages to earn about $170 more. "I don't know that it's something an engineer should brag about," he says, "but folks declare I'm the best paperboy in town."

Driving through the dark countryside, sitting "like an old hen" on a nest of rolled newspapers, Barham feels "a sort of protective ownership" toward all the quiet houses. He handles his car like a polo pony; has developed a marvelous sense of timing (which enables him to insert a paper deftly into a tube in a split second) and an immunity against the spine-jolting CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

Their roots are deep in the South, among families and traditions both grew up with.

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES

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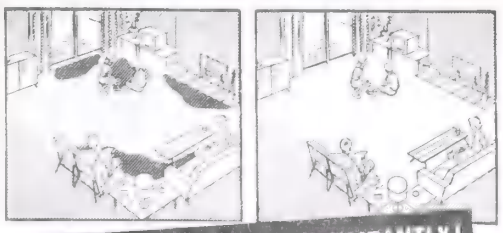
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THIS DAY GIVE THANKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

were developed by present-day villagers from very old receipts that were treasured by the womenfolk of the area in early times, and by their daughters and *their* daughters. We'll start with fresh oyster soup:

FRESH OYSTER SOUP

Chop 1 quart drained oysters and 1 medium onion. Simmer together in 1 quart water, which later in the game will remind you of the flavor of the oysters. In a small skillet blend ¼ cup flour with ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Cook 2 minutes without browning. Add this to the oysters and simmer 10 minutes, stirring all the while. (You've heard what happens if you don't? Why, lumps and horrors!) Take from the heat and force through a fine sieve. Add 6 tablespoons light cream, salt and pepper to taste, and reheat. Put a rosette of salted whipped cream on top and flirt the paprika shaker over it. Takes off that too innocent whiteness, that unfinished look of plaster awaiting the painter. Serve hot as Tophet, with toasted cheese crackers.

"*Turkey shoot.*" The men in the family in the early 1800's often earned their Thanksgiving birds in shooting competitions called "turkey shoots." Aren't you glad you don't have to depend on your spouse's prowess, but can buy your turkey all dressed, ready for the oven? In case you aren't an old hand at turkey roasting or have forgotten the minor and major details since the last one, here is the up-to-date business on the bird:

ROAST TURKEY

Wash turkey and pat dry. Singe and remove any stray pinfeathers with tweezers. Cut a V in tail to remove sac. Remove neck if butcher didn't. Fill with cornbread stuffing as I shall report it to you, or stick to the sage-bread stuffing you're used to. Allow 1¼ cups stuffing per pound—ready-to-cook weight, that is. Fasten openings with poultry pins. Fold wing tips back under, in toward body. The wings will act as a brace for the bird in roaster and on platter later. Lace a long length of cord through poultry pins to tail. Bring the legs together and tie together securely (same piece of cord), then tie to tail. Run under the back, up and under wing tips, and pull back down and tie securely to the legs again. Rub softened butter or margarine all over turkey. Roast in moderately slow oven, 325° F., 3–3½ hours for 8–10 pound turkeys, 4–4½ for 11–13 pound, 4¾–5½ hours for 14–16 pound. Baste occasionally with pan drippings. Remove pins and cord and transfer to platter. Make gravy from drippings.

Well, to get on—or back—to the stuffing.

CORN-BREAD STUFFING

Cook 1 pound sausage meat in a frying pan with 2 tablespoons water over low heat. When the sausage is cooked, remove meat and sauté ⅓ cup chopped onion and 1 cup finely diced celery in sausage fat. Add 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix this with the sausage meat and 8 cups corn bread crumbled fine and even. This is enough to stuff a 12-to-15-pound turkey. Don't pound in *any* stuffing as if you were driving a nail in a cement shingle. Use the light or second-base hitting strengt member to fill the sac up near the of the bird, so its "figger" is preserv is an important business.

Good to see—good to eat. Think satisfied with letting corn bread take big job of backboning the turkey an stuffing the main chance, the center e ner! Why, this turkey is almost the r a dinner. Not stopping the corn-br ness there, another corn-bread recei arunning. These are the w. k. co baked in the shape of ears of co stripped and brought from hill or r garden. The way of doing these litt tions is hereby given for free.

CORN STICKS

Sift together in a mixing bowl 1⅓ c ⅔ cup corn meal, 2 teaspoons bak der, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 tablespoo Beat 1 egg only enough to whisk it few times, like "Ladies change" fiddler calls it, to it ⅔ cup cream-style c blespoons mel ter or margari cup milk. Pour ture into the d dients, stir jus to dampen. D Turn into well heated co pans. If thee lurking near can't borrow, muffins. Wha name? A co called by an name would good—*if* you sticks! Bake oven, 400° F minutes. Mak a dozen.

When the pumpkin— fodder's in the that spells the summer. The has blossomed And in the fi meadows the has been garn gathered into b

In the cornfi were left to the the great gol glowing betwee nuded rows where now t stalks are awa reaper, and th kins are safe in the cellar retreat. N time for the best of these to be set a homely and anticipated mission. Th kin-pie season is at hand. Up in New Thanksgiving wouldn't be what it i pumpkin pie. The pumpkin belt is and the pie makings are fresh. But fo ies don't grow pumpkins There is no box variety, so they grow theirs in c from there on the treatment is t Now you take it away and I'll tell y

PUMPKIN PIE

Mix together 3 cups canned pumpki brown sugar, 1 cup granulated suga spoon salt, 1 teaspoon each of nutm namon and ginger and ¼ teaspoon cloves and allspice. Add 4 eggs, be not *too* beaten, with ¼ cup melted margarine. Add to the pumpkin mix mix well. Pour into a 10″ unbaked Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 10 min duce the heat to 350° F. and bake 40 longer, until the center is set, whe with a silver knife. Now I'm sure y there's something wrong—no milk c But this pie is *all* pumpkin and spicier one I have never tasted. I

RITUAL FOR TEARS

By FRANCES BRAGAN RICHMAN

Grandmother Stewart had no time to weep,
She turned her back on death and walked away.
Never a stone to mark where her first-born lay,
Only a cluster of bluebells set to keep
The color of his eyes in blowing grass
Where the wagon train broke over the mountain pass.

Grandfather Stewart was a kindly man
Who had no words of comfort for his wife.
The only gift he gave her was his life,
And yet he saw her need, as such men can.
In grandma's garden, so the story tells,
Each spring he set one cluster of bluebells.

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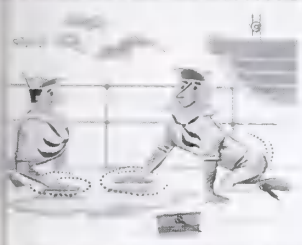
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_____State_____

frosted with whipped cream, sweetened with maple sugar. And cheese goes along.

Marlborough—a name. This time we are thinking of a pie—not a duke—and a New England apple pie at that. Remember there's quite a difference in apples. Quite a difference between a Pound Sweet and a Northern Spy, for example. And there's a great gulf between their uses and their destinies. A Pound Sweet makes the best boiled-cider applesauce ever. It used to be made in the fall and put down in the cellar to ripen in Bennington crocks. We use those nowadays for lamps and umbrella stands. And now for

MARLBOROUGH PIE

Core and quarter 6 tart apples, cook them in ¼ cup water until tender. The time depends on the size, the kind and the make-up of the apples. Try them with a silver fork and you'll know when they're as tender as love's old sweet song. Then strain and add 1 teaspoon butter or margarine and cool. Meanwhile line a deep pie dish, 9″ in diameter, with pastry, using 2 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅔ cup shortening and 4 tablespoons cold water. Maybe you'll go for the ready-made mix. It's good. Add 2 eggs, beaten just to say "beat," ¼ cup lemon juice (if apples are very tart, add only 2 tablespoons), 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind and 1 cup sugar to the cooled apple mixture. In the receipts where grated rinds are included, I add it in the sugar—mixed, you know. Good distribution, as in six hearts at bridge. If you can get it. Pour the combined mixture into the unbaked pastry shell and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven, 375° F. Roll out a piece of the pastry and cut out a few turkey shapes. Bake. You'll garnish the top with the baked turkey shapes—I guess; and carry out the Thanksgiving theme. Serve cold, with a slab of Vermont two-year-old sage cheese.

A hard nut to crack. It's the butternut. Take a two-year-old butternut, a discarded old anvil or a "sadiron," a heavy hammer or hatchet and the strongest man in town. After half an hour's work you *may* count as many as five meats; half of one may be intact. The four are dust. So my advice is, buy your butternuts from one who cracks them in secret by a secret method; and then, with Vermont maple sugar, make for your next party and, if you feel strong, for Thanksgiving—maple-butternut cake.

MAPLE-BUTTERNUT CAKE

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine, gradually adding 1 cup sugar. Beat 4 egg yolks until light, then beat in gradually 1 cup sugar. Add the beaten yolks to the butter mixture. Sift together 3 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add to the batter alternately with 1 cup milk and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Fold in 4 egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Add 1 cup chopped butternuts. Black walnuts are also high style, and black walnuts are as shy as a little girl on the first day of school. So plain walnuts are a good bet and so are pecans. Pour the batter into 2 greased 9″ layer-cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35 to 40 minutes. When cool, frost with maple icing.

Maple Icing: Cream ½ cup butter or margarine, add 1 cup grated hard maple sugar, a little at a time. Add 1 egg and beat well. Beat in 3 cups confectioners' sugar, 1 cup at a time, and beat until very smooth and ready to occupy its appointed place on the cake. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and frost the cake. Decorate or not as suits you. Nuts and crystallized fruits are just panting to get in the act, and do a first-rate job when capably directed. But it's up to you.

In the past. You have read some of the thoughts of the author of this piece on past days, almost forgotten ways; together we have traveled into a past that is very far off, and coming out of the dust that hid us from sight a little while found ourselves in the sunlight-smitten present. It was a good journey.

Your ANNIE

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A full-size, 6′3″x33″ bed was chosen for Bo, who promises to be tall like his father. His bed and trundle underneath were made from simple frames with flat springs attached for $20 each. Foam-rubber mattresses cost $39.40 each. Plaid material for curtains and bedspreads was 79 cents a yard. Desk chair cost $2 in an Atlanta secondhand shop.

The man-sized closet measures 5′ a
is 24″ deep, with extra drawers and
shelves to house toys now, clothes l
Doors on either side of the closet
were cut in half, and hinged, to fold
and take up less space in close quar



"It's always been our dream to turn our 7′x11′ screen porch into a room for young 'Bo.' But we want it to be a room that can grow up with him."

Young Home-Builders

By NANCY CRAWFORD

"FOR one thing," said Dottie Bobo, "the porch has a door leading out into the yard, and Bo could come and go as he pleases. How wonderful that would be when the time comes for him to have dates! The problem is, how can we make the most of the small space so that he can use the room when he's nineteen as well as nine?"

It was a fairly simple matter to wall in the porch on three sides. White composition tile was chosen for the ceiling, to act as insulation and give a "finished" effect. Bo himself picked the soft blue for the walls—his favorite color, chosen from a box of soap powder he found in his mother's kitchen. A capacious closet was built into one corner—grown-up size, with the future in mind. Now the extra space is used for a toy chest, and extra drawers are filled with odd boxing gloves, baseballs, catcher's mitts, and so on.

"He loves to have friends in overnight," said Dottie. "Could we possibly do anything about that? There isn't room for two beds." An extra trundle bed proved to be the answer, mounted on rollers, fitting neatly under Bo's bed, easily pulled out and made up when small guests come to stay.

"The biggest problem of all is his electric train. *Where* can we put that? There isn't room for it anywhere unless we set it up in the living room, and then we trip over it all the time." A 36″x60″ plywood board was installed next to the closet, hinged to the wall near the floor. Narrow 4″ shelves on one side house the cars and other train equipment. On the other side of the board Barham mounted the train tracks. When Bo wants to use his train, he simply removes the cars from the shelves, lets down the board from the wall, and goes to it.



Above, complete floor plan for the co
arrangement of furniture in Bo's new



Board with train tracks on one side, shelves for cars and train signals on the other, is hinged 4″ off the floor, has a hook-and-eye catch near the top within Bo's reach. He pushes desk, across the room, to one side to make room for 5′ span of tracks before letting board down from the wall.



B.ıam and Dottie decided to lay a brick hearth for the prefabricated fireplace in their new living-playroom. right, five-year-old Jennie gives a hand with mixing r tar. Hearth is raised 6″ from the floor, extends 4′ up he wall in back. The Bobos installed a prefabricated chimney; stovepipe connections for fireplace, however, could be made to any flues previously built o oves or ranges. Cost of prefabricated fireplace: $150.





love to do needlework," says Bobo, "and Jennie's just like At right, a new mother-and-ghter idea—Dottie and Jennie on this clown rug for Jennie's for a month, picking it up for our or so every day. Little 3″ of yarn are hooked onto the vas with a new patented latch hich knots each strand securely place, forming a deep 1″ pile. ng the rug involves no frame, you can easily carry it around ou wherever you want to work.

Young
AMERICA LIVES

Did you know?



Jennie Bobo's play table, above, is really a 40″-square plywood top, hinged down the center for easy storing. Placed on any small low table, it makes a large area for a child's coloring and cutouts. Its most practical feature: the plywood top is coated with a new chemical liquid rubber, applied with a brush, which forms a hard, durable, washable surface. Hinged table tops cost $4.95 apiece. Liquid rubber costs $3.18 per quart.

If you have been looking for attractive screens to camouflage a radiator or set off a dining nook, you might try the plain, inexpensive screens that you decorate yourself. Each screen has three plywood panels, to paint or wallpaper as you choose, costs under $10.



There's a new lacquer enamel for touching up scratches and nicks on your car. Comes in pressurized cans, in most stock colors used on cars today. Does a professional-looking job. Good, too, for sprucing up children's metal toys.



Did you know you could roll a design on your walls? There's a new paint roller on the market which applies a textured design over painted surfaces. Comes in five different patterns—one of the easiest ways to give new life to a room.

Did you know that you can buy draperies-in-a-package? Draw draperies now come with finished pinch-pleated tops—all you need to do is hem the bottoms according to the length you want. Kit also includes lead weights for hems, tape measure, pins and needles. Draperies come in many attractive patterns, modern and traditional designs.

Did you know about the new sheets of self-adhesive plastic? They require no paste to apply; you just peel off the backing, and smooth over the surface you want covered. Wonderful for coffee-table tops, lamp shades, picture frames, and so on. Come in wood-grain patterns, marbles, stripes and solid colors, too; 18″ wide, 59 cents per yard.



Pink-and-white gingham shirt dresses with bias band detail down the front. Mother's, Vogue Design No. 8325. Child's, Design No. 2704.

Quilted calico patchwork skirts topped by white peasant blouses with calico patches. Mother's skirt, No. 8109; blouse, No. 8204. Child's blouse and skirt, 2698.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WARDROBES

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor of the Journal

Pretty Jennie Bobo thinks it's great fun to dress like her mother, and often does. Both Jennie and her mother have pretty figures and love color, so quite naturally their favorite dresses are bright red cut in princess lines. Gray flannel coats, velveteen party dresses, gay quilted calico skirts and gingham shirt dresses complete their "look-alike" wardrobes.





Turquoise velveteen party dresses . . . simple in design and accented with pink sashes. Mother's, Design No. 7512. Child's, No. 2715.

Gay red flannel princess dresses with trim white collars, gay ribbon ties. Mother's dress, Vogue Design No. 8182. Child's dress, Vogue Design No. 2697.

Gray flannel princess coats with black velvet collars, go over everything. Mother's coat, Vogue Design No. 7594. Child's coat, Vogue Design No. 2686.



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Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on page 218. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) If you desire shipment first-class mail, please send 5¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

Leaflet No. 2626, Ideas for Young Clothes, has wonderful ideas for trimming and making children's clothes. Send 2 HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Pennsylvania residents please a

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And when you have a professional hair-do, you'll discover it's the hair spray used and preferred by better beauty salons across the country.

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Betty Crocker



FILL UP THE COOKY JAR! EACH BOX MAKES 36 BIG FUDGY BROWNIES!

Southern SPECIALTIES the easy way

Here are six pet dishes from my men favorites of ours whether we're asking friends having just a family dinner. **By DOTTIE**

Sunday-Night Casserole. Take 1 pound ground beef chuck, season with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper, shape into tiny meat balls, about ¾″ in diameter. Brown these in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a skillet; then remove from skillet. Chop 2 large onions very fine (about ⅔ cup), and brown in skillet, adding a little more butter or margarine if necessary. Add 1 No. 2 can tomatoes; heat, then add one ½-pound package sharp process cheese, and 2 large garlic cloves, crushed. Arrange quart casserole alternate lay pound spaghetti, cooked mushy soft), 1 tablespoon fresh parsley, 8 slices bacon and crumbled, and the meat sauce. Bake ½ hour in a oven, 350° F. Serves 4.

Sunday-Night Casser
Cucumber-and-Onio Salad with Sour Cre
Frozen Strawberrie



STUART



Young
HOW AMERIC

Baked Pork Chops w Beans
Tossed Vegetable Sa with Mayonnaise Dressing
Georgia Pecan Pie

Baked Pork Chops with Beans. Whenever I possibly can, I cook dishes in double quantity, and freeze half for another time. This really makes life easier for all of us, particularly in a household where I'm often called on to produce meals at odd hours of the day. I'll bake two of these pork-chop casseroles, for instance, at one time, so that there'll be a spare in the freezer. Season 4 good-sized pork chops with salt and pepper and brown them well in a skillet. Then place them low baking dish. Drain fat fr and sauté 1½ cups choppe and ½ cup chopped green ¼ cup butter or margarine clove garlic, crushed, one can Boston-style baked bean chili sauce, 1 tablespoon bro 1 tablespoon Worcestershi and 1 tablespoon prepared Pour over chops. Bake 1 hou erate oven, 350° F. Serves 4.



Toasting marshmallows in the new fireplace is the children's idea of the perfect dessert.

Southern Creamed Tuna with Rice
Stuffed-Lettuce Salad
Frozen Pineapple Chunks



Creamed Tuna. Sauté [illegible] chopped onion in [illegible]ter or margarine. [illegible] tablespoons flour. [illegible]d 1 cup canned [illegible] and 1 cup light [illegible]k and stirring un- [illegible] thickened. Add 3 [illegible]opped dill pickle, [illegible]rd-cooked eggs, [illegible] teaspoon salt and [illegible] pepper. Flake [illegible]ans tuna into [illegible]. Add to cream [illegible]th cooked rice [illegible] e 3-ounce can [illegible]ooms, drained. [illegible]gs.

[illegible] Salad. Cut out [illegible]um-sized head [illegible] to make siza- [illegible]ten 1 package [illegible]nd mix with 1 [illegible]eese, 3 table- [illegible]fort or blue [illegible]espoons finely [illegible] 1 tablespoon [illegible]espoons chopped green [illegible] taste. Fill cavity of let- [illegible]chill. Cut into wedges [illegible] French dressing.



Corned-Beef-and-Rice Casserole
Green Beans
Apple-Meringue Squares

[illegible]nd-Rice Casserole. [illegible]nely chopped onion in [illegible] tablespoons butter or [illegible]d 1 can corned beef cut [illegible] and brown a little [illegible] 2 large cloves garlic, [illegible]spoon *orégano*, 1 tea- [illegible] tablespoon chopped [illegible]ps cooked rice (fluffy). [illegible]er and turn out into a [illegible]ole (or leave in skillet, [illegible]e new colorful range- [illegible] Heat 10 minutes in [illegible]° F. Serves 4.

[illegible] Squares. Cream [illegible] margarine, add [illegible] cup sugar and beat thoroughly. Add 2 egg yolks, ⅔ cup fine, soft bread crumbs, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind; mix well. Add 1⅓ cups sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix well (dough will be very stiff). Spread half of the dough in bottom of greased 10″x6″x2″ baking dish. Peel, core and slice 2 medium-size cooking apples very thin and place over dough. Sprinkle lightly with ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and 2 tablespoons sugar and cover with ⅓ cup finely chopped walnuts. Spread remaining dough over apples. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 25 minutes. Beat 2 egg whites until nearly, but not quite, stiff; add a pinch of salt and ¼ cup sugar, a spoonful at a time, beating until stiff. Spread on cake; sprinkle ½ cup walnuts on top. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 10 to 12 minutes, until a delicate brown. Makes 6 servings.



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Ideas for Thanksgiving



Cut Ocean Spray Jellied Sauce in fancy shapes.

Children love 'em. (Crush left-over bits and spread on breakfast toast, or use for between-meal snacks.)



Or make a Magnificent Salad.

Here's a favorite: Dissolve **1 package raspberry gelatin** in **1½ cups hot water.** When partially set, fold in **1 can Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce (Jellied or Whole)** and **one whole ground orange (rind and pulp).** Chill until firm.



Delicious dessert for Thanksgiving Night . . .

Royal Cranberry Sundae.

Spoon **Whole Cranberry Sauce** over **vanilla ice cream.** Sprinkle generously with **brown sugar** and **cinnamon** mixed in this proportion: **½ cup brown sugar, 2 tsps. cinnamon.**







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Beauty Prescription WITH A MAN IN MIND

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

"FLATTERY *will* get you somewhere," says Barham Bobo, who receives as much from his wife as he bestows on her. After eleven years of marriage, two children and more financial downs than ups, Barham and Dottie thrive on the kind of mutual admiration that reaches out from their hearts to spread warmth and happiness throughout their home.

Following are some everyday examples of why this husband-and-wife team still have that honeymoon look in their eyes:

DOTTIE: Barham always gives me the feeling he is a lucky guy to have married me. He never leaves the house in the morning or arrives home at night without a kiss for me (and I don't mean a husbandly peck on the forehead!). What's more, he telephones me every afternoon to ask about the children and tell me he loves me. His flattering attention gives me something to look forward to—and live up to!

BARHAM: Dottie makes me feel she needs me, that we need each other—that's the way a man wants his girl to feel about him. She's as apt to ask my opinion on whether our little girl looks prettiest in pink or blue as ask whether we need new tires for the car. It gives me a feeling of sharing in every aspect of our lives. Other couples often seem independent of each other, quite capable of going their separate ways. That's not happy marriage, to our way of thinking.

DOTTIE: We disagree as married folks, but we make a effort to compromise, to ge ferences before they have ac out of proportion. For ins sonality Barham and I are day and night. I'm overly easy mixer, love big social af is shy, quiet, happiest in sn close friends. In the begin sented a problem. At part busy bustling about and en I'd forget to introduce Barh to draw him into conversa days, I make a conscious him toward people with wh would get along easily and the most part, I've learned preferences for quiet soci knowing I have plenty of gregarious nature in wom afternoon clubs, church bang-up parties for the chi

BARHAM: Dottie someh never to have that end-of draggled look, despite the all her own work and gets u ing at two-thirty A.M. to breakfast for me before I newspaper-delivery route. she's doing dishes or clean clothes look fresh and orde some extra touch—a ribbo a pretty apron—something

DOTTIE: Take clothes. very feminine things, fitted,

Can you answer "yes" to thes

Do you:

Complete your efforts to look your prettiest while you are ge go out, and then relax about your appearance and concentrate on ente

Act happy to be with him, smile easily and often?

Avoid embarrassing him by drawing attention to your shortc hair's a mess tonight," or "I don't know why I ever bought this dress"

Accept his compliments quickly and graciously without (1) detailed description of the diet that got you your 21″ waistline or (2) fluffing it off, suggesting you think he's insincere?

Occasionally compliment him on the way *he* looks?

Create an aura of warmth and worthiness in your relationsh without being assuming or possessive?



LEOMBRUNO · BODI

ottie Bobo believes it's more important for a wife to look pretty across e breakfast table than across a crowded room. Her every-morning glamour achieved in less than five minutes. Freshly washed face brightened with a sh of lipstick; brushed hair; becoming housecoat. Maybe this pretty vision what makes Barham telephone her every afternoon just to say, "I love you!"

e dressy things, too, but I hin they're as smart or practical re clothes. So I see to it that date housecoats for evenings at ne ure up to Barham's ideal. I'll ery ttle for them (Barham doesn't he tails, just the effect!), saving jor ortion of my clothes allow- re practical investments. This 'r both satisfied.

I'll never forget the second honeymoon when I told Dot- fume smelled like ordinary slipped out before I had a to alize I'd dropped a potential el But Dottie took it like a an clever—wife. She vowed never it gain. All I had to do in return go out and buy her a generous of erfume which she and I *both*

Barham's obvious pleasure ght (123 pounds), waist (23") ize (9) are the same as they fc we were married is my main re keeping them that way. I s a three-pound leeway, but if es o up beyond that, I start cut- vi t's easier to resist the tempta- at ning foods when your husband y mpliments you on your pretty I ink it's the husband who is n esponsible for the wife who "lets herself go." A little male encouragement and praise can go a long way in prompting any woman to work at being her most attractive.

BARHAM: Dottie shows *her* appreciation too. It makes me want to bring her the flowers I know she loves, or to manage some little surprise gift whenever I can.

DOTTIE: Out of necessity, our lives are so full of *practical* expenditures, Barham and I both get a kick out of giving and receiving something sentimental or extravagant occasionally. For instance, I'll select something for him I know he wouldn't buy for himself—a pair of gold cuff links, a handsome leather billfold. When I was expecting Bo and we were budgeting right down to our last penny, Barham surprised me with the most frivolous little bed jacket to take to the hospital—and when Jennie was one day old she received a tiny white orchid (miniature of the one I received) with a card, "Love from Daddy." There are times when a budget just has to be stretched to allow room for some little expression of love and appreciation.

BARHAM: Do we sound unbelievably happy with each other—still very much in love?

DOTTIE: Well, we are. And that's the way we always want it to be!

...m your man?

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

ak softly, even if it means you have to make a conscious effort to tune to a lower, prettier pitch?

him know you are sincerely interested in hearing about (and commenting e asks) his workaday world?

oid trying to "prove" your popularity by discussing other (real or make- tes and parties?

tter him by wearing a certain color or dress he particularly likes on you?

him know you can have plenty of fun "doing nothing" by making a social an evening in which he hasn't had to spend a penny for entertainment?

oid extremes in clothes and manner, knowing conservative taste combined hative touches has sure-fire appeal for *any* man?



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for children
for laundry
for eating
even for sleeping

Practically Perfect

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND

BELIEVE it or not, this room has almost everything! When Dorothy and Barham Bobo built the new 14′ x 25′ room onto the rear of their little pink prefab, they wanted it to serve many purposes. Needing more play area for their two energetic youngsters, they provided ample storage space for toys in large closets, chose a tough, practical floor covering. Tired of doubling up uncomfortably when family came to stay, they now have two extra beds converted easily by means of drop backs from their handsome sofas. Underneath the shuttered cabinet-counter are, of all things, a washer and dryer, as well as space for silver, dishes, trays. The dining area with its black table and benches is a great improvement over the tiny alcove in their small living room. Now Dottie can indulge her enthusiasm for church group meetings and children's parties, serving tea or dinner buffet style, made easy by a pass-through which was formerly the outside kitchen window. The living end is attractive and hard-wearing, with bright printed-denim sofa covers, vivid turquoise armchair. It's perfect for entertaining, for quiet reading and studying, and the children love to toast marshmallows or pop corn in the fireplace. All the Bobos are delighted with the appearance and heat-giving qualities of their "portable" fireplace which was about half the cost of a conventional one. Throughout this pine-paneled room, the color scheme is simple but bright and cheerful, materials hardy and practical, exactly suiting its character and infinite usefulness.



Entertaining is made easy in the sunny dining area by an ample counter under kitchen pass-throu

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KATHERINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

Men-at-arms swarmed over the heath with spears and battle-axes. The bewildered peasants could not resist. The armored men—who had been at this work since dawn—grabbed them, bound their ankles with leather thongs and flung them to their knees on the trampled grass near the king.

The village women and Katherine were not harmed, though they were shoved roughly out of the way. Katherine, as dumfounded as the helpless rebels, pushed through the milling mass of soldiers, intent on speaking somehow to Richard, when she saw among the captives the matted flaxen hair and meager body of Cob o' Fenton.

Cob's wrists were tied and he had around his waist a rope that was fastened to some soldier's saddle. His jerkin and leather trunks had been torn, his dirty little body was bruised and bleeding.

"Cob!" Katherine cried, trying to get closer to him, but one of the armored men pushed her back, saying, "Can't ye see the king is speaking!"

She did not hear what the king said, but he had pushed his visor up and she could see a cruel half-smile on his girlish pink-and-white face.

One of the new captives, the blacksmith, called, "But, sire, ye gave us all our freedom. Here's the charter they gave me!" The man waved a ragged piece of parchment.

Richard backed his horse around, then, standing high in the stirrups, shrilled out, "What fools ye be—you thought to frighten your king! You had it all your way for a time, did you not? That time is past!"

He spurred his horse and cantered near the bound blacksmith, leaned over and plucked the charter from the blacksmith's hand. Richard drew his jeweled dagger and sliced through the parchment until he could tear it to a dozen fragments. He flung the fragments over his shoulder. "Now you see what use I make of your charter!" he cried. "Serfs you are, and serfs you shall remain. Some of you'll return to your own manors and whatever punishment your lords wish to mete out to you. But those who've dared defy me openly shall be brought to trial today—and dealt with *fittingly*."

The king's words rang out into a deathly quiet. Katherine saw Cob put his hands against his face and slump forward on the rope that held him.

Her heart pounded in her throat. She darted around the man-at-arms and ran out into the open space by the king.

"Your Grace!" she cried. "Sire! A boon!"

Richard looked down in amazement at this poorly clad widow with the pilgrim scrip and staff. "What is it, dame?"

"Your Grace," said Katherine, "I want that serf tied to yon rope." She pointed at Cob. "He's mine! You don't know me, your Grace? Yet last Christmastide we shared wassail at Leicester Castle." She opened her scrip, fumbled inside and brought out the duke's sapphire signet ring. She held it up so that only he could see the carved Lancastrian crest.

Richard stared at the ring, then into her wide gray eyes. He cried, "'Tis Lady Swy——"

"Your Grace, for the love of God, don't name me!" she whispered frantically. "No one must know—it is for penance."

Richard's capricious fancy was caught. He would have questioned her except that it was forbidden to infringe upon a penitential vow. He leaned down from the saddle. "You want that churl? Is he truly yours, lady?"

"Aye," Katherine said, "from Kettlethorpe, a fugitive. I would deal with him myself."

"*I* would have drawn and quartered him, and hope you do," said Richard, his eyes sparkling. "When my men caught him back there in the forest, he screamed all manner of treason. But you shall have him."

"*Grand merci*, most gracious Majesty. Wait, my lord, I pray you. I have a daughter, Blanchette, of your own age. Do you remember her at Leicester?"

"I think so," answered Richard. "She was small with ruddy curls."

"Have you seen aught of her since then?"

"Nay, lady, I have not—how odd a question."

"Forgive me." She curtsied and kissed the boy's gold gauntlet. "Christ's blessing on your generosity, sire."

Richard smiled graciously.

No one impeded her as she led her stumbling, dazed serf away from the heath, and they were at once forgotten when Richard and his army returned to the congenial punishment of the captured rebels.

SHE led Cob off the road into the forest until she saw a rain-water pool in a glade of holly bush and beeches. Katherine, pointing to the soft turf, said, "Rest here, Cob."

His pale-lashed eyes stared at her with numb hatred. But he collapsed on the edge of the pool and plunged his swollen purplish-black hands in the water. The leather thong that bound his wrists had bitten so deep that the flesh was puffed in ridges. He rested his elbows on the turf and, bending his face to the pool, lapped up water avidly.

Katherine unclasped her scrip again. In it she carried all that she possessed: the few



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had seized in the Savoy, the change
ined from the gold nobles, a comb, a
wel, a cup and a bone-handled knife.
ok out the knife and, kneeling by
d, "Keep your arms steady. Sainte
pray this knife is sharp enough."
mped back, staring in terror at the

Cob, Cob," said Katherine. "How
think I'd harm you? I want to cut
g for you."
ine slid the knife carefully between
and sawed on the tough thong. It
last, and she threw it on the turf.
ou can use your hands," she said,
st help me get that rope off too."
wallowed, staring at the cut thong.
'ye mean to do wi' me?" he gasped.
away from ye again, I'll ——" He
his lips on the threats he had nearly

rine came to him with the wet towel
nsed as best she could the raw abra-
stone cuts on the taut skin, and said
ftly, "Oh, Cob, have you had nought
We must get you food at Waltham."
" he cried, twisting out from her
Aye, I've had crusts from the monks
fronds in the forest, and thought me
whilst I still had me freedom!"
nk back, looking at the matted, sweat-
l tow hair, the *F* brand on the stubbly
ext to the pale, sullen, shifting eyes.
are free, Cob o' Fenton," said
e. "A freeman from this moment."
muscles jerked. He peered into her
en quickly down the shadowy glades
the beeches. "Ye think to diddle me,
' yet another trick! Aye—shout now
g's men, sure they
—string me up at
d ha' done wi' it."
ll wonder that you'll
eve me," said Kath-
adly. "Yet, Cob,
u think me so un-
for what you did
the Savoy burned?
lad you had your freedom from the
nce it seems that you have not, *I* give
u, Cob."
if 'twere true," he cried in a shaking
who'd believe it! Think ye I could go
to Kettlethorpe, in peace, to your
—d'ye know what *he'd* do to me?"
," said Katherine, rising. "You shall
writ of manumission under my seal,
s the steward will obey."
as many hours before Cob believed,
he came with her back to Waltham;
she brought him food, and a long
smock. She inquired from the hostel-
where she might find some man of law,
s directed to a clerk.
n the clerk understood that the widow
oney for a fee, he pulled out a fresh
ent and shoved a Bible toward Kath-
'Do you kiss the Book and truly swear
is serf is your property? Yours to dis-
f as you will?"
o," said Katherine.
at disposition would you make of him?"
ish to free him."
r what reason? It must go on the deed."
r the brave and loyal service he has
ed me, beyond his bondage duty," she
ftly.

clerk scribbled rapidly, asking at the
place for names. Katherine gave hers
eluctance, but the clerk had never heard
. He sanded the writing, stamped his
seal, demanded his fee, and thrust the
ment out to Cob.
herine put her arm around Cob's shoul-
nd led him out of the house. "Here,"
aid, smiling. "Cob—you dolt, you've
ed your writ of freedom. Sure that's no
o treat it!" She picked it up and, starting
cried, "Ah, no—don't," for the little
ad thrown himself on the road and was
g her bare feet.
y lady," he sobbed, "I'll serve ye till I
Oh, my lady—what can I do for ye?" He
his stained wet face, looking up at her
worship.
ray for me, Cob," said Katherine. " 'Tis
at you can do for me."

Cob and Katherine parted that afternoon at the fork where the North Road branched off to Walsingham. Cob begged to go with her, but she would not let him: the penance must be suffered alone. There was no happier man in England that day than Cob in his new smock, pennies in his pocket for the journey, and his writ of manumission sewed to his smock against his skin.

His joy could not help but lighten Katherine's heavy heart for a time, but when they had parted and she took up her lonely pilgrimage again, night fell on her spirit as it fell on the darkening ridges of the Essex hills.

She had no goal but Walsingham and the miracle, when the All Merciful Lady there would tell her how to find Blanchette, how to make reparation.

As she limped toward the hospice where she would spend the night, she stumbled on a rock that jutted up from the road, and pain shot through her wrenched ankle.

THE days and nights merged into a long gray plodding. The ankle swelled until she could not walk, and she lay over at a convent where the nuns were good to her. After some time her ankle healed. She gave the nuns her last jewel in gratitude, and they sent her on her way again, begging that she would remember them in her prayers at Walsingham.

It was on a searing-hot day that Katherine at last reached Houghton-in-the-dale, a mile south of the shrine, and stopped at the little stone slipper chapel. Every pilgrim was required to leave his shoes at the slipper chapel and walk the last mile barefoot. Katherine, who had no shoes to remove, drew apart, waiting until she might go in and say a prayer. So near at last to journey's end, she dared not let herself think of the holy sight which lay ahead of her, nor of the miracle she was certain would take place.

No May lasts seven months.
—DUTCH PROVERB

She prayed in the chapel and was filled with exalted hope. Her lassitude and headache vanished, she sped along the sacred mile beside the river. Her skin no longer reddened under the fierce sun rays, the soles of her feet were as tough and calloused as a friar's. She did not feel the torturing fleabites, nor the sweat that bathed her body under the hair shirt and the heavy black robe, nor the pain that had lately made so difficult the chewing of the coarse bread which was all she had allowed herself to eat since starting on pilgrimage. Foul-smelling little sores had broken out on her legs, but she had made no effort to poultice them. These afflictions were all sent by God to prove her true contrition, and would ensure the Blessed Lady's favor.

As she neared Walsingham, other penitential pilgrims joined her on the road, clad in sackcloth, wearing the wide palmer's hat, with ashes on their brows. These kept their eyes fixed on the ground as Katherine did.

The town itself was crammed with pilgrim hostels, cookshops and taverns; by the time Katherine reached the abbey gate she was one of a great throng, among them many cripples, and sick folk borne on litters by their relatives. There was a small postern in the abbey gate, and one by one they filed through.

Katherine's heart beat fast; she wanted to hold back, to think and pray again before entering the sacred enclosure, but she could not. Canons hurried the folk along. They were herded first through a little chapel, where they knelt and kissed a bone, big as the shank of an ox. It was the finger bone of St. Peter, the attendant canon told them, watching while the pilgrims put pennies in a box.

They left the chapel and went through a covered way into a shed thatched with reeds and straw, garnished with flowers. Here on the ground there were two holy wells side by side. The monk in charge waved the people back, for a child had been laid in the little space between the twin wells.

The child was a boy of about four, but his head was big as that of a grown man, his dull swollen eyes were mindless as a dead lamb's. The mother knelt beside him, to pull his arms apart so that one little hand should touch each pool. Her lips moved in desperate prayer while the monk made the sign of the cross over

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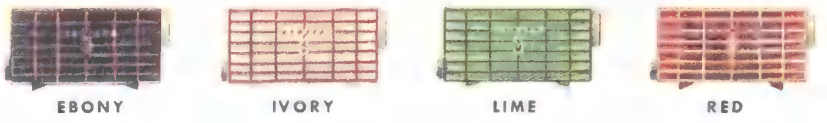
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the child. The pilgrims watched, holding their breaths.

The child struggled, trying to jerk his hands from the water, then let out a long sobbing wail.

The mother gave a great cry and gathered the child in her arms. "A miracle!" she cried. "For sure, it is a miracle! He has made no sound in months. Our Blessed Lady has cured him!"

Tears ran down Katherine's cheeks. She turned away and could not look at the mother's wild hopeful face. When her own time came to kneel between the holy wells and plunge her hands at once in each, she could form no proper prayer. She saw nothing but Blanchette's trusting eyes, as they had been long ago.

Our Lady of Walsingham's shrine adjoined the church. It was a small chapel without windows, nor needed any, for its hundred votive candles glittered on walls lined with gold and silver offerings, while the blessed image, larger than a woman, was crusted so thick with diamonds, rubies, pearls and other precious stones that the eye was blinded.

Katherine waited long outside the shrine for her turn. Before she finally knelt by the dazzling image a priest in white chasuble came up to ask what offering she would make.

She opened her scrip, taking out the duke's betrothal ring. "This, father."

He took the ring, glanced sharply at the gold and sapphire. "It will be acceptable to Our Gracious Lady, my daughter."

He drew aside while Katherine kissed the statue's golden beringed foot, stared up through clouds of blue incense at the smooth painted wooden face beneath a diamond crown.

In the moments that she knelt there, Katherine prayed in desperation, she supplicated, "Give me back my child! Show me the way to forgiveness. Lady, lady, you who are all-merciful, tell me how Hugh's murder may be forgiven. Tell me where is my child!"

And there was no answer. The white-and-red-painted face, the round upward-staring eyes remained as before, bland, wooden, indifferent.

Still she knelt, until the priest touched her on the shoulder. "There are many waiting to come in here, daughter." She gave him so frantic and despairing a look that he said, "Come, would you gaze on the precious relic? It works more miracles than any other in Christendom!"

She bowed her head, and he waited, glancing at her scrip. "I've but a few pence left, father," she said, "and this." She held out four silver pennies and the tarnished silver brooch the queen had given her at Windsor.

"Ah!" said the priest. "Well, since you have already donated ——" He took the pennies, and ignored the tawdry brooch. He unlocked a small diamond-studded door beneath the Virgin's feet, exposing a crystal vial mounted in the center of a gold-and-ivory crucifix. The vial seemed to contain a whitish powder.

Katherine gazed at the vial. It was said that when the Virgin was inclined to answer a pilgrim's prayer, the holy milk would leap and quiver within the crystal. She strained her eyes until they blurred, but there was no sign from the relic.

The priest closed the reliquary and locked it. He hurried to the exit door, held it wide.

She went out along another covered way and through a gate into the street. Something pricked her hand and she looked down at the queen's brooch which she still clasped. "*Foi vainquera*" was the motto on that brooch—a lie. Faith had conquered nothing. Our Lady had neither heard nor answered. There was no forgiveness, no miracles. Her hand dropped back. The brooch fell into the gutter.

A man behind Katherine saw the brooch drop, picked it up and lumbered after her.

"Good pilgrim dame," said the man, "you dropped this."

"Let it be," she said. "I do not want it."

THE man looked into her face, then peered closer at the brooch and read the tiny letters. Because he had suffered very greatly himself, and because his heart was filled with tenderness for every living thing, he guessed something of what must have happened to this widowed penitent at the shrine.

He put the brooch in his pouch and followed Katherine at a distance. People crossed themselves as he walked by them, but some reached out and touched him for luck. He was a hunchback.

Katherine walked until she came to the market square, where there were benches along the garden hedge of the Black Lion tavern. Her throat was parched with thirst, her stomach gnawed. To gain favor from the Miraculous Lady of Walsingham, nothing at all had passed her lips since vespers yesterday.

I shall have to beg for my bread now, she thought. Pain throbbed in her head. A swimming weakness crushed her. She slu down on a bench and shut her eyes.

The man with the humped back pause watched Katherine with compassion.

Voices behind the hedge were recou with relish the horrors of the revolt in Lo two months ago. "Aye," agreed a self-i tant voice. "Stale news, *that* is—but ha heard the latest of the Duke o' Lancas

Katherine started and opened her eye clenched her hands on the rim of the b

"John o' Gaunt's renounced his paran Shipped her off to France, or some say t of his northern dungeons. The king manded it."

"NAY, but," said a woman, "'tis well k he was tired of her anyway. A Benedictin me the duke made public confession sins, then crawled on hands and knees ing with his poor duchess to forgive him they met in Yorkshire."

Katherine rose from the bench and to run. The hunchback hurried after he

She ran north from the town toward t and along the banks of the River Stiffke til it widened at one place into a mill

Here on the bank by a tree she stoppe advanced to brink of the She gazed dow the dark b depths, where grasses bent rushing water clasped her against her b and stood sw on the brink.

She felt a g her arm, a deep said, "No, my That is not the

Katherine her head. "Jes me be!" she "Leave me a

His grip tigh on her arm. cry on Jesus'n he said softly you do not what He has ised. He said n we should n tempted nor that we should not be tra nor afflicted, but He promised, 'Thou not be overcome!'"

A little wind rustled through the fronds, mingling with the sound of th water as it splashed against the turnin wheel.

She stared at him. "That was not sa me!" she cried. "God and His Mothe cast me out!"

"Not so. It is not so." He smiled. "Sir has said, 'I shall keep you securely.' Yo dearworthy a child of His as anyone."

Katherine's gaze cleared and she saw manner of man it was who was speak her. A hideous little man with a hump, head was twisted deep into his should man with a purple bulbous nose, scar pits, and a fringe of fire-red wisps arc tonsure. She crossed herself. An evil de summoned by her from the depths c beckoning water —— "What are you gasped.

He sighed a little, for he was well u this, and patiently answered, "I am a parson from Norwich, my poor child, Father Clement."

Her terror faded. His voice was reson a church bell, and his unswerving loo hers with sustaining strength. He wore a darned but cleanly priest's robe. A c hung from his girdle.

"I'll warrant," he said calmly, "you' eaten in a long time." He opened his took out slices of buttered barley bread slab of cheese done up in a clean white n "Sit down there"—he pointed to a flat by a clump of wild mustard—"the aron flavor the food." He chuckled. "Ah, I



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"Did our most dearworthy Lord Jesus gi' you the penance, Katherine?" Suddenly the voice changed its tone. "It was shown to me that Christ ministers to us His gifts of grace, our soul with our body, and our body with our soul, either of them taking help with the other. God has no disdain to *serve* the body."

For a startled moment Katherine felt a touch of awe. "That is strange to me, lady," she said to the black curtain. "I cannot believe that the foul body is of any worth to God."

"And shall not try tonight," said the voice gently. "Father Clement?"

The priest came up to the window. Julian spoke to him at some length.

Katherine was given a chamber reserved for travelers in the rectory across from the church. She was put to bed and cared for by Father Clement's old servant, a bright-eyed woman of sixty.

They brought Katherine fresh blood from the slaughterhouse, and a bullock's liver, which they chopped up and blended into a mortrewe with egg. They fed her boiled dandelion greens, minced so that she need not chew, they made her eat. Katherine was too weak to protest.

In four days she had gained strength, her pains were less. She began to worry about the expense that she was giving Father Clement, but he laughed at her, saying with truth that the things Lady Julian had prescribed for her to eat were to be had for the asking at the shambles, while the greens came from his own garden.

"The Lady Julian waits for you," he said quietly. "She believes you well enough to come to her today."

Katherine had thought much about the anchoress. She went back that afternoon to the little churchyard and knocked at the cell window. The voice through the black cloth told her to come in at the door.

Katherine entered Julian's cell nervously, puzzled, curious. It was but six paces long and



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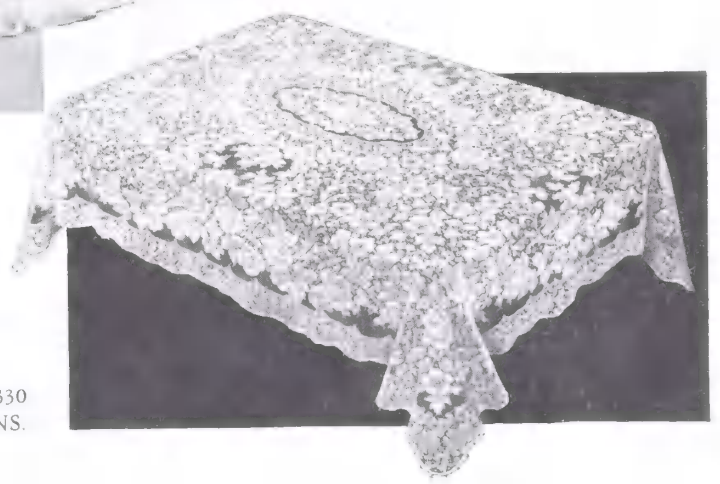


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wide, and curtained down the middle with soft fine blue wool. There were two windows—the "parloir" window to the churchyard, and one that opened into the church. Through this, Julian could see the altar and take part in the Mass. There was a small fireplace, and a table and two wooden chairs on the warm brick floor. The walls had been painted white.

A moment after Katherine had shut the door, Julian came around the blue curtain. A plain little woman, neither fat nor thin, with graying hair beneath a white coif. She wore a soft unbleached-linen gown. A woman nearing forty and so ordinary that one might see a hundred like her in any market square.

"So you are the Katherine Father Clement brought," said Julian in her comfortable slow voice. She sat down in one chair and motioned Katherine to the other. "The pains're better? This sickness that you have I, too, had once, when I had fasted overmuch. And was in great trouble and so near death that my confessor stood over me." She glanced toward the crucifix and said simply, "God in His marvelous courtesy did save me."

"By the visions," said Katherine, sighing. "Father Clement told me of them."

"Aye—by the sixteen showings, but I don't know why they were vouchsafed to me. Truly it was not shown me that God loved me better than the least soul that is in grace. I'm certain there be many that never had showings, nor sight but of the common teaching of holy church, that love God better than I."

"It's very hard to love God," said Katherine below her breath, "when He does not love us."

"Oh, Katherine, Katherine." Lady Julian smiled, shaking her head. "Love is our Lord's whole *meaning!* It was shown me full surely that ere God made us He loved us, and when we were made, we loved Him."

It was not Julian's words, which Katherine barely heard, that brought an odd half-frightened thrill. She stared at the face beneath the graying hair and wimple, for suddenly it looked beautiful, n
mist.

"Lady," whispered Katheri
these visions were vouchsafed
you knew nought of sin. W
know of . . . adultery—of mur

Julian rose quickly and plac
Katherine's shoulder. At the
golden flame enveloped her, ar
go on.

"I have known all manne
Julian quietly. "Sin is the sh
And verily as sin is unclean,
disease or monstrous thing aga
listen to what I was shown i
vision."

She moved away from Kathe
took on the low chanting note

"I had been thinking of *m*
great sorrow. Then I saw Him
me His face of lovely pity and
*truth that sin is cause of all this
hovable—nonetheless all shall
shall be well, you shall see y
manner of thing shall be well.*
were said to me tenderly, show
blame. And then He said, '*Acc
overdone much, deeming that thy
thy woe is all thy fault: for I w
be heavy or sorrowful indiscreet*
derstood that it was great d
blame or wonder on God for m
blamed me not for it.

"And with these words, I sa
high mystery hid in God, whic
shall openly make known to
where we shall truly see the
suffered sin to come. For He ma
from failure of love on our pa
all our travail, and nought else.

Julian looked at Katherine an
you understand?"

"Nay, lady," said Katherine s
not believe there could be so m

Julian sat down and spoke
and quietly.

When Katherine left Julian's
she did not know how long she h
clearly remember the things that
her, but for the time she had ce
tion. As she walked out into the
yard, it seemed lit with beauty.
mused in a corner by a dark yew
meaning in everything her eye r
blue flowerets, the moss on a gr
these were radiant, as though s
them through crystal.

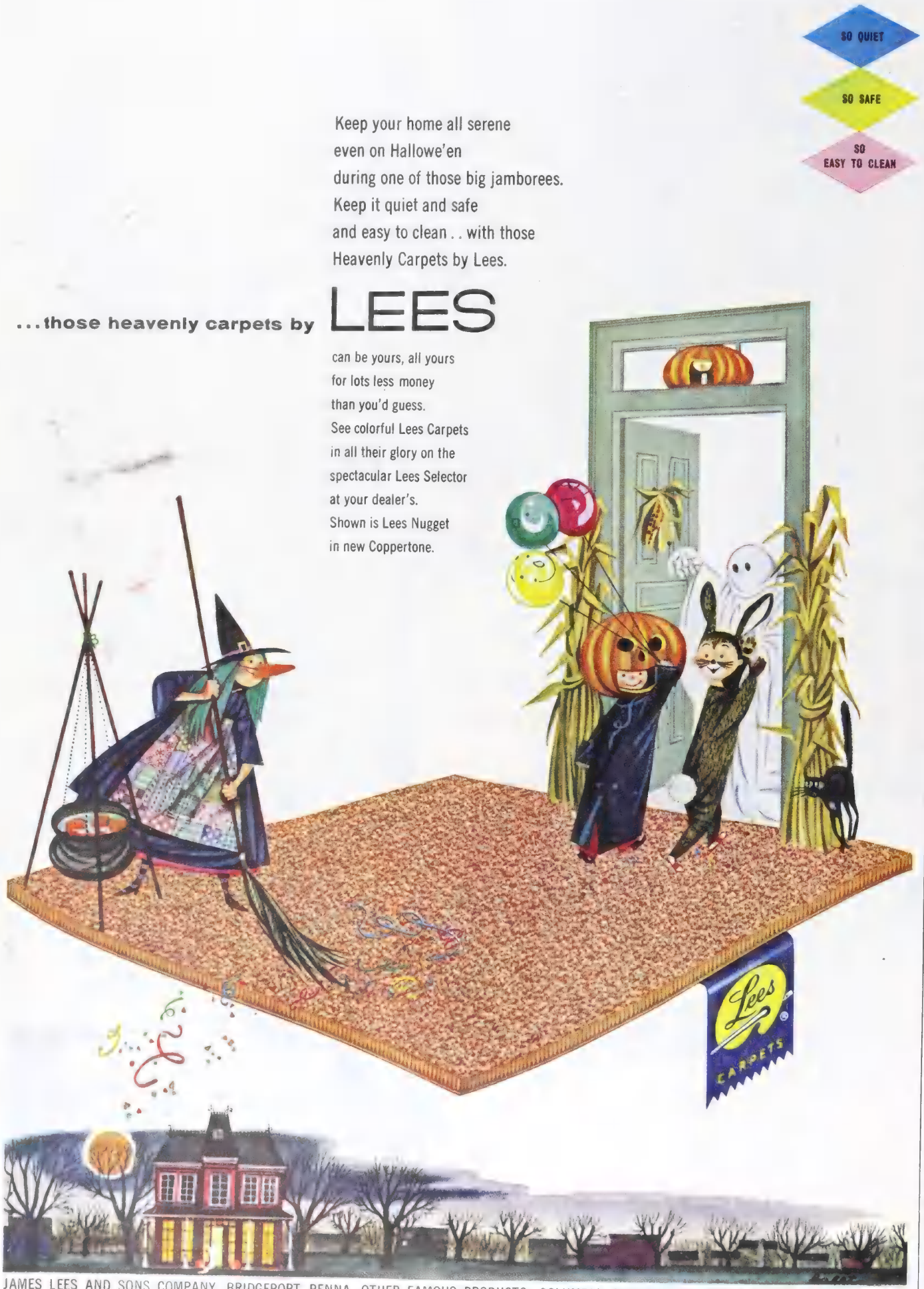
She picked up a black flint
some of Lady Julian's words cam
"In this same time, our Lord s
spiritual sight of His homely lo
thing like a hazelnut, in the palm
and I thought 'What may this be
answered: '*It lasteth and ever s
God loveth it.*'"

During that moment when s
pebble, Katherine understood th
Julian had said, "After this I sa
point, by which sight I saw that
things, be it never so little. Nothin
hap or adventure—if it be hap
the sight of man, our blindness is

THESE words echoed in Katherin
she held the pebble, joy shimmere
black flint, there was joy in the gr
tree, the gravestones, the moss. Slo
and a great sleepiness came ov
scarcely could drag her heavy li
chamber in the rectory. She laid h
bed and slept the night through.
no dreams.

Each day Katherine went to J
and listened. She saw that she had n
the meaning of prayer. Her pray
been violent commands and bargai
tated by fear. To Lady Julian, pray
munion. "Prayer oneth the soul
And it was thanking. Giving thank
out reward. In the fourteenth sho
had heard the lovely words, "*I am t
thy beseeching.*" And with these ble
had seen a full overcoming agai
weakness and all our doubtful dre

There came a day when Kathe
no longer listen without pouring o
Julian all the anguish that she
through. She did not know what s



JAMES LEES AND SONS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, PENNA. OTHER FAMOUS PRODUCTS: COLUMBIA - MINERVA AND BEEHIVE HAND KNITTING YARNS

her own voice calling out the se who meant for her the bitterest Blanchette—and John. When she name, she buried her face in her obbed.

aw that though she had meant her unciation, yet she had not really t John would let her go. Always that the miracle would happen at , in return for her suffering. She re that in some way Blanchette stored to her, her sins forgiven,

ur old life would start again?" gently. "That it would by miracle and clean in all men's eyes, in

e; I see now that I thought so. Is at God is so angry with me!"

atherine—in all the showings, I ner of wrath in God. I saw no man's part, and that He forgives."

erine cried out that if God had hy should she fear sin?

wered ever patiently, "Because as e meddling with what we know is ll never clearly the blissful of our Lord. And this is to break For we are all in Him enclosed. s. He sitteth in our soul."

herine talked of Sheppey, the con- he would cloister herself. "So with I might come someday to know do—and to help others."

st time, a hint of sternness showed face. She said quietly, "When I *I* had no one wn." Katherine nderstand her n, nor why she nt after, "It was e that we may to full knowing we know first own soul."

t, she saw what lian had meant. woke suddenly sleep, and the chamber seemed to be suffused , iridescent light. This light was athed her, permeated her flesh, until her being was made of light. ions were all dissolved in the soft In their place came certainty, the imple, so right—and so hard.

be hard, but now she did not feel it glowing peace sustained her.

morning Katherine sought out ment. "Father," she said, "I'm go- Lincolnshire. To the place where I Father, tonight will you hear my I dare to hope that—that tomor- ass ——" Her voice faltered, she p breath, and smiled tremulously mpassionate brown eyes.

morning in the little flint-walled m Father Clement's hands, Kath- ed again at last the Holy Sacra- n, kneeling by the narrow church her cell, shared in the blessed Com- d, watching Katherine's rapt face, ew that once more God had used hannel to touch another soul with e of her visions, and a glimpse of g when He had said, "*It is I. I that , that thou enjoyest, that thou serv- that thou longest for. It is I that is*

n would fade, the wan hope and reads of the world would seep back; ver befell, Katherine would never bereft again. This Julian knew.

at morning, Katherine set out on ound for Lincolnshire. She rode on ement's mule. The priest and Lady lent her money for food and hous- journey.

rth day Katherine crossed the fens ted the high ridge way that led to Already she could see the rooftops tant hill, and the triple spires of the against the cloud-massed sky.

e clouds merged and dipped lower. to rain, a cold October rain that rough her mantle. In time she en- familiar village of Wigford, the Lincoln suburb. In the center of the street there was a handsome stone mansion, with elegant carved corbels, an oriel window, and above the door a shield with the duke's coat of arms painted on it.

Katherine knew this house. She had dined here with John two years ago. It belonged to the Suttons, the wool merchants whom she had first met on the road to Bolingbroke in the plague time when the duchess died.

She looked up at the Lancaster arms. The Suttons, having none of their own, proudly blazoned those of their feudal overlord. She hesitated. She still had a few pence, and could spend the night in town. Besides, she thought with feeble self-deception, the Suttons might not know her.

Katherine got off the mule and tied it to the hitching ring. Of course the Suttons would know her. The Suttons were Lincoln's foremost citizens. They could best answer the questions she must ask.

She knocked. The door was opened by a liveried varlet, who did not hide his astonished disapproval. He said that old Master John had gone to Calais on business and Master Thomas was at the bishop's palace, that Master Robert was at home, but occupied.

"Tell him, please, that 'tis Lady Swynford, and I will wait." Katherine sat down on the wayfarers' bench beside the door.

She waited a long time. When Robert Sutton came at last, she saw that he was embarrassed and uncertain how to greet her. He took one scandalized look at her bedraggled robe, her feet, the wet limp coif that covered her short hair, and his eyes slid away. He fingered a fold of his maroon velvet, squirrel-furred sleeve. "'Tis a surprise, Lady——"

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when told him by a person who knows nothing about them. —DE MORNY

Katherine drew a deep breath and laced her hands together. "Master Robert, I shall not take much of your time. There are only a few questions I'd like to ask you. I've been a long while on pilgrimage, and know nothing of what has happened in the world." He flushed, and she saw that he wondered if she even knew of the duke's renouncement, and spoke quickly. "The duke and I have parted. It was our mutual wish and decision."

He did not believe the latter, but he grunted uneasily. Her low voice softened him in spite of himself, and her dignity.

"Master Robert," she said quietly, "have you heard aught of my children?"

He swallowed. "Why, I believe they're well—at Kenilworth." His wife, in fact, had been buzzing since the juicy news about the duke and Lady Swynford had filtered to Lincoln. She had garnered every titbit that travelers could tell them.

"How does my manor of Kettlethorpe?" said Katherine. "I know our wool goes through your warehouse."

"The manor does fairly, I think," he said, frowning. "At least the clips are up to standard." His jaw dropped. "You don't mean to come back and live at Kettlethorpe!"

"Ah, but I do," said Katherine, smiling faintly. "Where else should I go but to my own manor, where my people have need of me? Where else should I bring my children, who have no honest claim on anyone else in the world?"

The wool merchant was dumfounded. "Surely you mean to sell?"

"I will not sell the Swynford holdings," said Katherine, "that were my husband's and belong to my Swynford children. I shall live at Kettlethorpe. And now, Master Robert, I most humbly beg one thing of you."

He stiffened, crossed his velvet arms over his chest. "What is it, Lady Swynford?"

"That you will write in my name to the duke. He has respect for you. He would not accept a letter from me, but I know that he listens to justice. Will you tell him what I propose to do, and will you request in my name that he send me my Beaufort children? Tell him that when this is done, he shall never be troubled with me again."

Robert Sutton demurred, but ended by doing as she wished. He summoned a clerk and dictated the letter to the duke. When he had finished, a much warmer feeling toward Katherine came over him. He could not help admiring her courage.

"Thank you for all your kindness," she said. "I must go, Master Robert."

"Nay, you must sup with us ——"

Katherine declined. The rain had lessened, she must be on her way.

Blessed Mary, it would be hard, she thought, as she rode across the bridge and turned west for Kettlethorpe. She saw the black forest ahead. The forest where Hugh had hunted, the forest at which she had gazed from the dank solar for so many unhappy years.

She rode through the iron gates that marked the manor road. The mile-long avenue of lofty wych-elms was unchanged. She noted the flocks grazing on her demesne lands, heard a shepherd's shout and the barking of his dog.

Ahead on the right stood the tithe barn and the little church where lay Nichola, Gibbon and Hugh. To the left, the squat manor house where Blanchette had been born.

The bridge was up, the manor dark. When had it ever welcomed her? She pulled the mule over to the old mounting block, and stepped out of the stirrups.

You've but to call out to the gateward, she thought. But she did not call. She stood there



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Candy

until a small boy came trudging down the lane with an enormous load of fagots. He started and crossed himself when he saw a black figure standing on the mounting block, and Katherine said, "Don't be afraid, lad, I'm Lady Katherine Swynford. This is my home."

The boy gave a cry, dropped his fagots and pelted toward the vill, shouting out something Katherine could not hear. She descended from the block and walked around beneath the gatehouse window. She called, "Gateward! Ho, gateward!"

There was some movement in the gate loft, a man's voice answered, but it was lost in the sound of running footsteps.

A little man with flying light hair ran toward her, and others followed. "Welcome, dearest lady. Welcome. For sure I told 'em ye'd be coming back someday."

"Cob," she whispered. "Aye, I've come back."

"They've been praying for it every day." He jerked his head toward the group behind him. She could not see their separate faces, but she felt their quivering expectancy. "When I told 'em what ye did for me—oh, lady, they've been waiting for ye. 'Tis bad here now—not for me that am a freeman," Cob interjected proudly, "but the unfree—steward's mostly drunk. 'Tis cruel ——"

Katherine lifted her head and looked past Cob to the crowd of silent, watchful people. "I shall try to make you all glad that I am home," she said.

ON Lincoln Town's high hill the raw March wind blew incessantly. It chilled bones, reddened noses. Wind or no wind, folk were all out nailing banners, greens and colored streamers to the fronts of houses. It was the twenty-sixth of March, 1387, and King Richard and his Queen Anne were coming to Lincoln that night. The ostensible reason was that he and the queen were to be admitted into the Fraternity of Lincoln Cathedral on the morrow. The actual reason, as many knew, was that Richard had set out on a good-will tour through all his land. He had been having trouble with commons and lords alike, and with his Uncle Thomas of Woodstock, now Duke of Gloucester; particularly since his Uncle John, the Duke of Lancaster, was in Castile, had been there for nearly a year with the Duchess Costanza.

Richard's arrival affected Katherine too. During the six years since her return, she had seldom left Kettlethorpe. On this bleak, windy afternoon, Katherine was sewing by the fire in the pleasant hall of her town house. Her lap was filled with sapphire velve put the finishing stitches on the would wear to greet the king. Philippa, sat in an armchair, ple gauze veil. Hawise stood behind screen pounding almonds into h marchpane. Little Joan played on with her kitten.

Three years ago Katherine had the elder boys, John and Harry, w by spending the winter in Lincoln priests at the Cantilupe Chantry scholars.

THE three women were all think royal visit. Philippa sighed, "If onl present you to the queen. Then yo might be better here."

"But the king would not do Katherine gently. "I don't mind, at least see her. I'll tell you all abou

Philippa sighed again. "They say yet he adores her. 'Tis strange—a either ——" Her voice trailed off.

Joan, who had been quiet with suddenly looked up. "Mama, *wh* Thomas hate the king?"

Katherine laughed as mothers do children say something a little em "Why, I'm sure he doesn't. What

But Joan was not a baby, to be sc tracted. She was eight, intelligent cal. A dark pansy-eyed child, roun cheeked. "Sir Thomas *hates* the kin sisted. "I heard him say so, last ye

Katherine stroked the dark curl ever you heard, mouse—forget it. enough to understand that it's da and discourteous—to say such thi our king. Come, here's a needle fo me see what nice stitches you can

She gave the child a corner of mantle and some gold thread. She re own stitching and thought that t sounded like Tom, though she sc her eldest son, and knew nothing thought.

Thomas Swynford was twenty knight. He served Henry of Bolingb had made two visits to Kettleth Katherine had come home. Kathe that he had a dutiful fondness for was also ashamed of her reputation. one clash. Tom had been angry whe that Katherine had been freeing her knew better than to argue or put fort reasons, had given him proof inste manor worked by free tenants produ efficiently than one run on the o



"Don't they ever design anything for the average woman any more?"

…m had scanned the accounts, and
…agreed.
…thought, *Tom is a good-enough lad.*
…her children had given her real
…xcept —— The years had passed
…ord. All reason demanded accept-
…anchette's death in the Savoy—and
…e and the question were still there.
…ad to live with it, as with so many

…ster bell began to clang for vespers.
…uck her head around the screen.
…e said severely to Katherine, "put
…wing. Ye mustn't redden your eyes
…ow who's coming to see ye."
…wise," protested Katherine, with a
…mingled affection and exasperation.
…e pothers over nothing."
…snorted rebelliously. "Ye'll not keep
…ng, I should hope!"
…atherine couldn't be such a fool!"
…pa with sudden energy.
…ou both should think he calls here
…y special reason, I'm sure I don't
…id Katherine, and as they both
…ir mouths for argument, she indi-
… and shook her head. "Please ——"
…ed up a distaff and began to spin
…y. *What shall I do about Robert*
…*at is best?* She had no real doubt as
…pose of the wool merchant's visit
…oon. The last time she had seen
…uld have declared himself had she
…ed to put him off, speaking about
…o was then but two months dead.
…e twirled the spindle and tried to
…ly. Marriage, honorable marriage
…f Lincoln's foremost citizens. The
… tongues would be silenced, in public
…e would be rich, secure. And the
… would it help them? Katherine was
…. Robert was a possessive man; her
…e had seen indications that he re-
… children.
…ly when she saw the duke's traits in
…n that she thought of him. Young
…d most like him, but Harry had his
…, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes so
…hat it turned her heart over. They
… intense blue eyes, except Joan.
…e had had no direct communica-
…im in these years, but he had been
… had known he would. There had
… documents which allowed her to
…roperties he had previously given
…ade her a further grant of two hun-
…s a year for life "in recognition of
… services towards my daughters
… Lancaster and Elizabeth, Countess
…ke." No mention of his Beaufort
…ut Katherine understood very well
…nerous sum was to be expended for
…it, and scrupulously did so.

…rnoon, in anticipation of the wool
… visit, Katherine kept her three boys
… She asked them to stay awhile,
…ause they gave her protection,
… observe how Robert would treat

… derstood at once. The moment she
… her expected visitor, he drew his
…ay from the younger boys. "Are you
…nsent, my mother?" he asked. He
… fifteen, taller than she was.
…—I don't know," she said, sighing.
…*ll* I do?"
…d make it easier for you," he said
…nder the new golden fuzz his fair
…hed. "I can't yet protect you. But I
… earn my knighthood someway.
…t me enter the St. George's Day's
…t at Windsor. Let me wear plain
… one shall guess that I'm—I'm ——"
…He did not say it, it hovered in the
…n them.
…ee, dear," she said, trying to smile.
…ms were impractical, but he should
… attached to some good knight as
…neone who would honor his royal
… not take advantage of his friendless

… other two boys —— She looked at
…awled on his stomach by the fire,
… usual. A true scholar was Harry.
…termined to go to Cambridge, and
…inor orders at least. Any further ad-
… in the clergy would take great in-
fluence—and money. A bastard could not advance in the church without them.

Tamkin was still too young to fret about his birth. He was a happy-go-lucky child, and at ten lived in a boy's world of sport and play. A healthy young puppy, Tamkin, at the moment engaged in teasing Harry by rolling dried acorns across his book. This ended in a scuffle, and then a roughhouse. Chairs were overturned, the floor rushes flew about the pommeling, shouting whirl of arms and legs when Robert Sutton walked in.

"Lady," he cried above the rumpus, "'tis like the mad cell at the Malandry in here! Your lads show you scant respect."

Tamkin and Harry disentangled themselves abruptly. "We mean our lady mother no disrespect, Master Robert," said Harry.

Robert, glancing at Katherine's watchful face, changed his tone. "I'm sure you don't. Boys will be boys, ha? I've brought you lads something. It—or they, rather, 're in the courtyard."

"Oh, what, what?" cried Tamkin, jumping up and down.

"Go and see," said the merchant.

JOHN and Harry gave him a considering look, but they went off with their excited little brother.

"My best hound bitch has lately whelped," Sutton explained to Katherine, sitting down opposite her. "I've brought each of your lads a pup."

"That's very good of you, Master Robert," said Katherine with sincere gratitude.

"And I've brought Joan a little yellow singing bird that came from the coast of Fez. She must keep it warm and tend it well."

"Aye—and thank you. It'll delight her," said Katherine.

He saw a shadow in her lovely gray eyes and, leaning forward, said anxiously, "What troubled you just then, sweetheart?"

She said, speaking with effort, "I had a child—once—who loved singing birds. Blanchette ——"

"To be sure. I remember the little red-haired maid, years ago at Kettlethorpe," said Robert. "Too bad she died, God rest her soul."

As Katherine did not speak, but gazed into the fire, he said on a brisker note, "You must forget the past. It does no good to brood."

"No, of course not." She turned and looked at him. At the sleek curls of beard on his well-fed jowls, at the heavy gold chain around his crimson velvet shoulders, at the badges of office on his arm—ex-mayor, member of Parliament, master wool monger. "It does no good to brood," she repeated. "And I try to forget the past."

"I'll make you!" he cried. "Katherine, you know what I've come to say. We're not children. You shall be Mistress Sutton. You shall be *mayor's* wife next year—when father's out and I'm re-elected. You shall hold your head up in this town, and be damned to all of them. To be sure, you'll be plain Mistress Sutton, instead of 'Lady'—but I hardly think ——"

"Nay, nay, Master Robert"—she put her hand on his knee—"I've no thought like that. I came of simple yeoman stock, and will be grateful to be Mistress Sutton ——"

"Then you will?" he cried. He lumbered to his feet and kissed her hotly, hard and insistent.

'Tis not so bad, she thought. *Aye, I might learn to love him, at least enough. I shall try.*

Next day the royal procession to the cathedral justified all Lincoln's hopes of gorgeousness. Thanks to Robert Sutton's influence, Katherine watched from a bench in the minster nave as the procession moved sedately along. Familiar figures marched by. Michael de la Pole, whom she had seen so often with the duke. He was Richard's adviser now, had been created Earl of Suffolk. His shoulders stooped under their ermine cape, his hair was white. And Lord Neville of Raby looked not only old but ill.

The royal couple came on alone, after an interval. Katherine and all those crowded into the nave fell to their knees.

Richard had filled out, and blurred. There was roundness beneath the tunic that was so thickly crusted with gems that one could not see the gold beneath. Queen Anne was equally ornate. She was no beauty, certainly, but her



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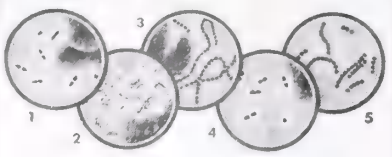
Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right) that can contribute so much to the misery of colds.

Germs Reduced 96.7%

When you gargle Listerine, research shows germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . and up to 80% even after one hour.

So, no matter what else you do, guard against trouble with the daily Listerine routine, and, at the first sign of a sneeze or cough, increase the frequency of the gargle.

Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

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face was kind. They were so young, Katherine thought, only twenty, both of them.

When the royal couple disappeared, Katherine stood up, noting that some of Richard's meinie had not gone into the small chapter house but were walking into the nave to wait.

She must go home, she thought, and dress for the banquet. She wandered toward the entrance and paused beneath the rainbow shower of light from the round glass window called the Bishop's Eye.

Someone spoke her name. She turned and saw that it was Michael de la Pole.

"Why, God's greeting, my lord," she said uncertainly. She had met none of the duke's close companions since the parting.

"Lady Swynford," said the old earl, smiling. "Fair as ever, I see." He sighed. "'Tis good to see something that doesn't change."

"Oh, my lord," she protested, "indeed I have."

"I'm not being gallant, lady. If you remember, pretty speech was no art of mine." He smiled ruefully. "I've the infirmities of age, alack. D'you know of a good nearby tavern where my page can go for wine?"

She nodded. "But, my lord, my house is a few steps away—if I might offer you ——"

"The very thing! An hour's quiet will hearten me immeasurably."

Hawise and Philippa were vastly fluttered by the arrival of the great Earl of Suffolk. Little Joan caught the excitement and stared at him with awe.

Katherine mulled wine herself over the fire for De la Pole. He drew a sigh of relief. "This is good, quiet. It takes youth, and strength—and, and—the wariness of a stoat to be around the king."

Philippa and Hawise tactfully withdrew, taking Joan with them. Katherine picked up a tapestry square and began to stitch, thinking the earl might prefer not to talk.

He watched her awhile. "Lady Swynford," he said suddenly, "do you ever think of the duke?"

Her needle paused, then pushed slowly through the canvas. "It would do no good if I did, would it?" she said.

"Aye—those times are long past, yet I don't doubt he thinks of you."

She raised her head. "I'm sure you're wrong, my lord, unless it is with hatred."

"Hatred?" De la Pole was astonished. "Oh, he was very angry for a while. But it was not hatred that made him build a chapel to St. Catherine near Knaresborough."

Katherine put down her tapestry. "Chapel to St. Catherine?"

"Aye—in fulfillment of a vow he made for your safety through the revolt."

She turned to the fire. "Yet all England gossiped of how he had reviled me ——"

"Lady, didn't you live long enough at court to discount slander? You should have known him better than that."

"Aye—I should. Perhaps I did. But I have heard no direct word from him . . . since then."

De la Pole shook his head, and sighed. "Need I tell you of his pride? More than that—I believe he saw, as you did, that it was best you two should part."

KATHERINE began to walk up and down across the hearth, she bent to poke the fire. "How is it now with the duke?" She had sat down again and picked up her tapestry. "He is gaining at last his long ambition, is he not? The Castilian throne."

"By the rood, I fear not," answered De la Pole. "At least not as he wanted it. His daughter will sit there, not he. You've not heard of the marriages?"

She shook her head. "People do not speak to me of him."

"Why, Philippa and João were married last month in Oporto. She is now Queen of Portugal."

How strange, Katherine thought. Philippa, the grave, sedate girl who had longed for the cloister, now wedded at twenty-six and a queen in a far-off land.

"And little Catalina," said De la Pole, "is to marry Enrique of Castile. It is she who will sit on Castile's throne in her parents' st that will mean the end of war at las

The end of the Castilian dream at l erine thought. *Not in failure, but no either*. There must be bitter humil John in this denouement. *Always se* thought; *never first. All his life.*

She put down the tapestry and choked voice, "My lord, forgive me you for a time." She walked from th upstairs to her solar, where for some she sat alone.

When she came down again, Mast Sutton had arrived to escort her to the He and De la Pole were standin hearth making polite conversation.

The earl came up to her. "I've t too long upon your kindness, my and must hurry back to my duties." her hand. "God bless you." He wen

ROBERT turned to Katherine w placence. "It seems my lord of Suff well of you, sweet. You might thr even be presented to the queen. Did to ask him? Maybe we should anno marriage at the banquet."

"No," said Katherine gently. "I cannot marry you. Forgive me."

He argued with her, he stormed. left at last, furious and acid-tongue alone in the hall, nor did she attend banquet. She sent word that she taken ill.

The art of living is the art of using experience—your own and other people's.

—THE RIGHT HONORABLE VISCOUNT SAMUEL

The feast of St. Catherine—Nove 1395—Katherine awoke at Kettletho unusual mood o sion. The old s far snugger than be. The walls w with Lincoln-ma tries. There were and sheepskins plank floor. Nev Katherine shive found in herself reluctance to face a holiday for all h folk, who had planned festivities in h There was to be a procession and a dance and spinning contest for all t maidens, and a speech given by Cob, a sort of unofficial mayor. Her tenan bring her little gifts. At the end there feasting in the Great Hall. These ce were heart-warming. They had occur year since her return.

But on this morning a blue demor in thrall. While she waited for Hawise in with the morning ale, she could thir worries. Two of her best ewes showe murrain; the shepherd had sent to of Harby for a charm to prevent th from spreading. That was one wor was another.

Janet Swynford, Tom's wife, wo be here from Coleby with the twins. precisely the right wife for Tom, self thrifty. But Janet talked interminably bored Katherine. The year-old tw sweet; Katherine longed to enjoy grandchildren, but they were delicat erine, who had borne and raised si children, continually choked off ad Janet would plaintively resent—ano

Ah, well, a familiar-enough probl not worth fretting over. Joan's unh was more harrowing.

Joan, her baby, was now sixteen widow. Not that Joan had loved shabby old knight to whom last had been so briefly married; but endured the discomforts gladly in re the improved standing he gave her. Si Ferrers had taken his little bride to Castle and during that brief time the fallen desperately in love—with Ralph the handsome young Lord of Westm

An impossible love. The Nevilles did not marry bastards. Bitter heart Joan, to which Katherine applied the palliatives as best she could: So youn get over it.

Joan had gazed at her with the roun brown eyes and said quietly, "D mother? Did you ever forget my fat while you bore the Swynfords?"

that was still with Katherine, the girl's instinctive compari-

he outside staircase flew open. on a stinging blast of cold air. er for friars!" She slammed the matter, sweeting, 'tis your at a long face! What's a mat-

—I've got the dumps." Kathmile. "Hawise, do you know

Hawise poured steaming ale ooked at the fire embers. "I've nory yet, let alone that all the busy painting red ribbons e candles for your feast to-

said Katherine flatly. "What

back to the bed, holding out a mber robe. "Well, ye've not if that's any comfort. Cob ly yestere'en that the Lady o' the fairest woman in Lincoln-

l, bless him," said Katherine. hanically through the process dressing, allowed Hawise to e gala robe of deep crimson h squirrel.

down by the fire. "So much he said sadly. "Hawise, I think er this morning, God rest her leaths ——"

mercy, lady!" cried Hawise, "What a way to talk on your

day," said Katherine, "since them?" She fell silent, staring

ath especial, thought Hawise. ast year had come a strange highest ladies of the land. ad died of plague at Sheen king had gone out of his mind

Costanza had died here in the news got to Kettlethorpe, had been very quiet for many iful gray eyes had taken on a g look, but nothing had hap-

Hawise suddenly. "There's with the twins." They both clatter of hoofs in the courtthe peevish howling of babies. Katherine, rising. "The day's y commence."

her, Hawise thought gloomntinued to straighten the solar. *fast—sing before supper.*

h was granted, though not

had finished their feasting, been cleared, Cob had made ad sent hot color to Katherit to her eyes with his eulogies, had cheered her to the echo. ne sat on in the hour before her lute, while Joan sang and guely. The twins were asleep by the hearth. Hawise sat by en mending sheets.

to bed," said Joan, yawning. ppose, mother?"

dded. The arrival of guests switch of sleeping quarters. d twins would occupy Joan's mber.

own her mending and began he candles. There were still hen the dogs started to bark

aid Katherine. "There's only rie, *could* it be ——"

Young John Beaufort came a swirl of soft snow. He caught his arms, kissed her heartily. g, my lady! Sure your saint better weather to a son who's o you these many days!"

g," Katherine cried, "you rer old mother's feast day! the pleasantest surprise, the that's happened to me in an ou abroad!"

"Well, I was." He sank into a chair. "Until three weeks ago. In Bordeaux. Mother"—he turned and looked directly into her face—"I was not the only one there who remembered your saint's day."

Katherine said slowly, "What were you doing at Bordeaux?"

"I was *summoned* by my father. I spent a week with him and have brought you a letter. He wanted it to reach you today."

Katherine felt as though the snow outside were melting through her veins. "So you have met the duke again," she said, speaking from the depths of the coolness. "How does he seem?"

"Very tired, mother," John told her. "His work is finished in Aquitaine, and Richard has summoned him home. Of course Thomas of Woodstock wants our father's Grace kept out of the country, so he can have free hand. Richard's fed up for the time and is pro-Lancaster now."

"Ah," said Katherine again. "Far off as we are here, we've not followed court policies."

"Mother," said John, unbuttoning his surcoat and pulling a parchment from his breast, "don't you want your letter? I'm in a fever to know what's in it!"

Katherine took the letter and looked at the superscription. "Lady Kateryn de Swynford, Kettlethorpe, County of Nicole," in John's own decisive heavily stroked black writing.

She smiled faintly. "You shall know soon what's in the letter." She rose. Under the disappointed looks of her children, she went up the stairs into her solar. She put the parchment on a table. Then she lit a candle at the fire and broke the crimson seal.

There was no greeting. It began abruptly:

Recently I visited Château la Teste in Les Landes. Poignant memories were aroused of a time long ago. I am weary of many things, and in the light of this weariness I view many bygone actions differently from what I used to. I shall be back in England at Christmastime, and I wish to



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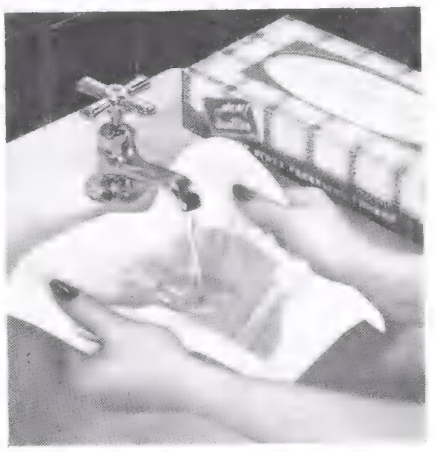
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see you again. I beg of you to forget past bitterness, and to grant my request. I also wish to see Joan, who is with you, I understand. Harry I have summoned from Germany and should be on his way home. Our Thomas I shall visit at Oxford before I come to Lincolnshire. John, who has brought you this letter, will remain with you until I arrive. He is a son to be proud of. You have done well with him, and with the others too.

God and His blessed mother have you in their keeping.

JOHN, DUKE OF LANCASTER, ETC.
Bordeaux, November 5, 1395.

"So," said Katherine aloud, putting down the letter. She no longer felt bitterness, but there was a sharp reluctance. *It's too late, much too late for us to meet again. Middle-aged people—almost old.* John was fifty-five. She could not hinder the children, since their father was at last taking an open interest in them. *But as for me*, she thought, *far better if I'm not here when he comes.*

She persisted in her decision until the arrival of Harry on Christmas Eve. He very soon dissuaded Katherine from her flight, saying that she had no right to anger their father, since it might prejudice him against the children. John and Joan had not used this argument, but Katherine saw the truth of it.

When a herald came on New Year's Day to announce the duke's arrival on the morrow, Katherine was far calmer than her children.

Next morning, she was a trifle exasperated by Joan's hovering anxiety. "Mother, let me do your hair. Hawise is clumsy at it! Mother, please wear the brooch Sir Robert left me."

Katherine looked at the pretty dark head, the charming face, and said gently, "You shall make me as splendid as possible, darling, but truly it's of no consequence."

Long before the court dogs began to bark, they heard the flourish from Lancaster herald's trumpet. Katherine's heart took up a hard measured pounding, while Joan ran to the tower roof to watch the approach.

Katherine walked slowly across the courtyard, and the drawbridge, to stand by the old mounting block. The duke reined in his black stallion, dismounted. He wore an enveloping violet-colored mantle trimmed with ermine. As he advanced Katherine curtsied deeply and said, "Welcome to Kettlethorpe, my lord."

He pulled off his jeweled gauntlet and took her hand. "Am I truly well come, Katrine?"

She raised her eyes to his face. Deep new lines on the forehead, lines from the nostrils to the corners of the set, thin-lipped mouth. Gray hairs in the tawny eyebrows above eyes of a quieter blue. Sad, questioning eyes.

"You are well come, my lord," she repeated evenly. "Our—the Beauforts await you most eagerly."

He glanced to the courtyard where his children were grouped by the hall door. "Aye," he said, "and I've brought Tamkin. But I should like to see you alone first."

"'Tis not so easy to be alone at Kettlethorpe," she said with a faint cool smile.

"The church? 'Twill be empty at this hour?"

SHE inclined her head and preceded him. The church had been decorated with holly and evergreens for New Year's. Four long tapers flickered in a small chapel Katherine had built behind the Swynford choir stall. They shone on a tomb with the brightly tinted effigy of a knight in armor.

The duke paused by the tomb and slowly crossed himself. "May God comfort and keep his soul." He turned to Katherine, who stood at the entrance of the chapel, her hood pulled over her face. "Katrine," he said, "is this to stand between us forever?"

"There is far more than Hugh that stands between us, my lord."

He made a gesture, impatient, resigned. He left the tomb to stand beside her in the aisle. Suddenly he raised his hand and brushed back her hood, staring down into the wide gray eyes that met his steadily, without bitterness or resentment; but neither did they soften.

He stammered like a page boy, "Katrine—Katrine—you make this so hard. Is there nothing left for me at all? We're getting old, and if you feel nought for me—if too much has passed since we were together—then think of our children ——" He stopped. He was breathing fast, painfully.

Katherine saw his flushed, through a gray fog. "Is som necessary between us, to aid advancement?"

He recoiled as though she h "Katrine! I'm asking you to *m*

The dusky little church, the evergreens spiraled around her

"It must have occurred to "Surely when Costanza died— I've summoned all our Be Katrine, I could not come so sent me to Aquitaine ——"

"It did not occur to me," sh your duchess died, I hoped for v I received you today for our There's much you can do for will ——"

"What better can I do for t them legitimated?" he said, half Richard has agreed to in the eve riage, and the pope will confirm

"Legitimated—I've never hea stain of bastardy cannot be wip

HE nodded slowly. "It can." was an unusual procedure. fact, never been a precedent en stances quite like these. But E mitted it. "With the king d legitimacy in the temporal re pope, as Christ's vicar, in the can anything in heaven or earth true birth?"

Her face crumpled like a chil her twisted hands to her mout rapidly to the nave, seeking to

After a time he came and sto "Katrine," he said, touching "it is necessary that we be marr you any thought for me—as w dren?"

"I don't know yet," she realize —— My lord, I thought y

"You yourself decreed our p for a while. Then I saw that yo made Costanza as happy as nature to be happy, but you've from my deepest thoughts. I sw I'd love you till I die; it seem made that I must keep a vow."

Katherine and John were ma ary thirteenth in Lincoln Cathe dean celebrated the Wedding M had requested that the bishop sl the marriage, and the bishop "For which," the duke had sai glinting icy look, "he will soon sorry." His gaze rested speculati "It's high time Lincoln had a telligent bishop; don't you thin

Harry's rapturous agreement more note in the combined Be sorcery as benevolent and marve Merlin's was transforming all young lives. That very mornin arrived from the king, who sen and said that as soon as the legit confirmed by the pope, John Be be created Earl of Somerset, appointed Dean of Wells Cathe to be knighted; and as for Joan her father had opened negotiatio Neville, the Lord of Westmore cellent alliance. Without a doub be another wedding soon.

The nuptial bells pealed out a arose from her knees to find her ess of Lancaster.

Katherine dined in the Great sor on the night of the banquet envoys who had come to arrang between the French and English

In October, Richard would tak session of his eight-year-old b Isabelle of France, and ratify alliance at long last to be sea ancient enemy.

Katherine sat on the dais to th king's throne. She was encased i gold and so burdened with neck lets, rings and the heavy jewele Lancaster that natural movemen sible.

The king was dressed in a new brocade peppered with diamo

idly toying with a jade butter- nobles had brought as a gift

he's other side sat her duke. the Duke of Lancaster's ex- rriage had burst on England, it sed a furor, though the outcry ile. Many of the commons and d been pleased. The duke's ele- an who was born a commoner pular sentiment.

s warm, the banquet tedious. d, put down the jade butterfly, gold-clad figure on his right, ntinually glance down the hall le near the door?"

rted, then smiled. "I am seeing ce, a dazzled little convent girl wears an ill-fitting borrowed es up at this High Table and ntagenets as though they were ranged beside God's throne."

chard smiled. "And now you're must be very strange."

self and still can't believe it! you, your Grace, and to my" She looked at John's averted

ned suddenly to Katherine, his boyish charm. "I'm much at you said of that night here years ago; aye, a year before I om were you sitting with?"

as startled. "Why," she said, y sister Philippa, your Grace, ned, Geoffrey Chaucer."

"Chaucer?" said the king, raising his plucked golden brows. "Have you seen the scurrilous verses he dared write to me?"

Katherine had seen them. "Geoffrey's getting old," she said uncomfortably, "and is in poor health. He served his Grace, your grandfather, most loyally."

Richard laughed and took a sip of iced wine. "Oh, I forgive him—because of the pleasure some of his poems have brought me." He shrugged, dismissing Chaucer. "God's blood, but the minstrels play badly. This banquet bores me."

He stood up. Like released bowstrings, the two hundred diners jumped to their feet and waited.

Richard airily waved the Flemish-lace handkerchief he always carried. "Clear the hall. There shall be dancing now!" He looked at Katherine. "My first dance, of course, will be with the Duchess of Lancaster."

On the day after the banquet, the Lancasters traveled to Kenilworth. As the ducal retinue cantered along the side of the mere, Katherine looked ahead at the red sandstone battlements. This was the castle which in the old days had always been home to her; its warm ruddy fabric was interwoven with memories of her children's babyhood, and of the more peaceful stretches of her love.

The watch had seen them. The trumpets blew a salute, and the Lancaster pennant ran hastily up on the Mortimer Tower. The duke's retinue pulled their horses down to a walk, and Katherine presently said to John,

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

scussion about eating between small boy was asked what he Inking the question over care- answered. "It depends on round."

dmother used to say, "If you oman sharpen her knife fre- wash her hands often, go sel- the garbage pail, and change on before she serves the meal, be sure she's a good cook."

he best father I ever had," wrote irl on a gift to her one and only

completing job from can of abeled Strawberry Sunset to who had ordered Sunrise Yel- When I was about halfway I thought there was something ut since I didn't know what, I to just finish it."

on as her first child is born, a should begin to prepare herself time when she will spend her a clean and empty house.

given up being superstitious," ced one of our daughters. "With y plastic things around, it's lly impossible to knock on

ardest thing about the standard g, in a family, is keeping every- standard at the same level.

-year-old girl, receiving compli- "If you think *I'm* pretty you see my pictures."

er break down another person's ," advised my grandmother. "If ceed in making him do some- gainst his will you will make him emy."

A missionary to another country tells how he saw some little children playing in the snow with bare hands and hastened to send several pairs of mittens to the family. The next day when he passed, the children were again in the snow, completely nude except for the mittens.

One family reluctantly parted with the mother, extending many cautions about the long trip she was about to take, but eventually she returned home safe and sound, descended from the car and on the doorstep wa greeted so enthusiastically by her six-foot son she was taken to the hospital with broken ribs.

In an ever-changing world a husband always expects his big, comfortable chair will remain the one fixed pole.

A husband was boasting of how he always ate everything on his plate. "You forget," interposed his wife, "that extensive study of your likes and dislikes I made the first year of our marriage, added to by your mother, and which has grown with the years."

Very small girl to elderly woman: "Of course I remember you, I knew you when *you* were a little girl."

She's the kind of woman who, arriving in heaven, would immediately file a complaint about the way she'd been treated on earth.

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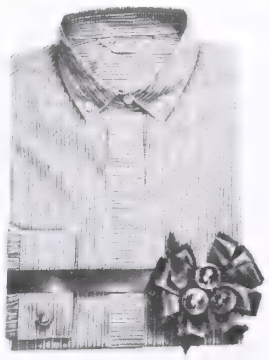
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"Oh, my dear lord—how delicious it will be to rest here a few days."

He placed his hand on the jeweled pommel. "Your new duties are exacting, lovedy! The tenants have planned celebrations for you, and all the chancery officials are here, since we have much business to discuss."

"Oh, well—I know—but that's all simple compared to court life. Sainte Marie, but these last few days at Windsor were grueling. I never knew how hard it was to be a great lady."

"You do it superbly, Katrine," said John with sudden seriousness. "I've been very proud of you."

They both fell silent as they rode through the two gates and into the base court, where they were greeted by the usual confusion of scurrying stableboys, barking dogs and children. It was a different set of children now. These were John's grandchildren. Little Henry of Monmouth, nine years old, did not wait for the duke to dismount but swarmed up the flank of his grandfather's great charger and wedged himself between the pommel and the duke, crying, "Grandsir, grandsir, did you bring me the peregrine you promised? Did you, my lord?"

John smiled at Katherine over the child's head. "Here's a naughty mannerless lad, who thinks of nothing but falconry! Get down, you little savage." He scooped the boy out of the saddle and deposited him on the flags. "Now stand back and show the duchess and me proper courtesy."

"Ah, but not too much ceremony, my lord," said Katherine, laughing. "It's good to have a pack of rowdy children around again!"

Next morning when Katherine awoke early in the state bed of the White Chamber, John still slept. She slid out of bed and summoned Hawise.

Katherine gestured toward the garderobe, and the women went in there so as not to disturb the duke.

"I've brought ye spiced hippocras the butler sent up," said Hawise crossly. "We're far too grand to drink honest English ale of a morning any more."

Katherine laughed. "Don't tell me you miss Kettlethorpe?" She swallowed a cupful of the cool sweet wine and began to wash herself with rose water.

"Not sure I don't," grumbled Hawise.

They looked at each other while the memory of all the years they had shared together hovered between them.

After Hawise had adjusted a light seed-pearl coronet over a veil of rosy gauze, Katherine glanced into the bedchamber and said, "My dear lord sleeps late. He must sign those letters to the king before the Comte de St. Pol starts back for Windsor."

"Let his Grace rest, poor soul, he seemed mortal weary yestere'en."

KATHERINE nodded, walked through the passages of the Sainteowe Tower into the beautiful Great Hall. It was crowded with retainers, lords, knights, squires and their ladies, all waiting for her to come so that they might sit down to eat. As she entered, the men bowed and the ladies curtsied. The chamberlain ushered her to the dais, where her own squire, kneeling, presented her with a damask napkin.

The stately breakfast proceeded. Katherine longed to go out to her pleasance where the peaches were ripening and the new Persian lilies were in bloom, but she allowed herself no impatience. It would be hours before she could be free to enjoy the garden. There must first be interviews with the chamberlain and the steward. She must dictate answers to a dozen letters.

When she rose at length, a page came up to say that two nuns had arrived at the castle and craved an audience.

"Certainly," said Katherine. "Tell them I'll receive them presently."

By the time she had finished routine, it had grown very warm a page to the nuns to convey the of the Great Hall where a faint through the opened window. E own women who were embr spinning, the hall was deserted.

Katherine seated herself in chair and surveyed the two nuns before her. White nuns, Cisterci in snowy wimples and habits, a short one. The former turned a Katherine had had only a glim unsmiling profile.

THE short nun began to talk. your Grace—I'm the Prioress course we're not on Lancastria Grace wouldn't know us ——"

What is all this about? Kathe "Is there some help I can give prioress?"

"Well," said the prioress, "I know. It's Dame Ursula who She's my sacrist and librarian. I she wanted, wondered if—but talks so little, sometimes we thi odd, though not the way she use

Katherine raised her eyebro them together.

"Oh," said the prioress, "she *I doubt she can hear me.*"

But it seemed that the other nu She turned and looked full a whose heart began to pound bef knew any reason for it, who gaz the triar of face er white wi the slate- looked hesitant question.

"You me?" sai in the voice of

Kathe again. Sh self up fr gripping She tried the blo from he fell back slipped o

The blankness lasted only a fe though it was long enough for hearing the prioress' frightened summoned Katherine's women.

Katherine pushed Hawise a aside. She struggled to her elbow the tall white nun knelt by h wimpled head was bowed and the on the pale cheeks.

"Go away, please, everybody," erine. "All but Dame Ursula. I'm so foolish. The heat, perhaps women reluctantly obeyed.

When they were alone, Kather thin, trembling hands in hers. " she whispered. "Oh, my darling— knew you'd come back."

The nun raised her head at las see you again," she said throug lips. "I could no longer live with

There were only two people i who understood why the duchess in her bower all that day with th nun. These were the duke and H saw to it that she was not disturb

The mother and daughter we quietly and after a while they pra only bit by bit that Katherine co her daughter's story. Blanchette clear: the convent life content wished for no other. She was gra nuns who had sheltered the ha child who had come to them fiftee and who had accepted her as a though she had no dowry and pre she did not know her name.

"I never told anything about m Blanchette. "I couldn't. Mother"— sharp breath and looked deep into eyes—"did I hear wrong that day lon Chamber?"

GREEK PROVERBS

The tavern keeper likes the drunkard, but he does not want him for a son-in-law.

A good anvil is not afraid of the hammer.

Choose the best life, habit will make it pleasant.

If you chase two hares, both will escape you.

atherine had suspected all these
ette had misinterpreted the Gray
ation and had believed that her
rately poisoned her father.
ffaced this horror for Blanchette
the grave twenty-nine-year-old
the truth and understood, as the
ild could never have.
news of the marriage which had
nette from her long self-contain-
had begun to remember her
for her, to see Katherine as a
could never commit the hideous
he child had believed. "And I
that you could not have married
were true."
chette told how she had escaped
oy. From the Avalon Chamber
o hide in the falcon mew. "How
now. The hawks in there fright-
d forgotten you, forgotten what
g to the Savoy. I thought of my
n its cage upstairs."
e back up the secret stairs to the
find her bird. The suite was filled
nd the roar of approaching fire.
ead on the bottom of its cage. As
cked up the cage, the passage-
to flames behind her, and she
the window into the Thames.
age had held her up until a boat
was rowed by a Fleming, who
hette on board with him and
ately up the river.
how where he put me ashore,"
te, "nor where I wandered for
ne of the Pinley serfs found me,
ed in a field. He brought me to

and, kneeling by Katherine,
o her face. "Mother, I shall be
Aye—I've thought much about
to be free of hatred first. A cell
God where I shall nevermore see
ld."
ng, no!" Katherine cried below
can't give you up again."
did not hear the protest. "It's
to become a recluse," she said
d has stopped up my ears, so
ter hear His voice. By His grace,
ill be of stronger help to others
e I can do. You must not doubt
for I know it is so."
is so." What dear-bought treas-
that was. It seemed to Kath-
ve Blanchette's halting voice she
y Julian speak: "I saw full surely
be that we should be in longing
e until the time that we be led so
d that we truly know our own

appened to Blanchette, she could
For this child of hers, the sancti-
ecluse was right, as it would have
or Katherine, who had so des-
ed to renounce the world during
bellion and anguish in Norfolk.
leaned down and kissed her
rehead. The women spoke but
gether, nor had need to. They
ers in Kenilworth's chapel, and
ssed each other a long tender
y would meet once more before
inal enclosure.

tood beside Katherine in the
ile they watched the two white
pear. She moved instinctively
easance gate and he followed her
walked into the evening quiet of
den. Bees hummed still over the
lilies and the clove gillyflowers
nce had deepened in the summer
aters of the fountain splashed
ne bench where Katherine and
n together and gazed out across

om the castle ward behind them
the shrill fanfare of a trumpet,
nd there were shouts of greeting.
stirred. "Now who could that be

ighted eyes had seen a galloping
eak by along the causeway. "'Tis
ld," he said. "Richard will have
idea for the French envoys, or
me new conspiracy, or worse.

Katrine, I have a foreboding—there's danger ahead."

She turned to him, seeing the tight lines of his mouth, the discouragement in his eyes. "It may be so, darling," she said slowly. "It may be that there is danger." She paused and said more softly still, "There was no promise that we should not be tempested and travailed . . . but there *was* a promise." She smiled and did not go on as she saw that he was not really listening. She put her hand gently over his, and waited until his clenched fingers relaxed and clasped hers.

Presently comfort came to him, and he thought that she had always given him of her strength, though he had never quite realized it until now.

Glory had passed him by; fame, too, perhaps would not endure. It might well be that the incalculable goddess would decree ill fame as his due.

Perhaps there might not be included in his epitaph the one tribute to his knighthood that he knew he deserved: "*Il fut toujours bon et loyal chevalier.*"

But whatever the shadowed years of the future might bring to him—as long as life itself should last—he knew that he had here at his side one sure recompense and one abiding loyalty.

AFTERWORD

The following year, 1397, Richard effected the murder of his Uncle Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, at Calais, while Lord Arundel was beheaded for treason. Shortly thereafter, Richard exiled Henry of Bolingbroke.

John, Duke of Lancaster, died on February 3, 1399, at Leicester Castle, with Katherine by his side. They had been married three years. Upon the duke's death, Richard wantonly confiscated all the Lancastrian estates and heritage, and Henry soon returned to England to fight for his rights.

By popular acclaim, Richard was forced to abdicate in favor of his much-wronged cousin



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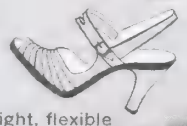
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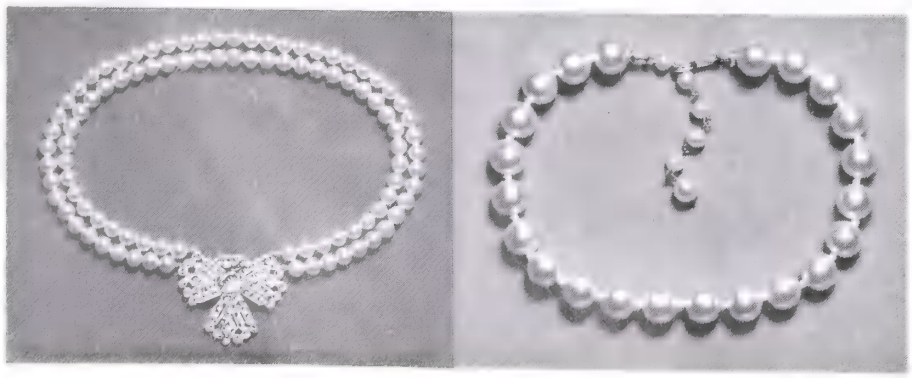
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who thereupon became King Henry IV of England, while Richard was imprisoned in Pontefract Castle, where he died. Katherine's son, Thomas Swynford, was at that time Constable of Pontefract, and it was said that by starvation he murdered Richard.

After the duke's death Katherine returned to Lincolnshire, where she lived quietly four years and died on May 10, 1403. She was buried by the high altar in Lincoln cathedral, where her son Harry Beaufort had become bishop. Katherine's tomb is there now, with that of her Joan.

From the Beauforts, the royal land eventually descended. Th Beaufort (Earl of Somerset, Mar set), who married Richard's half erine became the ancestress of H the Tudor line, also of the royal Scotland. Through Joan, and Ra Raby (Earl of Westmoreland), k great-grandmother to Edward IV III. Surely John of Gaunt and Roet, the herald's daughter, ancient prophecy: "Thou sha though thou be none."

YOUNG MAN WITH A WINDMILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

finished, a page turned. Pretty, gay Vida. He still remembered his immense surprise when she agreed to be engaged to him. For he was an ugly man, and he thought himself much uglier than he was, and it made him humble. Humble and far too grateful for kindness. When later on he discovered Vida had only got engaged to him for a little space to annoy someone else—the tall handsome man she afterward married—Doctor John wasn't at all surprised. He did not blame her. Only after that he became rather more silent, and if anything thinner than before. A young man whose hair was often too long, because he had nobody to remind him when it wanted cutting.

And now he owned a windmill.

The first thing was to go down and have a look at it.

He wished his windmill had come to him in summertime. The country always looked better to him when it was well trimmed up with flowers. Unfortunately, he had to take over in early spring, when flitters of ice still stuck to the edges of ponds, and the east wind blowing in from the sea held poignant memories of winter.

The one good thing about it was that it would get him out of town for the Easter vacation. The idea of getting out of London pleased him, for there were still enthusiastic hostesses who terrified him by asking him to their parties. Now he had a good get-out. Now he could say, "I am so sorry that I cannot accept your kind invitation, but I shall be in my windmill down in the country." He liked the sound of that. Not only was it out of the ordinary. It was true.

All these things passed through his mind as the train took him out of Liverpool Street Station, through the unlovely mud flats and marshes that surround it. Little Hallows, the guidebook told him, was a hamlet on the estuary. Pop. 325. The station of Little Hallows looked as if the 325 inhabitants did not use it very often, for grass grew out of the asphalt. A long lane led between twin lakes that in drier times were probably fields. He saw his windmill quite a long way off. It stood on a little hill, in the middle of a field. It still had its sails, and this gave it an odd air of waving its arms to him in hilarious welcome, just as Aunt Jessica herself had always done.

It took him some time to find his way in, for the structure was circular, and he played an involuntary game of hide-and-seek round it for a while, trying to find a door. When at last he located it, and let himself in with the huge rusty iron key Mr. Puffit had sent him, he was surprised to find the place was roughly furnished. A couch, some chairs, a table and a carpet made a sitting room on the first floor. The second floor contained two sacks and a broken umbrella. The third floor was empty, save for a glass jar with nothing in it, labeled Strawberry Jam. Beyond that a hen ladder led up to the narrow platform with a wooden handrail that ran round the part of the building that housed the wheel.

Doctor John stood stroking his chin. If he had been able to think of Aunt Jessica in terms of a love nest, that is what he would have thought. But he couldn't. He ate his sandwiches and made plans. With a little ingenuity the place could be made very comfortable. He saw himself on summer evenings pottering about with a saw and hammer and nails, doing all kinds of improvements. Housekeeping, he felt sure, presented no difficulties. A man living alone requires so little. It is only when he has got a woman to lay it on for him that he discovers he needs three- Beyond the window the country and gray. Over the salting with of reeds and sedges he could see made a methodical list of the u and improvements, and walked to look for a builder.

It was the emptiest and most f he had ever seen. For a long time a soul. But as he waited at the b door there hove into view, most a crocodile. A crocodile of very herded along by a tall grim fe umbrella which she carried as a ries his sword. She did not actua boys, but it looked as though an might.

They walked two and two, dej looked, even to the unpractical tor John, neglected and unkem sight of them brought back to hin antly his own school days. His lived in India, and he had spen youth in a school for the childr abroad. He remembered the desp been in his heart, contemplating tea of bread and butter at the end afternoon. The crocodile woun lane and out of sight. He turne after it in sudden sympathy. The came.

The builder turned out to be man. He talked knowledgeably a and plumbing, and said no, he and certainly it could be done

"The lady who owned the pla it for the summer. Mostly to down to see their children at the going to live in it, you say? Well the builder.

Doctor John hired a taxi to tal That solved the problem of all h papers, his typewriter and innun parcels. Gaunt in the twilight, stood on its hilltop, waving wild

"This the place?" said the taxi Gimme me money and let me go for me." He disappeared into Doctor John was alone.

He carried in his gear, and pu the fire. He found amongst th things he had forgotten was a gets so used to feeling for the switching it on that his hand we cally groping, and found nothing, stuck some candles in his pewter pleasantly tired. There was no the unpacking.

He would have a simple supp and turn in early. Firelight made shadows on the circular walls. sat down beside it, and held out h to the blaze. He felt relaxed and and dozed a little, to awake knowing what had awakened hi he had heard a noise.

The wind had risen and was k under the door. Maybe that was turbed him, thought Doctor Joh diately he knew it wasn't. Someb ing stealthily down the stairs fro upper floor.

Picking up the poker, Doctor J and waited. Through his mind th assortment of gypsies, burglars natics, and GI's on the run.

All that appeared was a sm crushed gray flannel suit, and a over. He was blue with cold an

oment the air was filled with a moan, and it seemed to Doctor windmill shivered and shuddered t to collapse about his ears.

nd," said the small boy. "Only ng the sails. It always does that."

n laid down the poker. "Thanks ," he said dryly. "You seem to e better than I do."

nmer," said the small boy, "we Ve pretended it was a ship. I was Mother and I ——"

ff, swamped with memories, his in a way Doctor John preferred put two and two together. The small boys from somewhere the mill let to the parents.

nother upstairs?" asked Doctor

he's . . . in London. She said she r my birthday, and then she said

are you doing here?"

oy said, "I ran away," and he rs and caught at Doctor John's send me back. Oh, sir, please, oys have all gone home only and me, sir, and I can't get to he cries all night. Even matron d there's only Mr. and Mrs.

e lit in Doctor John's heart, the t to do, for he was a redheaded sty-tempered. How could any artless enough to abandon her e amused herself, went to dances had a good time? A child, no of those broken homes, he de- ted milk and made a good strong , the way they army. He cut ter and a large ira cake. e ravenously, to say at in- won't send r. Not back ase, sir."

you last have a bath?" asked as a matter of interest.

boy had time to answer there ud raps at the door. All the color ace, and he stiffened with terror. !" he said.

n hesitated for the ghost of an he pushed the child into the al- e cooking stove, pulled the cur- and opened the door.

ut man with sandy eyelashes and ood there. His face was the face peevish baby, and as he spoke was enveloped in the aroma of

other you, but seen a kid any- visitor asked. "Boy aged around way from Parkton Hall School f Hallows. Buller's my name.

n looked at the man, and did He could not say why, but he t like him.

y he told the first conscious lie of e is no child here."

y I worried you. There was just a ht have come along, little blighter. ometimes rents the place. They nmer holidays here. If he should e know and I'll run over and pick me of Robin Kanes. Just when nded and all," said Mr. Buller. rumbling into the night.

N closed and double barred the *a nice thing*, he thought. *Look ded myself with now*, but even as , it did not seem to him he could done less.

out, Robin Hood," he said dryly. he boy bounced out like a whirl- braced Doctor John about the tted him in his thin middle in an atitude. He reminded the doctor ntly of a puppy he had once been tor John patted him on the head, a little embarrassed. Children stiff with him. Frightened, he told is ugliness. This was obviously an oy.

He sat obediently, skinny and pink like a shrimp, while Doctor John scrubbed him down, then fitted him into a pair of his own pajamas, with a deal of rolling up of trouser and sleeve. There was nothing for it but to keep the child and get in touch with the mother, and tell her a few home truths. Anger boiled up in Doctor John anew, whenever he thought of the woman.

Later, when the boy slept on the camp cot Doctor John had put up for him alongside the couch, he picked up the gray flannel suit and felt in the pockets. The letter, still in its envelope, was in the jacket pocket. The address was a fashionable London square. He read:

Darling Robin: After all, I shan't be able to come down this year for your birthday. You must be a good boy and not give Mr. and Mrs. Buller any trouble, and I'll try and come down for the summer hols. Maybe we can get the windmill again. You'd like that, wouldn't you? We had fun there, didn't we?

THERE was more of it, but Doctor John was too angry to read it. He just made a note of the address. To abandon a child like that, and not even take the trouble to send him a birthday present. Doctor John had made tentative inquiries about that.

"She said it might be a tractor. A *red* tractor," the child said. "Only it didn't come yet."

Over the years Doctor John remembered how terribly such things had mattered. A tricycle, a new cricket bat. He sat by the fire holding thin hands to the blaze, and wondered where on earth one bought toy tractors.

He opened the window a chink. The cold air fanned his face—but it held a vague scent and a promise that winter was past and spring had come to the countryside. A small bird in the eaves said something, then shut up for the night.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

He had pictured himself working on his notes all over the holidays, lunching simply off corned beef and Madeira cake which was slowly petrifying. It had been stale when he bought it. Girls in cake-shops are apt to sell off their old models to shopping males who know no better.

It did not work out as he had expected. First, he made what he hoped was a nourishing stew good for a growing boy. With what was left of the Madeira cake it would have to do, for there was nothing else until he could go shopping.

Over the fields the church bells pealed their Sunday summons.

"I think you should go to church," said Doctor John meditatively, remembering his own youth. Robin turned pale. Mr. Buller would be there, he explained, oh please, sir, not church, sir.

In the end they went for a country walk and picked early primroses in the wet hedges. The last time he had picked wild flowers had been in Switzerland—with Vida beside him and a heart still full of hope. He put that thought away from him quickly, and was surprised at how much he enjoyed himself.

What to do with Robin while he himself went to London bothered him a little. It would mean leaving the boy on his own for several hours, and he was rather young. Still, he had been there alone already for nearly two days, and he did not appear to mind. He was a sensible sort of boy, and Doctor John comforted himself with the knowledge that he would get back on the 3:18, provided he found her at home. He could hardly take the boy with him. For one thing, they would be bound to run into Mr. Buller somewhere, thought Doctor John, who knew this is a world in which those you hope to avoid arrive from every direction, but those you love depart to another side of the country.

In the end, Doctor John left him the Tuesday after the Easter holiday. London shops would be open again. He left Robin a glass of milk, a plate of sandwiches (corned beef) and a slab of cake (Madeira) and instructions not to open the door to anyone, no matter how loud they knocked.

All the way up to town he rehearsed what he would say to her, marshaling his facts and composing his sentences, for when he lost his temper he was apt to become incoherent. If she could not be bothered to look after her own



Gore Heel

Diamond Toe

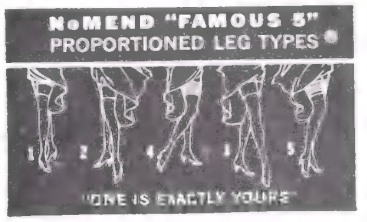
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Walnut Squares	Toffee Squares
Butterscotch Crisps	Pineapple Walnut Drops

Looking for Christmas cookie recipes that are really unusual—and simple, too? Well, I'm sure you'll be delighted with the 10 listed above. Each cookie is delicious and festive. And *all* are so easy to make, they're almost foolproof! Just be sure you have plenty of Meadow Gold Butter on hand for baking day. You know, Meadow Gold is churned fresh *daily!* Tested *17 times* for purity and quality! That's why it gives everything you bake the extra-rich flavor that only a top-grade butter can. Why not try Meadow Gold Butter in these Chocolate Nuggets tonight?

Recipe for Chocolate Nuggets

¾ cup Meadow Gold Butter
1 cup sugar
1 Meadow Gold Egg, well beaten
¼ teaspoon salt
2 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
2 tablespoons Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups sifted cake flour
Chocolate shots
Chopped walnuts

Cream butter; gradually add sugar and cream until fluffy. Add egg, salt, chocolate, milk and vanilla; mix well. Mix in flour. Chill dough thoroughly. Shape into 1 inch balls; roll in chocolate shots or chopped walnuts. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet; bake at 375° for 10-12 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.



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child, at least she might see to it that wherever she put him he was happy and well cared for—for that disheartened crocodile he had seen on his first visit to Little Hallows had marched and remarched through his consciousness in a disconcerting fashion ever since.

The house in the London square was just as he had pictured it. Prosperous, it was, and well groomed, with clipped yew in green tubs either side of the bright yellow door with its mock-silver knocker. Against the curb a long row of glittering cars was drawn up, well cared for as the house itself.

A butler opened the door, sleek and prosperous as the cars, and it was clear from the start he did not think much of Doctor John. Yes, Mrs. Kanes was in—but it wasn't very convenient. There was a party on. Was it urgent?

"It is extremely urgent," said Doctor John, and he wished he had thought of wearing his better suit and his less worse hat, only during the move they had disappeared, and he did not know quite where to look for them.

The house smelled of good food and rich wines. The stairs were so thickly carpeted it was difficult not to bounce on them. You would have thought, Doctor John mused bitterly, that in this great luxurious house there would have been a corner somewhere for one small boy. Far below he could hear them all enjoying themselves. Whoopee, and loud laughter. And anger boiled up in him again as the door opened.

A girl stood there. A tall thin girl in a white overall. Very black hair she had, that increased her pallor. Rage boiled in Doctor John's heart. He thought he was being palmed off with a secretary, until she said, "You want to see me?" Her face had a pinched look that made her eyes seem bigger than they were, and suddenly her chin quivered in a way that was oddly familiar to him. "Is it about Robin?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong. Sit down," he said, and he sat down himself on the sofa beside her, and knotted and unknotted his hands, all at sea, since nothing he had planned to say fitted the case. "He ran away. It's a horrible place. Preposterous. The fellow smells of beer."

"You mean—Robin is with you? You've got him? But ——"

"He came to the windmill, and it belongs now to me. So I let him stay till I'd seen you. To see if you knew —— I couldn't understand your not taking him for the holidays."

She said, and her voice was bitter, "I'm the housekeeper here. Living in. It's the only kind of job you can save any money at now, with living expenses what they are. Do you know what it costs now, to clothe a child, and keep it in shoes? No, I'm sure you don't. I was hoping I could get away, if only for his birthday, but I couldn't. There was a party."

As she said it, wild strains of gaiety and whoopee came up to them from below.

"Do you suppose I like it? Do you suppose I do it on purpose?" she broke out passionately. "I have to make money somehow. His father was killed flying. I had to take what I could get. I had no time or money to spare going round to look for schools. I had to send him where the lawyers said he would be all right."

"He told me you were with friends."

"That's what I told him. I wouldn't want him to know, yet, how things are. You're not to tell him! He's too young to understand." She was crying now and Doctor John said, unhappily:

"Please don't cry. I did not understand. I thought ——"

But it did not matter what he had thought, so he let that pass. He looked at her, sorry and ashamed now, but too shy to say so.

He listened in silence while she told him what life is like today, for a woman with a child, and no man to help her. There was about her a sort of courage that made him still more ashamed.

"I shouldn't complain. I manage," she said, and her chin trembled again, but she controlled it. "I'm all right, really. It's only the holidays that are so difficult."

Doctor John said brusquely, "He can stay with me, as long as you'll square the Bullers. As long as you think you can trust me. I had better tell you something about myself." He felt in his pocket for a card, but she turned away.

"I guess I know all I need to about you," she said. "You're kind." She broke off, the way Robin had broken off when he spoke of the summer holidays. She said, in a muffled voice, for the sake of something ordinary to say and tide her over, "Your hair wants cutting."

Doctor John crammed his hat on, as if to stem the luxuriant growth. "I know," he said ruefully. "I forgot. Look, I'll write. References and all that. And I'll let you know ——"

He stumbled out into the street, without making up his mind what he was to let her know. At the corner of the square he turned and looked back. She was standing there in the cold wind on the pavement, very girlish and slight in her white overalls, looking after him.

He hurried to Harrod's toy department. Red tractors cost a lot more than he expected, but then everything did. He had them parcel it up, and write on it "With Love from Mother."

"Father, you mean?" asked the girl. She thought he seemed vague.

"No—mother," he said.

It was an unhandy parcel to carry, but he went off with it under one arm.

"Bit bats, dear, if you ask me," said the girl in the toy department.

Robin played with his tractor unceasingly. Any qualms Doctor John might have had, as to his being lonely, proved groundless. It seemed a host of persons shared the windmill with them. There was someone called Poppety—and the Teddy-bear tractor driver and Rupert, and Growler. Who they were Doctor John had no idea, for he was quite unable to see any of them, but he thought nothing of that. After thirty years of age, no one can hear the squeak of a bat as it flits through the twilight overhead, but that does not alter the fact it is there.

He wrote her stiff letters with news of Robin. Stiff, because that was the only kind of letter he knew how to write. She wrote him gay, friendly little notes in return. She baked them a cake and sent it down to them. The letters were signed "Nan Kanes." Once she added a P.S.: "Did you get your hair cut yet?"

Doctor John put up an exploring hand to see, and regretted that the answer was in the negative. He wondered whether amongst the pop. 325 there was a barber.

Then the bombshell fell.

The Monday-morning letter he had come to look for had news in it. Good news, she called it. The officers' school in Borton had found a vacancy for Robin. They would take him on the twenty-second. After the twenty-second, Doctor John realized, he would have his windmill to himself again. He would no to shop, and concoct nourishing could prop the breakfast paper milk jug once again, and read th asters in peace and quiet. He coul rely on the Monday letter from he would be over.

He read on, feeling slightly sick

I shall get a day off next week, and mind, I would like to come down an his clothes, and see the dear windm

That, at any rate, was somethi him breathing space. Her letters w and kind, but he did not know how did not know if she had any idea project that had come to him i watches. Nor did he like to risk an The Vida affair had left its mark cause a man fell in love with some not follow, he knew from experien returned his feelings.

He met her at the station. Robin cold, so he stayed in the windmill. neat little fur cap and a coat with collar. It made her look older and n tant, but in his heart he thought never look as sweet in anything as overall she had worn that other da

He took her a very long way ro himself time.

"I did not remember it was so f station," she said. "I've got to ge cook the dinner."

He stopped and faced her. "I n housekeeper. Living in," he said gr not the way he had planned to say i he was moved in any way he was ap a trifle incoherent. "You know al backs of the place. I will make an ments you say. I meant to, anyhow. seem to know the way to do it."

He heard her draw in her breath gasp and he thought that might m

"Oh, Nan," he said brokenly, " me."

She was in his arms, her cold ch against his.

"Robin needn't go away. He's There's a day school. I thought it Nan," he said. "Oh, Nan."

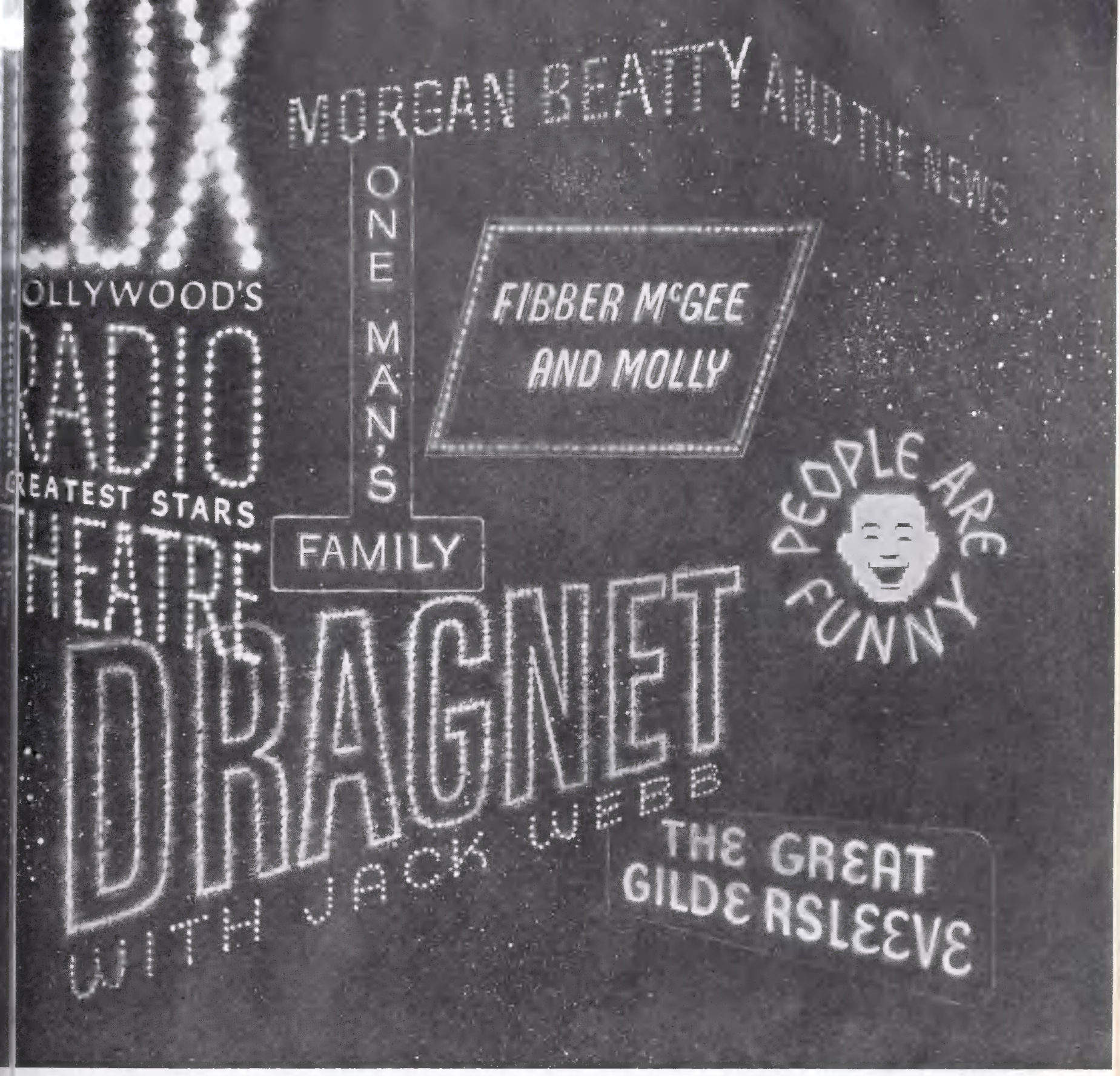
She took his face between her and kissed him, and he saw she w

"It's nothing," she whispered. Only just that I can't believe my g

In the twilight the windmill welc home, waving hilarious arms. Oddl Jessica. Aunt Jessica who had trie her lifetime to land him with a fa Doctor John. Could it possibly be a finger in the pie?



"Hey, sis, you can quit worrying. He's here!"



Look what's ppened to plain old uesday night!

y's all lit up like Broadway... on NBC Never before have there been so *many* nd hit shows in one place, in one eve- UX RADIO THEATRE, America's fore- ramatic show for two decades, is in eat playbill. And PEOPLE ARE FUNNY, erennial top-ten delight, starring Art tter.

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It's the greatest *Tuesday* night in radio (more about other NBC nights, later). Share it with your family!

NBC RADIO

a service of RCA

KEFAUVER'S SECRET WEAPON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

a dozen letters, study names and problems I'll be running into at the next stop, all in air-conditioned peace and quiet!"

The two women sat by an open fire in the quiet of Mrs. Ragland's home and put in a solid "working day," going over lists of names, talking over plans which would be the foundation for all the long campaign to follow.

Both believe deeply that women interested in their family's welfare must look to the community's welfare, too, and beyond that to the welfare of state and nation.

"Women have an instinct for politics!" Mrs. Ragland told Edna. "They see issues clearly—and they're natural organizers. If you can just get them into it, they take to it like a duck to water."

Both knew, though, that women in politics were still pioneers. Many women in Tennessee (and perhaps even more men) still believe that a lady has no place in party politics. Mrs. Jamison, who has heard this argument as often as Mrs. Ragland, always answers, "In the days when that was true, no lady did her own shopping either. Ladies were waited on hand and foot—and how dull it must have been!"

"Of course the most important thing is to elect Estes," Mrs. Ragland went on. "Getting more women interested is a by-product. But unless we have more and more informed people willing to take part in government, good men like Estes are in constant danger. And I think the best hope for doing this is through the women."

The budget would be limited. Senator Kefauver had always represented the "little people," who had little money too.

On the bus trip home Mrs. Jamison thought about the adventure ahead. She knew the experience would be new. But only by actually living and pushing through the next six months was she to find out *how* new.

She and King were to be separated more than at any time in their thirty years of marriage. For the first time in her life she had to have domestic help. And she had to have a full-time secretary.

And the countless little things. . . . She had already had her hair cut shorter, and King hated it: "It makes you look older!"—which was why she did it. The little black notebook she had taken out to study was the first of a long series; and the lists and notes were to grow so bulky that she had to buy the biggest purse she'd ever owned—her "feed bag," King called it.

She was to write endless letters, speeches, radio and television scripts in the coming months. But the most important words of all had to come first. She and Martha had agreed that the women's campaign would be centered around just one carefully worked out piece of "campaign literature," a leaflet telling Senator Kefauver's story in words and pictures, his family life and public life, and his stand on issues. And on the back of the leaflet, a letter from Edna Jamison to go (she hoped) to every voter in Tennessee.

In the small ruled notebook Mrs. Jamison began to set down words. "I have a son in service and another son fourteen. I share with mothers everywhere a deep concern for the frightening state of the world. Today it is more imperative than ever before that we send to Washington the best we have to offer. . . ."

Why Mrs. King Jamison? Senator Kefauver and Martha Ragland chose better, perhaps, than Edna Jamison knew. Her smooth fair skin, the softly curling dark hair, only faintly streaked with gray, and her alert gray eyes make her look too young to be the mother of a grown son. She has the Southerner's gentle voice and soft way of speaking, but she enunciates so clearly that she can be heard in the largest room. Always, her conviction is in her voice.

SHE never appears to be hurried. Even in the busiest days of the campaign she moved from one problem to the next, from one worker to the next, one county to the next, with no hint of frenzy. She gives her whole attention to the moment at hand.

Part of her apparent ease is her nature; part of it comes from carefully acquired habit. Fifteen years ago, not long before her younger son's birth, Edna Jamison had several light heart attacks. Her doctor put her to bed for a year. She spent the time reading—books, and more books. For the first time she looked far beyond her own home and family, even beyond her own country. This was the year in which she feels she "grew up," in many ways.

When the year had passed, M
doctor warned that she must n
beyond the point of fatigue to r
on "nervous energy." She began
how to relax completely, to let
blank and her muscles limp, at v
campaign became really intens
know herself how thoroughly sh
her lesson.

EDNA JAMISON'S first interest
and her home. The Jamisons' larg
white house stands back from
lined with trees, and with Jack
bellum" homes. She loves "fix
house. She refinished the beauti
her bedroom, and made the delic
bedspread herself. In the dinin
graceful mahogany chairs, bou
time for four Christmases, have
and backs in velvet—in four bler
ferent colors. "Different colors
teresting around the table," Mrs
gues, "and they can be used a
chairs. The colors were so l
couldn't decide on one!"

Mrs. Jamison's cooking is be
according to her men, and wa
most-mourned losses (though th
silently)d
weeks o
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hot rolls
a shabby

King
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family—
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Jackson's

He has an artist's love of phot
has been taking pictures "ever s
hold a box camera." He has
much of the family's love and
film that he says, "I get to sh
things—that's one of the times y
to live forever."

But Mr. Jamison's special inte
He has been connected with the Bo
scout or scoutmaster, since 1911.
hundred boys have belonged to hi
day he has the sons of boys he
years. His own son, Frankie, be
present troop. To them he brings
interests—geology, camping, an e
knowledge of the history of his s
birds, rivers, lakes, trees, mountai
to tell them about Casey Jones, w
in Jackson. Casey's son, a pipe fitte
door to the Jamisons for years. Mr
at home in a tent or boat, with an
fire, and his quiet confidence re
youngest "tenderfoot."

In the midst of so much fam
Mrs. Jamison's "causes" are jus
busy scene. Church and scho
are wives' and mothers' first inte
were Mrs. Jamison's. She has t
day school for thirty-two years
when I was *very* young!"), and
every effort throughout this
campaign to be home on Sunda
her class.

"Edna sure is loved in the ch
Jamison says. "The old ladies, spe
she has wings growing under her
course it was partly because she
leader that Senator Kefauver a
Ragland wanted her help in the

CATTY REMARKS

Cats interest me because they have the qualities I like best in people—courage, dignity, independence, the ability to amuse themselves, combined precision, silence and economy of movement, and that rare and marvelous virtue, a taste for the difficult.
—SOPHIE KERR

If man could be crossed with the cat, it would improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat.
—MARK TWAIN

A home without a cat, and a well-fed, well-petted and properly revered cat, may be a perfect home, but how can it prove its title?
—MARK TWAIN





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artly because of her interest in the Mrs. Jamison accepted. For specially since the Second World s been distressed by the apparent between what people say inside alls and what they say when they lls.

n work has been a quiet, matter- rt of her life. Her active interest airs began with a baptism of fire, ool fight in Jackson ten years ago. was just finishing junior high year Mrs. Jamison was elected a P.T.A. which didn't really exist. only four present, two of them day she was elected. ("We had a out getting the janitor in to make)

schools had been run by a tight n. In 1945 some white teachers per month; Negro teachers, $50. salary scale, no teacher contract. plan had been adopted as a result sure, but was ineffective, since re- s not mandatory. Buildings were nd additional ones badly needed. as increasing because of lack of a program. Windowpanes were out; as closed entirely because it was e to heat.

dig all this out," Mrs. Jamison n't know it. I'd been busy in my see."

did find out, "all hell broke loose!" says baldly. The terrible upheaval e school problem brought on mass "little war" that shook Jackson. was complicated by the fact that he city charter had to go through gislature. Mrs. Jamison did not of course, but she was known to "As we went about interviewing pport of our cause, we met a hos- on every hand. Sometimes people mpathetic to the issue were afraid t. Teachers were afraid of losing eople would say to us, 'Don't be ut this—you don't know what g.' But somebody had to begin uth."

brought Edna Jamison a thick file us threatening letters. King, Jr., led from school—for being "too popularity was creating disturb- halls. King's suspension gave the nily cause to wonder what would he continued to work with the ovement group, but Mr. Jamison uldn't mind being expelled from r a reason like that!"

ison went to the school with King, y, where he was reinstated after a rt martial" in the principal's office.

eginning she had wanted to talk ersonalities. "It's *easy* to build a up, but to win any lasting good to know *why* . . . you have to start m and build brick by brick, fact by friend, a politician, told me during that often people don't really simply readjust their prejudices. s hard—and slow. But it's the only eans anything."

learned something else in that . "Everywhere we turned, we ran ment." When they saw the mayor eded school building, he talked s.

se are human values—our chil- . Jamison pointed out.

men are always getting concerned nal themes!" the mayor said.

ison remembers clearly the day, ur, that she says "*really woke me* d gone with a group to talk to their r. He heard their protests about the schools, and at last told them, t elect me. I *know* who elected me. people I'm responsible to."

ed then," Mrs. Jamison says, "that never happen to me again. He was years ago only a little over four people had voted in the whole was stated by one citizen that per- ore than three hundred women had he 1944 elections for state repre- Women believed that they couldn't go into politics." So Mrs. Jamison began all over. She started to work with groups all over Tennessee to get permanent registration and to get rid of the poll tax. She helped put on drives to get voters registered. (Over 27,000 were registered in the 1954 primary.) She encouraged groups to put up new candidates, good candidates, for city offices; and to her astonishment she found that once you begin to take an interest in politics, candidates will take your interest into account. Even the "machine" candidates began calling on her—"because she has that group," they would say.

"But I don't have any influence!" she told a friend, a banker, in astonishment.

"Oh yes you do. Anybody who talks a lot has influence!" the banker told her.

"I've thought a lot about what he said," Mrs. Jamison says. "If we're going to 'talk a lot,' then we ought to know what we're talking about."

"I'm very timid inside," she says. "I even used to laugh at women 'do-gooders' who got excited about schools and politics. But I'm stubborn too. When the problem came home to *me*, and nobody else would do anything, I began to feel like the little red hen. 'I'll just have to do it myself'; I think I've said it a hundred times since, and my family urges me on! I'm still being the little red hen."

Once she had become interested in local government, Edna Jamison found herself interested in political problems everywhere. But she went into state politics in 1948 "almost by accident. I stuck my toe in and somebody gave me a big push."

She had been following Estes Kefauver's record in Congress, and liked it. One day a friend from a nearby county (they had met through the P.T.A.) wrote, "Edna, I'm awfully interested in Kefauver. I wish you'd see what you can do for him there." Mrs. Jamison agreed, and found herself appointed county chairman—she read the announcement under a large (5″ x 7″) picture of herself in the news-

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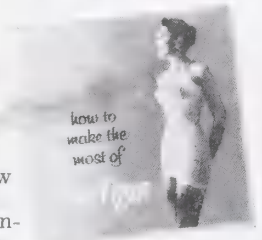
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paper! She had never done anything of the kind before, but "when I found out what I was supposed to do, I just organized myself nearly to death all over Jackson and Madison County!"

Martha Ragland told her later that she had organized her county far better than any of the others, "but I didn't know that," Mrs. Jamison laughs. "I was just green! And lucky. Most of my mistakes worked out in my favor." She is striking proof of her own theory, "Professionals analyze and predict too much. While they're doing that, amateurs go ahead and work. Amateurs don't know any better than to work."

In another way her experience in 1948 was painful and disillusioning. Women had never had a separate division in the state party organization. They were used to being paid so much a day to ring doorbells or answer the telephones.

"As soon as it was announced that I was to be the county chairman, women began calling to ask how much I was paying," Mrs. Jamison says. "It seemed degrading to me. I said I was a volunteer, working because I believed in Estes. 'Well,' they said, 'Mr. So-and-so pays five dollars a day—I can't work without pay!'

"I knew it was the result of women's only being 'used' for so long," Mrs. Jamison says, "and not all women had fallen into this. But there was a danger of complete loss of a *voting conscience*, which worried me."

It was to keep together the women's organization she had developed and to keep its influence effective between campaigns that Edna Jamison organized Jackson's first League of Women Voters in 1950. The original group of fifteen members has grown to forty, still working to inform a sometimes indifferent public about the mechanics and the issues of government.

"People laugh sometimes at women's clubs," Mrs. Jamison says, "but nobody can possibly evaluate all that the League has meant to Jackson!"

The ideas that benefit a man are seldom welcomed by him on first presentation.
—ELBERT HUBBARD

With the new adventure, she had gone a step further. Her first act, after accepting the chairmanship of Senator Kefauver's campaign, was to resign membership on the state and local boards of the League of Women Voters.

"I loved the League," she told King, "and it gave me some valuable experience. But I had to be too 'neutral.' Honestly, I think I would just as soon be dead as neutral!"

Mrs. Jamison began the 1954 primary campaign at home, in an improvised office in one of the four upstairs bedrooms—a room left free now that King, Jr., is away. This was the room Mrs. Jamison painted a year ago, keeping the fact secret from her husband because she knew that King, always concerned about her health, would not have approved. But she knew just the soft Wedgwood blue she wanted, and there were too many other places for money to go. King did remark once or twice on the odd smell in the house, but his wife, busy getting dinner, was noncommittal, and the news of the day crowded out further wondering.

In Mrs. Jamison's new "office" upstairs in her home the bed, dressing table and chest were moved to the attic. Into the room went a heavy oak table (the old-fashioned kind with bookcases set between the legs at each end) and all the card tables Edna could beg or borrow.

She rented a stout steel filing cabinet which she was sure at first would be too large but which was stuffed to overflowing by the middle of July. She rented a typewriter, and her secretary-assistant brought another. In a few weeks stacks of campaign literature crowded the tables and floor. Newspapers she did not have time to read piled up in a corner. Boxes of incoming mail, sheets of stamps, the kitchen sponge kept moist in a cereal bowl, and more unread newspaper clippings covered her desk. Kefauver banners and photographs, and a large map of Tennessee, went up on the wall.

Two small maple chairs with flowered cushions and backs stayed in the room, for visitors and for comfort—and perhaps as silent reminders that women in politics don't lose their interest in chintz ruffles.

Mrs. Jamison began writing letters. The first were simple "Dear Friend" letters to introduce herself and to ask for names of others interested in helping Senator Kefauver. Before the campaign was over Edna Jamison was to feel that *lists* would haunt her the rest of her life. Names and addresses. She wanted two kinds—the names of women who could work in the campaign, and another long, long mailing list of voters' names.

The spring months were filled with mail, telephone calls—and traveling. Mrs. Jamison planned to build her organization along the lines of the state civil division. Tennessee has nine congressional districts. She would try to find nine district chairmen—women who had both the time and the wish to help and who were experienced enough to know how to delegate the detailed work. Then with their help she would enlist ninety-five county chairmen, one for each of Tennessee's counties. The county chairmen would in turn appoint precinct chairmen, and the precinct chairmen would find the workers. Mrs. Jamison's watchword was the old saying, "Five workers can carry a precinct."

The hardest part of her job, finding district chairmen, came first. So began the long bus trips, the hundreds of calls—and the endless, wonderful talk. Edna Jamison, so interested herself in everything to do with homemaking and with children, had no trouble at all in getting acquainted. She collected ideas for her own home, her personal wardrobe, her other "causes," wherever she went. Into each discussion she slipped a gentle leading question or two, and local feuds, local political pitfalls would be described to her in breathless detail.

She found her district chairmen, though she rarely asked a woman to take a chairmanship on first meeting. Often she didn't try seriously to sort impressions until she was on the bus homeward bound. Then she found that the people she'd met, the local situations she'd heard described, all began to sort themselves out, and from the welter chairmen's names came clear.

Those spring and summer trips brought the map of Tennessee to life for her. Places called Goose Pimple Hollow and Piney Flats and Hickory Tree. Wild roses climbing over split-rail fences, hills crowned with trees, the fast rushing water and the green-gray haze of the Smoky Mountains. Red dirt fields, fields curving with the steep hillsides, fields in rich bottom land. Weather-beaten houses with shaky-looking porches, wide pass-throughs—and electric lights bright at night. New brick houses, gleaming white fences, herds of registered cattle. Old towns, with their tree-shaded courthouse squares, some almost within shouting distance of the great cities.

Even more important, her *lists* came alive. "People stimulate me," Mrs. Jamison said. "I just love to be with them! This was the most exhilarating thing I have ever done. When I went to bed I could hardly wait for morning to come!"

When she had to be away from home several nights, she called King every day. And when the bus brought her home in late afternoon, she often began cooking dinner before she had her hat off. "I haven't had a decent cup of coffee since you left," King would say mildly.

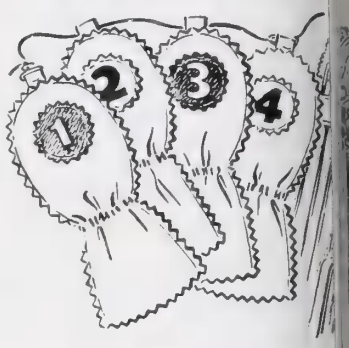
In between taking care of King and Frankie, organizing the Women's Division for Kefauver and filling outside engagements, she made herself two faille coats, two suits, five summer dresses, and put up a crate of strawberries!

The trips—after the campaign had officially opened—were kaleidoscopic. To her great relief King (with two cameras) could go with her for the longest trips. She could talk everything out to him, and they were building scenes they could remember later together: people sitting in trees at a courthouse rally, the hot hot sun, weather-worn skins, much-bent old hats, a tiny wrinkled old face, and nearby, a little boy taking off his shirt; Senator Kefauver's father telling them, "I've got to see that t
all right today."

Perhaps the thing that pleased M
most about the whole campaig
Senator Kefauver and his leaders
on the defensive about his policies.
support of international co-operat
of a "war in every generation."

"When you go on the defensive
talk too much doing it—and that
Mrs. Jamison admits. "But we
some of the issues his opponents
the worst in Kefauver's record—h
foreign policy, the UN, NATO.
said candidates could be the best

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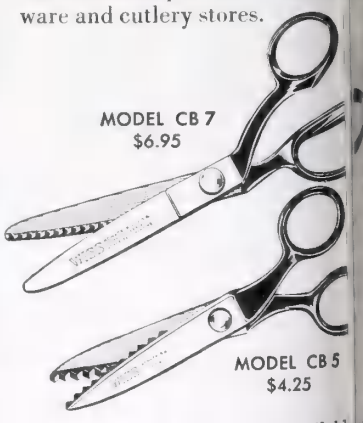
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ho l do it."
nis herself took to the air on
lev on. She and Senator Kefauver
ies f television films discussing
th big issues in which women
ich stake—how to work toward
hy to combat juvenile delin-
ete ns', schoolteachers', labor-
fit d farmers' problems—all of
st wives.
ms found she was learning much
pai ing and about persuasion, as
ver by. Personal letters make less
a t grams, even though the tele-
be rief. Telegrams are less effec-
lo g-distance call. And long-dis-
a twice as effective when you
it le once, the person you're call-
en of you can fit features and a
pp sion to the voice at the other
ine Most effective of all, of course:
al it. The closer the contact, the
an thought for the other person
te- he better the results.
M Kefauver and Mrs. Jamison
ty it the state" in what turned out
no hectic weeks of the campaign.
vde into fourteen short days not
von n workers' luncheons and re-
pit veral campaign rallies, televi-
ra es, a large picnic, several teas,
ne le newspaper interviews. At
oc ionally slept. They crisscrossed
for across the breadth of Tennes-
rea did begin to feel like a road
" Ms. Jamison laughs, "just barely
e t stop."
ir o-week tour Nancy Kefauver
of nor at the luncheons and meet-
E a Jamison was the principal
'l e all the rest of it, but I simply
e s eches!" Nancy had said weeks

uld e a shame to waste you on
ay," Edna assured her. "Not on
me by speeches. If you'll just meet
d t about the children."
I c do that in my sleep!" Nancy
so e "road show" was born.
K uver did make informal talks
su mer's campaign and its effect on
. e Kefauvers do not bring their
er ally into campaigns, but a day
er e family first moved from Wash-
T nessee, the first of July, all the
ve with Nancy to meet the senator
w re they had a full day helping in
Da l, nine, spent his time near the
ke and sound equipment. Diane,
Ele or, thirteen, talked with people
ed ut campaign leaflets. But Gail,
sy nning Kefauver buttons on all
to the show. She came up with a
fa to tell her mother there was a
di 't want a button! Mrs. Kefauver
xp n that the buttons were only for
he anted to wear them—that not
y uld want to have one. "I pinned
co ail when he was walking away,"
" *should* have one of daddy's but-

R. nd Kitty came to Jackson for a
th Jamisons the weekend before the
ri ary. Sunday the family had a re-
ether that was more like the old
H g,Sr., and Frankie had known in
he were sitting on the front porch in
o he evening when someone sug-
at Irs. Jamison shouldn't stop short
c paign was over. The whole fam-
d hat she *must* taper off, or risk
h k." After only a little thought,
d her first project should be to can
peaches. The Elbertas were just
pr e market. Big King and Frankie
e he nose-tickling scent of pickling
T y were dreaming, too, they said,
m e peach preserves—to be eaten on
n e by Mrs. Jamison's own hand.
ig of August fourth, the primary
e had something of the excitement
c cy of Christmas Eve—except that
n on had nothing left to do!
d King got home from work a little
c and Edna went with him to the
r rby where they cast their votes.

Then the Jamison family drove off to cover the hundred and forty miles to Nashville.

All along the way they saw people gathered around the polls. Tennesseans were out in force, marking their ballots on tables set up under the trees in rural schoolyards, set up in towns on center squares or courthouse porches.

"Government is just a matter of good housekeeping," Mrs. Jamison told King. "A lot of those people are voting because someone saw to it that they were registered, and someone else got them to the polls. You have to get out the vote and talk about issues just as regularly as you have to get dinner or wash the dishes!"

When they reached Nashville on election night the air was already thick with congratulations. After Mrs. Jamison heard herself called "Kefauver's secret weapon" and returned with the senator's party to his headquarters, she moved in a happy daze.

"It's been a wonderful experience—it really has!" she told Martha Ragland. "It's been *fun*. And I've gained three pounds! King says it's time I quit all this foolishness and got to work!"

She'd been twice on television in the same evening—and she was still wearing the summer cotton she'd put on to travel in. Mrs. Jamison mourned a little for the navy silk Shantung with the flattering neckline—still folded away in her suitcase. She would wear it Monday night, she decided, when she had a date with King to go to the movies.

Midnight: Kefauver, 214,598
Sutton, 94,982

"I'm getting sleepy where my eyes are," Mrs. Jamison said. "I just can't hold them open any more."

12:10 A.M. Kefauver, 245,637
Sutton, 113,915

The next day Mrs. Jamison went home to can the peaches. END

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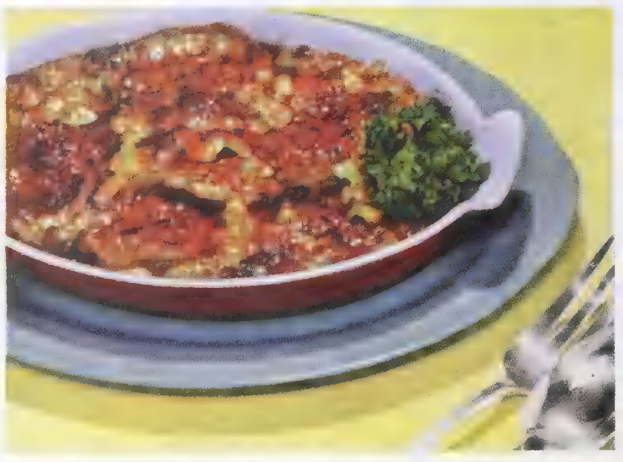


Lima Bean-Sour Cream Casserole

Soak a pound of dried tiny Lima beans overnight in cold water. In the morning drain, cover with fresh water, and simmer till tender, about 1 hour. (Make sure they are tender, but nowhere near the mushy stage.) Drain, rinse in hot water, turn out into a 1½-quart casserole. Mix together ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 tablespoon dried mustard, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon molasses and 1 cup thick commercial sour cream. Add to beans and mix all together very tenderly. Bake in 350° F. oven for 1 hour. This casserole is good when served with a baked ham or a turkey. Add a green salad, and you have a delicious, easy buffet menu. Serves 8.

Grace A. Bernard

NEW YORK CITY



Veal-Scaloppine Casserole

Chop 4 large onions and sauté in a skillet, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine. Remove onions to a 1½-quart casserole. Have 2 pounds veal sliced thin for *scaloppine*. Mix ⅓ cup flour with 2 teaspoons salt and ¾ teaspoon pepper. Dust slices of veal lightly in seasoned flour and brown in a skillet, using ⅓–½ cup butter or margarine, adding as needed. When browned, place veal in casserole. Drain any excess fat in skillet. Add 2 cloves garlic, crushed, a pinch of rosemary and 1 can condensed consommé. Loosen brown bits in skillet and pour over veal. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 45 minutes until veal is tender. Serves 8.

Wally McDoo

NEW YORK CITY



Quick Vi

Simmer 2 large onions, chopped (small clove garlic, crushed, in 1 qua chicken stock, canned or homemade, Strain, and add 1 package frozen ma to stock. Heat, stirring until smooth. minutes. Chill in refrigerator overnig Just before serving, stir in 1 pint co Top each serving of soup with chop would be hard to imagine an easier v Vichyssoise than this, and it tastes Serves 6 to 8.

Earl

EXETER, N



Chicken Bola Gai

Defrost 2 packages frozen cut-up frying chicken. Mix together ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon celery salt, ¼ teaspoon garlic salt and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Dust the chicken pieces with flour mixture and brown well in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Combine sirup from 1 No. 2 can pineapple slices (about 1 cup), ½ cup soy sauce and 2 tablespoons sugar. Place pieces of chicken in shallow casserole or baking dish, and pour pineapple-soy sauce over them. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about an hour, or until chicken is tender. Baste chicken with juices in casserole two or three times while baking. Serve with sautéed pineapple slices. Serves 8.

Gertrude Gum.

NEW YORK CITY



Shepherd's Salad

Drain one 1-pound can small whole potatoes. Cut into bite-size pieces and mix with 1 No. 2 can small whole beets, drained, and one 8-ounce can peas, drained. Add 4 or 5 scallions, sliced, and 1 cucumber, peeled and chopped. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar to 2 tablespoons basic French dressing to give a sharper taste and pour over vegetables. Chill in refrigerator an hour or longer, if possible. Serve in bed of lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 8.

Claude Dey

PARIS, FRANCE



Ice Cream-Gi

Spread 1 quart vanilla ice cream smooth of 9″ pie plate. Sprinkle with 3 table chopped crystallized ginger. Chill in f partment until firm. Top with another p ice cream, spread smoothly like a "to return to freezing compartment. When from freezing compartment and plac frozen sliced strawberries, defrosted, a top. Makes 8 servings.

Valletta J

SOUTHVILLE, MA

hir party sleight of hand with you—

th dash of imagination.

sy entertaining



Baked Apple Tart

sts off 6 slices white bread. Brush 1 side of h e thoroughly with 3 tablespoons melted but- or margarine and place them, buttered side wn a 1-quart casserole to form a crust that er ottom and sides entirely; use little pieces if ess y to fill in. Mix together 1 No. 2 can sliced ple teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon nut- g. l the bread-lined casserole with apples and pac ge frozen sliced peaches, defrosted and in Dot top with 1 tablespoon butter or mar- in nd sprinkle with 2 tablespoons brown sugar. e a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. ve th whipped cream. Serves 6.

Eileen Branca

ROME, ITALY



STUART

Creamed-Oyster Casserole

Sauté till tender in a skillet ⅔ cup finely chopped onion in ½ cup butter or margarine. Then add 4 dozen raw oysters, drained, or 2 packages frozen oysters, thawed and drained; cook them just until their edges begin to curl. Add to the skillet 2 cans condensed cream-of-chicken soup, one 6-ounce can sliced mushrooms, 1½ cups grated Parmesan cheese, and ¼ teaspoon black pepper. Turn into casserole to keep warm till serving time. Serve with wild rice or plain white rice, and a salad, for a party main dish. Serves 8.

Harry J. Crawford

EDGEWATER PARK, NEW JERSEY



Bacon-and-Cheese Puff

ok cup elbow macaroni in boiling salted water til t der. Drain. Combine 4 beaten egg yolks, 2 s s t bread crumbs, 8 strips bacon, cooked and ml d, 2 cups warm milk, 1 teaspoon grated ion ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and ½ spo salt. Add cooked macaroni and 2 cups ate harp Cheddar cheese. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten g w es. Pour into a 2-quart casserole and bake a p of hot water for 1 hour in a moderate oven, Serves 8. This is a great favorite for a nd supper party.

Lu Bradford

SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS



Scalloped Cheese Tomatoes

Place in a shallow baking dish in alternating layers ½ cup packaged herb bread stuffing, 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon garlic salt, ¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese, ¼ teaspoon *orégano;* 1 cup thinly sliced onion, and 2 teaspoons sugar. Bake for ½ hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. Perfect to serve on a winter's night with a roast of lamb or beef, roast potatoes and green salad. Serves 8.

Bernard Weisbaum

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

TIPS on hors d'oeuvres

1. *Here's a day-before-the-party trick with mushrooms: Simmer in a saucepan, for 5 minutes, ⅔ cup vinegar, ¼ cup water, 3 cloves garlic, chopped, and a good healthy dash of Tabasco. Drain 2 cans whole mushroom crowns, and pour the hot liquid over them. Cool, and leave in refrigerator overnight. To serve, drain, and spear with toothpicks.*

2. *At your next party, try whole canned water chestnuts, wrapped in bacon, secured with toothpicks and broiled. Or, speaking of bacon, roll large cocktail onions (about ½" in diameter is right) in brown sugar, wrap them in bacon, toothpick, and broil till bacon is done.*

3. *For this, you'll need a package of cream cheese which has been allowed to stand at room temperature till soft. Mash into it with a fork 2 tablespoons horseradish, a dash of onion powder, and enough cream to make it creamy. Open a jar of dried beef, and spread slices about 2" wide with the cream-cheese mixture. Roll each slice, and chill before serving.*

4. *You probably know about hollowing out the bready part of small French rolls, filling them, and slicing into rounds—but have you ever tried making a filling with 1 can tuna, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons chopped pickle relish and 2 tablespoons chopped onion? Chill rolls till icy cold before slicing.*

5. *Here comes bacon again—and toothpicks. Spread slices of bacon with peanut butter, roll up, fasten into little bundles with toothpicks, and broil.*

6. *These next two are the easiest ever. Take a can of small meat balls in gravy, pour off gravy into a saucepan, add 3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, a few grains cayenne, 1 tablespoon mustard, pinch of orégano. Cut each meat ball in half, and serve meat balls and gravy together piping hot in a chafing dish, with plenty of toothpick spears.*

7. *Crumble sharp Cheddar cheese, mix with enough mayonnaise to bind cheese crumbles together, spread on crackers, and broil till it bubbles.*

8. *The next time you want to serve shrimp, boil them in water to which you have added a generous tablespoon or two of curry powder. The curried water gives a wonderful tang to the shrimp. Chill and serve with mayonnaise, spiked with a little mustard.*

9. *Chopped almond rounds: Open a can of toasted salted almonds, and chop very fine. Blend in 1 package cream cheese, 2 tablespoons chutney, and a little cream to make it spread easily. Serve cold on rounds of Melba toast.*

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THINKING MAKES IT SO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

they looked at us like seniors look at freshmen. Every one of them was elderly. "But maybe the officers are nice," Mamma said dismally. She began tapping her foot and giving us last-minute instructions. She would write us to the Canal. If nothing unforeseen happened she would be waiting for us at the Ritz in Paris. I was to study my French each day just as if I were at school. She began fishing for her gloves. "It *is* a sweet ship. And it's new . . . though the passengers aren't." Mamma laughed. Though she thought the ship was sweet and our stateroom bigger than a stateroom on the Queen, Mamma was anxious to get out of it.

At the top of the gangway Mamma kissed us good-by for the tenth time. "In a way I envy you," she said, making a lie. "There's a time for fishing, you know, and a time for mending the nets. I could use twenty-four days at sea to mend my nets." Mamma always gets philosophical like that when she's about to bring things to an end.

We were glad when she went down the gangplank, picking her way as if her ankles were made of glass. On the dock she threw us kisses again. She removed her dark glasses and let them all recognize her, crew and everyone who happened to be hanging on the rail. She caused a lot of excitement as she stood there, hatless in her mink coat, her blond hair loose and blowing.

Cindy and I took another look at the ship. We ended in the writing room where a couple of passengers, obviously two of those who'd been on the ship since Vancouver, were writing letters. One of them was a woman about forty with a bad dye job on her hair. She was smoking through a ridiculous, long black cigarette holder and writing with a loud scratchy pen. We had no letters to write so we went back to the top deck and sat down on a bench to watch the sailors throw ropes around.

I knew Cindy was thinking twenty-four days to Antwerp was a long, long time. She was looking rocklike in her profile, staring out at the warehouses and picking at her glove (which is always a sign she's not feeling happy). I didn't think she was picking at her glove because she was sorry about leaving any of her men friends. One of them was a vegetarian and though he played wonderful tennis I knew she couldn't be in love with him because Cindy likes to eat. Another was a doctor, very handsome, but he worked day and night and if they had a date, like as not, she'd spend the evening sitting alone in his car while he made calls . . . waiting, waiting, which Mamma says is the worst thing in the world for a woman's self-respect. Maybe, I thought, Cindy was picking at her glove because she all of a sudden realized she didn't have anybody she was sorry to be leaving.

"I dare say we may as well go and unpack," she said at last.

In our room she rang for a steward to give him clothes to press. But the steward said there wasn't anyone to do pressing on board, each passenger must do his own. He offered to show us the little room all equipped for that. "Later," Cindy said, trying to smile and giving him a big tip. Mamma says Cindy always overtips. "They only despise you and consider you have inferiority feelings when you overtip," Mamma says.

WHEN at last the ship began to inch away from the dock, we went upstairs and sort of watched ourselves going out the Golden Gate. With night coming on and the ocean in front of us, our ship seemed terribly small. But cocky and stouthearted.

At dinner we learned that the woman with the long cigarette holder was English—a Mrs. Blake. She sat at the captain's table along with two married couples. But the captain himself didn't come down to dinner that first night. We saw him later in the passageway, very busy and very blond with a lovely Norwegian accent. He looked extremely displeased with all of us.

When we woke up the next morning we were stopped again. In the harbor of Los Angeles. More passengers came aboard. More elderly couples. Except for this one figur flannel that skipped up the gangp must be, we thought, one of the N Line executives, come aboard fo minute inspection before sailing time

"He's got a body like Eglevsky said, Eglevsky being one of the wor est dancers. And though Eglevsk wears tights and this person was loose flannels, Cindy with her sculpto undress anybody just by watching th

Lunch was served the minute away from the dock. Entering the din we saw him again, the one in gra seated all alone at a table. It was a prise to realize that there was this person aboard, even though he di as if he intended to be friendly table was a bottle of fancy beer, cov silver foil. He drank it without looki body, which was quite a feat becaus ing room was small and you couldn from your plate without staring at s

AT the captain's table Mrs. Blake w ing the new passenger too. She was in a lilting new voice today, as if sl him to hear everything she had to how glamorous her life had been Kong and Singapore. Mrs. Blake w those women about whom people sa a beauty she must have been at one ti

During lunch the chief steward ca table and asked if we'd like to be sea first officer's table. The first officer d the Viking look of the captain. He little chin. Cindy refused, saying we to have a table to ourselves for the re I was learning French and we intende tice it at mealtimes.

"*Bon jour*," the chief steward sa then leaned over the table and iden gray flannel suit. He was the famous Mark Rountree. The chief stewar some of the titles of the books he' The chief steward considered Mark as good as Somerset Maugham. If r He was very literary, the chief ste stayed so long at our table discussi with Cindy that our lunch was ruin

Mr. Rountree, the author, didn't li his lunch. He finished his beer and d for dessert. The ship was beginnin now, and as he rose and walke swayed gracefully.

"He walks like Eglevsky, too," C watching him with her professional eye.

By noon the next day the passen had all looked alike to us were beg have personalities. We recognized plaid coat was Mr. Grace, English woman in the blue sweater was Mr Swiss; the really old man who pla taire in the bar, Norwegian, and so Rountree had had his deck chair put the lowest deck where he was as clo sible to the water. And he didn't car or anything with him, just a packag rettes and himself, as if that was enou

When tea was brought out on afternoon Cindy and Mrs. Blake, wh playing shuffleboard together, sat an about what they were going to put o ner. "Tonight I think I'll put on a lon Mrs. Blake said. Cindy had brou short ones, she said. She hadn't tho was a long-frock type of ship. She ha black point d'esprit, though. Did M think that would be suitable? "Qui Blake said.

When we went to the bar where gathered before dinner Mrs. Blake ready there, quite naked in her long f cause she was sitting at a table wit Cindy and I went to sit at the tiny Rountree was there straddling a stoo against the wall, very graceful and v at home. Jammed right up aga Rountree like that, to whom we ha introduced, it was very hard for Cindy make a conversation. We began to tal and ends, pretending we weren't a he was listening. I saw Mrs. Blake n

n her table, so I pulled at Cindy's
it. "Mrs. Blake is waving at us,
id.
poke up, thank goodness. Just as
vn us forever. "Cindy—that's an
le repeated her name as if he were
his tongue.
r Cinderella," Cindy said. "It's
rrassed me."

bit like Cinderella."
d to know just why Cindy didn't
self the Cinderella type.
for one thing. They're not what
nail." She reached out the foot on
rove it. He looked down under his
was resting on the bar to examine

ough. And well shaped. If you like
ally I don't." Now he was looking
brazenly. His eyes, I noticed, were
and sharp as ice picks. They were
her left hand, which was hanging
r. You just knew he was looking
g ring.
ere jealous of Cinderella," Cindy
dy's ever been jealous of me."
ry unfeminine of you to admit it."
la had a couple of ugly sisters. My
ly." She went on to tell him who
s. He listened and when it was his
y, he didn't say anything about
all. He said:
to me that
d yourself
duckling.
absurd on
it." He was
er face now.
a raw deal
g yourself.
fine eyes.
us hair."
Cindy gasped, reaching up to
ir. "Well, there's lots of it."
e got to take you in hand. Teach
ings about yourself. I noticed you
day. You were sitting dumpily."
e running over the point d'esprit.
dumpy, you know. You're just
nough of yourself. A figure like
rd's, for instance, is above all an
a holding up of the rib cage that's
g to do with how you think about
've got to change your opinion of
ee that. And there's only twenty
do it in."
nning to feel *de trop* and was very
came time to break it up and go
er.
day at lunchtime all the ship's
ared in whites and the crew set up
imming pool on Mr. Rountree's
It wasn't very big and slopped all
rolling of the ship. Mr. Rountree
steward to put our deck chairs
his own. With the three of us in
uits, basking all day in the sun,
e's deck was like a little beach.
blue day it was like that, all of us
t on the tilting deck on a white
uth, and nothing to do but watch
hich looked like forty million little
erchiefs all waving good-by, good-
. It was easy to fall asleep and
fall asleep again. Sometimes the
would be talking, their voices al-
s, hers, his again, like the lulla-
d fall of the sea. I'd awake to hear
her:
to me you speak rather overmuch
er. You'd better watch it." Or:
serious sculptor? Or do you just
art because your private life is

ay I'll never be more than an

! You're doing it again—selling
t."
nd sometimes I just pretended to.
t sort of *de trop*.
ause your sister has more money
e?"
ways had enough money. Grand-
bless him, owned acres of grazing
rned into oil leases. So nothing's
because of lack of money."

"I can't understand why you've never married."

"I've had no offers," Cindy said. "None that were acceptable."

At that, he sat up and looked at her. Really shocked he was. "No woman should ever admit a thing like that," he scolded her. "Never say a thing like that again."

The tutoring went on. His advice poured out. He told her so many times her hair was gorgeous, it actually began to be. All the hours in the sun and the salt water had bleached it in streaks, which was very becoming. Or maybe it was the time she now spent brushing her hair before going to bed. He called it her striped hair. She'd changed in other ways too.

THE captain must have noticed all this. For he became quite a bother. Each evening he rotated his invitations to coffee among the passengers. But we were on his list every night. By now everyone was aware that the captain had a longing for Cindy. He began to appear in the bar in the late evening. Mrs. Blake, who was a bridge fiend, played cards regularly with the captain and other officers every night. She was annoyed at the captain's attentions to Cindy because it interrupted the bridge game. Mrs. Blake was wearing a long frock every night now. And almost every night a different one.

Because Cindy had brought so few dinner dresses with her, she had to repeat hers again and again. And this meant a lot of pressing. Most of the women darted into and out of the pressing room on B Deck as if they were ashamed to be caught there. Cindy wasn't embarrassed by it at all. And she pressed so well and so openly Mrs. Blake must have thought she enjoyed it, because she brought two of her dresses to Cindy to press. "You do it so sublimely," she said.

I was sitting on a stool in the pressing room one afternoon watching Cindy manipulate a sleeve on the ironing board when Mr. Rountree came to look for us. He stood watching, too, for a minute. Then all of a sudden he said, "I've never seen you wearing that green thing."

"Oh, it isn't mine, it's Mrs. Blake's." She was bent over the ironing board so she couldn't see the expression on his face. But I saw it and wished I weren't there.

He watched for another minute, then he said, "I hate victims!" His words were like bullets. Cindy's face went sallow. She stood there, holding up the iron. I think he was waiting for her to throw it at him, hoping she would throw it at him. But she didn't. "It's all very sweet and humble of you," he went on, "but it's not in my curriculum for you." He marched over and snatched the electric cord out of the plug. "Now you're going to do something much more difficult than press Mrs. Blake's frocks. You're going upstairs to face her and tell her she's able to press her own."

We walked as far as the door of the writing room with her. Mrs. Blake was playing two-handed canasta with Mr. Grace. Cindy went up to the table and hesitated. You could see it was costing her a terrible effort.

All afternoon they sat in their chairs on the lower deck, not speaking a word. Finally when it was time to go in and dress for dinner, he said, "Will you and Mona have coffee with me tonight? Or has the captain thought of it first?"

"The captain," Cindy said.

Not only the captain and Mr. Rountree were after Cindy now. The first officer, too, the one with very little chin, who collected opera records, kept inviting us to his room for concerts.

On the tenth day, on a hot steamy morning, we arrived as per schedule at the Panama Canal. Before our ship started through, the mail came aboard. We spent the whole day going through the locks and reading and rereading letters from home. Mamma wrote that she had been granted the divorce with no trouble at all and would be in Paris at the Ritz long before we were. On the Atlantic side of the Canal, in Colón, we mailed our own letters which gave Mamma a blow-by-blow account of everything that had happened to us. What

PLAY IT SAFE!
STOP ARTHRITIS
Support—
THE ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM FOUNDATION

having trouble with your nylons ? ? ?

had happened to us was mostly Mr. Rountree, of course, in whom Mamma was bound to be interested because writers are such an important issue in her profession.

We had dinner with him in Colón. But we were glad to get back on our ship where our own lives were. We had fourteen days left now. "Only fourteen," Cindy said that night as we left Colón. You didn't have to be very smart to realize she wished it was forty.

"I'm putting you in a story," Mark told her one day. (I was calling him Mark now, at his request.) After lunch every afternoon he typed on his story in his stateroom. Each day Cindy would ask how the story was going.

"Fine. She's met a man."

"Is he nice?"

"Men, my dear Cindy, are never nice."

"You're quite nice, I think."

"That's because I'm not putting the works on you." To me that sounded like a very bruising remark. I waited for Cindy to make some snappy reply. But she didn't. It didn't seem to hurt her.

We were headed north now. Each day grew colder. The captain seemed to grow sad. Because he was facing home, I guess. He showed Cindy a picture of his wife. He said she was a lovely woman but she thought Norway was the universe. He hinted he might make a flying trip to Paris while we were there. And he persisted in his nightly invitations. The second officer, too, insisted that Cindy be his partner at canasta, though she didn't play nearly so well as Mrs. Blake.

"My method is working beautifully," Mark said. "They're all after you."

"It's only because there's no other young woman on the ship."

"Tut!" He went on tutoring her, saying "Tut" when she said things against herself. "You're going to be a new personality when you go down the gangplank at Antwerp."

In the evenings after dinner if she was clever enough to evade a canasta game and the captain, she and Mark would wal round and round and round. Cind ing differently now, with her rib Mark advised.

We were nosing into a rough afternoons grew sad. The suns Mrs. Blake had begun to take cogn ale before her meals, which was against *mal de mer*.

"Aren't we going to see Mark asked Cindy one night when she work, brushing her hair before gett She said she didn't know. She know, I discovered, what hotel h to in Paris. It was hard to belie could be that slow. Mamma wou the captain marry them by now. be walking differently and thinki was pretty gorgeous, but she had much in some ways. I really beg about her because there was onl day and one more night before w Antwerp.

Our last night out everybody wa luggage. The bar was deserted. didn't put on a long frock. After d invited us to stroll with him. Cin because the captain, with Antwe the morning, was full of busines they wanted to be alone, I said I to play canasta with the chief st Cindy knew that was a lie becau steward was as busy as the captai forced to tag along.

"I'll miss you and Mona," Mark grown fond of you both."

"We've grown fond of you, too, Mona?"

It made me nervous, that delay conversation.

"You've changed," he told he really boring in.

"I feel just the same."

"You're a big liar. How could y same? For one thing, you've got hair."

"I feel the same." On and on. It you. But it wasn't boring them. have gone on forever saying these n

LATER that night I asked her hadn't said where he was staying i said no. But she was smiling. So s have been worried. I decided if she out in the morning. I would myself.

We were up early. You hardly anybody because they were now clothes. Mrs. Blake looked very st seted in a brown suit. In the salon fast everyone was writing down ad we really meant to see one another Blake wrote down her London ad you won't find me there unless quickly because I'll be off on anoth an escapist, you see. And not ashamed of it. There's nothing escape if you can manage it." smiling, but it sounded very bleak rested hungrily on Cindy, who was ing looking very lucky.

We were docked now and the i men came aboard and set up shop i Then Mark came in. He looked fre ried about bags or passport or lugg or cameras. He was one of those ra who always manage to have both He announced he was going on the us to Paris. We'd go from Antwerp for lunch and take the train from t was right, I thought, not to be w turned then, the three of us, to go deck. And then we saw the mink c dark glasses and the blond ha Mamma standing on the dock, wavi

Mamma had a car and a driver a her own. She already had our tick plane to Paris. And we had to hur ways have to hurry with Mam Cindy went through customs Ma charge of Mark. She invited him with us to Brussels, where we we our plane.

In the car on the way to Brusse didn't wait for him to give her his dress. She asked for it. We disco Mamma knew one of his books ve deed, the one called Leila. She'd ha mind for over a year, she said, as a



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ld she talk with him about the
her tonight? Mamma put it all on a
basis. He said yes, he'd be at the
t. Cindy hadn't said a word. Her
ough, seemed to have gone back to
on. She sat in the corner of the big
ousine Mamma had hired, picking
. It takes only an hour to go from
Brussels, but Mamma had ac-
all that.

nma had been in Paris almost two
was rested and settled and accli-
Cindy and I hadn't a chance to
we were when dozens of people
ping in our suite at the Ritz.
n was Nora Ritter, the columnist.
ma let it be known that she ex-
k Rountree, the novelist, for din-
Ritter began pumping her about
d she known him; was he her big
being in Paris, and finally, she
ma point-blank if it was a *thing*
m. At this Mamma only laughed
ear Nora, no comment."

thers was a Frenchman, Comte
ething whom Mamma called *mon*
Mark arrived I was surprised to
s. Ritter and Comte Max hung on
ord. Mamma was duly impressed.
proud of him. The *comte* person
yone pres-
to his
a Troyes in
; to spend
. There was a
church in
said, built
of Char-

"Mamma
y, "Char-
As if
cared. I
noticing
Mamma
orked on

hen it was
to dinner
pered to
hat we
ng along.
n such a
y for me,
d if I was
the hotel,
ould remain with me. Mamma
only slightly.

'd cleared out Cindy and I had
e rooms. All during dinner she
ng how glad she was that we were
. But her face was flushed. And it
the wine she'd ordered with din-
because she'd scarcely touched a
ew she was having a real *crise des*
French say. When I went to her
good night to her I found her sit-
he dressing table brushing, but at
f she were about to do sums. Her
her hands. She wasn't crying. It
o grim for that. She was just sit-
ating herself in silence. And there
an outside to soothe her either,
is traffic which has a very hard-
less sound.

morning Cindy said she wasn't go-
s either. "But how about your Mr.
He'll expect you to be along with
?" Mamma asked. Then feeling
n't it a sort of *thing* between him

't."

ing for Rome Saturday," Mamma
. "They're making a picture of his
ne." Mamma had found out more
dinner than Cindy had in three
im at sea. "It would be rather fun
cture in Rome. . . . It hasn't been
amma dreamed. Then she jumped
ather guilty leaving you your first
" She envied us, she said, with the
head to do with as we liked. She
woebegone. You'd think in going
he was going to the guillotine. It
ard work being Mamma. "The re-
been hounding me," she said. "If
gain this morning just ask the op-
erator not to ring the rooms." Which Cindy did the moment Mamma was out the door.

Cindy had made an appointment with the hairdresser for three o'clock. We were going to some elegant restaurant for lunch. And before lunch we were going to walk to the Louvre and take a look at the Winged Victory. Cindy was back on sculpture this morning, because, I suppose, her private life was lacking again.

It was about eleven-thirty when we came down in the elevator carrying a guidebook and a map of Paris. Turning to leave the keys at the mail desk, we saw him. He'd been waiting for two hours, he said. He was prepared to wait two days or two weeks, if necessary. He was that furious. "I'm extremely disappointed in you," he said to Cindy. "After all my efforts, I realize I've taught you nothing—exactly nothing."

"If you've come to upraid me ——" When Cindy is angry she uses words like "upraid." Her vocabulary always improves with anger.

I walked away, loitering in front of a jeweler's showcase in the lobby, I knew already it was going to be one of those days when I'd be *de trop* hour after hour. Cindy called me back and said we may as well start walking in the direction of the Louvre. Our plans had not changed in the least. He decided to walk with us. We went out into the Place Vendôme. I stared into every shopwindow. As if I cared.

"After all my coaching, you just fold up like a tent," I heard him say. "You go into full retreat."

"On the contrary. In the future I am refusing to be in the company of people who consider me a cipher." Cindy had raised her voice, which quieted him down a little.

He turned to me. "Mona, that's the Tuileries ahead of us." Evidently he intended to tutor me now. He was a born tutor, I guess.

When we reached the Tuileries, I took out the map of Paris and studied it. As if I cared. They were walking frightfully slow. I went on ahead. Straddling the walk in front of us was an arch. I looked that up in the guidebook. It was the Arc du Carrousel, which was set up in memory of Napoleon's victories, the guidebook said.

"You should have said something on the ship, then," Cindy said.

"What a little hypocrite you are. You've known all along I had this tense feeling about you. For seven thousand miles of ocean you were sure of it; then why, suddenly, did you forget?" His voice was quite thrilling then, two octaves lower.

"At sea anybody that's passable will do."

"Tut!"

I hate being the third party. I went on ahead again. I had a kind of last-act feeling. As I looked back at them, they were, I thought, beginning to look a little alike, as married people often do. They were standing hanging on to each other, like blind people. If you were an American tourist looking at them you'd have said, "See! Only the French have the poise and the passion to make love in the forenoon in the open like that. And only a French girl would have the gall to wear her hair striped like that." Maybe, I thought, Cindy was smarter after all than Mamma, who was at this moment probably talking herself into exhaustion, trying to be charming to a strange Frenchman. Guidebook in hand, I walked close to the Arc du Carrousel, so close I could read the names written on it: Austerlitz, Ulm, Tilsitt. Which I surmised were dull, old battles of Napoleon. Now his hand was under her chin and he was taking his time about kissing her. And I was terribly glad and all that for Cindy. But I really felt so very *de trop*.

END

LORD

In sober fact as well as the songs of poets, bread was the staff of life for many centuries. When the grain crop was good, people grew fat and prosperous; when it was bad, they grew thin and starved. Hence, community and family life revolved around bread.

In Anglo-Saxon households, the most powerful male was responsible for guarding the bread supply. He even had a formal title, hlafweard (loaf keeper). This long name gradually contracted, and emerged into modern English as *lord*.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

ALL★STAR CLING PEACH WHIP



EASY RECIPE

Easy to do—and thrifty with golden clings and Pet Milk

1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices
1 cup chilled Pet Evaporated Milk
1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
¼ cup orange juice
12 finely cut marshmallows
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries
⅓ cup chopped walnuts

Chill milk to ice crystal stage. Soften gelatin in orange juice. Drain peaches, heat ½ cup peach syrup to boiling, dissolve softened gelatin in it. Pour over marshmallows, let stand until cold. Set aside 10 peach slices, dice remainder. Whip chilled milk in chilled bowl until fluffy. Beat in lemon juice, sugar. Fold in marshmallow mixture, diced peaches, cherries, walnuts. Turn into chilled serving bowl. Garnish with peach slices, cherry. Chill. Serves 8.

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THE PINK-HOUSE BOBOS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

zigzags of the car. "Sometimes," he says, "I see a fox or rabbits scuttling across the road. And in the spring I have to put up new tubes so I won't disturb the bluebirds nesting in the old ones. Occasionally I'll meet a friendly subscriber waiting for his paper with a cheerful remark—and maybe a remittance. But some people are fussy—they'd like you not only to *deliver* the paper, but turn off the alarm, start the heat under the coffee, and prop the paper against the sugar bowl open to the comics!"

At seven, Barham roars back up the steep driveway, tired and ready for a duplicate of his earlier breakfast. Bo, sturdy and rather self-consciously Spartan in his Georgia Military Academy uniform, insists on making his own toast ("hard like daddy's") and drinks "about a quart" of orange juice while Dottie despairs of the son who won't eat eggs and the husband who eats too many. "Breakfast is our most expensive meal—also our most confusing!" For Bo must be at the foot of the hill before eight to catch the G.M.A. bus; Barham must start on his eleven-mile drive to Georgia Tech in time for early classes; Jennie must be coaxed out of bed, combed, curled, dressed in a starchy frock and sent off to kindergarten by nine. "The instant they're all gone," says Dottie, "I sit right down and have another cup of coffee and read the paper. I always feel like I've been hit over the head constantly ever since I woke up."

All alone and carless in her dusty-pink bungalow, Dottie zips through her housecleaning: gloating over the new vacuum cleaner ("When Barham gave it to me he *apologized;* can you imagine?"); sighing over the automatic washer she cannot use ("Penelope-the-pump gives nothing but orange juice—at least it looks like that; it's tested safe for drinking, but I can't even wash out a pair of white gloves without having them turn orange!"); and dreaming up new plans for interior decoration—perhaps a row of bright geraniums on the Dutch-door shelf.

At one Jennie is home from k and "helps" Dottie fix a light lun sandwiches, milk. Then, while J visiting with a storybook under o her enormous stuffed dog Nancy other, Dottie bakes sugar cookies attends to some of her numerous social duties—she is chairman of the North Avenue Presbyterian C longs to a garden club, rolls ba White Cross. All this requires time calls and letter writing—and it m before Barham gets home "becau stand to hear women chatting on t Sometimes, too, Jennie has "gu Dottie loves to help with tea partie a born hostess," she says, "but sh using the same tiny refrigerator a had as a child—and it takes *ho* water to heat."

Barham gets home any time be and late afternoon, depending c demic schedule and on whether he rounds" of paper collecting and ("You ought to learn you just chasing after people," Dottie scol they pay or they don't." But Ba "It isn't the money, it's the princip being up since 2:30 A.M., Barham tired enough to flop on the bed for often Dottie hasn't the heart to w suppertime.

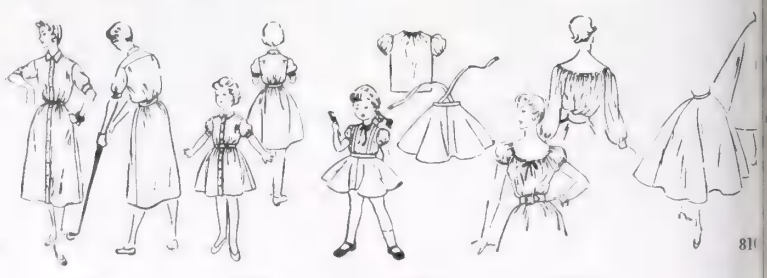
Sometimes it is already da Dottie calls Bo in from his bike riding, Jennie from her fami Barham from his sleep. But finally family sits down at the walnut tab corner of the living room and says a good Southern dinner of country- "greens," and plenty of crisp salad

The best time of the day is just t time, when Bo brings the big Bible- (he never forgets the page numbe night before) and reads aloud while prim flowered nightgown, sits on h

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATT

ON PAGE 182

Vogue Design No. 8325.	One-piece shirt dress, 12 to 20. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 2704.	One-piece shirt dress, 6 to 14. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 2698.	"Very Easy to Make" skirt and blouse, 4 to 12.
Vogue Design No. 8204.	Blouse, 12 to 18. 50c.
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Vogue Design No. 2697.	One-piece dress with hem ruffle, 2 to 6. 40c. Size 6, 1½ yards 54-inch flannel.
Vogue Design No. 7594.	Coat, 12 to 20. 75c.
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Vogue Design No. 2715.	One-piece dress and bolero, 4 to 10. 40c.



8325 2704 2698 8204



8182 2697 7594 2686 7512

…mbles over a difficult name, …pts him ("Only sometimes I'm …self"), and if he tires, his father …tory in a firm, confident voice. …thing stands in the way of our …' says Dottie, "just as nothing … Sunday school and church." … is closed, Bo and Jennie start …urf-blue room with the clown …oor, the stuffed animals hung …n on the wall, the bunk beds …e and Barham kneel with them …ay, "Our Father ——" and …r, "Now I lay me ——" and … says a special prayer for the … "No matter how wearing the …' says Dottie, "no matter how …rgued—we all seem to soften … together."

…ildren in bed, Barham begins …nest. "The idea is to get to bed …' he says, "but that rarely hap…etimes I can't get interested in …drop off with my head on my … if I really get *hot*, I might study …r later—then it seems silly to …l." So Dottie has to "lay down *she* knows, even if he has for…

NEXT MONTH

HOUSEFUL OF ANGELS

The first year Ray and Marvel Crookston were married, Marvel's mother sent them a Christmas card showing seventeen small angels in choir robes, wrote underneath, "You get them here and I'll see that they're dressed!"

● By now Marvel and Ray are past the halfway mark with ten children surrounding the tree in the Crookston living room! You're invited to a heartfelt and hilarious celebration, in a home with its own

TEN ANGELS FOR CHRISTMAS

By ROSEMARY JONES

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES
in the December JOURNAL

Barham remembers running down a dusty road after the moving van when his family moved into a new house a few blocks away. There he grew up with his four brothers and one sister, building tree houses in the oaks behind the house, making boats to float in the Sunflower River, and reading—always reading.

"I read our set of encyclopedias cover to cover," Barham recalls. "I liked school and was graduated valedictorian, but it was predicted I'd be expelled before I finished—that was because I was a nonconformist. Once I had a serious argument with a teacher who insisted I color my rivers blue—when *anyone* knows Mississippi rivers are brown. And one teacher said 'mounting' for 'mountain'—that stuff never cut any ice with me."

BARHAM'S father, Walter Sidney Bobo, was a civil engineer; and two older brothers studied engineering—it was natural that Barham follow suit. "Besides, I liked to build things: soapbox cars, shacks, a bridge over the creek. There's real satisfaction in picturing something mentally, overcoming technical difficulties, perfecting it." So, in the fall of 1941, Barham enrolled at Georgia Tech, working at odd jobs to supplement the money lent him by his older brother, Will.

"At Tech I studied a lot, wasn't much of a party boy. When I saw Dottie that night, she was flitting around and flirting so—I never thought she noticed me."

"We *met* at a fraternity party," Dottie likes to say, "but we got to *know* each other in church."

For over a year, while they worked together on League discussions, hay rides, suppers, their friendship deepened—and on the way to a church New Year's Eve party in 1942, Barham proposed. "I had no more idea of marrying him than of flying to the moon," says Dottie. "But when Barham makes up his mind about something, it's as good as done. That night we agreed it was wiser not to talk about getting married for a while—and then we turned right around and started making plans."

The preacher was the only one who wasn't amazed—he'd been watching them holding hands in the balcony. Dottie's mother was furious ("She always wanted her girls to have fun—but she didn't want us to settle down") and her father strongly opposed. Barham's family thought he was crazy. And there were obstacles besides parental objection: Dottie (who had quit school to work in the Fulton National Bank) was making only $90 a month and Barham could add only $26 monthly from his jobs inspecting dormitories and teaching swimming at the Y.M.C.A. Besides, Barham had enlisted in the Army, might be called at any moment. And they were both only nineteen. "But we were so in love it never dawned on us to worry," says Dottie; and Barham adds, "There are always a lot of *ifs*. If you can wait on all these *ifs*, you just aren't ready to get married."

In view of family opposition and limited funds, Dottie, who planned the wedding herself, had to forgo her adolescent dream of an elaborate wedding in North Fulton High colors. But she doesn't regret anything—"except waiting three months; there wasn't a bit of sense in that!"

They were married April 2, 1943, in a simple ceremony in North Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dottie's sister Jean, her only attendant, wore pale aqua wool—and scared

…s—a ram, a couple of rab… …med Eagle. Her father, R. O. … successful food broker who liked … family.

…uld give us anything in the Dot… says, "and mommie was sat… …ny …ster and I merely put up our … did our fingernails ourselves. … have plenty of time to cook …n Dottie stepped out of a dress, … it fall—she knew someone … after her.

…ght on this otherwise carefree … father's insistence that she go …gnes Scott: "I was dead set on … of Georgia. But daddy said, … she's barely sixteen!'" So a …as reached: Dottie would go …e Atlanta division of the Uni…rgia, after that she could go …d. "But by that time," Dottie … met Barham—and I wasn't …*hool!*'"

…e Dottie ever saw Barham was … party at Georgia Tech in the … "He was sitting on a kitchen …ost *awful* old faded green slack …bout twenty girls where the …om."

… she learned, came from the flat … of Clarksdale, Mississippi, … had better sense than to mis… …e name "Babbo," "Dado" or … matter of fact, the old Bobo … a Confederate hospital during …) is now Bobo High School.



BUY-LINES
by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

DON'T COMPLAIN or make excuses if your house is stuffy and the air stale because the windows are closed all day . . . *do* something about it instead! And my suggestion is the *daily* use of GOOD-AIRE . . . for I've tried everything and *nothing beats* GOOD-AIRE for making odors disappear and keeping the air indoors always fresh and inviting. Yet easy-does-it . . . you simply press the valve on the GOOD-AIRE can and poof! . . . household odors vanish like magic! I'm not exaggerating a bit . . . with a mere finger-touch, odors from cooking, pets and the nursery disappear . . . along with odors from stale air and tobacco smoke. In other words, GOOD-AIRE *is good etiquette* . . . a gracious gesture you should extend to your family as well as special guests. Remember this the next time you shop at your Drug, Grocery, Hardware or Department Store . . . and pick up a can of GOOD-AIRE. The price is surprisingly low . . . only 98c for the regular size and $1.89 for the large economy size.



IT'S TIME TO DRESS-UP your home for the holidays ahead . . . and I suggest you start by giving your furniture a beauty treatment with O-CEDAR DRI-GLO! That's what I've done . . . for this new miracle furniture polish gives a long-lasting "*Bone Dry*" shine that gleams as bright as Christmas tree lights. What's more, DRI-GLO goes on in minutes . . . and lasts for months. You just smooth it on, let dry, wipe off and lo! . . . its modern, non-oily silicone ingredient leaves such a glowing sparkle that old and new pieces glisten like mirrors. And DRI-GLO also *protects* furniture . . . even spilled liquids won't mar its rich beauty and finger marks wipe off its "*Bone Dry*" surface like magic! This isn't merely my opinion, either . . . DRI-GLO is *guaranteed* to *outshine* and *outlast* any furniture polish or wax you ever used. But let me send you this:

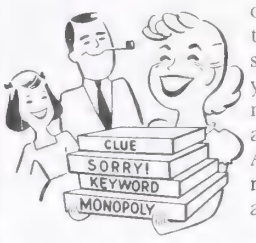


GENEROUS SAMPLE of O-CEDAR DRI-GLO . . . to try before you buy. It's yours for only 10c to cover postage and handling . . . check OFFER #1 in box.

HUSBANDS ARE ONLY HUMAN . . . so it's only natural that they forget (or neglect!) to keep your beautiful table lighters working. But don't nag . . . get some RONSONOL Lighter Fuel and *fill them yourself!* I do it all the time . . . for the Ronson people have developed a revolutionary new patented "*Switch-Spout*" for the Ronson can which makes fueling "child's-play" even if you are "all-thumbs". That's because there's nothing to pierce or cut . . . no messy top to screw off and on or lose. All you do is *flip and pour . . . flip!* . . . and it's closed. And RONSONOL is the *finest quality* lighter fuel made . . . it lights instantly, burns cleanly, lasts longer and is pleasantly scented, too. Furthermore, it costs only 25c . . . so if I were you I'd get 2 cans when you shop today . . . then you can keep *all* your lighters burning brightly all through the holidays ahead. P.S. And get a packet of RONSON *extra-length* Flints . . . they're *40% longer* and give *500 more lights* than ordinary flints!



FRIDAY NIGHT IS GAME NIGHT at our house . . . and it's such a happy time for us that I'm urging all my friends (and that includes you!) to adopt the custom, too. All you need is an *assortment* of marvelous PARKER GAMES . . . then no member of your family would dream of missing these at-home evenings together. And when you choose your PARKER GAMES, be sure to get "*Clue*" . . . the exciting detective game that will keep you happily occupied for hours as you try to solve a thrilling mystery. "*Clue*" is actually like a Stage Play and there's never a dull moment . . . because each player plays an important part. And you'll also want to get "*Monopoly*", the most fascinating real estate trading game in the world, "*Sorry*", and "*Keyword*", absolutely the best crossword letter game . . . plus this:



HELPFUL BOOKLET called "*How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games*". It contains entertaining tips galore . . . as well as special party themes and refreshments. See OFFER #2 in box.

HEART-WINNING . . . HEAD-SPINNING! That's you when you follow each shampoo with MARCHAND'S Rinse . . . for it makes your hair irresistibly *lovely* and *lustrous!* MARCHAND'S really sets hair a-sparkle with glorious color and glimmering lights . . . makes dull hair glisten and even blends in gray streaks. And whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead, MARCHAND'S is *made for you* . . . because it comes in 12 *nature-matched* shades (including "specials" for beautiful white hair!) . . . all *safe, temporary* Government-approved colors that wash out easily and leave no tattle-tale stains around your hair line. You'll love the way MARCHAND'S Rinse removes soap film, too . . . leaves your hair satin-soft and silky . . . a perfect "lamb" to manage. Still it takes only a few minutes after your regular shampoo . . . so keep your hair *color-bright* and *fashion-right* by using MARCHAND'S Rinse regularly! Costs only 25c for 6 Rinses and 10c for 2 . . . at all Drug and Variety Stores.

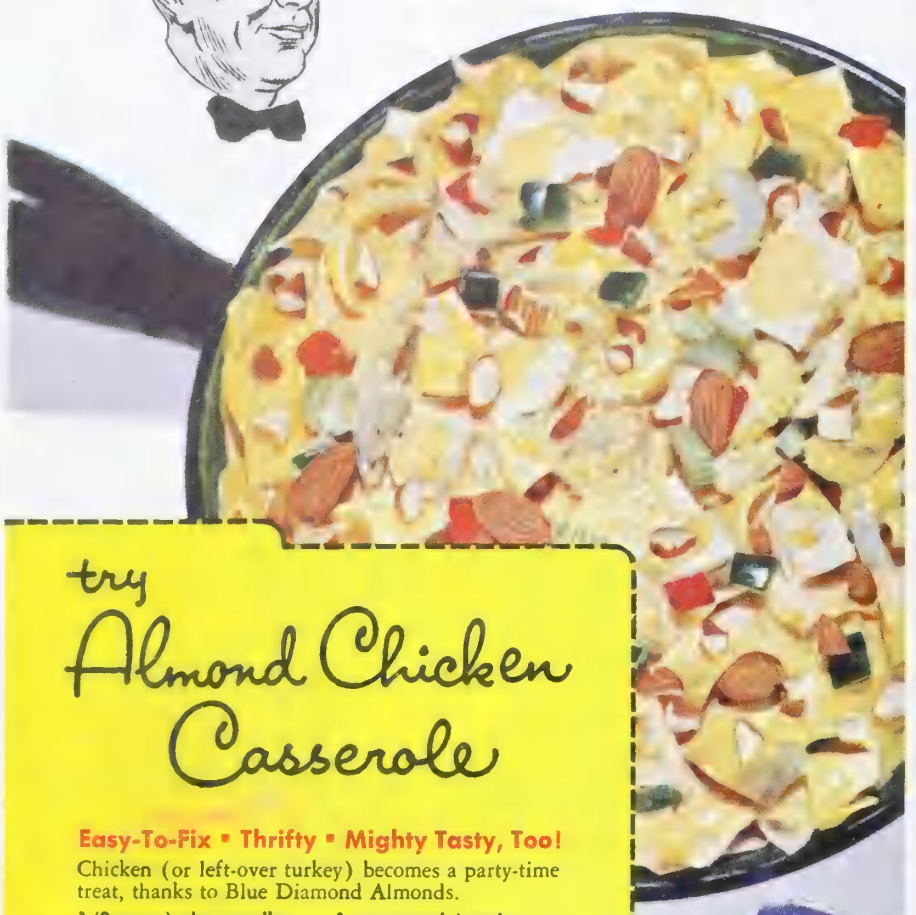


Write Nancy Sasser, Dept. P-7, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for:
☐ OFFER #1 . . . . SAMPLE of O-CEDAR DRI-GLO. Please enclose 10c.
☐ OFFER #2 . . . . PARKER'S BOOKLET "*How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games*". Please enclose 10c.

"ALMONDS make the dish,"



says *Vic Bergeron*
owner of San Francisco's famous
Trader Vic's Restaurant



try
Almond Chicken Casserole

Easy-To-Fix • Thrifty • Mighty Tasty, Too!

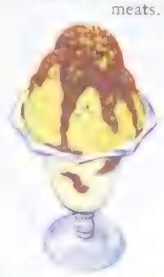
Chicken (or left-over turkey) becomes a party-time treat, thanks to Blue Diamond Almonds.

- 1 (8-ounce) pkg. noodles
- 2 tbsp. butter or substitute
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery
- 2 tbsp. flour
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 1¼ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. black pepper
- 2½ cups milk
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 2 cups diced cooked chicken or turkey
- ¼ cup diced pimiento
- ¼ cup diced green sweet pepper
- ½ cup buttered soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup roasted* almonds, diced

Cook noodles in boiling, salted water until tender. Meanwhile melt butter, add celery, cover and cook over very low heat 10 minutes. Blend in flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Add milk and Worcestershire sauce, and cook and stir until thickened. Stir in cheese, chicken, pimiento, green pepper, well-drained noodles and half of almonds. Turn into shallow baking dish and sprinkle with crumbs and remaining diced almonds. Decorate with whole almonds, either natural kernels or blanched, if desired. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 5 to 6.

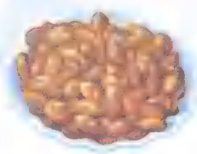


*Use Blue Diamond Buttered Almonds (ready-roasted-and-diced) or buy the cello packs of in-shell almonds or almond meats. Roast 15-20 minutes in slow (300°) oven, adding 1 teaspoon butter (or substitute) per cup of meats. Chop (dice) while warm. Use the natural kernel (not blanched).



THRIFTY TREAT

Serve home-made Sundaes with diced-roasted almonds on ice cream, with or without syrup topping.



NUTTY ARISTOCRATS

Make your own salted almonds, quick 'n easy. Use the natural kernel. Roast as above, salt to taste. No need to blanch.



TOPS FOR [illegible]

For your copy of free booklet "Win Compliments with Almonds," write California Almond Growers Exchange, Sacramento, California.

BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS

WHATEVER THE DISH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, ADD ALMONDS

Dottie silly by not arriving until the last possible moment. Dottie (in a white wool dress with sweetheart neck, wearing her brother's fraternity pin for "something blue and borrowed") quaked at the altar from nervousness and hunger—she had eaten nothing all day—but Barham was "steady as a rock." "When he kissed me," Dottie recalls, "my hat fell off!"

Their weekend honeymoon was spent at the Ansley Hotel in Atlanta, where Dottie lost one of her only pair of shoes; and where Barham, meeting a friend in the lobby, nervously introduced his bride as "Dottie Estes." Sunday night, before Barham was due back at school and Dottie at work, they "sentimentally" attended Presbyterian League.

Barham had optimistically given Dottie an enormous ham for a wedding gift, and she cooked it "with an eye on the oven and an ear at the phone—I called mommie for instructions." But in spite of the fact that Dottie "had never done anything at home but pour a glass of milk," Barham pronounced her cooking "exotic." And their first apartment was "*awful*, but we were so in love we didn't notice it!" That summer, Barham worked at Bell Aircraft in tool-and-die design, while Dottie rushed home from the bank each night to cook elaborate dinners—"I hadn't learned yet that it isn't necessary to feast *every* night!" But in August, Barham was called into the service, and Dottie went with him.

Dottie remembers the Army years, most of them spent at Fort Bragg, in clear flashes: their first Thanksgiving, when Barham, sympathizing with Dottie's struggles to cook dinner on a hot plate, brought home a seventeen-pound turkey precooked by the mess sergeant; the community-style boardinghouse where they shared a bath with fourteen people and laughed at the landlady's eccentric signs ("Save Electricity; Use God's Sunlight!"); their first "house" where they spent all their saved money on necessary furniture and a "cardboard" refrigerator that sounded like a tractor. In October of 1944 Dottie went home to Atlanta to have her first baby—"He was so late that finally I went to Sears, Roebuck and ran up and down the steps"—and she was so delighted with "Bo" that she bathed him "about fifty times a day" and dressed him "like a doll." Finally, in April of 1946, they were out of the Army, and back in Atlanta.

Discovering that the housing problem was acute, they moved in with Dottie's family while Barham started his first real job as a draftsman with Carrier Airconditioning. "But living with the family didn't work out," says Dottie. "Daddy didn't complain—but I noticed he ate more often at his club. Mommie adored Bo—except when he methodically pulled the leaves off her jade plant, shoved her pot plants one by one off the porch." They had almost given up hope of finding a place of their own (nothing was available for rent; they couldn't afford to buy) when they saw an advertisement for a model home designed by Royal Barry Wills and constructed in nearby Marietta, by U.S. Homes. When she first saw the two-bedroom prefabricated house, Dottie was enchanted. "Oh, it was just a dream," she said. "I nearly died over it, I was so thrilled." "Now, honey," "let's look at the constructio*tion!*" gasped Dottie. "How about *construction?*"

Before they left, they decided the house, which was to be c weeks for $6300. The propose tie's three-acre hill where B once stood, just off Northside took a loan from the bank—an began.

"The two men who built it think they'd had much exp Barham mildly. But Dottie sa were darling boys, they dance

In spite of Barham's repea calls and weekend supervision with disappointing slowness. D they struck rock at 8 feet, had feet farther at $4.50 per foot. (sank $1500 in the well—and came, it was the color of Ge remained so, despite treatme softener, filters, potassium p They had to chip the septic ta rock. Fanny-the-furnace gave too, alternately smoking and b "This was the *only* time I felt was doomed," Dottie says no took six months instead of six required a second loan from t at the *very* last minute we almo in without electricity!"

But at last, on a cold Dec 1946, Dottie and Barham and Bo rattled up the red clay hill in war-surplus jeep—with no fu Bo's bed, a mattress and a che Although they ate off the iron weeks, their first Christmas "at wonderful one. ("Dottie's idea tree is a forest," says Barham. care if it's shaped like a sofa bumps the ceiling and fills the had their own house, Barham h their future seemed secure. "A time," says Barham, "we didn we were missing."

In the spring of 1950, after been working with Carrier for f was making about $100 a week realized just what was wrong. dead end at Carrier," he says. money—most of the time I felt got tired of the job, felt I wasn thing important or learning a was because I didn't have n mechanical engineering. After a I knew I'd have to go back to s

Dottie and Barham had problem—"but there was alwa first, the house; then Jennie's a then our sense of security. Bu when I realized I'd have to do so because my GI eligibility was

So, after the year-long disa tempt to combine going to scho ing at Carrier, Barham decide paper route. Almost immedia break came in the form of a Barham was able to buy outrig venient $1050 inherited from his ting the car so easily seemed

HOW THE BOBOS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Barham's income while going to school is about $290: $120 GI allow $170 from paper route. He and Dottie firmly believe in tithing, give a of each month's income to the church. They do not smoke, have tak vacations, have no savings fund except the insurance, have no baby-s expense (relatives offer), and with the present setup pay no incom

Food	$100.00	Dry cleaning and shoe repair	
Clothing	12.00	School expense (Jennie's refreshments at kindergarten)	
House	55.00	Magazines, papers	
Fuel	6.00	Children's allowances	
Light	10.00	Social Security (average)	
Telephone	5.37	Entertainment (including children's parties)	
Insurance—hospital and life	9.85		
Medical and dental	8.00		
Launderette	5.00		
Church	29.00		
Car expense	20.00	Total	$

Barham, "because I could *never* ed without a good car. But things smoothly after all."

st place, Barham found that "the is easy to forget. After working rs at Carrier for so long, I couldn't edule my own hours. At times I phenomenal amount of work—go l day long, study until two, then paper route and start again with cept naps. Other times I'd drift hole week unconscious."

), "Tech seemed completely dif- faces were unfamiliar, younger, hink Dottie half expected the old parties and dances." And Dottie as hard. For a while I tried Bar- dule, ironing or cleaning house s delivering papers. But I couldn't bad enough for one person to be time—*someone* has to feel good." Jennie immediately sensed the nosphere—"Oh, they were good quiet in the afternoons while s sleeping, but they missed their d social life had to be cut down m of "dinner out" once a month. e we went on having friends for es. But we learned that nobody's ave a party at nine." Dottie, in self, grew tense and restless. "All een active, and now with Barham ying or away, I did nothing but with the children. I felt bored and

nany times I considered giving n says now. "Comes a time in the quarter when you think *nothing* is at effort. Everything piles up— ie and Bo are extra noisy, Dottie a fight, I have an important paper flat tire on the paper route. Well, go down to school and talk to out switching my course to some- By the time I've talked it out, I t to go on with mechanical engi-

ys, "Once a friend of ours said scrub floors for a husband like ell, I feel like that—though I to scrub floors yet."

arham worried about his lack of —"especially because of church e and I believe we should tithe l as *money*." (The Bobos con- set aside one tenth of their ome, saying, "If you give to the take care of you; anyway, nine urther than ten tenths.") So Dot- ch work for them both. When she irman of her circle, attendance est in meetings soared. "I couldn't r robe if my life depended on it," "but our circle made thirty *new* d cottas when we'd only been *pair* them. Maybe I'm a little ou have to get things done."

tremendous energy, admits that rly enthusiastic," wants to do er than anyone else." Like the was christened—she sat up half aking tiny white shoes trimmed d pearls. "And for Jennie's Valen- nade a heart-shaped cake two and ree and a half feet, iced in green, uet of sugar roses in the middle. le girls had corsages made of n net, rosebuds."

ing enthusiasm is one source of ween Dottie and her more cautious But I don't think two people who ach other can live in the perfect ead about in books," Dottie says. et mad at the same time, Barham alk till we both cool off. Once I us I grabbed my shoe and threw e ducked—he's the fastest ducker —and it smashed the window. I in my life done anything my son ; he looked at me in awe for a . Every time I get real, real mad es—of course I always reach for ed one."

't hold grudges," says Barham, tes their quarrels largely to his on with details. "We have every- d then forget it. But I can't help

catching Dottie up on her hasty statements—such as about jazz. Dottie once wrote a theme on jazz, so of course she knows all about it—except how to recognize it."

The Bobos used to disagree about money matters—"Only not any more, we don't make enough to fight about," says Dottie. "But our attitudes about money are different—Barham worked for his first bike and I never worked for a thing." Still, Barham admits that Dottie has proved to be a good manager in spite of her inexperience. She is a shrewd buyer of both food and clothing, looking for bargains and shopping "in advance." (Once she bought ten pairs of white gloves at once, often purchases her children's shoes two sizes ahead.) Best proof of her buying skill concerns a raincoat Barham gave her. It didn't quite fit, and when Dottie went to exchange it she was horrified to see racks and racks of identical coats. "So I marched up to another department, found a darling, more expensive coat marked down, and had enough money left to buy a set of dishes!"

Dottie's skill in money managing shows first in the house itself. After buying a sofa and armchair for $125, Dottie found slip-cover material for $1.39 (cotton crash with a large floral print in yellow, green, chartreuse and gray) and asked her sister-in-law to make the covers and draperies. In payment, Dottie gave her the armchair, which was too large for their living room anyway. With leftover scraps of the material, Dottie covered the shades of her 89-cent kerosene lamps, bought on Peters Street in Atlanta and electrically wired by Barham. The boudoir chairs that flank the fireplace are covered in bright but inexpensive yellow sheeting. For about $28 Dottie bought an unpainted chest and desk, then painted them white to match the one dead-white wall that contrasts dramatically with the barn-green room.

Dottie is particularly proud of the heavy handmade Swedish andiron set lent by her

It's new!

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easy to make, always successful

KNOX NO-BAKE CHEESE CAKE

So light, fluffy, perfectly delicious! No baking worries . . . just mix it, put it in the refrigerator and forget it until serving time. The key to its success is Knox, the *real*, unflavored, all-protein gelatine!

NO-BAKE CHEESE CAKE

(Party Size 10-12 servings)

1. Mix together **2 envelopes Knox Unflavored Gelatine, 1 cup sugar,** and **¼ teaspoon salt** in the top of a double boiler.
2. Beat together **2 egg yolks** and **1 cup milk;** add to gelatine mixture. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until gelatine is dissolved and mixture thickens, about 10 minutes.
3. Remove from heat; add **1 teaspoon grated lemon rind;** cool.
4. Stir in **3 cups creamed cottage cheese** (24-oz.) sieved, **1 tablespoon lemon juice,** and **1 teaspoon vanilla.** Chill, stirring occasionally until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from a spoon.
5. While mixture is chilling, make crumb topping as follows: Mix **2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup graham cracker crumbs, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon,** and **¼ teaspoon nutmeg;** set aside.
6. Fold **2 egg whites,** stiffly beaten, and **1 cup heavy cream** whipped, into chilled gelatine mixture.

*7. Turn into 8" spring form pan and sprinkle top with crumb mixture. Chill until firm.

*If desired, use 8" or 9" square or 9" x 5" loaf pan. Line with waxed paper and press crumb mixture in bottom of pan. Turn in gelatine mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold.

(FAMILY SIZE 5-6 SERVINGS)

Use ½ above gelatine recipe but full amount of crumb mixture in an 8" layer pan or 9" pie plate.



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all protein no sugar

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

mother, and the dining-room suite—a maple hutch cabinet, table and chairs all bought for $40.

"This poor woman," Dottie says, "discovered that her husband, a railroad man, had *another* wife at the other end of the line. So she sold out and moved to California—and I got the furniture."

In Dottie and Barham's room, the unusual corner dressing table is really a series of orange crates, camouflaged with yellow rose-sprigged flounces and ruffles. And you'd never guess that the large green screen conceals the invaluable ironer—because of the "orange juice" water, all clothes must be sent to a launderette, but Dottie does the ironing herself.

Color, which Dottie champions and Barham rather distrusts, has played an important part in their home decoration. When Barham painted the house pink, the shutters white, he had misgivings—but the effect was so surprisingly good (the house blending charmingly with the green pines, the bright azaleas, redbud, dogwood and daffodils) that he went on to paint the pump house pink as well! Dottie daringly insisted on making the washing machine and dryer avocado green, approved Bo's choice of rich blue for his bedroom, and used bright splashes of color throughout the house in artificial flower arrangements. "I get these wild ideas," she says, "and depend on Barham to tell me when they won't work."

"Dottie drives me to do things," Barham admits. "If she hadn't insisted, I'd never have gone through with making the play porch." Now, with Dottie's urging and the help of a carpenter, Barham has nearly completed the large pine-paneled playroom which houses the washer and dryer, all the children's toys, and a long trestle table where the family eats informally. The storage closets along one end of the room will eventually be replaced by an open fireplace. "But there are so *many* things we want to do," Dottie says: "provide more storage space, change the side porch into a room for Bo, finish the terrace behind the house!"

Right now, there is little opportunity for large-scale projects.

"One of the disadvantages of Barham's schedule is that it leaves him so little time with the children," says Dottie. "Bo is a handful, and impossible to punish! When we took his bike away from him for *one* week, Bo wouldn't touch it for *two*. We were begging him to ride it by then!"

Barham agrees that G.M.A. has improved Bo 100 per cent, although in the beginning he was opposed, saying, "We're paying fifty dollars a month for the same kind of education I got for three dollars in Clarksdale, Mississippi."

THE decision to send Bo to G.M.A., made possible by money left him by Dottie's father, was reached after a series of kindergarten and grade-school problems. "Bo got into fights, wouldn't conform, didn't pay attention—and he's awfully smart. We got so upset we took him to a psychologist, who said it would take two years to straighten out *our* problems before he even started on *Bo's*. We decided since we'd been happily married for eight years we could manage alone."

At the moment, Bo is fascinated by jet planes, poetry, smoking ("We gave him cigars to cure him, and he smoked two down to the end without getting sick") and the little girl down the street. Elaborately casual, Bo explains, "I'm going to see Susan before he tears off on his batte play with the little girl he escorte ditional G.M.A. "formal" last ye red velvet and tulle, wore Bo's seven-year-old nonchalance.

"She's the maturest child I've Dottie marvels.

JENNIE, already so pretty that ries, was named for Barham's definitely prefers her second nam *Benson*," she said, waving her ma a kindergarten play. "Benson is a *f* She wears her long dark hair ei curled or in a pony tail, likes skirts better than blue jeans, modeled at teas and fashion show ment stores. (Barham, exasperat pected car trouble en route from shows, skeptically appraised Jen payment of pearls, said, "Jennie, ing career is *over*—it's too expensi spite of her interest in pretty cl tendency to admire herself in mir is often found hanging by her kne trapeze set with the spaniels, Binky.

"You pra first child a ond is easy," "Day by da manageable ful—she lik dishes, ma desserts like banana pud important is the one count on."

Such an matter wa birth. "I tol minute I k pregnant," I "and he ke cret faithfully mommie or really had Bo—he ha peering in ba with long hu and trying mothers out bies. But Ba planned wa our honeymo a boy name Jr., and th named Jenni

TO THE BELOVED

By SARA KING CARLETON

You have given me something beautiful to remember.
With your delicate moving hands and your smile
You drew it out of the air and fashioned it.
"In a little while,"
You said,
"I must leave you. Take this."
And you do not know how wonderful it is.

Out of the distance of your going
You gave me a gift to remember . . . little and lonely . . .
Fashioned of your hands, your lingering smile.
You always . . . you only.

Over ten years have passed honeymoon, when Dottie kept Barl outside the front door, loaded groceries, while she took the curl her hair—but she still runs to refre stick when she hears his car in the says, "Barham makes me feel like girl; that's *important*." And Barh he's getting younger with every term at Tech.

Having managed so far to co problems created by Barham's Tech—problems ranging from re come to increased sleepiness and ir Dottie and Barham feel "it's plai from now on. In June, when he ge degree in mechanical engineering may decide to go on with graduate he may accept one of the job offe ready received.

"I'm not so helpful there," D ruefully. "When Barham gets a le a job, I look first off to see how it is."

Whatever he decides, Barham wants something more than a ro "Some people naturally thrive on v even frantic—activity," he says. that; I go stale on normal routin shares with me a feeling of satisfa was missing in the days when I h easy job with steady hours and t vacation."

As Barham puts it: "We're not *jus* for a college degree. This struggle— call it that—is worth while *in itself*."



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JOURNAL

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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN



Her best since THE EGG AND I

ONIONS IN THE STEW

by Betty MacDonald
complete in this issue

•

TEN ANGELS FOR CHRISTMAS
(How Young America Lives)

•

CHURCHILL OFF GUARD

•

COOKIES AS
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Journal

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December, 1954

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Journalities

ETT PRATT tells a wonderful about a girl who spends her ng eve thinking about the men in her life. That girl speaks for herself on page 66 and the author speaks right here: "I was born in Hastings, Nebraska, attended the University of Nebraska for one year and was graduated from Mills College. I majored in drama on the theory e could learn to write by act- ot the idea for *Night Before the ng* when I suddenly noticed students seemed very young to emembered how old I felt at 20 me to the maddening but reas- conclusion that even if you are e will still be someone 110 who you are young and silly."



Pratt

we were about to conclude that R HENRY THOMPSON, Sir Win- hurchill's bodyguard, was in- visible, he sent this photo of himself—with his hat on, for in the service of Sir Winston for twenty years he traveled widely. You can read about that, and about the great man himself, in *Churchill Off Guard*, page 52. Walter Henry Thompson was born ton, London, in 1890, and now ith his wife, Mary Teresa, in Romney, Kent. He has four n—Harold, Harvey, Grace and en. A fifth, Frederick, was shot over Germany and died in the r. At present, Inspector Thomp- Scotland Yard (retired) is visit- s country on a lecture tour and ing every minute of it."



pson

ditors actually work may be o some people, but we have f it in our editorial associate's extra-wonderful (if we may say so; and who's to stop us?) *How Young America Lives: Ten Angels for Christmas* on page 139. ROSEMARY JONES grew up in Ponca City, Oklahoma, and taught school for a while after taking a master's degree in French at Yale. a rare JOURNAL editor in that ims she has no interest in lovely . She says she would rather ough clothes and go camping. ary came back from visiting the stons in Logan, Utah, with the c report, "The stars are closer You feel you can reach up and them." Oh, come now, Rose- the stars are closer anywhere el that way, and let us hope that ody does this Christmas season.



ones

YOU ALWAYS GET

Flakier Crusts with New-Type Armour Star Lard



says Marie Gifford, Armour Home Economist and pastry authority.



Prove it in my recipe of the month

Mincemeat Tartlets

Do try these delicious holiday goodies with wonderful flaky-tender crusts. Make *plenty*. They disappear!

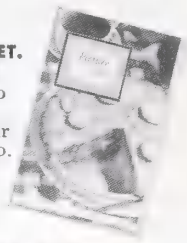
To be sure of a stay-crisp crust, use Armour Star *New-Type* Lard—the fluffy mild-flavored lard that promises you *flakier crusts* than expensive shortenings. Non-greasy. Easy to digest as butterfat. And, *it keeps*—needs no refrigeration.

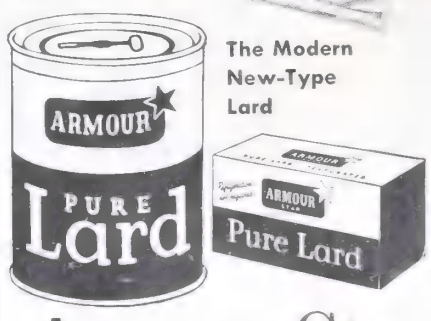
Quick 5-Min. Crust recipe. Sift together 3 cups all-purpose flour with 1½ tsp. salt. Cut in 1 cup Armour Star *New-Type* Lard. Blend until mixture resembles coarse meal. Add ⅓ cup tap water. Mix lightly and shape dough into two balls. Roll out on pastry cloth to ⅛" thickness.

Cut bottom circles with 3" cookie cutter or glass. For tops, use doughnut cutter or cut small center circles in half of the circles.

For the filling, use your favorite mincemeat recipe. Place 1½ Tbsp. mincemeat in center of bottom circles. Moisten edges with water. Press top crust down and crimp edges together. Bake on cookie sheet at 400° F. for 10 min. or until lightly browned. Makes about 24.

FREE! NEW PIE BOOKLET. 32 wonderful pies and success hints. Write to Marie Gifford, Dept. 149, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago. A carton top will be appreciated.





The Modern New-Type Lard

Armour Star Lard

Three "do-it-yourself" decorating ideas with **VINYL** plastic



by Marion Palmer,
modern decorating consultant



"It's so easy to brighten the desk area in your home with a few deft decorator touches of vinyl plastic! Start with an inexpensive chair upholstered in colorful vinyl. You'll find many really good looking styles to choose from. Or if you have a suitable chair, you can *cover it yourself* with washable, wearable, wonderful vinyl! Then pick up its color on the lampshade and blotter pad tabs to create a smart ensemble.

"If you can sew, you can sew vinyl. So why not transform your old studio couch in the rumpus room, living room or guest room into a showpiece with colorful, deep-textured vinyl? It shrugs off wear and tear! As an added decorator touch, gaily season it with vinyl-covered pillows and bolsters in harmonizing or matching colors. It's so *easy* to do it yourself, with vinyl yard goods.





"If your halls are dark, you can make them bright and smart with vinyl. Be a week-end decorator and do it yourself. Key your decorating scheme to a dado made of vinyl—you can put it on your walls in a jiffy! Then line your closet with the same distinctive vinyl pattern or color for a really clever touch. And then top it off by covering the lampshade and wastebasket with vinyl in a harmonizing color. You'll be so proud and pleased with the result!"

The next time you visit your favorite furniture department, look for the exciting news in rich vinyl upholstery. And see the new world of textures, patterns and colors in vinyl sheeting by the yard. It starts with the *quality plastic raw material* that brings you new beauty and convenience. . . .

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SERVING INDUSTRY . . . WHICH SERVES MANKIND

Our readers write us

Her Vision Will Not Fail Her

La Mesa, California

Dear Editor: Do you have the JOURNAL in Braille?

You see, yesterday my oculist told me I have less than 1 per cent vision in the left eye, and little more than that in the right.

I shall miss so much being able to read such wonderful things as Anna Perrott Rose's Frightened Boy (God help me to be as patient with my own). But after the first war, when I was working with the blinded soldiers, Doctor Dixon, the X-ray pioneer, had a friend lead me all around Toronto blindfolded, to get the feel of it. (My goodness, I was black and blue; as careful as my girl friend was, she forgot to tell me of high steps or things to bump into.) By day's end I had a little idea of what those poor boys at Christy Street Hospital were up against.

So I am not afraid!

In the garden there are gardenias, lantana and Cecille Brunners, and I intend to make a special *smelly* garden, so, even if the time comes when I cannot *see* them, I can feel, and smell, and thus enjoy

The kiss of the sun for pardon
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden,
Than anywhere else on earth.

Then, too, as the children are almost through school, I am taking nine units at State College (adv. psychology, gerontology, television and English journalism) to be ready to be of *some* help to my adopted country, and not be helpless.

I must confess, however, at fifty-six years . . . had I known of term papers and final exams, would never have had the courage to tackle it after a thirty-year lapse!

Next semester will, however, find me plugging away again—and if I do lose my eyesight, like your Pollyanna books, I can be *glad* God has let me have sight this long.

So *many* things I can study to do, if blind—and God is good. As our old nurse used to say, "If the Lord send rain, rain's my choice." So ——

Sincerely and unafraid,
CAROL S. SPERRY

Masculine Philosophy

Des Moines, Iowa

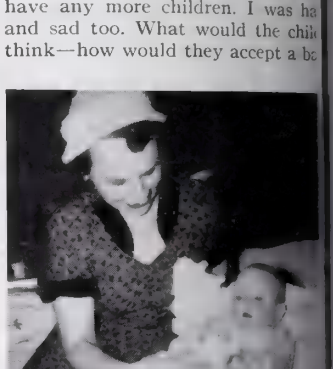
Dear Bruce: Nobody loves women more than I do; to me they are the Almighty's most pleasant earthly manifestation. But I think the relations between men and women, between husbands and wives are improved by a reasonably realistic scrutiny. As I have brought out in my local column (with which I observed the twenty-fifth anniversar my marriage to Doris), the greatest solation in normal marriages is the zation that such phenomena as qua and flirtations occur to the most blis

Yours,
HARLAN MIL

New Woman

Richmond, Virg

Dear Journal Editors: My fa seemed to take me for granted; I fe sorry for myself. Then, the mir When the doctor told me, I couldn't lieve my ears. I just didn't think I w have any more children. I was ha and sad too. What would the chil think—how would they accept a b



For the happiest Christmas

Ronald, twenty-one, was in college; J "dating" in her last year of high; David a freshman and a real "Pe bad boy."

Well, I told them, and was I surpri Mother is having a baby! They everyone—they couldn't wait for day. I was so happy—I felt import for the first time in years. The chil couldn't do enough for me, and my h band was just wonderful!

We brought our baby home from hospital on my forty-first birthday, twenty-fifth wedding anniversary

So may I say in closing, *have a after forty*, it will make a new woman of you. In my case, a new, happier f ily too.

Sincerely
HAZEL OW

Mother's Angels

Galion,

Dear Editors: How do you like my tle angels—who usually aren't ne this angelic?

Sincerely your
SARAH HELEN HUBB

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

". . . but just before Christmas they're as good as they can be!"





so sweet and lovely—your Prell-washed hair!



so easy to have— *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

with PRELL SHAMPOO

SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE . . . SO SWEETLY CLEAN! Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell shampoo! It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient!* Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's *wonderful!*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

For the Record

North Hollywood, California

Dear Editors: Everyone's supposed to make his own bed, but this morning there was the usual fuss and I exclaimed, "Do you realize I make six beds every day?" My son replied, "Ma, that's an old record."

Being in an expansive mood (I was working on my second cup of coffee and the JOURNAL), I said, "O.K., let's break it down this way. How many beds do I make during the year?"

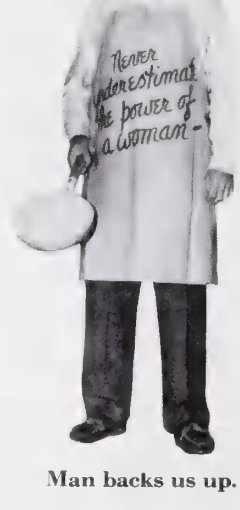
The kids went into a huddle and came up with an answer "Eighteen hundred beds!" We were all stunned. "And now dishes!" The total sum was 24,720 dishes per year. I tell you I was plumb tuckered out just thinking of it, but the kids made their beds!

Sincerely,
RUTH ZUSMER

What to Give a Man

Old Greenwich, Connecticut

Dear Editors: The aprons are blue denim, chef style, and I paint on them in red in my own handwriting.



Man backs us up.

May I thank you for the use of your slogan? (I trust it's not copyrighted!)

Yours truly,
BETTY C. HAMILTON

▶ *Over the years, the* JOURNAL*'s familiar slogan has become universal. The* JOURNAL *holds copyright on it, but hopes it will be on everyone's lips. ED.*

Spock Goes Along

Frankfurt am Main, Germany

Dear Laura Lou: I was delighted to read Dr. Spock's opinions on the pacifier in the JOURNAL. We were never sure we were doing the right thing, except that it kept the baby and the neighbors happy simultaneously. Here, practically every infant mouth I've seen is sucking a "*Schnuller.*" Kiddies walk in nursery groups with attendants, the inevitable *Schnuller* bobbing in each small mouth.

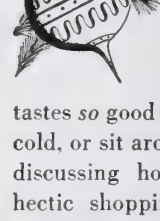
I'm quite used to the lack of diaper service now, but it was a shock at first. We hired a *Schwester* (child's nurse) as baby sitter and she threw up her hands in horror when she heard I was just plain washing Dean's *Windeln* (diapers). Now I first wash, then *kochen* (cook) and then rewash them. Then out to the balcony (bless the universal European balconies) where we've strung clothesline. I wish you could see them, blinking white, after hours in the sun and wind. Never thought I'd ever be so proud of white *Windeln.*

In Germany there is plenty to do, and a heap more to learn. Yesterday I bought a *teppiche Klopfer* (bamboo rug beater) and today joined in the morning musicale. All over the city you hear the swish of rugs being beaten energetically every morning. Long rods are attached to most of the houses for that purpose. Our part-time maid, Freidel (she comes Wednesday mornings and goes through five rooms in four hours!) rolled up the heavy

CONTINUED ON PAGE

"Coffee-brea
with
Mary Margaret McBr





This gay, warm-
holiday seaso
friends pop in at a
your coffeepot's
work overtime. A
steaming cup o
tastes *so* good when you come in c
cold, or sit around wrapping pres
discussing holiday plans. And
hectic shopping session what
more welcome than the blissful r
of a "Coffee-break"?



**Then, too, for th
drive cars after
parties, it's a seas
member that wis
nition, "when it's
the road,' be sure
fee!" Civic officials, safety group
and the nation's press and radio
enthusiastically endorsed the
"when it's 'one for the road,' be
coffee" and strongly urge its
I urge it, too, as one way to in
and happy holidays for everyon
thoughtful hostess should have b
service ready and say that las
"Good-night-Merry Christmas-Ha
Year" over a delicious, hot cup**



And it's so easy
certain your coff
licious every ti
follow the simp
tions worked out by The Coffee
Institute: Use one Standard
Measure, or two level tablespoons
to each ¾ measuring cup of fr
water. Find the right timing for y
maker, then always time it exact
let your coffee boil. Of course, i
you serve it the moment it's do
you have to let it stand, keep it h
ting the pot in very hot water, or
low heat on an asbestos pad.

The Coffee Brewing Institute, Inc.

551 Fifth Ave., New York 17,

Now make Ready-Mix Pancakes richer, more tender than ever before

Adding Spry makes the difference!



Here's All You Do!

Use your favorite pancake ready-mix. Add one standard level tablespoon of Spry for each cup of dry ready-mix. Then follow package directions.

You'll be delighted to see how just this little bit of pure, digestible Spry improves both the flavor and the texture of easy-to-fix, ready-mix pancakes. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that Spry-improved pancakes come off the griddle richer and more tender than ever before. You'll agree, or we'll return your money. For more easy recipes, drop a postcard to Spry, Lever Brothers, 390 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

Spry makes just about everything you cook taste better!

Bring back the blush with new DuBarry Bloom!

Shades of Victoria—the blush is back! You see this glow-of-cheek on the radiant, new crop of American beauties and think, "how pretty!" Nature? Vitamins? No—DuBarry Bloom!

Bloom is a wonderful new kind of color for your cheeks, so creamy-light in texture that it spreads quickly and softly as a blush! No blotching or streaking. Never any hard, artificial "rouged" look. And the pretty blush that Bloom gives your cheeks is so fresh and natural, no one would ever dream it's "put on"!



Bloom, $1.10 *plus tax*

Sounds like magic, but Bloom comes in just *one* shade and gives *each* her *own* prettiest color glow!



P. S. For a poreless looking complexion, smooth on DuBarry Flatter-Glo (as casually as you would a hand lotion). It's the fluid make-up that really does what you've been hoping a make-up would do. Conceals tiny lines and skin flaws. Never magnifies pores. It stays fresh and flattering (no greasy shine-through), and because of its exclusive ingredient, "Vibranol," holds beauty-giving moisture in the skin. Flattering shades.

Flatter-Glo, $1.10 *plus tax*



DUBARRY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
by **RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

9′ x 12′ living-room rug, slung it over her shoulder, and started for the hall door before I saw her. I gasped, "*Nicht! Nein!* Nix! Nay!" but neither I nor the four flights of stairs fazed her a bit. The rug needed it, and that was that. Friedel, who is strong and tall, wouldn't hear of my helping, but I got in a few whacks. It certainly is good exercise.

I must start my spaghetti sauce before Dean wakes up for his lunch. Shopping here is exciting—for instance, wonderful tomatoes from three countries. So tonight we're having Italian-Dutch-Spanish tomato sauce with German pork and beef. I haven't been able to find *orégano* in Frankfurt, but am sure there is some somewhere. But now my international sauce's ingredients are still four countries apart, and Dean is waking up!

Much love,
VILMA CHANTILES

Divorce Too Easy?

Kentucky

Dear Editors: Let me tell you that I am now a statistic. Mine is that one marriage in five that has ended in divorce. Since it is my first and I devoutly trust my only experience, I cannot say that I am an expert.

But judging from my experience, there is a bigger farce enacted in the courts today than anyone can imagine. Nothing on earth is so easily obtainable as a divorce, unless it is the holy estate of matrimony.

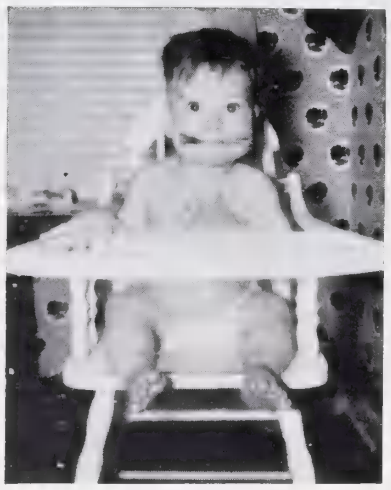
Why do I write this? Because I hope people will go back to the old belief that marriage is a serious, sacred institution, not to be lightly entered nor lightly abandoned. And the man and the woman concerned are not the only ones who must consider it as such. The American people seem to have withdrawn from the word "duty." Yours very truly,

(Name withheld by request)

First Christmas Dinner

Greenwood, Mississippi

Dear Editor: Here is a snapshot of my little boy, Mike, with his very first



Adventure in eating.

bone. Little boys, like little dogs, can cut teeth on sturdy Christmas bones but should not have splintery ones.

Regards,
MRS. W. R. MALLETTE

International Flavor

Abqaiq, Saudi Arabia

Dear Mrs. Bass: We are sending you a cookbook which was compiled by our group. Actually, we had intended sending it to your food editor, but the general impression is that you are all one big happy family, hence we send the book to the "head of the Workshop."

We are women whose husbands are employed by the Arabian-American Oil Company. Most of us are Americans, but a number of other nationalities are represented, as you may note from the variety of recipes in the cookbook. An international flavor, as it were! Perhaps you will be interested in preparing the Arab feast which is thoroughly described

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



Take a lesso
from the pr



look for Dot
in skiing clot

DOTS mean Dot Fasteners, w
everything in active sportswea
work, sure to hold fast, they loc
at the flick of a wrist. Look for
button Fasteners when you bu
just as you look for Dot Snappe
wearables. And don't forget, for
sewing, there's the Dot Snapper
professional attaching tool,
counters, $1. Refill, 25¢.

snap! it's open!
snap! it's closed!
it's a snap with
DO

UNITED-CARR, *FIRST IN FASTENERS*, CAMBR



at **HOME** *with Arlene Francis*

and go on a big television Christmas shopping spree!

Ah, happy day! The brain-wracking, back-breaking job of choosing Christmas gifts is over, finished, *done* for! Now, you just curl up in a chair with your gift list, and watch HOME'S FIRST ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SHOPPING FESTIVAL, on your television set.

HOME, you know, is that fabulous NBC "electronic magazine of the air." Editor-in-chief Arlene Francis and her staff, will bring you the wares of the world to choose from. On each of 19 days you'll see perfect, hand-picked gifts for everyone on your list. Never on TV such a specialized, tailor-made service.

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Dec. 6 —BOYS AND GIRLS, Age 8-10 years
Dec. 7 —FAMILY GIFTS
Dec. 8 —WIVES AND MOTHERS
Dec. 9 —HUSBANDS
Dec. 10—CHILDREN, Boys and Girls, Age 1-10 years
Dec. 13—PRE-TEENS, Girls, Age 10-13 years
Dec. 14—PRE-TEENS, Boys, Age 10-13 years
Dec. 15—GRANDMA AND HER FRIENDS
Dec. 16—GRANDPA AND HIS FRIENDS
Dec. 17—CHILDREN, Boys and Girls, Age 1-10 years
Dec. 20—TEENAGERS, Boys, Age 13-16 years
Dec. 21—TEENAGERS, Girls, Age 13-16 years
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"Winter," by Ann Didyk, is an etching from the touring exhibit Young American Printmakers, sponsored by New York's Museum of Modern Art. Featured in the show are the works of one hundred artists under thirty-five years of age, many of them by young women.

Ann Didyk, art librarian at the State University of Iowa, sketched "Winter" from her bedroom window while she studied for her master's degree in prints. After a typically heavy Iowa snowfall, she spent a week on the drawing, nine months on the etching, and captured with an intricate interplay of delicacy and strength the mood of a dusky midwinter afternoon.

The baby in the kitchen

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

TWENTY-FOUR years ago in early July a two-weeks-old baby came to Twin Farms, our home in Vermont. He was my baby. Everything had been prepared for his arrival: a sunny nursery, immaculately and sanitarily white with an adjoining room and bath for the trained baby nurse I had employed, both as far removed as possible from the study of his father, a famous writer, and from the normal traffic of the house.

Twenty-four years ago the services of an experienced baby nurse, cook, housemaid and gardener could be obtained for less than a not-at-all-experienced couple would cost today, and the baby's father was well able to afford such a staff, and two secretaries, and occasional hourly help for the garden as well.

In such a household there was complete division of labor. The cook cooked and took care of the kitchen; the housemaid cared for the other rooms; the gardener had a room outside the house and appeared only briefly for meals; the secretaries lived outside and came from nine to one and two to five; and nurse, who had her meals on a tray, took entire care of the baby, the nursery, and had no other duties.

During the weeks when I was able to nurse him, I appeared at 10 A.M., 2 and 6 P.M. in the nursery to perform that function, and for night feedings nurse brought him to my bedside. If he cried at other times (or yelled—a baby's cries are tearless) nobody heard him but nurse. She changed and washed his diapers and clothes, and brought him in daily for the brief admiration of his parents exquisitely dressed, pleasantly redolent of violet-scented talcum, and either peacefully asleep or contentedly and equally peacefully awake.

Apart from the attentions of the white-uniformed, quiet and perfectly efficient nurse he lived in almost complete isolation, a cocoonlike existence. Babies, I had been advised, should not be fondled. They should not be subject to noises. They should be kept aloof from company who might carry germs. They must always be bathed and fed at exactly the same time and preferably by the same person. They should never be rocked. They should never be given *any* medicine except on the advice of a pediatrician. They should be kept away from bright lights. And since he was my first baby, born late in my life and likely to be my only one, I did exactly what the doctor told me for the apple of my eye.

He was a healthy baby. He cost me no sleepless nights and no cares. The only "sacrifices" I endured were not being able to go to a party or visit a neighbor or be with friends in my own house while I was nursing him, at nursing hours.

To be sure, I used to wonder how babies survived who couldn't be brought up in nurseries by trained attendants, or by mothers with nothing else to do; how, in fact, I and my brother and sister had survived in blooming health reared as we were in a far more haphazard fashion. Later, I observed that my little boy, no longer a baby, was more nervous than most, and more easily upset by strange faces or noises, and that the infant who led a germless existence caught, as a child, every ailment—scarlet fever, measles, chicken pox, mumps, whooping cough—that cropped up in a radius of twenty-five miles. But I never really questioned whether the whole pattern of his baby care might not have been ideal.

This summer another two-weeks-old baby came with his mother to Twin Farms—the son of that first baby. His father was employed in a summer theater and their New York apartment sublet, so baby's first home, like his father's, was the Vermont house—capacious, its gardens wide, but the household arrangements very different from what they were twenty-four years ago.

The house, staffed by a neighbor and her daughter, both mothers and one a grandmother, plus my secretary, is not run on a defined system of division of labor, but the way those of families who do their own work are run: one doing most but not all of the cooking, another most but not always all of the housework, and everybody pitching in within the limits of her free time to lend a hand. In this house the kitchen, once the

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domain of a professional cook, is the hub of the home. Here, in addition to daily meals being prepared, vegetables are canned or sterilized for the freezer, chickens are drawn, butter is churned, even lambs or calves are cut up and wrapped for the freezer, the latter invariably done by my artist husband, who finds the study of anatomy good training for a butcher.

Redesigned three years ago by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to fit just such a home economy as ours, it is, with a room-size pantry and "summer kitchen" flanking it, a big, very beautiful kitchen, with every modern convenience, including electric range and ovens. But the old wood range is still there. This past summer in Northern New England was uniquely chilly and rainy; but the cheery range warmed the kitchen and back of the house, exuding a pleasant aromatic smell. And as everyone gravitates toward the kitchen, so did baby, his bassinet landing plump in front of the range, with an opened oven door, or, when it was warm and sunny, on the veranda right outside the south kitchen windows.

A young mother needs rest, especially when she must soon face caring for baby alone and doing her housework too. Her nights were interrupted by feeding her son, nestled in the basket beside her bed. So who took care of baby during the day while his mother was resting? Everybody did—and with baby in the kitchen someone was always at hand to lay aside a duster or turn from a pot in response to his cries.

Was he rocked? He certainly was—a foot pushing his bassinet back and forth while its owner's hands peeled potatoes or shelled peas.

Was he always fed at exactly the prescribed hour? He was not. "He's sleeping so sweetly I wouldn't wake him up," one of baby's numerous mothers would say. Or, "That cry means hunger, and it's clear he just didn't get enough to eat last time. Why not give him a little supplementary bottle?"

Was he picked up? He certainly was, and carried and crooned to, and by everybody. Our neighbor, the writer, Vincent Sheean, proved an especially acceptable baby walker. He explained learnedly that his forearm was exactly the right length, to the fraction of an inch, to permit him to cradle baby's head in his elbow and hold his bottom in his hand; that baby's preference for him was purely due to this mechanical fact—this to spare the feelings of the rest of us. Just the same, it was obvious that he considered the pacifying effect of his presence a feather in his cap, and a demonstration that he was altogether a superior fellow (as indeed he is) and one in whom a helpless infant could properly repose complete confidence.

When, though warm, dry and fed, baby cried, cramping up his legs in an obvious touch of the colic, it was the consensus of the four mothers that two drops of peppermint oil in some warm water "could do him no harm"—and he quieted down.

A sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women.—EMERSON

MOST of the time he slept, in the midst of conversation, kitchen noises, kitchen lights and kitchen smells, or gazed up calmly at the many faces of the household, of visitors, of house guests, of children who stopped at his cradle to cluck admiringly. Of course he interrupted the housework. But "Don't bother about my room—I'll make my own bed," said a house guest. "Let *me* dust the big living room," said another, their services gratefully accepted.

After evening dinner my helpmates go to their own homes and families. Then baby was wherever the family and visitors forgathered. I would never have dreamed of nursing my child in company, but this baby's young mother saw no reason why she should leave a pleasant tea party of intimate friends to feed her tiny son. When we were invited out to dinner we went—and took the baby, who seemed to love the motion of a car and to slumber as well in one place as in another.

To be sure, having the baby in t of everything was sometimes a nuis occasionally aroused protests. Even foot down when, on a rainy day, I rack of baby clothes drying over th in the dining room, where we we to have lunch, and my husband "This house is becoming a slum."

A friend had sent baby a funny c to his bassinet, which, wound up, p Brahms Cradle Song. Baby liked it. restless the sound composed him tinkled from the kitchen, the livin or wherever baby happened to b charming tune—or I used to think s tually the sound became a mild "Couldn't we find another music b that would play the *Mozart* cradle a change?" I found myself complai

THIS, however, I observed: babie cows and chickens) like music. Or this one did. He went happily to sle living room to the thunder of Shosta Fifth Symphony, or Gershwin's Rha Blue, played on the phonograph.

Heated discussions over EDC a appraisals of foreign policy" had an soporific effect. He appeared to ret the conversation in sheer boredom pressing suggestion that grandma's forth might have the same effect on ups if they had not learned to be pol

The point is that against all the a of "peace and quiet," baby und preferred goings big, beautiful vi eyes—"all babies Caucasian race a with blue eyes may turn out to b or hazel or a color," the P professor from n warned us—wou toward the sound of a voice, or a a movement, though he could not more than light and shadow. The life around him seemed to give him scious comfort. And why shouldn' pecially since the two mothers, two mothers, stepgrandfather, baby-cra tary, neighbors' children, Harvard p visiting guests and Mr. Sheean were ing and solicitous. Is affection not a radiant warmth?

The stepgrandfather had determi to be taken in. "I want to make it cle *not* be disturbed by the baby," he h How surprising, then, to find the bab arm, looking up at him with a wide ing gaze. "He was yelling like a Slovak," he explained defensively. " you women around—what a house *somebody* attend to this child?"

I explained weakly that babies waited on hand and foot every time t "He'll grow into a little tyrant."

"Nonsense," said the big man crossness is always phony.

After five weeks, baby and his mo to leave, to rejoin his father in Ne The station wagon drew up at the s kitchen door, packed with bathinet, b chest of drawers, scales, clothes rack a moving! Baby in his mother's arms just been fed) gazed brightly and I quite callously on us all.

Never kiss a baby? Everybody him—on top of his head. Gran Alice's eyes filled with tears; moth burst into sobs; Grandma Dorothy a a matter-of-fact stoicism. Secretary (who was driving them down) looke efficient, but still nervous over her r bility.

"Well," said stepgrandfather, "t is over. . . . What a *happy* mess!"

"Now I must really concentrate work," I said—knowing that what I centrate on was missing the baby.

In the kitchen the oven door of th range was closed. There was no drying baby clothes, no bassinet, n of the Brahms Cradle Song.

"This kitchen seems absolutely said Alice, wiping her eyes. There w of us in it at the time.

ou bake these luscious gifts e quicker Wesson way



They keep so well
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Start with the shortening you *pour to measure* and *never have to cream*—light, sparkling Wesson Oil. You bake these festive gifts *without* the bother of digging out and melting solid shortening. Mild, delicate Wesson Oil is *easier* to measure accurately—*easier* to mix.

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WESSON FRUITCAKE CUPCAKES

- 1 cup Wesson Oil
- 1½ cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups *sifted* all-purpose flour (such as Gold Medal)
- *1 teaspoon baking powder
- *2 teaspoons salt
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 2 teaspoons allspice
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- *1 cup pineapple, apple or orange juice
- 1 cup more *sifted* flour
- 1 cup thinly sliced citron
- 1 cup chopped candied pineapple
- 1½ cups whole candied cherries
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 3 cups coarsely chopped nuts

Combine Wesson Oil, sugar and eggs; beat vigorously with spoon or electric mixer for 2 minutes. Sift 2 cups of the flour with the baking powder, salt, and spices. Stir into the oil mixture alternately with the fruit juice. Mix the other cup of flour with the fruits and nuts. Pour batter over the fruit, mixing thoroughly. Pour into 24 paper baking cups set in medium size muffin pans. Place a pan of water on lower oven rack. Bake cupcakes 1 hour in slow oven (275°). After baking, let cakes stand 15 minutes before removing from pans. Cool thoroughly without removing paper. Glaze and decorate with candied cherries and angelica.

**When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour: (1) omit baking powder and salt; (2) have fruit juice boiling hot when adding; (3) do not add eggs until the mixture has cooled to lukewarm (about ½ hour).*

WESSON BROWNIES

- ¾ cup *sifted* all-purpose cake flour (such as Gold Medal)
- *½ teaspoon baking powder
- *¾ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- ⅓ cup Wesson Oil
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup coarsely chopped nuts

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Beat eggs, add sugar in 3 portions; beat well after each addition. Add Wesson Oil, melted and cooled chocolate, and vanilla; beat thoroughly. Add flour mixture, mix well. Stir in nuts. Oil 8 x 8 x 2-inch baking pan with Wesson Oil. Pour in batter, spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 35 minutes. Cool in pan on cake rack. Spread with chocolate icing and decorate with walnut halves. Makes 15 brownies.

**When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour omit baking powder and salt.*

CHOCOLATE ICING: Melt over hot water *1 tablespoon butter* and *1 square unsweetened chocolate*. Blend in *2 tablespoons hot milk* and *a dash of salt*. Stir in about *1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar*, and beat until icing will spread easily. Spread quickly.

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A national research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage*



Recently, 447 women made a grueling test. It was conducted by a national research laboratory. The purpose: to find the answer to the most serious skin problem housewives face today – "detergent hands."



These women soaked both their hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated. Skin scientists supervised these important tests.



The amazing result. In 3 or 4 days, u hands were red and rough, even crac bleeding. Yet hands given Jergens Lot were soft, unblemished, smooth, and wh



Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. *Not even 100% pure lanolin* did a better job (and no hand care contains more than 15% lanolin).



The famous Jergens formula, improved over 50 years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems you have. It's never sticky or greasy.



Now every woman can be assured of lovely, smooth, f hands! If you have not tried Jergens lately, now is the ti will find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing n grance. Jergens Lotion is still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*

954

"Detergent Hands" with Jergens Lotion



These are the hands of Beth Anderson, one of the 447 women in the "detergent hands" experiment. Both her hands were soaked in detergents. Her left hand was untreated. Her right hand was cared for with Jergens Lotion. The difference was astonishing! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned. **This photograph is unretouched.**

* NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists: A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*

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By BERNARDINE KIELTY



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Pets and books rank high as Christmas gifts for children.

NEW YORK—as we who live here always say—is a sweet place to be at Christmas. One of the pleasant experiences is to go to the uptown Trinity churchyard on Christmas Eve afternoon, where there is a children's lantern procession to the grave of Clement Moore, who wrote A Visit From St. Nicholas, better known to all of us as The Night Before Christmas. His poem is read and a wreath is laid on his grave. Everywhere you look Christmas trees sparkle and people hurry along with bundles.

Catching up in popularity with A Visit From St. Nicholas is Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. A Visit was written in 1822. Rudolph is 1939 folklore out of Montgomery Ward. It was written by Robert May, an advertising man who was asked to get up a Christmas animal story to be distributed by the firm as a giveaway. As most everyone knows (it has sold in hundreds of thousands) it has the ugly-duckling plot with the ever-popular schnozzle motif.

●

Being an old traditionalist, I find myself giving children old-time favorites for Christmas books—the classics that they may somehow have missed: PETER RABBIT; ALICE IN WONDERLAND; the *Howard Pyle* ROBIN HOOD and KING ARTHUR; *Dorothy Canfield's* UNDERSTOOD BETSY; PINOCCHIO; DR. DOOLITTLE; *Kenneth Grahame's* THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS; the JUNGLE BOOKS. Maybe I give them because I like to read them myself. But fine new books are coming out every year that the children themselves may well prefer.

Just picking here and there among the hundreds of new ones now on display:

For children 4–8, there is HURRY, SCURRY AND FLURRY, by *Mary* and *Conrad Buff*—forest life through the seasons with three baby squirrels. Also THE SEVEN REMARKABLE BEARS, by *Emilie Warren McLeod*, about a lonesome polar bear in the zoo.

For the next group, OLD TANGLE EYE, by *Ralph E. Johnstone*, adventure with cowboys, Indians, claim jumpers, eighty years ago in Colorado.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

COLLIER'S



"Calm down, lady. When I said you were too late for mistletoe I simply meant we were all sold out."



"Hot gingerbread for Chri breakfast. Of course you've th of that. And delicate Angel Foo for the folks who come to hel the tree. And cupcakes — you have too many cupcakes.

"Wouldn't the children like t a Honey Spice Cake for Gran and spell out 'I love you' wit raisins in the icing? Wouldn't be the friendliest thing you take along to the Christmas pa Or serve hot to the carolers?

"But I must stop – I want sp tell you how to make all those across the way. It's all done with Crocker Cake Mixes. Here's ho

1. Tree Tops. Marble Cake's eas new Betty Crocker Marble Cak Cut in squares—frost with chocola ter frosting. Make tree with silve

2. Snowballs! Chocolate Devils thickly spread with fluffy, white f and cupcakes or squares of cake r fresh coconut. Add a Christmas

3. Holly Wreath. Betty Crocker Spice and white icing make this cu Green-tinted coconut and red cin candies form the wreath.

4. Ribbon Crescents. Use Betty C Yellow Cake Mix for this...cut wit moon cutter, frost with green-t butter frosting, add a garland of

5. Snow Peaks. Everybody's favo Chocolate Devils Food made up in cakes—with fluffy white frost maraschino cherry and candy l

6. Christmas Candle. This is quick Honey Spice—with Easy Penuche (see pkg.). Gumdrops form the ca

7. Poinsettias. Add ½ cup ch maraschino cherries, well drained, to Crocker White Cake Mix batter to this cake. Frost with white fro Arrange sliced cherries to form

8. Gingerbread Man! And a n good one, too. Made with Betty C Ginger Bread Mix, recipe on packag decorated with frosting and candie

9. Shadow Box. Start with Betty C Yellow Cake Mix...then cover with white frosting, "shadow-frost' melted chocolate; add colored sprin

Betty

**PERFECT? Yes, we DO mean p You be the judge. If a cake you mak a Betty Crocker Cake Mix is les perfect, mail the box top to Betty C Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn. General Mills will send your money*

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2.



3.





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9.

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Home Sanitation Since 1919

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

For still older, **BANNER IN THE SKY**, by ***James Ramsey Ullman***, about a boy and a mountain to climb. Also **THE WONDERFUL WINTER**, by ***Marchette Chute***, who tells about a young English aristocrat who ran away to London and there met Shakespeare and the Players in his theater.

In **RAINBOW ROUND THE WORLD**, by ***Elizabeth Yates***, a boy actually does go round the world, with a worker for UNICEF, and sees what the children in many lands need and what can be done to help them.

For any age **SO'M I** is a funny book. It is by ***Ted Key***, creator of the Hazel cartoons. This is about an ardent would-be race horse whose back legs are bowed and whose front legs are knock-kneed. Happy ending.

●

HAVE TUX, WILL TRAVEL is what the vaudeville actors used to say in their ads when looking for jobs: they were ready to start anywhere and they could look classy. Now it is the title of ***Bob Hope's*** autobiography, he having been one of those old-time troupers himself. In fact, he still has a schedule that sounds like an airliner's.

F.P.G.



Bob Hope in action.

Bob's name is Leslie Towne Hope. When young Les was a butcher's helper, he had a girl named Mildred. The first time they kissed she didn't really mean to kiss him. He tricked her into it. They were drinking from the same fountain and he turned the water off. She was wearing braces and he was wearing braces. When they kissed, their braces locked. After that they went everywhere together.

That's the way it goes. If you like Bob Hope you'll like the book. Personally I enjoy them both—for quite a while.

●

THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS and Other Nonsense is entertainment of another sort. It is by ***Bergen Evans***, author of THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE, professor of English at Northwestern University, and master of ceremonies on the TV show Down You Go. This is debunking of the first order. You'll find many of your treasured superstitions and old beliefs blown to the wind.

Take youth and age: spanking a baby at birth has no effect on its breathing; the child's second year is not *particularly dangerous; bowlegs are not caused by too*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Don't be Disappointed

Be on the alert for fast-talking carpet salesmen who tell you that anything is "just as good" as SMOOTHEDGE® *tackless carpet installation.*

There is no substitute for SMOOTHEDGE! The beauty of your carpet depends upon it. The smooth, tailored finish along moldings and up to doorways is admired by everyone . . . and it's only possible with SMOOTHEDGE because SMOOTHEDGE grips carpet from underneath. You can use it on any kind of floor with any type carpet.

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Please send me my free copy of "
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You'll want to try this quick—easy recipe—French's Gourmet Sauce—so delicious with cold meats. Melt ½ cup currant jelly and stir in ½ cup French's Prepared Mustard. That's all—serve it hot.

Here's extra flavor and zest for "second day" meals

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

does something wonderful for Holiday Leftovers!

- ✓ FRENCH'S pure yellow Mustard blends better because it's creamier . . . smoother.
- ✓ FRENCH'S rich mustard goodness does not fade out in cooking.
- ✓ Get a jar tomorrow and see what a wonderful flavor difference FRENCH'S makes!

FREE! NEW RECIPE LEAFLET "10 Ways to Dress-up Leftovers!"

The R. T. French Co.
1994 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N.Y.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

early walking; tickling babies does not cause them to stutter. (Many more boys than girls stutter. Were many more boys than girls tickled when they were babies?) Thumb-sucking is as normal as breathing (child psychologists quoted) and attempts to stop it may lead to maloccluded personalities. Which do you prefer, Professor Bergen asks, a bucket-toothed snerd, or a neurotic nitwit?

Childhood, he continues, is not the best age for learning. Any age below forty-five is better than the ages from ten to fourteen.

●

HANDBOOK ON V. D., by ***Dr. Carroll T. Bowen***, is a sensible, clear explanation of venereal diseases. It tells how to prevent them, it sweeps away the errors that have grown up around them, and provides information, easy to understand, which may sometime save the health or even the life of a relative, friend, acquaintance or associate.

Long-time JOURNAL readers will remember that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was a pioneer in bringing the knowledge of venereal disease before the public. In 1937 it started a campaign against silence and shamed whispers, with editorials by the Goulds, articles by Paul de Kruif and Dr. Thomas Parran, followed by hundreds of letters of praise for their courage and forthrightness.

HANDBOOK ON V. D. *is prepared for college and high-school students, nurses, military personnel, adult-education groups, and patients who have not understood the import of their disease. (University of Miami Press, Coral Gables 46, Florida.)*

●

THE STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE is a handsome book, with text by historian ***Dumas Malone*** and a remarkable collection of old prints and new photographs assembled by ***Hirst Kilhollen*** and ***Milton Kaplan***, of the Prints Department of the Library of Congress.

The story of our first great national achievement is done full justice. Here are the signers—a portrait of each signer, a brief biography and a glimpse of his home and family which will forever dispel any notion that our Founding Fathers were rough pioneers. They were the cream of the eighteenth century—educated, cultivated, liberal, as this book will testify. The wonderful phrases, which we now read again, will always stand as a statement of their ideals.

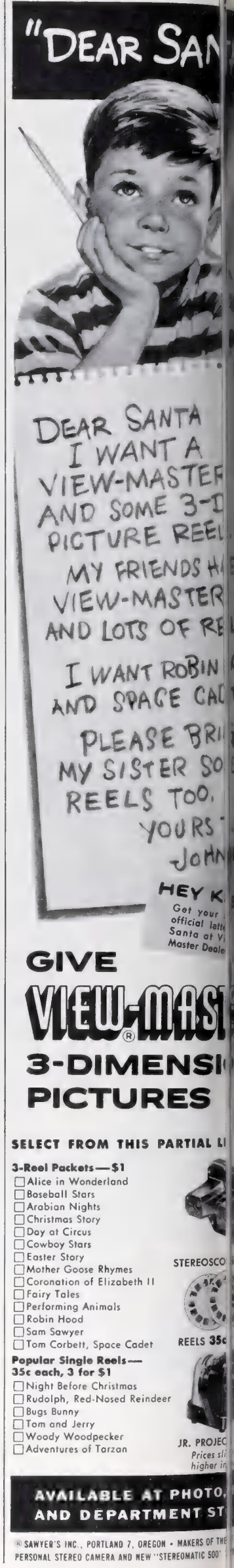
To see where we've gone since those enlightened days, read ***Thomas K. Finletter's*** POWER AND POLICY: U. S. FOREIGN POLICY AND MILITARY POWER IN THE HYDROGEN AGE. Not only to see where we've gone but to understand what we can do in the immediate future in the way of defense, and in our search for peace. Mr. Finletter was Secretary of the Air Force from 1950 to 1953.

●

Nothing could be farther from the hydrogen age than WOODLAND PORTRAITS, by ***Jeannette Klute***. This is a large spacious book containing fifty magnificent color photographs of Nature. It is color such as you have never dreamed: light through the pale pink petal of a flower; the sparkle on a frog's wet green back; the whiteness of a trillium. It is Nature in small precise detail.

The photographs are listed in the appendix, where Miss Klute notes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23





PRESENTING

New

FLINT DELUXE STAINLESS TABLEWARE

...IT SPARKLES!

Here you are at last! Stainless tableware, combined with precious vanadium to assure a permanently polished silvery finish that really sparkles!

This is not just ordinary stainless! This is Flint De Luxe Stainless *with vanadium added* for heirloom beauty . . . heirloom quality. Its sparkling silvery finish never tarnishes . . . never shows a sign of wear. Choose your favorite from these five exquisite patterns and you'll set a gracious table every meal . . . every day . . . on every occasion, including your "fanciest" party!

You can get Flint De Luxe in everything from cocktail forks to serving pieces. Open stock pieces start at 75 cents. Every pattern also comes in gift-boxed sets from $14.95 and individual serving pieces from $1.25.

If your store does not yet have sparkling new Flint De Luxe Stainless Vanadium Tableware, write us for the name of the dealer nearest you.

FULLY GRADED
like fine sterling!

THIN THICK THIN

For three dimensional beauty . . . greater strength . . . perfect balance.

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FLINT

. . . the greatest names in housewares



Deliciously yours,

P.S. Mm-m-m! Which will you try first...the roast beef?...
the meat loaf? No matter. Just try any cold cuts with Hunt's
nice-and-spicy catsup. Can't help lovin' that wonderful flavor!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
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Takes cooking honors for third year

Teen-Ager s Blue Ribbon Her Cooking

Morrison of Salem, Oregon, g blue ribbon to her scrap- wards. She won it just last cate Fair cooking competi- ella is another prize-winning uses Fleischmann's Active t. "It's so fast and easy," 'And keeps for months."

winning cooks agree that nn's Active Dry Yeast is the handiest ever . . . even more t in the new "Thrifty Three" When you bake at home use - use Fleischmann's Active

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FLEISCHMANN'S ACTIVE DRY YEAST

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OLLY TIME POP CORN
POPS LIKE MAGIC!

get . . . mushroom flavor "fresh" mushroom flavor all year 'round . . . get . . .

YSTONE USHROOMS
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FREE! Big Recipe Booklet. Write to Keystone Mushroom Co., Coatesville, Pa. Insist on Keystone Fancy Mushrooms at your food store. Fancy Quality . . . Regular Price.

CALORIE, H PROTEIN way lavorful eating!

Send for the Money-Saver Recipe Booklet to Food Co., Inc., maroneck, N. Y.

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rica's Largest Selling

ILLION CURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

what camera she used, the lens, the film, the exposure, the time of year and the type of day—information of inestimable value to serious-minded photographers, both amateur and professional.

●

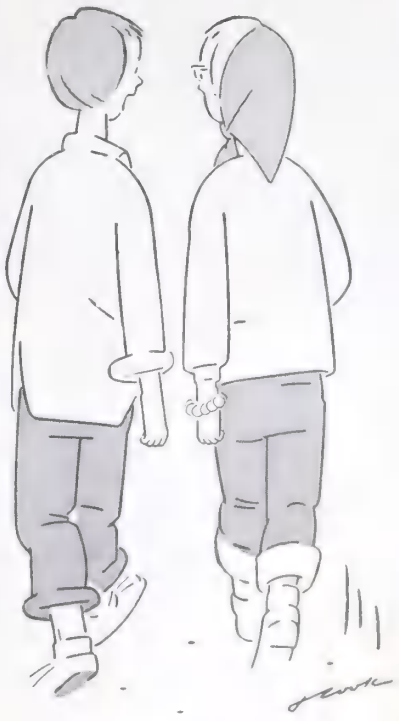
It's novels that there never seem to be enough of. MY BROTHER'S KEEPER, by *Marcia Davenport*, is one of the exciting ones. It has that dark melodramatic Gothic touch that is so unmistakably hers. Remember THE VALLEY OF DECISION?

This novel concerns two brothers who grow old together in their fine, dignified New York house with the accumulations of their lifetimes piling up around them. It is the story of the Collier brothers who had to be dug out of the debris of their home some years back. Just how it happened—and just what made the Collier boys tick—is the burden of this strange imaginative tale.

Two *Mary Stolz* novels came out within a month of each other this fall: TWO BY TWO—one week in summer, young love, a tragic climax; and PRAY, LOVE, REMEMBER—about a small-town belle who hates the town and its smallness. No novelist—as JOURNAL readers know full well—is more understanding of the conflict between the generations. (*Ready or Not*, August, this year.)

●

But the book to have beside your bed—to calm you with its objective reasonableness—is CLERK OF OXENFORD, by *Gilbert Highet*. It is a collection of Highet's radio talks, which to all other radio talks are what a Da Vinci is to a calendar top, or a Mozart symphony to Hearts and Flowers. Maybe this is pretty wide talk. But the freshness of these essays is a delight. Mr. Highet looks out on the world of art and living with a curious inquiring eye, and out of his wealth of classical learning he fits things in place—things like sagas, mountain climbing and the bottom of the sea, books of wisdom, the atom, science fiction, George Orwell, Japanese art, Tennyson, Byron, the Gettysburg address. . . . All's right with the world, you'll think as you put it down and go to sleep. END



"Sometimes I think we depend too much on glamour."



● From Akinback, Maine to Wearygal, Cal., the letters are pouring in to MRS. Santa Claus. "We love our families," the ladies write, "but oh, how we hate to stand and iron. *How about sending us your gorgeous Rid-Jid Knee Room Ironing Table for Christmas!*"

Fortunately, Mrs. Santa Claus has at least one helper in every family. So here's what to do: Just mention casually how much ironing you'll have to do, around the holidays. Hint at how awkward and tiresome stand-up ironing is . . . how the table is always the wrong height . . . and how, if you do try to sit down, you have to twist and stretch, bump your knees, snag your stockings . . . and how it makes you mean and cross and unbearable.

Next—and very important—walk your "prospect" in front of a Rid-Jid Knee Room table, at the hardware or department store. Let him or her see its elegant chrome-and-yellow beauty, its ten height adjustments, the open-mesh steel top that whisks moisture out of damp clothes. And just say, "H-m-m . . . I see it's approved by Mrs. Santa Claus. There's her official seal."

To keep the record straight, it is *not* Mrs. Santa Claus' own table you will get. She wouldn't part with hers for anything. But you'll get one just like it!



TAPPAN *adds a convenient, high center oven to all the features of the new "CP" automatic Gas ranges. See them at your Gas company or Gas applia*



Look to GAS for the smartest

range that ever untied your apron strings

By this time next week you could actually be cooking on the smartest investment you ever made: a new automatic Gas range. Suddenly you feel serene, unhurried . . . with a wonderful sense of freedom for other important things. You don't have to rush back to check your oven; your range turns itself on and off automatically. You don't have to search for matches; every burner lights without them. But here's the real delight! Everything is not only better than it was—it's better than it could be with any other type of range. You get such exclusive advantages as smokeless broiling . . . removable burners . . . instant on-off heat . . . and the evenest baking in the world. Isn't it remarkable that the new automatic Gas ranges cost less to buy, install and use?

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

Only Gas gives such matchless performanc

GAS—the modern fuel for automatic cooking . . . refrigeration . . . water-heating . . . house-heating . . . air-conditioning . . . clothes-drying . . . incine

Have we won the fight against polio?

This spring we'll know the results of the biggest field trial in medical history—made possible by the determined, devoted efforts of thousands of volunteers. Here's how they helped test a new vaccine . . .

HERALD-LEADER



Tense and a little worried, this second-grade youngster hopes that the nurse won't take too long getting a blood sample for the polio-vaccine study. The nurse, a member of the St. Joseph Hospital staff, the boy, and the Marine corpsman were among approximately 1800 volunteers—children and adults—who helped carry out the field trial of the Salk vaccine in the Lexington, Kentucky, area.

• *A common piece of advice doctors once gave during a polio epidemic was, "Get out of town." No one understood poliomyelitis; no one could stop a panic once it struck. Research studies on the dread infection were so hit-and-miss that it was impossible to separate fact from fiction. Then in 1938, with the establishment of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, scientists began an orderly, painstaking search for clues to the mystery. Progress was slow at first, but by the end of ten years there was strong evidence that polio might respond to immunization. The next five years saw three important discoveries: 1—identification of three kinds of polio virus; 2—a way to grow polio virus cheaply in a test tube; 3—presence of the virus in the blood of animals. Development of a vaccine was now a real and practical possibility. It was no longer a question of* can *polio be prevented, but* how?

During the spring and summer of 1952, which claimed a new record of 57,628 victims, doctors successfully protected children during polio epidemics with gamma-globulin injections. But this blood derivative provided only temporary immunity at best. The search for a more powerful weapon continued. Then in 1953 Dr. Jonas E. Salk, of the University of Pittsburgh, developed a vaccine from the three types of virus that carry polio infection into the body. After tests on monkeys proved this "killed-virus" vaccine to be safe for human use, Doctor Salk inoculated more than 600 Pittsburgh school children. The vaccine seemed to increase their bodies' defenses against paralytic polio, with no bad reactions. But how long would the vaccine provide protection? For weeks only? For months, or perhaps even years? National Foundation and public-health officials agreed that the only way to find answers to these questions was through nation-wide mass inoculations of half a million school children. By February, 1954, after Doctor Salk had inoculated 5000 more children and adults as a further test of his vaccine, communities throughout the country began preparing for the biggest field trial in medical history—a program costing over $7,500,000, in which 1,830,000 children participated, 440,000 receiving vaccine, 210,000 injected with a harmless control substance having no effect, the remainder acting as an observed study group. An additional 324,000 volunteers—physicians, nurses, schoolteachers and principals and workers—took part. This is the story in one such community . . . Lexington, Kentucky.

ON a warm afternoon toward the end of May in 1946 eleven-year-old Jenny Molloy, a dark-eyed redhead with freckles to match her hair, was chasing her dog across the moist grass surrounding her parents' farm home. Fritzl, a pudgy little dachshund, darted behind a tree and out of sight. Suddenly Jenny stopped running, limped over to the porch steps and flopped down.

Her mother, who was reading in a garden chair nearby, called out, "What's the matter, can't you keep up with Fritzl?"

Jenny could only murmur, "My legs hurt—I can't walk."

Alarmed by the child's apparent pain, Mrs. Molloy hurried her upstairs to bed, then called the family doctor.

Jenny's parents waited tensely as the doctor examined her, then gave his frightening diagnosis: polio.

"Better take her to Louisville as soon as possible," he advised. "They've got the only isolation ward in the state."

Within an hour the Molloys were on their way, Jenny bundled into the back seat of the car. At the Louisville General Hospital, the doctors made no promises about Jenny's chance for recovery. But the chief physical therapist asked Mrs. Molloy to visit twice a day to learn how to give physical-therapy treatments. Mrs. Molloy, a pretty, slender-faced woman with large brown eyes and prematurely gray hair combed smoothly away from the face and tied back with a ribbon, suddenly felt hopeful. At least she would have a chance to *help* Jenny get well! Within three weeks she got that chance. Jenny had grown so much stronger with the help of hot packs administered in the isolation ward that the doctor in charge said she could go home—provided her mother gave regular physical-therapy treatments. In late October, though still on a strict therapy schedule, Jenny was well enough to go back to school.

That winter, even after the doctor pronounced Jenny completely well, Betty and James Molloy were disturbed. They couldn't forget the feeling of helplessness when they learned their daughter had polio—or that there had been no place in their town for her to go for treatment. Thinking of other children who might be endangered as their Jenny was, they visited St. Joseph's, one of Lexington's three general hospitals, asked, "Why don't we have an isolation ward here in town?" A tall, well-built, boyish-looking man with merry blue eyes and a jovial smile, James Molloy was now deeply serious.

"We're adding a new wing to this building," the superintendent said. "We might be able to plan an entire floor for polio patients, if we had the money. Do you think you could raise half the cost—$45,000?"

Neither James nor Betty Molloy had ever worked on a fund-raising campaign before, and $45,000 seemed like a lot to ask people to give. But Lexington is largely a community of families. Famous for its Burley tobacco, horse farms and blue grass, it has little "metropolitan" atmosphere, and people do things at a leisurely pace. They are quick, though, to consider the welfare of their children. James Molloy sounded out editors of CONTINUED ON PAGE



Butter Cookies to give . . . to nibble . . . to trim the tree

This message is paid for by dairy farmers across the nation as part of their program to show you how you can live better with foods made from milk.

American Dairy Association

"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"

20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois

See Disneyland, 7:30 EST, Wednesday, ABC-TV
(check your newspaper for local broadcast time)

See Bob Crosby, 3:45 EST, Thursday, CBS-TV
Listen to Bob Hope, 8:30 EST, Thursday, NBC-Radio

Butter

brightens the flavor of every food it touches!



member this!

Real Butter Flavor makes cookies you'll be happy to eat...proud to give!

When you use butter you know your cookies will taste better and be more welcome. Truly, only butter is good enough for Christmas cookies. It has a clean, rich. greaseless flavor . . . a natural freshness . . . you find in no other spread. Just remember, butter brightens the flavor of every food it touches.

For generations, fine cooky makers have used butter in their baking. These wise cooks know that the special goodness of butter is apparent in cookies . . . as in other foods. To make the finest cookies of all—cookies you'll be happy to eat and proud to give at Christmas time or any time—be sure *you* use butter, too.

Here is your sic butter cooky recipe

e about six dozen Christmas Cookies)

cup soft butter (2 sticks)
cup granulated sugar
egg, unbeaten
tablespoon vanilla
cups sifted flour
teaspoon baking powder

corating: Confectioners' sugar, colored sugars, Decorettes, ble dyes, cinnamon candies Hots), Silver Shot (dragees), icks or small wooden skewers.

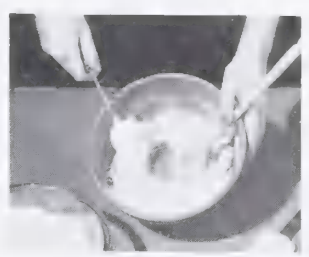
se Butter Cookies keep fresh ys. Actually the flavor im- with time and the cookies are several days after baking than first taken from the oven.



1. Cream 1 cup soft butter (2 sticks). Gradually stir in ½ cup granulated sugar. Blend well.



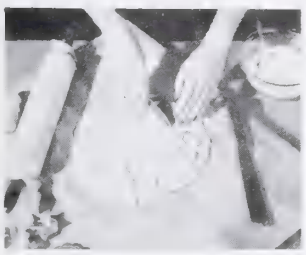
2. Add 1 unbeaten egg. Stir in thoroughly until well mixed. Now add 1 tablespoon vanilla and blend.



3. Gradually add 3 cups *sifted* flour and ½ teaspoon baking powder which have been previously sifted together.



4. Roll dough carefully in waxed paper or aluminum foil and then chill at least two hours in refrigerator.



5. Divide chilled dough. Roll to ⅛ inch thickness on *lightly* floured board. Dust cooky patterns with flour. Lay on dough. Cut around pattern with sharp knife.



6. Place cookies on ungreased baking sheet. Leave some *plain*. Brush others with *unbeaten* egg white on areas to be decorated. Sprinkle with sugar or Decorettes.



7. Bake 5 to 7 minutes in hot oven—425° F.—until delicately browned. Remove immediately to wire cooling rack. Let cookies stand until thoroughly cool.



8. For plain cookies use icing made with confectioners' sugar mixed with a very *little* milk. Divide icing. Color each portion differently. Use toothpicks for decorating.

6 Christmas Butter Cookies to set before your friends



RBREAD BOY—Use Gin- kies recipe and cut out pat- h decorating directions in tter Cooky Kit.



ALMOND BUTTER COOKIES—For nibbling and giving. See recipe for Bonbon Butter Cookies in 1954 Butter Cooky Kit.



JEWEL BOX BUTTER COOKIES—Gumdrops like jewels make this cooky a charming novelty. Recipe in Butter Cooky Kit.



MINCEMEAT COOKIES—Tender and chewy. Can be made with any mincemeat. See easy-to-make recipe in Butter Cooky Kit.



BUTTER NUTS—Different and delightful because you combine pecans and dates. Try recipe in Butter Cooky Kit.



ETTIA COOKIES—Also d wreaths start with the ooky recipe. Use patterns ections in Kit.

1954 Butter Cooky Kit

Has all six of the above recipes plus variations. 35 Cooky Decorating Designs and how to make them. 18 patterns to use in cutting cookies—PLUS directions on gift-wrapping and shipping. All this—

Only 25¢

Butter Cooky Kit

Mail coupon today!

Butter Cookies
Box 6908, Dept. L, Chicago 77, Illinois

Please send _____ copies Christmas Butter Cooky Kit. Enclosed find 25¢ for each copy (Coin—no stamps).

Name _____

Address _____

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NEW! *Revlon* FABULOUS

AQUAMARINE LOTION

contains miraculous 20th-century healing discovery!*



*Glyoxyl Diureide, wonder-healer used in wartime—and available without prescription!

For the first time in your life you can actually heal red, roughened, dried-out hands in a matter of hours! Because for the first time ever, *glyoxyl diureide*, miraculous healer that actually stimulates healthy new cell growth, has been added to a hand-and-body lotion. This great 20th-century development, as important to cosmetics as wonder-drugs are to medicine, now enriches each precious drop of Aquamarine Lotion!

Use new quick-absorbing Aquamarine Lotion every time you wash your hands . . . always after using detergents. You'll agree this fragrant, jewel-blue lotion has almost miraculous healing powers! Incredibly, it costs no more, 1.00 (plus tax)

(*gly-ox-ill dy-your-ee-ide)

REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the Leader and the Herald, the two local newspapers, first. They promised to run daily stories. People were willing to listen to the appeals because Lexington had had six bad polio cases besides Jenny Molloy that year. Within a few days money began pouring in, bills, checks, money orders and coins. One morning while a girl at the front desk of the Herald was taking down a classified ad, someone thrust an old envelope into her hand. Too preoccupied to look up at the moment, she continued to write. The ad completed, she finally opened the envelope, gasped—it contained an anonymous note reading "For polio" and ten $1000 bills!

At the end of three weeks when James Molloy tallied the contributions, he made a frantic call to the newspaper office. "Please tell people to stop sending in money!" he exclaimed. "We've got twice as much as we asked for!"

When Betty and James Molloy caught their breath long enough to try to figure out how and why the campaign had been so successful, they could find just one answer—people fighting polio, the only way they knew how, with dimes and dollars. Somehow the Molloys began to feel their part in the fight against polio was just beginning.

There was the new ward in the hospital, for example, which opened in March, 1948, with equipment loaned by the National Foundation. Molloy, an engineering graduate of the University of Kentucky, volunteered to check the respirators and keep them in good working condition. There was new need for funds to carry on research and pay medical bills. And again the Molloys volunteered. With the help of a group of volunteers, they organized March of Dimes drives for polio in 1948, 1949 and 1950.

Shortly after the Lexington Convalescent Home, with beds for 50 polio patients, opened in 1950, 35 women trained as Polio Emergency Volunteers. In addition to general nursing care they learned to give hot packs, therapy baths, feed and turn patients and handle polio equipment. One polio aide, whose nephew had been stricken with polio, told the supervising nurse, "I feel my time is only a small repayment for all the help he got from other volunteers."

By fall, 1953, the people's fight against polio was beginning to show results. In New York, groups of scientists meeting informally to piece together the jigsaw-puzzle picture of polio research began concentrating on reports of Doctor Salk's new antipolio vaccine. Was this at last a formidable weapon against polio? Their discussions turned to definite plans—dates—for a nationwide trial. Was there time to manufacture and package enough vaccine for hundreds of thousands of inoculations by February? They thought so at first, but later postponed the trials till late March or early April, 1954. Finally, state boards of health throughout the country were alerted to prepare to inoculate children in the second grade of school beginning April 26. This, too, was a tentative date. No one could say for sure when the trial would begin.

AND no one was really sure what preparations to make. But the Molloys felt this was going to be a bigger job than simply giving inoculations. You had to tell parents what it was all about, get their signatures before a single child could be inoculated.

Mrs. James Strauss, past chairman of the City Mothers' March on Polio, offered her home for a meeting of top organizers. Mrs. Strauss, a tall, smartly dressed woman with short curly brown hair and an alert, intelligent face, has two infant grandchildren. ("They're too young to get the vaccine this year, but the time is coming when it will be available to all," she says confidently.) Along with a dozen P.T.A. mothers, the Molloys and Dr. Franklin Moosnick, chairman of the medical advisory committee of the National Foundation's local chapter, the Strausses studied printed material on the trials, they wrote out simple instructions fo ington volunteer workers. The P.T.A. sentatives jotted down names of m who they thought would do a good organizing clinics in each school.

THE "head mammas," as James M called the unit chairmen from the so got together in March. This was befo of the supplies—the master health- sheets, registration forms and pare quest slips—had come from New Yor Betty Molloy had to hold up one s sheet before a roomful of 28 people somewhat complicated routine of k these health records had to be exp again and again to groups of volu Every child was to take *three* shots, t two a week apart and the third "bo shot four weeks later. If a child fai keep any one of his three appoint Betty Molloy emphasized, the vaccin no good.

There never were enough chairs at P meetings during April. Parents wh never been to a P.T.A. meeting before to hear about the polio vaccine. It v though they *wanted* to be convinced children ought to have it. The c Speakers' Bureau (Mr. and Mrs. M Mrs. Strauss and Mrs. Ballard Ca covered 28 such meetings. One qu seemed to be on everyone's mind: do you *know* it's safe?" Citing the Pitts tests, the triple tests made by indepe laboratories, Mrs. Strauss said simply safe. It can't be safer than safe."

He that lies down with dogs rises with fleas.

—ENGLISH PROVERB

One of the hardes was explaining the for volunteer bloo nors among childrer first and third gra well as second-g receiving inocula These blood sample to be sent to the U sity of Michigar study. By comparing blood samples c cinated children with those of nonvacc children, the National Foundation's re team expected to discover how effectiv vaccine had built up resistance to polio mother expressed the sentiments of parents of first- and third-grade ch when she said, "I don't think it's fai children who don't get the vaccine s have to give blood."

Mrs. Strauss tried to reassure her l plaining that if the vaccine proved eff millions of children would get it nex

There was a moment of silence—eve appeared thoughtful. Then a father out. "I'll go along with that. Now wh we do to help?"

"Sign the request slip giving your permission to be inoculated, and urge neighbors to do the same," James M said. He was wearing a wrinkled blue s had promised his wife to send to the cl But these night meetings didn't give a much time to think about clothes. need people to drive children to the clinics—after school is out," he a

Mrs. R. V. Stevenson, who had orga the health program at Christ the parochial school four years ago, felt a chill of excitement as she listened t plans. A former Army nurse who m doctor husband in Algiers during Worl II, she knew the importance of inocula But here was the chance to be in on discovery! On April 19, when the pac of supplies arrived in Lexington, Mrs venson took a bundle home and typed records for the children in her school a St. Peter Claver, a small parochial s with no P.T.A. She also addressed lopes to parents for a friend, a memb another P.T.A. ("I wanted everything perfect," she explains. "I've never beer to shake my GI passion for routine a tail.") Mrs. Stevenson's first-grade dau was the first to volunteer to give b But her mother's enthusiasm was contag So many other parents clamored to let

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150



A—French Provincial Cold Meat Fork B—Old Master Iced Beverage Spoon C—Craftsman Flat Server D—Silver Flutes Sauce Ladle E—Madeira Cheese Serving Knife
F—Contour Small Flat Server G—Chippendale Lemon Fork H—Old Colonial Sugar Spoon I—Rose Solitaire Pierced Tablespoon

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Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER



Aladdin loves the sunny window sill.

THE first snowfall is worth having winter for. Like everyone else in our rugged New England, I cherish the summer afternoons, the hazy fall twilights, and yet, when the first silvery flakes begin to float down from a gray, gray sky, I feel a kind of excitement. *This is it*, my heart says, *here we go*. Jill runs out to check the kennel heaters and bring in an apple log, I dash out to wind up the car windows—we never can garage our car because of the dogs' being in the yard, and if we open the gate, well, that is it. Dogs and garage are both on the wrong side of the picket fence. So the car stays out, getting a frosting of snow on the hood.

The first flakes are so big, so delicate, so cool on the cheek, utterly charming. As I run back to the house, I think fleetingly of those humid August days when it was scorching just to put my nose out. Now the sharp blade of the cold slices my lungs and I suddenly laugh as I run into the house, with a bevy of cockers running with me, feathers already on their muzzles.

There is always one kennel heater that won't start and Jill disappears for an hour lighting and relighting it, and then she gives up and goes to the gate and yells for George, who appears from the barn with snow on his woolen cap and comes over, with that wonderful farmer's gait, half walk, half rolling run. They both go back and I start the casserole for supper, knowing they will be buried in the deeps a long time. The draft is wrong, the oil line is clogged, or whatever. Eventually, they come out, smoky and triumphant. And the heat is *on!*

There is something fine and stirring about the bitter cold coming down. Of course it is nothing like my Wisconsin childhood, when it was twenty below most of the winter and we started our old cars by pouring boiling water in the radiators. The climate is more effete these latter days, we do not expect to be snowed in at all.

We only hope mildly for snow for Christmas because the children may be grown, but dearly love to rush out and make snow men and skate around on the pond. They feel, as a matter of fact, defrauded if we do not procure a white, white Christmas.

The woodshed is neatly stacked with good logs for long fires. We keep the hearth fire burning most of the winter, for the rosy glow is so look at and the warmth is he when you come in. A fireplace bol, somehow, of man's yearn center in the house. It warms t

Jill has hung the kettle over bers with a good rib-sticking s mering in it. She says, really, s cooking on account of Holl needed a good bone, and the was out of bones, so we boug of beef that had a bone embed We had boiled beef with hor sauce first, then the bone came Holly had it. Then the bro herbs, was so licking good tha cided we ought to use that hunted up a recipe for Swed balls and did them and ate tha glory. A wonderful dinner, a said, all due to Holly's bone!

This is generally the basis of planning and it would not pa pert in diet, I am sure. But it w for us. If some cocker is ill a chicken broth, we just eat When we have a prospective m a litter, we eat quantities of eg have to break an egg for her a

This past year, Jill and I d take a leaf from a planning b we set up a Christmas chest i stairs hall. During the year, would find just the teapot or book that some special perso love, we got it and tucked it in t labeled for the holiday. It mad difference, for we have no las struggle, since it is all taken ahead of time.

The only problem was that hard for me to wait till Chri give the special gift. Once w tucked away, I was so tempted it out the next time we saw th it was fitted for!

I think the very best Chris for a whole family is one good equipment for the house. W give Stillmeadow a gift, and for it, and it is a very good gift that the house shelters us, and together, and makes life pleas rather than giving a lot of gadgets to ourselves, we all ch the *thing*. One year the childre a lamp and lamppost for the fr

CONTINUED ON PAGE

SHOW up to 21 pictures or credentials . . .



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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psych

Making marriage work

Nobody likes to be *told*, and teen-agers particularly need their side heard.

Turbulent Teens

AS they grow older, children seek increasing independence. The baby learning to walk outgrows the protection of the playpen, the boy on a bicycle rides beyond family supervision.

Boys and girls in their middle teens have already attained some adult skills and privileges. The boy with a driver's license and money he's earned, the girl trusted as a baby sitter, feel they have earned the right to freedom.

Their impatience with restrictions is understandable. They are completing the long transition from childish dependence to adult status. Soon they will be both allowed and expected to take care of themselves. Additional privileges and new skills are needed preparation for future responsibilities.

Unfortunately, their demands for independence increase fastest just when unfamiliar hazards also confront them. Lacking adult experience and knowledge, they don't recognize risks obvious and alarming to parents. That is why fathers and mothers can't help worrying when Johnny drives a carload of boys to a distant football game, or when Jane stays out past her usual hour. Can Johnny withstand his classmates' urging to speed? Is Jane's new boy friend trustworthy?

Rules, supervision and physical restraint are necessary for the small child. But safeguards retained too long become handicaps. The child old enough to cross the street alone must learn to watch for cars instead of clinging to his mother's hand.

Authoritarian methods are even more unsatisfactory later on. They prevent the relationship of mutual trust and understanding which is parents' only effective means of controlling older children. The impulsive, overconfident teen-ager finds it easier to break a rule than to disregard the advice of parents who have shown they trust him.

If you encourage your son and daughter to explain their opinions, yours will carry more weight. They are likely to respect decisions they've helped make. Seek compromise rather than submission. You cannot eliminate the hazards of the teens, but by frank discussion you can help your children protect themselves.

Driving. You can't reasonably prevent your son's—or daughter's—driving after he is legally eligible. Instead, provide the best available instruction (preferably not from you, as anxiety interferes with teaching). Set an example of skill, caution, and observance of traffic laws and courtesy.

Discuss and agree on hours, occasions and conditions for using the family car. Explain that the agreement binds you both, and that he will forfeit the privilege if he violates the terms.

Riding with other teen-age drivers is another hazard. But your child's driving skill and knowledge of traffic hazards will give him confidence to discourage the smart aleck and show-off.

Dating. Many mothers worry about their children's dating the wrong people, going steady too soon, or indulging in dangerous petting. These things are rare when a child feels wanted, secure and approved. The girl accustomed to talking things over with her mother will not be afraid to discuss dating problems. If you have not established this relationship, begin now—but dire warnings, a suspicious attitude and criticisms of her friends will only convince her you don't understand. Above all, be forgiving, reassuring and constructive when mistakes are made. Children (like adults) learn from experience.

House rules. Tardiness, untidy habits and late hours cause endless arguments. Explain that people cannot live together peacefully unless all observe a reasonable schedule and established operating rules. Johnny will come to dinner promptly if the alternative is to fix his own or go hungry. Discuss with your teen-agers your need for rest, as well as theirs, and reach an agreement on the number of late nights and the occasions that justify them. In setting the limits, consider the custom of their friends, rather than the practice in your youth.

Health risks. Teen-agers think they are indestructible, immune to harm from loss of sleep; eating too much, too little, or the wrong food; overexertion or last-minute studying under poor light. But physical abuses also affect appearance and disposition. Appealing to their vanity may work better than warnings about health.

Sensible parents realize that they can't protect their children forever. But they hope to prevent serious injuries, emotional or physical, until the teen-agers' wisdom and experience are equal to their responsibilities. Parents trusted as friends are more effective protectors than those feared as police.

"Am I Losing My Husband?"

Some wives who conscientiously fulfill major obligations seriously underestimate the importance of courtesy in small things. Barbed remarks and offenses trivial in themselves will wear away a man's love if repeated too often. Consider the questions carefully, then answer *yes* or *no*.

When you and your husband are in the company of others, do you:

1. **Occasionally interrupt him?**
2. **Correct his table manners?**
3. **Mention (jokingly, of course) his annoying personal habits?**
4. **Finish his sentence when he hesitates?**
5. **Supply the punch line for his stories?**
6. **Bewail his extravagance (or stinginess)?**
7. **Explain his mistakes in a card game?**
8. **Sometimes discuss matters he considers personal?**
9. **Analyze his social shortcomings?**
10. **Tease him about his weaknesses?**
11. **Apologize for his untidy appearance?**
12. **Hint that he is sexually inept?**
13. **Remark that he is "so thoughtless"?**
14. **Make light of his job?**

The average wife answers "yes" to only three of these questions concerning her behavior in public. With five or more "yes" answers, there is danger that your husband will think of you as a nag—if he doesn't already. Use your wrong answers as a guide in improving your behavior, and in analyzing and correcting your underlying attitude.

Men Who Can Hurt You

IN middle age as in youth, the unmarried woman wants masculine attention and companionship. Opportunities for dates are reassuring evidence of desirability. But the woman in her late twenties or older, like the young girl, can be deeply hurt by getting involved with the wrong man.

Young girls, though inexperienced, are somewhat protected by their status. Their situation is shared by their contemporaries; they conform to the opinions and customs of their group, and naturally associate with boys who "belong."

But the single woman beyond first youth, whether widowed, divorced or never married, may be more vulnerable than she realizes. She may rely on her experience and maturity to protect her in situations better avoided altogether. Because eligible men are scarce, she may accept unsuitable companionship in preference to solitude.

Of course you can spend occasional evenings with a man obviously unsuitable as a husband. But a man you can't imagine marrying is a poor choice as a frequent date. Many a lonely woman becomes emotionally dependent on a relationship begun casually and with her eyes open.

The climber. Your financial independence and social prestige, however modest, are established. Don't overlook their appeal, particularly to a newcomer or misfit.

The sponge. The man who basks in your living room, consumes your meals and accepts your hospitality without returning it is too lazy, selfish or downright stingy to be taken seriously.

The misunderstood husband. His marital problem may be real or imagined. Either way, your continued association with him will hurt somebody—probably you.

The emotional invalid. Even the stable individual is unpredictable during an emotional crisis. The recently divorced man is bewildered, unpredictable and strangely oblivious of others' feelings. Don't let your sympathies involve you in his trouble.

The "different" type. Congenial companionship is based on similarity of tastes, standards and background. Wide age barriers are hard to bridge. The adventurer and the homebody, the scholar and the social butterfly have virtues of their own. But basic differences like these are hard to reconcile.

Most men you meet won't want to hurt you. But circumstances may bring you in contact with people wrong for you. By learning to appraise the situation, the individual and yourself, you can enjoy masculine company without endangering your future.

Do You Agree?

Do men, as they become older, marry younger women?

Yes. In their thirties, men choose brides five years younger on the average; in their fifties, they pick women who are eight years younger.



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A sugarplum from the boys for this year's Christmas angel—hey, is that you?



ANGELO PINTO

What every boy wants for Christmas:

AN IDEAL GIRL

Say boys your age
or a little bit older
or a little bit older
than that.

EDDIE FISHER

Eddie Fisher, singer and star of the TV program Coke Time, says, "If I were going to ask for an ideal girl, and Santa was the man to see, my note would read:

"'Please send me a girl who looks as good in jeans and a shirt as she does in her fanciest gown . . . a *natural* girl who wouldn't have to go into hiding if a hurricane wiped out the cosmetic firms . . . a girl who would be fun to be with, to talk to, to go places with.'

"Of course I wouldn't mind—show me the fellow who would—if my girl had the looks of a Miss America. But no girl has to have that to make a wonderful Mrs. America for any man."



MILTON CANIFF

Cartoon creator of that ideal man, Steve Canyon, Milton Caniff, was charmed by his high-school sweetheart (now Mrs. Caniff) because "she had so many friends I just had to be one of them." About a young man's search for an ideal girl, he believes:

"Girls are often chided for being overly romantic, waiting for a knight in shining armor. Actually most boys are secretly even more eager for the ecstatic adventure beyond the horizon.

"The realization of his tender dream occurs when the girl in his study hall has the good sense to laugh at his jokes and cheer him in the field of his prowess."



ROBERT WAGNER

"The ideal girl would probably have a happy combination of both spirit and sweetness," says movie hero Robert Wagner, alias Prince Valiant. "I like a girl who says what she means. If I suggest Chinese food and she hates it, I expect her to say so.

"She'd think Jackie Gleason's recording of Melancholy Melody just about the greatest. Because I usually notice a girl's hands first, she'd have pretty hands. She'd never talk about her other dates just to prove her popularity. She wouldn't be one of those who make like psychologists, always taking a man apart, telling him how to run his life. She wouldn't mind my passion for sports clothes—loud ones. Or my attempts at singing and the trap drums."



MICKEY MANTLE

New York Yankee ball club outfielder, twenty-three-year-old Mickey Mantle, considers his wife Merlyn anybody's dream girl. For one thing, she understands sports. "I'd hate to take a girl to a game and have to explain every move to her," Mickey admits. For another, "Sometimes my wife's so nice to people it almost seems phony. But it isn't—she means it."

Honest Mickey says that the first thing he notices about a girl is her figure (Merlyn is 5′1″, weighs 107) and closer up her face, especially her eyes. Then he notices how friendly a girl is. ("You hate to introduce a girl to somebody and have her act like she doesn't want to be there.")

According to the high-school boys all over the country—boys we questioned about the qualifications for an ideal girl—it doesn't matter too much exactly what color a girl's hair is or how tall she is if a girl:

"has a neat appearance";
"talks in a soft, pleasing voice";
"has comforting ways";
"knows when and how to have a good time";
"doesn't give up easily";
"likes little kids and me";
"cooks fairly well";
"isn't the 'anything's all right with me' type of gal";
"isn't a flirt";
"is a good dancer, a swell swimmer, agreeable and faithful";
"is able to sew and likes housekeeping";
"is interested in going out and doing things and not staying at home";
"is someone with the same outlook on life."

The same boys—bless 'em—gave us these answers to the question "What was the nicest thing a girl ever said to you?" They said that she said:

"You've been the best friend I've ever had."
"I enjoy being with you and I like you for what you are."
"You're intelligent and I admire you."
"You're an interesting personality."
"You're very understanding."
"'How are you?' when I was spiked pretty badly during a baseball game—she was the first one to ask."
"'You dance well'—after stumbling through one dance with me. I was fourteen years old and a terrible dancer."

And to the question "What is the nicest thing a girl has ever done for you?" the boys answered:

"She taught me how to dance."
"She gave me a sweater for my birthday which she'd made with her own hands."
"She made suggestions on how to improve my part in a play and encouraged me when I was discouraged."
"She made me want to forge ahead."
"She brought me into more of the church's activities."
"She made me feel at home."
"She helped me to catch up on my homework when I had a broken kneecap."

THE REPORTER *edited by*
Ruth Ormler

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room for
them all

No more stuffing one picture behind the other. With the Convertible you can carry up to 21 photos or credentials *on view* in the removable photo-card case. The exclusive Buxton Flickbar does it. It works as simply as a looseleaf binder . . . lets you add windows quickly, securely. The Convertible comes with enough windows to show 9 photos or cards. Extra windows are only a quarter a set. Shown in rich California Saddle leather, $7.50. Other leathers and colors priced from $5 to $12.50.

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Modern tablewa



ALL PATTERNS MA



th a traditional name...

Christmas give priceless
rs of work-free time—
International Stainless,
finest tableware of its kind.

y in its simplicity... requiring no care is gleaming International Stainless has developed to fit our easier, less formal ican way of life.

is is not stainless steel as you have known the past. It bears not even a family re- lance to the ordinary kitchen variety. national Stainless is made by *silversmiths* h a 130-year tradition of superb crafts- hip behind them.

e need for fine, high-quality flatware, that not require pampering and polishing, has growing for some time. The International Silver Company recognized this and has become the largest maker of stainless steel tableware in the world.

Today, American know-how is producing the finest product of its kind. Smartly designed and made to the exacting standards of the costliest silverware, International Stainless Steel will not rust, tarnish, stain, scale or corrode in normal use. Its lustrous beauty is designed to last a lifetime. Modern homemakers are proud of—and grateful for—their International Stainless.

Ask your silverware dealer to show you International Stainless. Notice the rich weight and perfect balance; the deep, rounded spoon bowls; the hollow-handle knives with forged steel blades. Choose, from a range of prices, the quality that suits your requirements—from many smart designs, the pattern you prefer.

International

Stainless

Mastercrafted in Steel by
The International Silver Company

Great days comi

the time is nigh

to double and trip

the family supp

Now is the season
of all the year —
When doorbells jingle
and "Company's here!"

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up
the all-family drink!

ALL-FAMILY DRINK!

FAMILY PACK

Take home 2

Buy 7-Up by t
get the handy 7-
Pack . . . easy-
handle . . . easy
Buy 7-Up when
those bright 7

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There's a Man in the House

...n Miller



...nt something ...an't ...elf with."

...d modern schools again when ...ade son, instead of wangling ... algebra, helps his mother family checkbook.

... I do bring my wife her ...n bed on a Sunday," says ...fort, hiding a Christmas ...his garage, "that's no ad-...hat I behaved badly on ...ight."

...y soon," says my neighbor ...ue mansion with the fifty-...er, "I'll find out the differ-...en Vietminh and Vietnam. ...nust try to remodel half of ...into a powder room."

...lding reception recently told me she had never ...eal, but expects to learn ...ay she returns from her ...n. "In three days," she learn to cook better than the places my husband's ...g me."

...o-hour lunch at the club we a modern man needs out-to survive the pressures of . (We also agreed that if a participate, the next best ...atch it or read about it.)

...man who visited in our ...olerant about American ...ur bread," he said, "is ...e if you toast it, butter it enough conserves on it."

... were first married I was ...by Emily Post and my Dream ...ing her choose all the guests ...ur house. . . . But I've staged ...neback; often I am allowed as many as one third of 'em.

...rrected the twenty-year-...oom drapes it took us two ...y for when we were mar-... a long exile in the attic ...adorn my den with all splendor.

...recked my electric train as a swore he'd never buy me He did, though, as soon as I ...les. . . . All too late, I recog-dear old softy he was even ...man.

"Love, courtship and marriage are so accidental!" philosophizes Betty Comfort, trying her handmade Christmas wreath on her front door. "Isn't it a marvel so many marriages endure happily for twenty-five years and more?"

They've made our Junior the scholarship chairman at his college fraternity house, as well as pledge trainer and social chairma 1. In fact, they've got more work out of him in 2½ years than I have in 18.

Some of our town's best people are still lukewarm to four-lane toll roads. At times they don't seem quite reconciled to the invention of the wheel, to the three-car family and to people's silly ambition to drive coast to coast.

This is the year we're inviting all our young one's teachers to dinner. Over the dessert I'll try to put across the idea that if he learns to write legibly, to spell and to read books enthusiastically, I'll yell for a $5000 minimum salary for teachers.

Last year I again issued my ukase that the neighborhood boys who use the basketball goal in our back yard must paint the backboard green. . . . As usual, I've relented and painted it myself.

On the serener days—

. . . When Junior tells me I ought to play more golf.

. . . Or our daughter demonstrates how well she's resisted my attempts to spoil her,

. . . And our youngest shows me an essay nearly as good as William James wrote at his age,

. . . Or my princess of sheer delight tells me I have the handsomest pair of legs on the beach—

Then I bless the early inklings I had of the horrors of bachelorhood, such a lonely and parlous estate.

So far this has been the easiest of holiday seasons for me: I did my Christmas shopping on Pan American's smörgåsbord hunt in Scandinavia last May. By forgetting where I'd hidden the presents I managed not to give most of 'em away before Christmas.



It's their season again . . . time for candy canes and holly wreaths and happy holiday fun. Deck them out in party Stride Rites . . . shiny-bright styles, made with good fit and fine quality, as Stride Rite shoes always are . . . and carefully fitted by your Stride Rite dealer, who knows the needs of spirited little feet!

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Journal About Town

Gossip about
people you know,
Editors you like,
and what goes on
in New York

ifty Years Ago in the Journal

EDELIA was the song hit of December, 1904. Irene nne was born in Louisville, entucky, and the last pair of whide boots worn in Congress tired with a senator from Misuri. *Judge* summed up the ppy state of affairs of the past ar with this doggerel:

od old year of nineteen-four.
eryone had goods in store—
heat galore, a dollar up,
ts to eat and lots to sup.
one abroad is mad at us;
ought at home to cause a fuss—
ay the year ahead give more
the brand of nineteen-four.

good thing on Christmas is invite some unfortunate litones to come to the house to the lighted tree," suggests e December, 1904, JOURNAL. hen let the children of the use give the poor little guests imple present."

Don't give a child elaborate pres-s, such as mechanical toys," ades the JOURNAL*'s doctor. "Don't ow him to eat chocolate of any nd, or turkey or goose, or rich s or cakes or plum pudding, or ything fried, or nuts or raisins."*

Please advise about the length mourning," a reader writes. nswer: "A widow should wear ack for three years, for a part the same period. For a child, ter or brother, deep mourng for one year, and light ourning for another six onths."

ou can change your old black k-plush cape into the soft crined kind that looks like caracal by ripping it apart and soakg it in water," advises the Fash-n Editor.

man may be less intellectual an you, less versed in social ages, but he must not be any s honorable. You must be le to trust him completely," ites the author of Heart-to-art Talks with Girls.

rites the head of a family living $600 a year: "During the coldt three months of winter our el averages $2 a month. We ep two fires burning all day, t as soon as weather permits. e kitchen range is only started r meals. The best hardwood is a cord; coal, $12 a ton."

SOL LIBSOHN



Katie Hoffman and Diana Norman have fun with their Jungle Rugs.

A FABRIC-DESIGNER friend of ours sent us a pair of fascinating sleeping bags for children, to see how we thought children would take to them at Christmas. They're called Jungle Rugs—a good name, you'll agree, for a leopard and a tiger; made from heavy cloths called animal plushes. So we found out, the JOURNAL way, how children liked them—simply by trying them out on children. Two-year-old *Katie Hoffman*, daughter of our poetry editor, and four-year-old *Diana Norman*, daughter of our beauty editor, had the time of their lives, as you can see. The people who make the bags tell us they're working on an Easter rabbit, a lion, a zebra and a big brown bear; also making bigger sizes for bigger people. Just made a lot of double sizes to keep football fans warm in pairs at Princeton. These, of course, were tigers.

One of the most popular activities in a neighborhood parents' association to which *Nora O'Leary* belongs is a clothing exchange for children's garments that get outgrown while still as good as new. How much wear, for instance, does an eight-year-old's party dress get before it's suddenly too small? And overshoes. Nora, looking ahead to winter, picked up a pair of overshoes there the other day for Wendy, aged two. And when her Stevie, aged five, saw them he said, "Why, mummie, don't you remember? Those are my old rubbers."

At lunch the other day in Philadelphia's Café Ninon with an author, ***Joyce Posson*** *and* ***Lee Cullen*** *were discussing the present fashion for making swimming pools in free forms and other unusual shapes. Personality pools, they dubbed them. "Then the pool I build should be shaped like a typewriter," said the author. . . . "And mine," said Lee, "will be the most popular shape of all—the shape of the* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*."*

Being a man, and a blond besides, *Peter Briggs* never realized that red-haired women have color problems with their clothes until, walking past the Park Sheraton a while back, he first of all saw the beautiful red-haired *Deborah Kerr*, and then saw her step into a shop called The Redheaded Woman. What he did then out of curiosity was later to ask his secretary, a brunette, to take a look. Turned out that the owner, a real redhead herself, of course, had simply decided it was about time to open the first shop ever to specialize in apparel exclusively for redheads, and it's going over big. All the salesgirls, and all the customers that Peter's secretary saw in the shop that day, had the right color hair. "*Greer Garson* goes there too," she told Mr. B.

Now that the Disney production of Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea is about to be released, we can tell you that ***William Fink***'s holiday in Nassau last winter was made memorable by his having had a ringside seat with ***Kirk Douglas*** at some of the undersea filming. What interested him even more than Jules Verne's submarine Nautilus itself were the great sea-water pens of huge fish and turtles they were collecting to act as "extras" in the underwater shots—sting rays, sharks, and goodness knows what all. Bill asked a man why they were feeding the fish so bountifully. "If we didn't," the man said, "they'd swim right away as soon as we let them loose to take the pictures. As it is, they're getting so used to being fed, they'll swim right up to the cameras."



Kirk Douglas at the camera.

"Who were those tables and tables of elderly ladies lunching up in the cafeteria all fall?" ***Laura Lou Brookman*** asked ***Jim Stewart***, of the Circulation Department. "Oh, they are employed on account of the thousands and thousands of subscriptions that come in for Christmas presents," Jim explained. "The gift cards have to be handwritten neatly and legibly, and we've learned, by testing, that for this elderly ladies are by far the best."

The number of families in the United States having a second child is 91 per cent greater today than in 1940.

When ***Ruth Orkin*** heard there were ten little children hard to tell apart in the How America Lives family she was going to photograph out in Utah, she had a brainstorm. She went to Macy's and bought them all bright red caps with their names on them. "Pretty smart," we said when she told us this on her return from Utah. "Then you could tell which was which." . . . "Only for a minute," Ruth said wryly. "They were so crazy about the caps, they didn't care whose they wore, and the little ones couldn't spell anyhow; so it was more confusing with than without." Seems even their father, ***Ray Crookston***, who came up as they were all playing hopscotch together, got a little mixed up himself. "Come here Mark," he said to one of the little boys . . . "but you're not Mark, you're Joey!"

RUTH ORKIN



Caps help to identify the young Crookstons.

Here's one way to do it, if you suddenly find yourself so popular as to get two invitations for different parties on the same date. Just do it the way *Jean Freeman*, in Philadelphia, did it. Each of hers was for a weekend house party, equally tempting. She wrote acceptances to both, shuffled them around in her desk drawer with her eyes closed, then without looking slid one of them down the mail chute. The other she left in her desk drawer, still unlooked at, until the next morning. "But why?" we asked. . . . "Well, just so I could wonder all night whether I'd be going to the Poconos for some horseback riding, or to a football weekend at New Haven."



"I never did before,"
she said slowly, "and next year
I'll be too old for a doll."

A day on the
winter's calendar—
or a season
of the heart?

Lost Cr

"IT'S snowin'," Arla said. "Look, it's snowin'." Will looked up, the silver rhythm of milk against the bucket momentarily broken.

It had indeed begun to snow—soft thick flakes in the chill twilight—just since they had gained the shelter of the barn.

"Yep," Will said, and rested his head against the cow's warm flank again.

The child's hoarse voice irritated him. He wished she was in the house with Hattie. It had been too many years since a little girl had followed him around at chore time.

But she'd met him at the door in scarf and cap, buttoning her old coat, and asked to come—the first time she'd offered to leave the house since Martha had brought her. And Hattie had given him a look—and here she was.

"Snow for Christmas!" For the first time since she had come, there was excitement in Arla's voice.

Will's heart gave a half beat, and a coldness almost like fear touched him.

"What's that about Christmas?" he asked.

"Snow for Christmas," Arla said. "Christmas tomorrow."

"You sure tomorrow's Christmas?"

"Oh, yes. I been marking it off on the calendar Miss Sims give me from the feed store," Arla told him. The eager homely face caught all of the last light of the day, the only white thing that Will could see in the deep twilight of the barn.

It was that time of year. But why hadn't she said something before? Another child would have been talking Christmas day and night.

He and Hattie hadn't kept Christmas for twenty years. The best they could ask was that the day pass like any other. It was something they never spoke of, to each other or anyone else.

"What you want for Christmas?" Will asked.

He didn't want to know, but he had to give some response to those believing child eyes beneath the unchildlike brows.

"A big doll," Arla said. "Not a baby doll—a little-girl doll with real hair and sleepy eyes. I can make dresses for her."

For a minute Will was intent on stripping, pretending to be too busy to talk. He had forgotten, until now, the exaltation in a little girl's face when she spoke of the doll she wanted for Christmas. For it was so much more than a doll. It was another being, alike and beloved. The remembering hurt like a pain in his chest.

"And you think you'll get a big doll, do you?" Will asked.

She considered, stamping her feet a little because of the cold. "Yes, I think so," she said gravely at last.

"And why do you think so?" He wanted it to sound kind, but someway his tone struck him as doubting and cruel.

"Because I never did before," she said slowly, "and next year I'll CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

By VIRGINIA AKIN



ILLUSTRATED BY



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI
ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599–1641)

For brief account of this painting, and the artist, see page 96

God Rest You Merry



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

CAN we stop the Christmas carol—stop it just for a moment with our mouths partly open, ready to sing the next word but not singing it? And the pressing crowds in the stores, the snarl and clutter of traffic, the shouts of newsboys, the throb of giant presses—let's stop them too. There.

Now, with a song hanging in the silence, let us grasp the moment. If ever there are moments to be savored, Christmas has them. Why, indeed, do we bustle so frantically at Christmastime, or any other time? What moves us? Why are we cynical, hopeful? What thrills us? Why do we love? Why do we pray?

What, truly, does Christmas mean? Can we say honestly, not from rote, without guile, without pretense, but from the depths of our being? And how can we say it?

Thornton Wilder found a way to say a part of it in his play Our Town, which many have seen. Many others have lived it. It is produced on a bare stage with the Stage Manager in plain sight. In the final scene, Emily Webb, a young woman in her grave, asks to relive just one day of her life.

The Stage Manager allows her to relive her twelfth birthday, beginning at dawn. It is a lovely day—how lovely she had forgotten—a sunny, snowy, anguished, heartbreakingly beautiful day. Each blissfully sad moment is an eternity. She cannot bear the blindness of those she loves. "Let's *look* at one another," she pleads. But they do not look, nor did she, then.

Through her tears, Emily asks the Stage Manager, "Do human beings ever realize life while they live it—every, every minute?"

"No," is his answer. "The saints and the poets, maybe—they do some."

Perhaps those of us who are neither saints nor poets cannot realize any moment of life to its fullest or tell what Christmas truly means, but we can, if we pause for a moment, say some of its meaning to ourselves.

We can say love—love in its widest sense, love that is the touch of young lips together and love that grows, love that is of human bondage and part courage to bear the burdens of love. We can say love, as the youngster carrying a crippled child said it: "He ain't heavy—he's my brother." Love has many faces but all are kind, from that of the Madonna to the love behind a smile for a friend or a smile of thanks or welcome to a stranger. A mother's love is largely working love, as is a father's, and their love for each other. All love is a part of what Christmas means, we believe.

And we can say quiet—yes, just quiet. Let our Christmas mean some quietude, dear Lord—quiet in the sense of the absence of sound as well as in tranquillity of mind, for we know communication is impossible among those who talk all the time. Christmas is a time for moments of silence, like this one, for how else can we speak to our God and hear Him?

Christmas to us also means simplicity—simplicity of worship and of hospitality and of gifts. Simple things, like love, are unencumbered by pretense. Children often put aside the complex, costly toys and spend hours happily playing with the boxes they came in. St. Luke's account of Christ's birth is an unexcelled model of simplicity—so simple in fact and in the telling but so divinely magnificent in meaning: "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." May such plain sweet words and their meaning never be lost, in literature or life. May we remember especially on Christmas Day that expensive gifts and all the gaudy blaze of the Christmas celebration have no meaning except as tokens of love.

In our moment to think what Christmas truly means, we would get down to earth and include such human behavior as good manners and all that good manners imply. Courtesy is too little practiced and too easily scorned as superficial and of no importance in our hustling world. The stately graces and *galante* behavior may belong to the days of crinoline and candlelight (though we still have crinoline and we still have candlelight), but good manners that by long practice come from within do not grow out-of-date. On that day when the young are courteous to their elders, and their elders are courteous to them, when all motorists look out for the other fellow and the other fellow is polite, when no one demands preferential treatment, the spirit of Christmas is being kept.

Listen, as you name what Christmas means to you in this moment before the caroling continues: In the silence, do you *feel* what Christmas means? Do you *hear* the joy of Christmas? For Christmas is, above all, joy, the joy of a heart open to the bounties of earth—good friends, good food, warm baths, spring rain, children's eyes, sun, snow and starry skies—and the blessings of heaven. This is the joy of joy shared in a common pool and thereby many times increased. Let us feel it first, then sing out and hear the words we sing:

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy!

The Editors



Sincerely—Willis Wayde

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

When Willis Wayde came east with his parents to live in the garden house on the Harcourt estate, he was fifteen, but he was beginning to notice things. He knew, for instance, that old Mr. Harcourt wanted to keep Willis' restless, talented father happy at Harcourt Mill—that was why he let the Waydes live in his garden house, treated their son almost like his own grandson, Bill, encouraged Willis' friendship with Bill's arrogant sister, Bess.

"They're not our kind of people," said Willis' mother; and although Willis came to feel at home with the Harcourts and was keenly interested in the mill, he knew his mother was right—at times Bess treated him rudely, and when Willis went to Boston University, Bill went to Harvard. Yet when old Mr. Harcourt lent him money to go through Harvard Business School, Willis dimly understood that in accepting he had sworn a kind of allegiance to Harcourt Mill—and to the whole Harcourt family.

■■ What had the world been like when Willis attended the Harvard Business School? What had he been like in those days? He could not tell exactly; he could only recall a sense of general excitement and well-being. He had suddenly become a bright boy at the Harvard Business School. He had begun to gain an assurance with the high marks they gave him. He was brighter than most of the young men around him and he had ceased to be afraid of money and he had begun to learn its uses.

This was the only picture he could give of himself when Bill Harcourt introduced him to a girl named Sylvia Hodges and her family during his last semester at the Business School. Willis could still see Bill's room with its photographs and his neckties and his evening clothes flung over a chair waiting for the valet service. Willis could still see the papers on Bill's desk, always in disorder, and he could see Bill himself in his gray slacks and his soft shirt.

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"You know I did the craziest thing the other night," Bill said. "I went to one of those dances in Brattle Hall. I was introduced to a girl and I was stuck with her for about an hour. She's somebody Steve Decker knows, and now she's written me a note."

He rustled through the papers on his desk and handed Willis a letter written in a precise girl's hand:

Dear Mr. Harcourt: I remember your saying the other evening, though perhaps you have forgotten it, that you never can find much to do on Sundays. We always have a pickup supper every Sunday night and we play pencil-and-paper games or something like that. Steve Decker is coming next Sunday, and I hope you can come, too, at half past six o'clock, and bring a friend, if you would care to. It's just an informal family supper, but it will give you something to do on Sunday. Sincerely,

SYLVIA HODGES.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

"Take a look at yourself," said Willis' father,

"and be sure where you're going."

But when you're young, you simply go.

her head against his shoulder. "Willis, tell me what you want," she said.



by Lee Rog

"HE'S the most amusing man I ever met," said Cindy Holmes.

"But he's married," said Gloria Cook.

"He makes me laugh all the time," said Cindy, "and I never heard him tell a joke."

"But he's married," said Gloria.

"I've been in New York two years, and until I met this man I was ready to give the town back to the Indians," said Cindy.

"But he's married," said Gloria.

"Wherever we go, the piano players call him by name," said Cindy.

"His first name, or his married name?" said Glor

"He's read everything, even Robert Browning, and I love Robert Browning," said Cindy.

"It figures. Robert Browning was also married," said Gloria.

"Don't joke me around," said Cindy Holmes. "I'm just crazy in love with this boy."

Gloria swung her legs over the side of the studi couch and sat up, looking at her friend, who was upright in a wooden chair, hands folded, bac straight, like a good little schoolgirl at her desk. "Listen, country cousin," said Gloria, "don talk like a Broadway sharpshooter just because you're doing the town with the night-clu critic from Spotlight, the show-business weekly. This is not a boy, this is thirty-seven years old. This has also committed legal matrimony with a lady eleven blocks due south on Madison Avenue. Although that fact doesn't trouble the piano players' friend, it should trouble you. You're a nice clean-cut All-American Yankee Doodle girl, and all that can happen to you is that you will get broken up in bits. My advice, kiddy, is to take to the hills before the dame is busted."

"This man makes me feel the town is a warm and wonderful place," said Cindy.

"Mrs. O'Leary's cow did the same for Chicago The verdict was first-degree burns," said Gloria.

"I'll put myself in Spencer Cochran's hands," said Cindy. "There isn't a mean bone or a sharp fingernail in his whole body, and he's the first man I've met CONTINUED ON PAGE

"The time comes to make decisions," said Cindy, "even when they hurt."

The happy affair



The keeping room was family sitting room and kitchen combined and is still the heart of the house. Most of the ancient utensils came to light when an 1830 cookstove was removed.

THE OLD Heath House IN BROOKLINE

By **RICHARD PRATT,** *Architectural Editor of the Jour*

AMONG all the many fine early homes of America which were built by fond parents as wedding presents for their young marrieds, the old Heath house here is one of the happiest I know; it having been handed down from one generation of Heaths to another, beginning with that of young Ebenezer Heath, who carried his bride across its brand-new threshold in 1791. It was one of the great beauties of the whole Boston neighborhood at the time, and still is. It started right off being a house that everyone enjoyed tremendously. Young Mr. Heath would come trooping in after town meeting with his fellow selectmen. He played the clarinet, the flute, cornet and drum. He also sang for dancing when the fiddlers failed to appear. The house was always full. It was full of attractive young ladies one afternoon in 1825 when the elderly Lafayette stopped by and kissed them all. A little later was a house to which Emerson would con for its Friday evenings of music; one of t young Heaths playing the French horn in t ensemble, and Abigail Heath playing one the first pianos in Brookline. It is a house f of things that might well have been there fro the very beginning, and of things that beau fully belong. The English bookcase has alwa stood where it stands today in the library; t game of draughts, set out on the gaming tab there, is one the selectmen played. In the kee ing room, the little child's chair that is 1 years older than the house is a reminder things handed down from one house to a other. For the old Heath house is not the fi Heath house that has stood in this san general locality. It is the third. It shou really be called the *young* Heath hous

EZRA STOLLER

n the paneled library here, most of the furniture in house is Queen Anne or Chippendale of early New land origin, beautifully fitting present-day needs.

This bedroom's curtains have netted fringe. The armchair is by Joseph Short, of Newburyport, and the dish-top table with camel feet is a rare Queen Anne example.

window clusters, cornice and pedimented doorway te a façade that for the place and period is char-ristically chaste, yet rich in spite of all its restraint.







UNITED PRESS

Elizabeth II with Sir Winston—called by Alfred North Whitehead, "a better Prime Minister flat in bed with pneumonia than any other man in England up in his boots." At Buckingham Palace.

Churchil

Of

By INSPECTOR WALTER H. THOMPSON

Winston Churchill has been an important, if sometimes exasperating, figure in British political life for more than forty years. As a Cabinet member and Prime Minister he has been entitled to the protection of men from Scotland Yard, an assignment sometimes full of peril for them, but more often full of amazement at this lovable but headstrong man. Inspector Walter Thompson, who was to guard Churchill on and off for twenty years, first approached his assignment with misgivings. Thompson, who had been with Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, was far from pleased to be transferred to Churchill:

"Mr. Churchill was known to be a demanding man by all members of the Special Branch who had ever had this detail. They never had any time off! The man's hours were insane: Mr. Churchill's hours were reputed to be 'casually tyrannical,' if such things can go together."

WHEN I first met him, he was pacing about in his study in his home in Sussex Square in London. He was already a world-famous man on this spring day in 1921, and he may also have been a great man by that time. Ten years before that he had been First Lord of the Admiralty. And at that moment he had two portfolios. One is enough. But not enough for Churchill. He was Secretary of State for Air, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was in this double capacity that we would be departing in a few days for Egypt.

As he rocketed about his large study, not looking up nor knowing his privacy was about to be broken, he seemed almost ludicrously preoccupied. The concentration was so frenzied as to approach the burlesque. Many years later I saw (in the United States) a comparable ferment of hustle and cerebration, and it was the heroic little bundle of purpose called Mickey Mouse.

"This is Sergeant Thompson," his secretary said quietly.

Mr. Churchill stopped walking and looked over. "You wanted to see me?" he asked.

I did not want to see him at all and I recited the orders from Scotland Yard had been sent to guard his life. He pulle self at once from his deep thought and to me as if it were the most important then before the Crown. He had the gr of immediacy, and the greater one of di

"Thank you, Thompson. I've no dou we'll get on well together," he told me. too, though often at the expenditure sive controls.

Mr. Churchill was not much taller t Prime Minister whom I had just left. Bo were quick of mind and both were hurrying. Lloyd George seemed to sc while Mr. Churchill was more of a lun charger. In the months to come, I wa able to make comparison between the men and come to my own evaluation their real strengths were.

I do not believe many men ever Churchill. And the few times he was fo was caught in errors of his own, never i judgment of the skills of others. He was expert at so many different areas and ments of thought that his own belief, g through the years, that he was close fallible, seems, in the light of what w today, about justified. But he was the act experimenting sort who had to find out couldn't do by getting smashed up in it

There was no recoil in Churchill. If didn't "give," he took the blow and pus in for another. Today he is a very batte battlewagon, with scars and fracture Sassoon Dock to Omdurman.

I soon found myself rocking back an in the roughest railroad I know of—the Lyons-Marseilles—bound for Marseille by liner for Alexandria. On board the t sides the official party was Mrs. Ch Nothing seemed ever to disturb or to dis her, but I doubt if she had any more plea the prospect of the Eastern Mediter

Copyright, 1954, by Walter Henry Thompson. From the forthcoming book, Assignment: Churchill, by Walter Henry Thompson, to be published in January, 1955, by Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc.

rchill likes to know when he is in danger. It simply delights him –
never tell him." Inspector Walter Thompson, of Scotland Yard,
was Churchill's bodyguard for twenty years, tells of the events –
c and private – which he witnessed while keeping up with Sir Winston.
is "Winnie" at ease, seen by the man whose orders were never to let him out of sight.

Guard . . .

EHLERT—BLACK STAR



"battered old battlewagon"



"the best talker, but . . .



the worst listener"



"a large meteor"



"a squealing cherub"



"kicker of wastebaskets"

d. Her husband was having a good
e mission was awkward. The danger
The British were at a near peak of
rity with the Egyptians at this time.
's life would be in danger from the
e were on Egyptian soil.
nd a swarm of flies hit us at the same
e tied up at the dockside at Alexan-
re was a large and sullen crowd of
s to meet us when we stepped ashore,
e was no demonstration. Our party
nabby little cars over dirty back roads,
the train to Cairo from its "off" side.
was well appointed, of course, but a
.
was a shrill tootling on the whistle
ulled slowly away, but we were going
neighborhoods so congested that our
pick up any speed at all continued to
apprehensive. I felt some better when
party was seated in the commodious
nent (fit for a Sultan indeed, and half
. Mr. Churchill busied himself with
e boxes, the whole bothersome cluster
I had myself wrestled aboard (how I
se boxes), and then sat down at a
cretary and began to read and to per-
is seemed somehow the proper thing
inet member to be doing in an equa-
ntry.
hurchill, always cool and always com-
d of course one of the best dressed of
n of her day, snapped on a fan and
ed reading as if she were home in
I had the curious feeling in that in-
d a prick of possible disloyalty) that
nt picture of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill
so much an example of their unusual
o adapt as an inability ever to realize
e in foreign places. Whatever it was,
very British of them and I liked it.
Lawrence [the famous expert on the
ntries] had joined us for the trip. I
ching him out of the tail of my eye
n turn kept looking out the corridor
We were approaching a level cross-
nained standing in the compartment doorway and was not going to move to my own space till the train had got such speed that she could not then be boarded or effectively stoned or fired upon.

There was the sudden sound of splintering glass. Two windows had been smashed, one ahead of the Churchills' compartment and one behind. Mrs. Churchill had stopped reading. She seemed more annoyed than interested. Churchill laid aside his pencil and turned to Sir Archibald Sinclair, his Parliamentary Secretary. "Better relieve Thompson of his packages, Archie, he may be more useful to us if he's unencumbered."

We all exchanged grins. Thinking we might have been boarded by a couple of Arab skulkers, I drew my revolver and kept it just beneath my jacket. My feet were apart to catch the sway of the train. My elbows were in contact with each side of the compartment doorjamb. I would have been very hard to pass. We began to gather a bit of speed. Lawrence came back. He never spoke much.

"We'll be all right. There's nothing left to smash."

Churchill looked up boyishly at me and smiled, then turned back and began to scowl over the empire's problems.

I do not at all care for camels. They may be picturesque at a distance, but I have never seen them at a distance sufficient to bring out this pleasing characteristic. I knew that I would look altogether ridiculous on a camel and I feel the camel knew this too. But I do not believe I looked any worse than Winston Churchill. No matter where we might be, he could always manage to balloon himself with the most surprising outer garments.

Off we scooted, Mr. Churchill like a squealing cherub, myself like Don Quixote making my own windmills with my elbows. On a camel there is nothing to grab but the sky. And there is no discernible steering apparatus. You just go whither the other camels go. It is this fraternity feeling alone that delivers new riders to given destinations.

There is a light cord that runs from the saddle to the camel's right nostril, but it might as well have been a bellpull in a deserted castle for all the tugging I gave it and the good I got of it. Once the camel looked back directly at me and looked so mean I felt for my gun by reflex, and stopped tugging.

There was nothing to do but suffer through to the end, and as we progressed over these historic sands romance abated with each step and outrage mounted. It indeed seemed the most superfluous of ways to serve the King, and I could no more get used to the motion than I could have named the direction we headed.

I realized suddenly that Churchill, who was on my right flank at this moment, was precariously close to being on his own right flank in the next stride or two, for he had billowed off to one side of the saddle and was searching miserably about for something to grab hold of. As I already knew from my own circumstance, there was not anything a man could do for himself. The inevitable moment of separation came, and the Secretary for Air and the Colonies went through the air and landed in the middle of one of his colonies in a fine fan of white sand and wheeling horses. He rolled over and looked around for his hat. Arab sheiks dismounted quickly and offered their steeds, but Winston—who had been fourth in rank among the cavalry candidates at Sandhurst—had come to ride on a camel and he got back on and we somehow got out to Sakara.

Luncheon [in the desert] was spread out for us, but an hour after dismounting I was still shaking so I could not properly hold a sandwich. Winston wiggled a bit, too, as if secretively testing his spine for alignment or his ribs for cracks. The thought of the ride back was quite sickening.

We got back on the camels somewhat after the lunch period. T. E. Lawrence had introduced Winston to a trick of some sort (maybe he had said something to the camel). In any event, Churchill's CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



"I learned right away that on an island guests stay all night or for two weeks--or years."

"If you want to keep your husband's love, the instructions say, always look pretty, be fun, cook his breakfast and have outside interests!"

"Down at the sea wall I listened to the waves against the pilings and realized the tide was in and these were our waves!"

"Even though my neck, my back, and my palms and with each step little jagged pains ran do experienced a wonderful feeling of secur







Onions in the Stew

Where hearts were high and fortunes low
and onions in the stew.
—CHARLES DIVINE

The author of The Egg and I describes her personal hand-to-hand encounter with life on an island, amid such pestilences as storm, strife, a guest on the roof and adolescents ("They don't actually hate their parents—just feel absolute contempt for them").

By BETTY MacDONALD

For twelve years we MacDonalds have been living on an island called Vashon. It is across Puget Sound from Seattle, Washington, and is more or less accessible by ferryboat, one at each end. The population is around five thousand people and an uncounted number of sniveling cowards who move to the city in the winter.

There is no getting away from it, living on an island is more arduous than living in the city. To begin with, an island is harder to find. Not that there are not plenty of them up here in the Pacific Northwest where most of the time even the people are completely surrounded by water. It is the getting there to look at them. If you find "the place" and it is for sale, and you get moved in, there are the problems of getting out again and then back in. It sounds rugged and usually is, but there are people who not only have done it but if given a second, even a third, chance would do it again.

How is it we moved to Vashon Island in the first place? Well, it was just after Pearl Harbor and my husband Donald and I had recently met and married. Up to the time of our marriage I had been living at home with my two children, Anne, twelve, and Joan, eleven, my mother and two of my four sisters in a house in the university district where we had numerous pets, a great deal of fun, hordes of company and hardly any money.

I decided that I had better start looking for a home. Any home big enough for Don and me, Anne and Joan, the dog Tudor, my cat Mrs. Miniver, our several thousand books, Joan's snakeskin-and-shell box of pretty rocks, Anne's collection of Sonja Henie pictures and Alma Gluck records, their bicycles, roller skates, ice skates, tennis rackets and skis, Don's college blue books, his elk antlers,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Copyright, 1954, by Betty MacDonald.
This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN DMITRI

Homemade Chri

Gay and very easy to do, these idea gifts have that best-of-all flavor of having been made specially for someone. Ingredien many of them are simply glue, felt and ornaments; for others, just paint and imagination.

By CYNTHIA MCADOO WHEATLAND



This year's wrapping papers, tinsel and ornaments are beautiful and varied, can make the outside of a present as exciting as what's inside.



Keeping small hands and faces clean will be fun with these enchanting towel sets. A third of a yard of any bright cotton will make the hand towel and the appliquéd name of the lucky child.



Layers of different-colored wax shaped in a milk-carton mold make a handsome candle for home or for giving. Painted and decorated, an old coffee can makes a cunning piggy bank.



Colorful felt is simply glued to an ordinary address or memo book, trimmed to fit, decorated with buttons, beads, initials or what you will.



With a look of frivolity, these decorated hangers are nonetheless practical. They will hold jackets, skirts, and one is done with hooks for hanging belts. The velvet ribbon (which grips skirts as tight as can be), sequins and artificial flowers are glued to painted hangers.

STUART



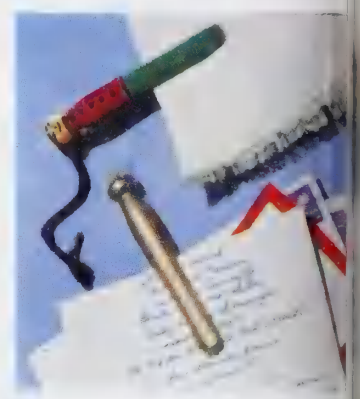
Pretty party apron matches fringed place mats. The apron of organdy and printed cotton in Christmas colors is attached to an adjustable waist clip.



This little clown is really full of beans! His hair is yarn, his head a scrap of muslin, his body a striped beanbag.



Star tree is made of graduated layers of buckram cut in points, trimmed with stars (or you could use sequins, tinsel, glitter). White candle supports them through center.



Old-fashioned wooden clothespins make charming clips for desk or tab The Chinaman has thumbtack hat, braided yarn queue. Letter clip is painted gold with pearls glued to to



Specs holders in wonderful felt decorated whimsically v shells, pearls, gold thread, or in a more tailored fashio with initials and dressed up with scattered sequins.

Let the children help

as



As an extra "tree" or just a Christmas flight of fancy, the pegboard finds yet another use. Here, we painted ours green, hung it with decorations and small presents.



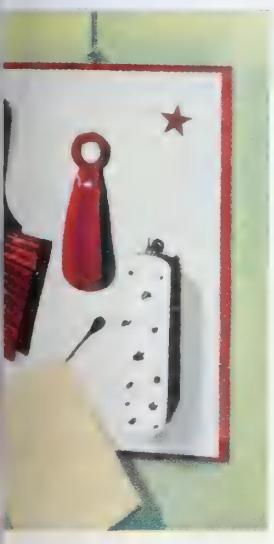
nsive wooden bowl and
set are an attractive present
ainted and prettied up.
ne has quotation from a
nas legend inscribed around it.



Painted wooden bucket and tin baking dish are gay and Christmasy by themselves or packed with favorite goodies.



For shoveling snow or just for fun, these bright felt mittens are gay as can be with their gilt and pearl trim, cotton-fringe edging and jingle bells.



nd handsome, our
e set hangs on a painted
ard, the place for each
nted in black.
ng man who gets
keep his shoeshining
nt in its place.



Tiny doll is felt-wrapped pipe cleaners topped with wooden button for her head. Easy and fun to dress in miniature clothes; sewing-basket scraps will furnish a huge wardrobe.



Dress up someone's closet with boxes covered in a pretty wallpaper. Or try an adhesive-backed plastic. They come in attractive colors and stripes, are very easy to work with.



nary plastic boxes for kitchen
efrigerator take on new roles
costumed for the dressing table.
colored felt is glued to
surmounted by heart-shaped
shion. Right, ribbons, lace-paper
, false rosebuds and
les make a pretty icing.



Unpainted child's chair takes on a Christmas air with bright red paint and stenciling. Painted rolling pin, with nursery cutouts and bells, makes gaily jingling pull toy.



First on our list are tissue-paper snowballs. Tissue paper, colored or spangled, or painted, is cut into ten 2½" squares, fastened in center with staple and ornament hanger attached. The pile is now cut into 2½" circles and five pieces are pulled to right, five to left to make ruffles.

Paper Santa's head is put together with paste or staples. His beard is curled paper strips, fur on hat is cotton.

Endless chain of bright paper disks glued or stapled to golden string will enliven your tree. Use scraps of wrapping paper or metallic foil cut in varying diameters, and quarters or fifty-cent pieces to trace out circles.

Candy cane and Christmas balls are of white porous plastic, perfect for children to trim with sequins, beads, braid, ribbon, and so forth.

Crystal beads strung on thread or yarn make icicles, fascinating for a child to make, lovely and glittery on the tree.

Triangular Santa Claus made of heavy colored paper has cotton beard, is a big amusing ornament.

Strung stars are a variation of disks described above and are made the same way, or you can use the already gummed ones, large and in different colors.

Cone of colored paper is dotted with paint or nail polish, sprinkled with gold sparkles, could be striped, sequined or frosted.

For further information on materials or directions for making, please write to Reference Library LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *Phila. 5, Penna., for Pattern No. 2627, price 10 cents.*

a dream of a dress . . .

FASHION says dreams are made of bows and roses, lace and tulle, the covered-up look or the very bare . . . that the shirtwaist dress and the basque silhouette are young and entrancing . . . that dream colors are moonlight white, jewel blues and all the shades of pink and red roses. The gayest finish for almost any dress is a pair of short satin gloves, gleaming white or color. By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Young, gay and really devastating—shirtwaist fashions make another important entrance for evening in satin, chiffon, brocade. This silk chiffon by Ceil Chapm





DERUJINSKY

Rose-patterned lace and nylon tulle, satin sash caught with a red rose. Designed by Sylvan Rich.



Big parties call for tulle and satin, bare shoulders. By Fred Perlberg.

asque dress with bows — Ben Barrack's silk poult-de-ie, Hattie Carnegie's chain of ruby-crystal beads.



Frothy baby-pink lace patterned with roses, tied with organdy bows, by Ceil Chapman.



Camisole dress, cover-up bolero, by Celia Phillips. Silk poult-de-soie.



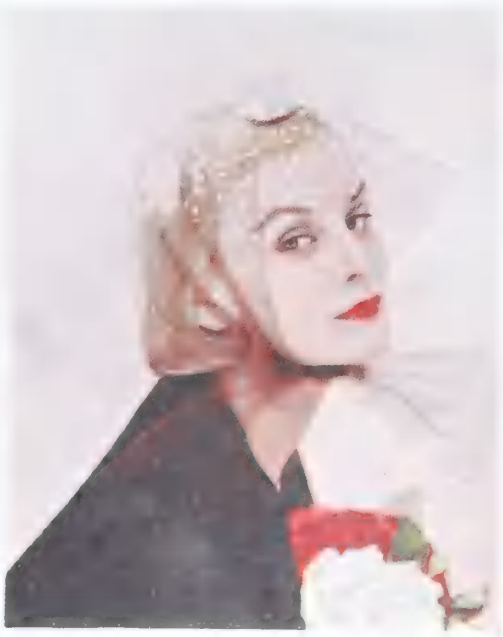
Holiday touches for LONGER HAIR

Whether your adaptation of longer hair is soft and backswept or sleek and smooth, your tricks with ribbons and veiling will bring it a freshly feminine look for the New Year.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journa



Starched circular veiling, velvet trimmed, perches fetchingly on semilong, wide-waved hair that brushes close to the head toward the back, curls turning up.



Babushka in silk net glittering with rhinestones, by Mr. John, to keep a sleek hairdo in pretty place.



Cap-shaped veiling sparkled with feathers and rhinestones for a party look. By Mr. John.

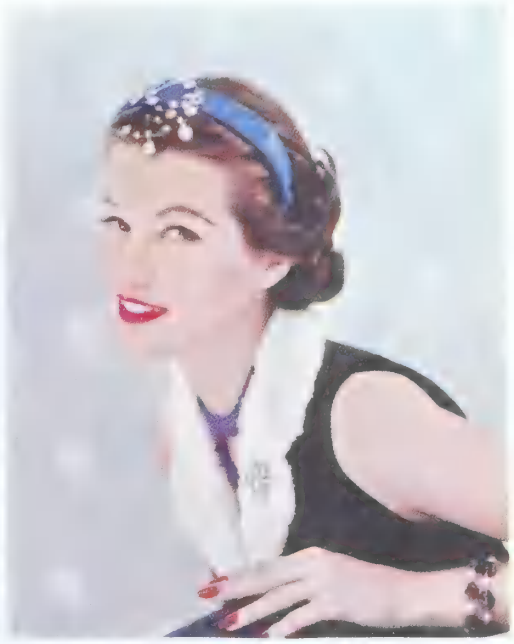


For young blondes with silk-sheath hairdos like this easy-to-keep page-boy—black velvet ribbon bow with streamers to end where a tiny waist begins. By Mr. Alf.



A wide bandeau of tucked jersey sweeps semilong hair away from face, allowing ends to swing softly in back. By Elizabeth Marks. Keep your hair immaculate with regular shampoos.

HAIR DESIGNS BY ENRICO CARUSO



Electric-blue satin headband is dressed up with a widow's-peak sparkle jewel. By Therese Ahrens.



Softly feminine, easy to wear, the timeless page-boy gets a new look with deep wave low on side.

ROGER PRIGENT



Shaped close to the head, clipped behind the ear, this longer hair is just barely turned at the ends.



A bustle bow in bright red velvet to sit above a chignon or cluster of softly brushed back curls. By Elizabeth Marks.



Sleek in front, softly upswept, curled in back—kept that way with a pearl-trimmed bicycle clip.

Holiday Separates.



Glamorous white rayon lamé lined in Orlon fleece (see page 137 for yardages), No. S-4545. Nylon-velvet sheath, No. 8016. Beautiful bright velveteen coat over silk lamé, No. 829.

Black-and-white plaid silk-and-cotton shirt, No. 7807. Wool-jersey skirt, No. 8300. Sleeveless jersey blouse, No. 8493. Plaid overskirt with giant sequins tied on in yarn, No. 8461.



Fringe-printed silk-taffeta skirt, Design No. 8300. Rayon mat-jersey blouse, No. 8494. Fringe-print bodice trimmed with real fringe, No. 7948. Lovely long wool-jersey skirt, No. 8495. Jewelry by Hattie Carnegie.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Conn. or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

RICHARD AVEDON



gay combinations

n to have a gay, colorful costume
r over the holidays. Pretty
s are everywhere and we are filled
leas about how to use them.
ler printed on corduroy looks
y pretty at the top OR the bottom
kirt (in either case it's
tful when jeweled). A fringe-
l taffeta makes a charming skirt
amusing bodice to wear with a
skirt. Pastel rayon satin combined
Orlon fleece makes a pretty shirt
lovely skirt. An India-print
is fun for tapered slacks AND
rous in a long jeweled evening skirt.
h picture of these Vogue
s you have TWO ideas for using
fabric — the choice is up to you.

By Nora O'Leary
Pattern Editor of the Journal



© VOGUE

Plaids go everywhere: these tartan designs of acetate taffeta sell for about $1.00 a yard, 45″ width. The full red plaid skirt, No. 8495, organdy blouse, No. 8320. Amusing bow-stole from five yards of fabric (see page 137). Slim skirt, No. 6949; top, No. 7948.



m one half India-print spread, quilted or plain, rsey overblouse, No. 8423. Jeweled triangle. from one half India-print spread, already jew- (we'll tell you where to buy). Blouse, No. 7394.



Pastels in a love match of surprising fabrics—rayon satin and Orlon fleece. Blue fleece blouse, rayon-satin skirt, No. 8419. Add cummerbund. Rayon-satin tailored shirt, No. 8267. Furry Orlon-fleece skirt, No. 8199. Satin shoes by Herbert Levine.



Jeweled borders high or low. Petit-point rose-design skirt length, already jeweled for $13.95 (see page 137) on off-white corduroy, No. 8300. Square-necked wool-jersey top, No. 8493. Jersey wrap-around blouse, No. 8494.



Menu

Vegetable-Juice Cocktails
Ham-and-Cheese Pastries
Shrimp-Stuffed Celery
Spiced Olives
Savory Creamed Oysters
Turkey Glacé
Swedish Liver Pâté Melba Toast
Apple-Tang Salad
Christmas Cookies
Coffee

(Planned for 12)



The Party's On!

NOW it comes about that there's another year's end and a new year's beginning coming up. I've always thought that these big, important holidays came too close together. We hardly get settled down after the goings on at Thanksgiving before we look one day at the calendar and what date looms up like a neon sign on a windowful of diamonds? It's December twenty-fifth.

Experience teaches nothing. We begin to shiver with shivers brought on by the thought of Christmas cards not sent, of presents not even bought, of lists and memos and what did we give Aunt Nellie last year, and how many children has Cousin Jo got anyway, and how old are the little angels. It's getting colder It certainly feels like snow. And before the tree is completely trimmed holiday parties are as thick as the stars in a winter sky.

Choose your partners If you know the fisher's hornpipe and the Virginia reel and the rest of the old-time dances, now revived and become so stylish, you'll know about "Choose your partners." What I am asking the guests to do is to choose their supper vittles. The choice is yours, take one or more or all. Get your best girl or latch on to the handsome and fascinating young man with the red necktie, my dear, and lend the sparkle of your eyes to the candlelight, to heighten the glow of the flames, and then, when the partners are all partnered off, let the life of the party loose. For now, for sure, the party's really on!

Only in case. Because you may be short of, or want something, a little new in the way of nibble bits for this holiday-week party, I have two or three receipts I'll pass along with my best wishes. And the No. 1 attraction is

Ham-and-Cheese Pastries

Cream together ¼ pound softened butter or margarine and ¼ pound cream cheese. Add 1 cup flour and mix well. Chill overnight. Next day mix together ¾ cup

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

By ANN BATCHELDER

STUART-FOWLER

"What's with you?" he asked.
"I think," I said, "I'm going to get married."

What an aw

thing to happen!

Tonight of all

all those ghosts coming ba

to laugh at he



The night before Wedding

RIETT PRATT

I'M doing a shocking thing. I'm sitting here, the night before my wedding, thinking about the men in my life.

I used to think that when you met *the* man, a sort of neon sign, complete with arrows, went on in your brain. Maybe that happens with some people, but with me there were no signs, and any arrows I saw were pointing in the wrong direction. Now that everything's settled, and wonderful, it seems that it couldn't have been any other way. But it *could* have. . . .

The first man I ever loved was Mat Cantrell. I'm not sure when I started loving Mat. He was always around. The Cantrells lived just a block from us, and Mat's folks and mine were good friends. They played bridge together, and went on picnics together, and shared holiday dinners. Mat and I were both only children, so we saw a lot of each other, although he was four years older than I. Mother says that when I was five, I announced that Mat and I were engaged. I don't remember that, but I do remember how I felt about him.

I have been infatuated since then, I have even been in love, but I have never completely and unquestioningly adored anyone as I did Mat. I liked everything about him.

I liked the way he looked. He was tall and thin, and he had dark eyes and straight black hair, which I envied and admired. My own hair was blond and curly, and seemed expressly designed to be wrenched by brushes.

Mat was witty. I remember one winter day when he took the heel of his galoshes and cracked the ice in the fishpond until it looked like a jigsaw puzzle, and then said, "Boy, I'd like to see somebody put it together again." I laughed so hard I fell down in the snow.

Mat was smart. He told me about religion: "The Red Sea came down and drowned the whole army." He told me about history: Charles the First—"They cut off his head and the blood spurted out"; Mary Queen of Scots—"They cut off her head and the blood spurted out"; Marie Antoinette—"They cut off her head," and so on. He told me about geography, and taught me to identify airplanes. I thought he was perfect, and I suppose he thought so too, and this common bond held us together for a long time, in spite of the difference in our ages. CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

VEGETABLE BEEF

The Garden's Best
to you and yours
Campbell's

VEGETABLE

VEGETABLE SOUP

Call the honor roll of the garden . . . 15 vegetables, bright and gay . . . simmered in a sound beef stock . . . temptingly seasoned . . . and wholeheartedly good.



VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP

Here's a soup the whole family loves—hearty with fine lean beef—sparkling with carrots, tomatoes, peas, and barley. It's sound good eating—any time.

Campbell's make 4 great Vegetable Soup



EGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP

meal in a minute—15 good garden vege- tempting, deep-flavored, all-vegetable e it the heart of any meatless menu.



CHICKEN GUMBO

Like your vegetables with *chicken*? Here are celery, tomatoes and okra—garden-fresh and garden-gay—with Deep South accents of rice and tender chicken.



quick—so nutritious—so simply delicious!



This JOURNAL *cover was, in its day, the most popular we had ever used. Its wish is timeless, and we still say—as fervently now as forty years ago—"God bless us every one."*

LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 This will be my month to give a lift to the busy-day meal—to provide you with enough new wrinkles, surprises and guises to carry you along under full sail.

2 Quick and hearty lunch for a Christmas-shopping day. Wait till you see what I bought for you, Esmerelda. Mix 1 can of the new condensed onion soup, 1 can condensed mushroom soup and 2 cups milk. Heat and serve with toasted cheese sandwiches.

3 If you've been of the mind that a duckling must always be roasted, you're in for a surprise. It broils beautifully in no longer time than it takes to broil a chicken, but it must be a duckling, not a duck.

4 Now here's the way I do it. Have your butcher cut the duckling into quarters. Rub first lemon juice then the rind of lemon into it, and I do mean rub. (Run a grater over the lemon a bit to release the fragrance.) Fasten a slice of orange dipped in salad oil top and bottom of each piece with a skewer. Broil as you would chicken, basting occasionally with orange juice. Serve with wild rice if you feel like splurging.

5 A simple twist of the wrist, coupled with a turn or two of the imagination, and you have a chafing dish of chicken or turkey à la king, to which have been added a can of mushroom soup and enough canned whole mushrooms to be easily recognized.

6 If you can get your fruiterer to see the light, cajole him into letting you have some *green* bananas. Peel and split them the long way, dip them in flour or fine cracker meal, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and fry in butter or margarine. Season the flour or meal with salt and a whisper of sweet basil. Serve with broiled ham.

7 You remember about making baking-powder biscuits with orange juice for breakfast? Add some grated orange rind to the dough. While they're hot, split and spread them with butter or margarine creamed with sugar and orange juice.

8 You know all about compound interest, but I want to tell you about an entrée compounded of a slice of eggplant, marinated in French dressing for an hour and broiled, a slice of broiled ham and a topping of your best creamed mushrooms. It's a three-layer deal.

9 *First Chapter:* For Sunday-night supper when Deacon Spicer and the parson drop by, a chicken roll is as welcome as a dollar bill in the collection plate. Make a rich biscuit dough and roll it out in an oblong, butter it and spread with a mixture of 1½ cups finely chopped cold cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon minced onion and seasoning of salt, paprika, a little sage and a thimble of tarragon.

10 *Second Chapter:* Now roll the whole thing up like a jelly roll and bake in a hot oven until well done. Place on a hot platter, slice into fairly thick slices and serve with a rich mushroom cream sauce. Mushroom soup as a base, why not? Hot ripe olives and pimiento cups filled with little green peas, to garnish.

11 Whether you do or don't like Swedish cooking, I'll bet a dime to a feather out of the duster you'll like this. Boil a fine, white, firm cauliflower without blemish. Don't overcook. Drain it *well*. Cover and keep hot. Make a rich lobster Newburg or creamed-lobster receipt. Slice, not *dice*, the lobster. Serve the cauliflower with the lobster and sauce over it. Very *hot*.

12 When the skiers come stamping in, it's a quick hot dish that's first on the agenda. Having on hand a good bowl of hard-cooked eggs, cut them into quarters. Make a rich cream sauce. Put the eggs in a deep casserole. Add the sauce.

13 *Verse II.* Add 2 or 3 cut-up pimientos, a little mustard, a little tarragon. And of course salt and pepper to taste. On top put a good layer of grated cheese, run under the broiler and when the cheese is melted cover with buttered crumbs and brown. Serve with peas, green beans or any other vegetable at hand. Have hot rolls, relishes and fruit. And coffee and *cider*.

14 *Just-a-Thought Department:* What a spoonful of mint jelly will do for canned peas a pinch of dried tarragon will do for canned beets.

15 Sometimes put-togethers of this and that turn out to be real creations. Here's one that should have top rating: First mix together 1 can condensed cream-of-chicken soup, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon curry powder. That's the sauce.

16 *Next:* Cook 1 package frozen broccoli. Drain. Arrange in casserole. Open two 5-ounce cans boned chicken, break apart and lay over broccoli. Pour sauce over all. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake until bubbly and hot. Double the recipe and invite *me* to dinner.

17 Who remembers the good ample barrels of apples that perfumed the cool, stone-wall cellars in country houses? Apples are a versatile fruit. Cut some cored but unpeeled tart ones into thick slices. Fry them in butter or margarine until tender, *not* mushy. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and serve on baked Indian pudding, with vanilla ice cream.

18 It's good baked-apple weather too. Serve them warm ladled over with spoonfuls of hot butterscotch pudding, and watch the smiles go round.

19 *Here's* something that's no trouble to make or to eat. It is a fine lively dish. Cook 1 package broken (not too short) pieces spaghetti in boiling salted water. When tender, drain. Make about 4 cups light cream sauce, well seasoned. Add 2 cans minced clams. Put in a casserole with the spaghetti. Season again to taste. Cover with buttered crumbs and cheese and bake until the sauce is bubbly and crumbs are brown.

20 There's an inconspicuous addenda to the foregoing dish. Should you feel like adding some *very thin* slivers of ham to the insides of the dish, or crumbled crisp bacon to the crumbs, why, that's an addenda.

21 *Ways and means:* Now what could you do with carrots that you haven't already? You just listen. When the carrots are cooked and drained, add 1 teaspoon dill seed for each bunch, and 1 teaspoon vinegar with the usual salt, pepper and butter or margarine.

22 Scaloppine you know well, but here's a different way with veal and just as speedy. Buy ¾ pound (for 2) veal sliced thin as for scaloppine. Cut into ½″ strips. Toss a chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine for a minute or two. There's more to come, so read on.

23 *Chapter II:* When good and hot add 2 tablespoons more butter or margarine, the veal and a handful of slivered almonds. Toss as it cooks, seasoning somewhere along the process. It takes about 10 minutes, so stand by—the veal should be just done, not overdone. Then onto a hot platter for a final benison of chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon.

24 Comes the day for a good beef stew. Stud 2 or 3 of the small onions you add to it with whole cloves before you put on the lid. Gives a wonderful what-is-it flavor.

25 There's nothing so welcoming to a home-coming family on a cold winter night as the savory aroma of dinner baking in the oven. Try onions glazed with honey and butter to serve with oven-baked pork chops.

26 Fruit-compote receipts in your kitchen drawer may be many, but I can't resist giving you just one more. Combine one 1-pound-14-ounce can whole apricots and one 1-pound-14-ounce can greengage plums with 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Heat and add 2 oranges, sectioned, and ½ teaspoon almond extract. Serve hot.

27 Canned clams are a modern miracle, as anyone who has opened clams and tried to desand them knows. Try this receipt.

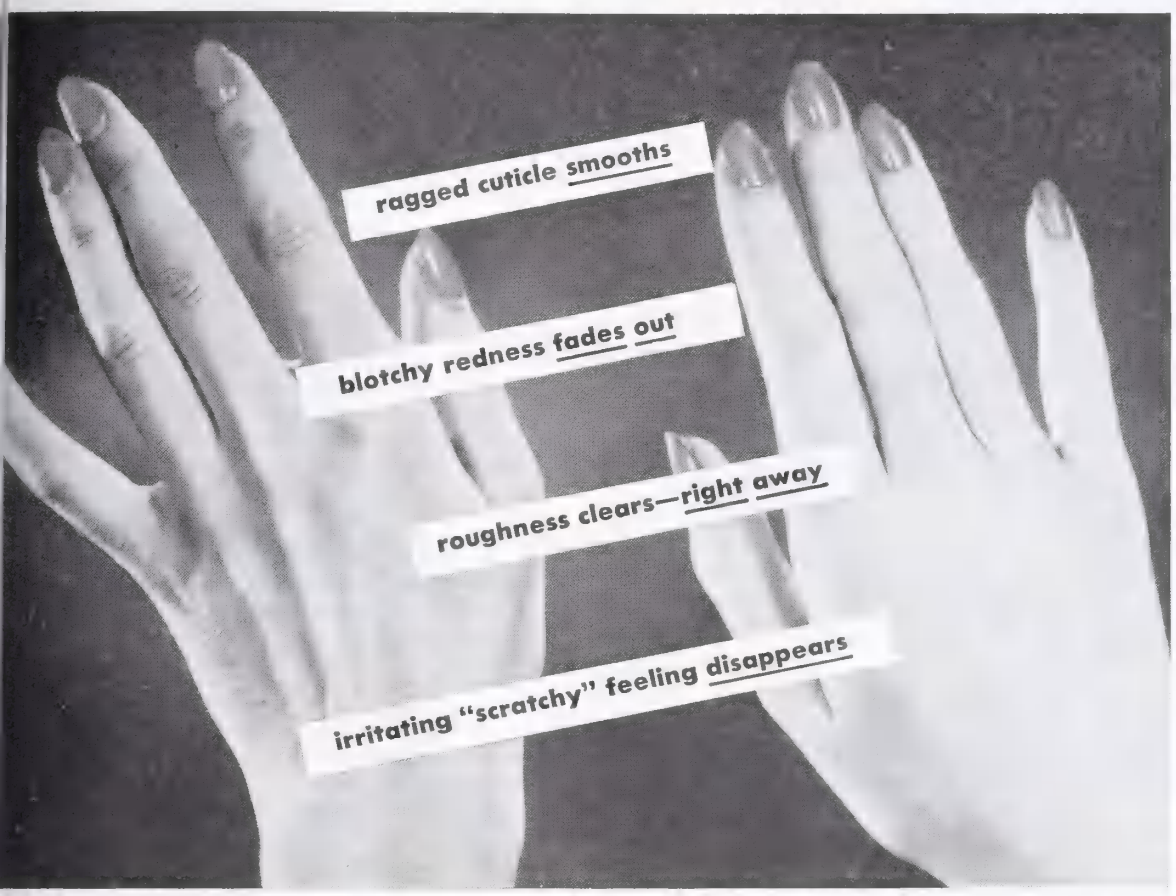
28 Crush enough soda crackers to make 1½ cups. Mix two 10½-ounce cans minced clams with 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Alternate layers of crumbs and clams in a 1½-quart baking dish, ending with crumbs. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.

29 Hunting something quick and easy for lunch that is nice enough to serve a drop-in guest? I offer you scrambled eggs with crab meat. Heat 1 can crab meat, flaked, in butter in a skillet. Add the usual amount of milk, salt and pepper to 6 eggs, but include 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Scramble and serve with broiled tomato halves.

30 Quick dessert on my mind. To 1 quart softened vanilla ice cream add ½ cup drained crushed pineapple and ¼ cup toasted coconut, crumbled. Refreeze.

31 Christmas is staring us in the eye. I hope you have done as Mrs. Roosevelt does. She told me once that she began buying her presents on the first of January for the following Christmas. Bargains, no crowds, no overworked, dead-on-their-feet salespeople, a serene and thinking mind—by the next Christmas, Mrs. R. can sit by the fire and there's not a holiday "hant" to haunt her. No last-minute memory to torment her. Let's make a resolution. Well, I wish to you all—a Merry Christmas, from Your ANNIE.

Not just another "cosmetic" lotion—
It's scientifically years ahead
Actually heals chapping!



's "protective cloak" damaged—vital substances kin's lubricants destroyed by cold and exposure, h alkali action of strong detergents



Dried-out "detergent hands"—New Angel Skin is the *only* leading lotion that *neutralizes* the harsh alkali action of detergents, helps prevent irritation



No stickiness!—Unlike old-style lotions, Angel Skin has no gummy "thickener." Angel Skin contains an ingredient that *speeds* penetration—sinks in *at once*

Angel Skin's corrective softening—It's designed to replace—*instantly*—vital substances needed in the skin's "protective cloak." This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapping!

Instant "corrective" softening—not just superficial smoothing!

This new Angel Skin by Pond's has a formula scientifically years ahead—developed directly from new *medically-important* discoveries of how the skin works to *heal and protect itself.*

Doctors say the skin is constantly *rebuilding* its softening *protective cloak*—to offset the effects of exposure to cold, to harsh detergents. But often skin can't rebuild fast enough—it may take hours!

Instant softening with Angel Skin!

Scientists who developed Angel Skin have found a way to "match" the skin's vital protective substances. Smooth in Angel Skin, and you *instantly replace* needed substances.

Angel Skin's rich goodness acts at once to *counteract* harsh alkali action of soaps and detergents—as no old-style lotion can! It *heals* chapping! It quickly *penetrates!* It softens deep down! And Angel Skin never leaves a trace of stickiness!

See amazing effects on *your* skin. Get fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin today! Only 89¢, 49¢, 25¢, plus tax. (Slightly higher in Canada)

Vital new facts about human skin

The skin's "protective cloak" contains lubricating sebum—normally has a high concentration of hydrogen ions.* Exposure to harsh detergents *lowers* the concentration of hydrogen ions. Chapping begins. Exposure to cold, wind further aggravates the skin.

Angel Skin's exclusive softening lubricants contain *billions* of needed hydrogen ions in each drop—enough to replace instantly the skin's normal, high concentration of hydrogen ions.

This is why Angel Skin *heals* chapping as no old-style lotion can.

* Concentration of hydrogen ions is measured scientifically in terms of pH. Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with a pH rating that is allied to the pH rating of the human skin.



Angel Skin

by POND'S

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

Willis knew very well that Bill would not have asked one of his closer friends to share in this ordeal, but it pleased him that Bill had asked him, because it indicated that Bill thought him adequate.

In fact, Bill was disarmingly grateful when they walked along the wintry sidewalks of Brattle Street. There was something about Cambridge people, especially professors, Bill said—and this girl's father was a professor—that made him nervous. He had taken a course in geology under this Professor Hodges. It had been highly recommended as impossible not to pass. Old Man Hodges had given him a C, and the professor even had a sort of sense of humor. Nevertheless, in Bill's opinion professors and their families were hard to understand.

The Hodgeses lived in a beige-colored Victorian house that stood on a small lawn dotted with spindling bushes. There were a lot of young people in the large Victorian parlor and in the dining room behind it. As Mrs. Hodges said, the latchstring was always out on Sunday for the children's friends, and Cambridge, if it was nothing else, was a town of young people. Sylvia answered the doorbell. She wore a dark-red velvet dress that did not fit her and her hair was bobbed aggressively.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Harcourt," Sylvia said to Bill. "I was beginning to be afraid you'd found something better to do."

"Oh no," Bill said, "and I've brought a friend from Business School—Willis Wayde."

"That's awfully nice," Sylvia said. "How do you do, Mr. Wayde? Is Business School fun?"

"Leave your galoshes and coats anywhere," she said. "It's funny I've never met anyone from Business School except Mr. Harcourt, but, oh"—Sylvia pivoted around nervously—"here's someone who says he knows you. You know Steve Decker, don't you? He's second-year Law."

"Hello, Bill," Steve said. "Hi, Willis."

"Oh," Sylvia said, "do you know Mr. Wayde too?"

There had to be a time when you first became interested in someone. Though Willis could not say that he was interested in Sylvia at the moment, he felt sorry for her, because she was trying so hard to make things go.

"Yes," Steve Decker said, "Willis and I are schoolmates. We wear the old school tie."

"That's right," Willis said, but he resented the way Steve smiled at him.

"Then you must tell me all about Steve," Sylvia said. "Steve and I took a long walk this afternoon. It was fun slopping through the slush, wasn't it, Steve?"

"Yes," Steve Decker said, "there was a lot of slush."

It was strange how one could sometimes guess things immediately. Nothing more needed to be said for Willis to be absolutely sure that Sylvia was crazy about Steve.

"And now come in and meet the family," Sylvia said. "I'll be back in just a minute, Steve, and maybe you won't mind helping me bring the salad from the kitchen."

"All right," Steve Decker said, "I'll be right there, Sylvia."

Steve Decker's words were polite, but there was something patient in them, something condescending. Willis was not impressed by Sylvia Hodges in her dowdy velvet dress and her low-heeled black slippers. She was too thin and her bobbed black hair did not fit her nervous features, but suddenly he wanted to be kind to her, if only because Steve Decker was not.

He remembered that he spoke to Sylvia as he walked with her to the parlor. "My mother says I'm pretty handy around the house," he said, "if there's anything I could do to help."

"Oh no," Sylvia said, "you're company. Mother, this is Mr. Harcourt, and this is Mr. Wayde."

If Mrs. Hodges had thought more about her clothes, she would have been handsome in her middle age. Her face and figure were fuller than Sylvia's. Her eyes were deep brown like Sylvia's and her features were composed.

"Homer," she said to Mr. Hodges, "this is a friend of Sylvia's. Oh, dear, I'm very bad at names."

"It's Wayde," Mr. Hodges said. "In my classes I always begin to forget when I get down to the *W*'s myself."

Mr. Hodges looked at Willis with the expression of someone who has seen too many young male faces. He was a thin man, and his gray mustache, slightly stained by tobacco, concealed the corners of his mouth.

"Did you ever take my introductory course, Mr. Wayde?"

"No, sir," Willis answered. "I went to Boston University."

"Dear, dear," Mr. Hodges said. "I att the University of Chicago myself once, finally contrived to live it down. Don think so, Martha?"

"No, Homer," Mrs. Hodges said. "Y never lived down anything."

"Father!" Sylvia said. "Here's Mr. court. He says he was in your course."

"Well, well," Mr. Hodges said, and pression brightened. "If it isn't my old Harcourt. Fancy meeting you here, wit taste for geology."

Bill Harcourt began to laugh. "I fine time, sir," he said, "and anyway I go

"Yes," Mr. Hodges said. "I was go give you a D but I couldn't when I r bered your necktie. You see, Mr. Wayde is what is sometimes called a necktie There's nothing like a necktie course least nothing exactly like it."

Sylvia was speaking quickly. "I wish wouldn't tease everyone," she said. boy—I mean man—I ever ask around h to go through with it, but you really n mind him."

"I don't mind him," Willis Wayde to "I think that your father is wonderful

As Bill said ward, it was one craziest evenin had ever spent with old Hodg the pencil-and games. But Will meant what thesa night. He nev get to understa Hodges, becaus were poles apa there really ha something wo about him. Wh Willis thought him, he admitt Hodges had son he would neve something he w Sylvia understo though she very mentioned it.

"Laura," Syl to her younger "will you plea Mr. Harcourt a Wayde around they meet every

Laura Hodges gave them a panic-s look. "Can't you do it, Sylvia?" she "You know everybody better than I d

"No, I can't," Sylvia answered. "I lot of things I have to attend to."

"I know what you have to attend t

"Laura," Sylvia said, "you do what I I'll speak to mother."

"Don't worry about us," Bill said. get along all right."

Sylvia had left them while Bill w speaking, and Laura blushed unbecon

"I didn't mean it that way," she sai Sylvia's always bossy."

"That's all right," Bill Harcourt to "Big sisters always are."

"She knows I don't like introducin ple," Laura said, "but we'll have to do or Sylvia will find out later."

It interested Willis to remember that Sylvia's younger sister, and not Sylvia, troduced him to that new world of Street. He always thought that those who came to Craigie Street on Sunda nings were a peculiar crowd, but he ways grateful for the contacts, because an education to meet people out of th nary run. In memory, he could stil Laura's strained voice as she led them the room.

"This is my brother Tom," Laura sa there was Tom Hodges, who alwa strange things, like, many years later, for Henry Wallace.

Laura never could introduce people fully. Instead she pointed them out like on a library shelf. And there was Henr stead, an instructor in one of Mr. H courses, who later became an oil ge

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

A FEATHER IN ONE'S CAP

Women have laid claim to the use of feathers only in modern times. As late as the era of the famous Black Prince, men considered ornamental feathers their exclusive property. Princes and noblemen went to great expense to import fine specimens, which they used to adorn their hats.

Then someone hit upon the idea of using small feathers as military decorations. When a soldier showed unusual gallantry, he was permitted to wear a feather in his cap as a badge of honor. By the late sixteenth century this practice was so common that when a person won an honor of any type, he was likely to refer to it *as a feather in his cap.*

—WEBB B. GARRISON

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

There was Hunter Baxter, the poet, who never used rhymes and who later lectured to women's clubs and was investigated by the Un-American Activities Committee. And there was Sylvia's Radcliffe classmate, Elsie O'Donnell, whose hair never looked washed, and who became a script girl in Hollywood and finally did very well writing the Jack and Josie Breakfast Series on the radio, a daily drama of married life—although Elsie never did marry anyone. And there was Claude Little, who was the syndicated columnist today, a very interesting man and a good contact in Washington.

There must have been a dozen others—graduate students working for their doctorates, and in the Law and Medical schools. They all looked uneasily at Willis when they heard he came from the Harvard Business School, but they were very interesting contacts, and it paid to know how to get on with this type of person.

"Supper's ready," he heard Sylvia calling.

There was chicken salad and cocoa and prune soufflé in the dining room, and everyone seemed hungry except Bill Harcourt.

After supper everyone drew lots for a team to do the dishes. Willis was on the team with Bill Harcourt and Hunter Baxter and Laura. Although Willis was not used to the routine, he was good at doing dishes, and everyone began looking at him approvingly.

It was surprising how quickly they got the dishes done, and they were all back in the parlor.

"We're going to choose teams now," Sylvia said. "I'll take one team and Tom will take the other. I choose Steve Decker. Pass the pencils and papers, Laura."

Willis, too, was on Sylvia's team, and the first thing they did was to write down in two minutes all the rivers they could remember beginning with the letter *M*. It was still pleasant for Willis to recall that he had turned up with the largest number and that he had also come up with the longest list of Roman emperors in their proper chronological order.

You could not help feeling a warm glow of satisfaction when you did well at anything, and Sylvia really noticed him when he remembered the emperors, and she looked sorry when Bill said they really had to go. They were having a wonderful time, but he did have a lot of studying to do. Sylvia went with them to the hall.

"You must be sure to come back again," she said. "And thanks for winning with the emperors, Mr. Wayde."

She looked at him questioningly, and he knew she was asking him whether he had not had a good time, and he knew that she hoped he had.

"And thanks for helping with the dishes," Sylvia said. "Now be sure to come again."

Bill Harcourt said, when they were outside on Craigie Street, "I really didn't know I was getting you into anything like that. I guess the old man's right when he says you know how to get on with people."

There was no reason for Bill Harcourt to apologize. If Willis had said that he had enjoyed the party, he knew that Bill would not have believed him, and perhaps Willis had not actually enjoyed it, and he was not sure that Sylvia had really enjoyed the party either. He was not sure that she had even liked the pencil-and-paper games, but she had wanted him to come back again and she had known that Bill Harcourt never would. Willis never ventured to tell Bill that he went back to Craigie Street again the next Sunday.

A man is not whole and complete unless he owns a house and the ground it stands on. Men are created owners of the earth. Each was intended to possess his piece of it. —WALT WHITMAN

The summer preceding the winter that Willis had met Sylvia had been one of the happiest of his life. He had completed his first year at the Harvard School of Business Administration as one of the top men of his class. He was being trained as an executive assistant to Mr. Henry Harcourt, and he had been assigned a private room adjoining Mr. Harcourt's office, with a buzzer so that Mr. Harcourt could call him.

WHEN he had come under Mr. Henry Harcourt's personal supervision, Willis could not help seeing that he was regarded in a new light by everyone in the plant. The workmen he had always known were as friendly as ever. But it was different in the office, where people he had known through many summers now gave him appraising, suspicious looks. Willis could sympathize, because he had been pushed forward above the heads of many who had been working there for years. He knew that Mr. Briggs in the Sales Department disapproved of his promotion. Mr. Briggs had told him that he had worked at Harcourt for fifteen years before he had been pulled off the road to be assistant sales manager. Mr. Hewett had a more generous attitude, perhaps because he knew that his days at the mill were almost over.

His father's attitude was what disturbed Willis most.

"Son," his father said one evening, "I had a friend once, out in San Francisco. We'd been working together building dams for Pacific Gas and Electric, and then he joined up with Standard Oil. I remember when he took the boat to China. We had quite a lot of drinks the night before, telling each other what we were going to do, because we were pretty young then. Well, I stood on the pier seeing Bill off, and I had quite a head that morning. I was there watching the ship pull out, seeing it get smaller, and I knew Bill was going so I wasn't ever. Well, it's the same w Only just remember this one thing. E and then take a look at yourself, and sure where you're going. I can't tell cause I wouldn't know."

Willis always remembered that ex and he often quoted it afterward: Tal at yourself and be sure where you're might have been a good thing if he h more of a look at himself that sum when you're young, you simply go.

His mother felt, too, that she was on a pier watching him move awa hard for her sometimes to think that V all grown up and was doing so well. wished that Willis had time to see mo people, but she knew he was work hard. She wished that Willis would r much of Bess and Bill Harcourt, or so much. Sometimes she was afraid courts were making use of Willis.

THERE was certainly no reason for hi to have worried about Bess that sum had come out the winter before at a at the Copley-Plaza, and though W been invited, he had not gone, and mer she had nearly always been aw where. Thus Willis had only an o glimpse of her, and even then Bess w with other friends, playing tennis around the swimming pool. She wa tante, she said, and Willis must r look at her that being a debutante rible—no sleep, big dinners an around the dance all sorts of men abo you cared nothing to whom you had pecially nice or would not dance Then you were broken blossom a of it and the stag no attention to more, and Bess wait until she was blossom. Then Willis would see of each other as they had before—a thing. She knew that Willis unders she was glad that he was so unde

Her activities did not matter very Willis that summer, because he through a critical part of his develop was emerging from the stage of taki to giving them, or at least of transmit of Mr. Harcourt's orders and seeing were carried out; and it was necess this tactfully, without offense.

Actually Bess had hardly any ti him until late in August. It was just o'clock one Saturday, and the offic was already half deserted and every quiet outside because the machines ha at noon. Mr. Harcourt had left at noo told Willis to leave as soon as he ha his work. The telephone on his table he heard Bess Harcourt's voice.

"Willis," she said, "whatever doing?"

"I'm just here at the old salt min said. He was getting good at little that. "What are you doing?"

"Oh," Bess said, "I'm not doing anything. Willis, can't you come ove some tennis and have a swim?"

"You know I'm not much good a Willis said.

"It doesn't matter," Bess said. "I be comedy tennis."

"Is anyone else over there?" Willis

There was a short pause and then Bess laugh. "No," she said, "n There's just another boy here, but I home in a little while. Please come ov I haven't seen you for simply ages."

Willis had a mortifying memory o to get home and to prepare himself fi a late afternoon of tennis at the Br courts', and he was ashamed of his n in having the right things for the oc except a tennis racket. He selecte white shirt but not a new one, and course, and he left the soft collar o neck, and then slicked down his brushed it carefully. Then he put on

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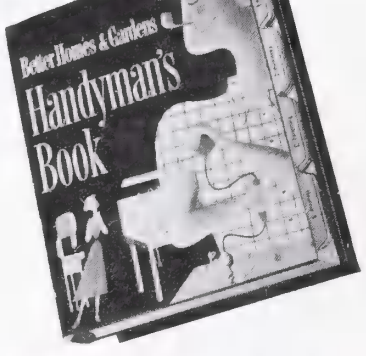


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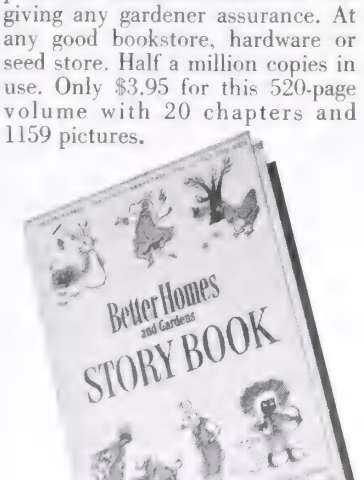


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t he had purchased that spring at
i Co-operative Society. His sneak-
maculate and he had a light pull-
r resembling one that Bill wore, of
ol and imported from England.
w himself in the mirror above his
was satisfied that he did not look
eless, athletic, and accustomed to
hing. Then he took a brief case from
a new and rather polished acquisi-
ch he packed a new set of underwear
r clean shirt to put on after swim-
one of his newer ties with

d when Willis finally built a court of
wanted a grass terrace with chairs
exactly like the Harcourts', and he
eysuckle on the back and side nets.
suckle would do, because he could
ber the smell of the blossoms on
ll afternoon.
man Willis had never seen before
n one of the wicker chairs close be-
The visitor must have been saying
hat amused her, because he heard
ner lightest, gayest laugh. She was
otton print dress with little flowers
le but not so simple as it looked.
hich always had a spun-gold look,
ck with a ribbon.
o, Willis," she said. "This is Willis
. I don't believe you've ever met
ou, Willis?"
ight. Willis' memory, already cul-
names and faces, told him that the
who had arisen quickly, had not
the friends of Bill and Bess whom
occasionally.
you do?" he said to Willis.
you do?" Willis said. "I'm glad to
's a nice day for loafing around a
, isn't it?"
e was Ewing, not difficult to re-
e was dark with closely cropped
a Harvard man, a clubman and an
like all those fellows who went to
and had learned to play all sorts of
was shorter than Willis and more
ade, but not a student type. He was
a nice smile. He was wearing white
's, not flannels and he wore a ribbon
ipes on it. He had a heavy coat of

y if I'm late, Bess," Willis said,
are pretty hectic these days at the

orks at the mill," Bess said to Ed-
ng. "Everything here revolves
mill—even me."
ven't been revolving here much
is said, and he laughed easily, "but
ou've been doing seems to have
ood."
illis," Bess said, "I didn't know
developing a line. Willis goes with
Harvard Business School, Ed."
ou?" Edward Ewing said. "I hear
place."

ughed again easily. "Quite an insti-
said.
, he even has a brief case," Bess
have you got in it, Willis?"
a change," Willis said, "in case we
if we do play tennis."
ainly look as though you wanted a
s said. "It's too hot and I won't
ahead and play, Ed, but hurry so
a swim."
t one set," Ed Ewing said, and he
racket from the wicker table. "It's
and I've got to get back to the
"
much good," Willis said.
no good either," Edward Ewing

," Willis said, "if it doesn't bore
aven't played all summer."
lk so much about it," Bess said.
's racket, Willis."
ld still remember each detail of that
nd when he did, he always felt the
humiliation. It was perfectly clear
he would go the moment Edward
all to him. Willis could still remem-
ert smacking sound of the racket
clumsy stroke when he drove the
net.

"Oh," he said, "sorry. Shoot me over another, will you?"

He was desperately anxious to make a good appearance, but the painful thing about it was that the harder he tried, the tenser he became. He was aware of a dull anger at himself, since it was only a game. He served rather well, because his strength partially compensated for the awkward half swing he had developed. He found himself fighting for every point in a desperate, breathless way.

"Oh, nice," he would hear Edward Ewing say. "Good shot!"

Nevertheless, none of his shots was good, and of course Edward Ewing knew it. The worst of it was that Willis was wringing wet and half blinded by the sweat in his eyes when the set was over, but Edward looked as cool as he had when they had started.

"Thanks a lot," Willis said. "I'm sorry I couldn't give you a better game."

"It was fine," Edward Ewing said, and there was something horrible about his forced enthusiasm. "It was exactly the sort of workout I needed."

Bess had not said a word, and Willis half hated her for her silence. She knew perfectly well how poor he was at tennis.

"You ought not to have put me in there with a champ," Willis told her, and he tried to laugh but his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"Why, Willis," she said, "don't be so serious. It was only a game."

The worst of it was that he could not manage to control his mood, or pass it off lightly, as he should have.

"Well, let's have a swim," Bess said. "It will cool you off anyway, Willis."

Willis looked straight at her before he answered, and she gazed back at him innocently. "Yes," he said, "I guess I need cooling off."

Bess ran ahead of them to the girls' dressing room while Willis walked to the men's building with Edward Ewing.

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"Nothing like a swim after tennis," Edward Ewing said.

"That's right," Willis answered. "Nothing like a plunge."

"Bess tells me you live on the place here," Edward Ewing said.

"That's right," Willis answered. "We live in the garden cottage."

"It's quite a place, isn't it?"

"Yes," Willis said. "It's quite a place."

It was beautiful to see Edward Ewing do the Australian crawl up and down the pool and then do a swan and next a jackknife dive. When Bess asked him, Willis said that Edward Ewing certainly was a good swimmer. It was beautiful to see Edward Ewing when he stepped out of the bathhouse ready to leave, dressed in a neat gray flannel suit and carrying a tennis racket and a small suitcase.

"I'll see you tomorrow evening, won't I, Bess?" he said.

"Oh, yes," Bess said, "and I'll see you off, Ed. Don't hurry away, Willis. I'll be right back."

It seemed like hours before Bess came back, and somehow waiting for her did not help his mood. When he saw her walking across the lawn, he noticed that she did not hurry.

"Willis," she asked, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Bess," he said.

"Willis," she asked him, "are you cross about anything?"

"Of course I'm not cross about anything," he answered.

"Oh, yes you are," she said. "I didn't know you'd get cross about a game."

"I'm not cross about any game or anything," he said.

"I wish you wouldn't try so hard about everything," she said.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "you're always trying to be so smart about everything lately. You're not the way you used to be."

"Well, you've changed too," he said.

"Maybe we both have," she said. you like to walk up to the pine wood supper? There's still time."

"It's pretty late now, isn't it?"

"Oh, Willis," she said, "I wish . never mind."

"What do you wish?" he asked he

"Oh, never mind," she said. " never gets you anywhere."

Willis could occasionally convince that there had never been anything se tween him and Bess Harcourt and tha always possessed a strain of hard sense which prevented his indulging i sible dreams about the future. He wa type who married the boss' daughter, was all there was to it.

By the Monday after the tennis gar were plenty of other things to think ab mill was undergoing a thorough rec tion, too long delayed, perhaps, but i markable how Mr. Harcourt handled sidering his age. Mr. Hewett had a sistant, a man in his late thirties nam man Percival who came from Toledo being groomed for Mr. Hewett's jo there were Bill Sobol, a new assistant Briggs in Sales, and Tom Powderm duPont's, who was made production a position hitherto unknown at Ha and half a dozen new salesmen were not to mention the new engineers. T was that Harcourt's, that summer, wa to be a small-town New England mi

THE changes were made under the a the Beakney-Graham Management C and Willis had never lost his respec capacities of that organization. A made their preliminary survey, they s one of their chief executives, Mr. Jo terick, to stay at the plant until the g meshed, and to recommend new pers

About a week after Willis had b summer work at the mill Mr. Harcou Willis to his office.

"Willis," Mr. Harcourt said, and W ticed that Mr. Harcourt was wearin carnation in his buttonhole, "I wan meet Mr. McKitterick, who comes t Beakney-Graham."

Mr. McKitterick, seated in one o wooden chairs beside Mr. Harcou had on a wrinkled blue serge suit a shirt with a soft collar, and he wo horn-rimmed spectacles. When Mr. introduced Willis, Mr. McKitterick himself slowly out of his chair, and W that he was six feet tall, just about height.

"This is Willis Wayde," Mr. Harc in his soft voice that could always ca the sounds of the machinery. "T McKitterick around the plant, Will want you to answer any questions no matter what—even about me, W

Willis could not understand why been selected for this job. It did not him until later that Mr. McKitterick amined him as closely as the mill.

"If you're ready, let's go," Mr. Mc said, and they walked through the h the office building with its handsome furniture without speaking until Mr terick stopped in front of the tall cl

"That's a nice piece," he said. " Godfrey in London, I take it."

"Yes, sir," Willis answered, "it's frey."

"How did you know?" Mr. Mc asked.

Willis had learned it from the offi tory of the English furniture and he that Mr. Harcourt took a personal i the antique furniture of the office bu

"How much did he pay for it?" Mr terick asked.

"A hundred and seventy-five pou Willis said. "Mr. Harcourt says that don't depreciate like new furniture."

"That's so," Mr. McKitterick they're good. How much did those ch I wonder?"

"Two hundred and seventy-five Willis said.

"Say," Mr. McKitterick said, "you pretty good memory, haven't you?"



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," Willis answered. "I can remem-
pretty well."
ole plant is quite a period piece,
come to think of it," Mr. McKit-
"Do you know its history?"
illis had begun to answer those
he had not realized how thor-
knew the Harcourt Mill, because it
edge that had come to him gradu-
ecause for years the Harcourts and
d been the center of his interest.
the man over there by that com-
Mr. McKitterick asked. They were
3 and he had to speak loudly. "He
a pretty good man."
," Willis told him, "he's good. He's
an. He's been here for twenty-five

know all these other people?" Mr.
k asked.
," Willis said, "of course I do."
o you get on with them?" Mr.
k asked.
get on all right," Willis said. "I've
st of them ever since I was a kid."
Mr. McKitterick said, "you cer-
v this place. How much do you get
k?"
five dollars, sir," Willis answered.
ght to get more," Mr. McKitterick
t's not a bad place to start. What do
of Mr. Harcourt?"
as not sure whether he ought to an-
ne remembered Mr. Harcourt's or-

he's twice as good as anyone else
is said.
lo you think's wrong with him?"
tterick asked. "There's something
everybody."
sn't much wrong with him that I
Willis said, "except that he never
ng go."
Mr. McKitterick said, "if he ever
, I wish you'd let me know."
," Willis told him, "but I don't
her job as long as Mr. Harcourt

t," Mr. McKitterick said, "let's get
e now. I haven't finished with you

Kitterick had finished by four in the
and Mr. Harcourt called for Willis
an hour later.
Mr. Harcourt asked, "did you
everything?"
ed him everything I could," Willis
certainly asked a lot of questions."
business to ask questions," Mr.
said. "What did you think of him,

saw anyone like him," Willis said,
ss he knows what he's doing. Any-
way, he knew who made the clock in the hall."

Mr. Harcourt's lower lip twitched and he touched it lightly with his forefinger. "Showing off," he said. "I wouldn't say it was necessary. When he was on the subject of antiques, did he ask about me, Willis?"

"Yes, sir, he did," Willis said, "and I didn't like it much."

"Never mind what you like," Mr. Harcourt said. "Just tell me what he asked."

"He wanted to know how good I thought you were."

"Well, well," Mr. Harcourt said. "Those people are always showing off. I'm better than he is, Willis—at least I think I am. I wonder if he offered you a job."

"He spoke about it, sir," Willis said.

"Well, I'd have done the same thing myself," Mr. Harcourt said. "And I suppose he knows how much I'm paying you?"

"Yes, sir," Willis said. "You told me to tell him everything."

Mr. Harcourt leaned back in his swivel chair. "I know I did," he said. "You see, Mr. McKitterick and I understand each other, Willis. He's here on a consulting fee of a thousand dollars a week, and I think he's going to be worth it. The next time you see him I wish you'd let him know I told you how much I'm paying him."

"Why, sir?" Willis asked.

Mr. Harcourt smiled. "Because I'd like him to know where you stand with me. I'm glad you've had a chance to see Mr. McKitterick. You made quite an impression on him."

That last remark made Willis realize that Mr. McKitterick had been asked to make a report on him among his other reports.

"I thought you knew me well enough yourself, sir," he said, "not to need anything like that."

Mr. Harcourt raised his eyebrows slightly. "Anything like what?" he asked.

Willis looked straight back at him. "I mean you didn't need to have anyone check on me," he said.

Mr. Harcourt nodded slowly. "I guess you're right," he said. "I didn't know you were learning so fast. Someday when you have people working for you you'll find they're quite an investment, in time and money and trouble. It's always wise to have a confirmation of your personal judgments, if you can get one. For instance, I always have an expert check my securities, although I think I'm a rather good investor. Of course I had Mr. McKitterick check on you. It's what he's here for."

Mr. Harcourt paused and tapped on his desk with his pencil.

"I don't believe in flattery," he said. "I will say, though, that I think you have quality. You're going to amount to something. I don't know exactly what, because everyone has de-



"Our daughter is coming home to live with us soon—she's getting married, you know."

Secrets from the **Sunkist Kitchen**

Snooping into America's food habits, our research staff finds that millions of American families now share our enthusiasm for tangy, fresh lemon juice on vegetables. No wonder! A wedge of lemon squeezed over spinach, broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage or string beans brings out their full, natural flavor, makes even canned and frozen vegetables taste *garden* fresh. *Try it!*



Here's one from Aladdin's book: First, brew a cup of piping-hot tea. Now, add fresh lemon to your cup . . . and something amazing happens. LOOK! Lemon . . . fragrant drops of fresh juice . . . works magic even your eyes can see: your tea turns instantly from brown to amber-clear. Taste it . . . you *know* it's different: tea at its fullest-flavored, every bit of bitterness *gone. Always* serve lemon with tea.

SEVEN-MINUTE HONEY FROSTING

3 tbsp. fresh Sunkist lemon juice
¼ cup honey ¾ cup sugar 1 egg white
Salt ¼ tsp. grated lemon peel

Combine all in top of double boiler over water at full boil. Beat with whirl-type beater 7 minutes or until thick. Take off heat and beat until firm enough to spread. Frosts two 8-inch layers. Easy, and so good!

New seasoning ideas: Does the stewed prune seem lowly and commonplace? Try simmering prunes with a little water and with slices of fresh lemon. *Delicious!*

You naturally think of lemon when you think of tomato juice. But a squeeze of fresh lemon works magic with other juices, too . . .

See how it points up the flavor of *bland* fruit juices such as apple, pineapple, prune and pear.

LEMON FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup fresh Sunkist lemon juice
½ cup salad oil 1 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt ½ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. celery salt ½ tsp. mustard

Mix together. Serve cold. Stir well before putting on salad. You'll like the appetizing tang that lemon gives French dressing. See how it brings out all the succulent garden flavor of vegetables and greens!

Baked a lemon pie lately? There are *ten* (10!) prize-winning lemon pie recipes in the Sunkist Lemon Pie Recipe Folder. It's free. Write: Sunkist, Section 212, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

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2. Instead of topping hot vegetables with a pat of butter, squeeze over them a generous wedge of Sunkist Lemon—and discover how magically fresh lemon enhances vegetable flavors! Try it!

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California-Arizona



fects. I'll tell you something, Willis, but don't let it spoil you."

Mr. Harcourt stood up abruptly and walked slowly around the desk.

"You and I aren't in the same age group," he said, "but we're head and shoulders above anyone else around here, Willis—at least in a business way. I can't buy you with money."

Willis cleared his throat. It was curious that he had felt no surprise. "You've bought me already," he said. "I guess you know it, sir."

"I got you cheap," Mr. Harcourt said. "I wouldn't like to have to buy you later on."

In April of his last year in the Harvard Business School, Willis had felt older than most of his contemporaries. Only a very few of them knew as much as he about the practical side of manufacturing. Yet you could not grow up all at once. He was still absurdly young and so was Bess Harcourt, too, when he called her up in April, 1929.

He called her from a pay telephone in a Harvard Square drugstore. He waited, rehearsing exactly what he was going to say, until he heard Bess Harcourt's voice.

"Hello, Bess," he said. "How are you? It's been a long while since I've seen you."

"I know," she answered. "It's been simply ages, Willis. Why haven't you been around?"

"Well," he said, "I wasn't sure whether you'd have time to see me."

"Oh, don't be silly, Willis." Her voice sounded light and warm. "You know I'd love to see you."

"Well, what are you doing Friday night?" he asked her.

There was a pause, and pauses always meant more over the telephone than anywhere else.

"Let's see. Why, I'm not doing anything Friday night."

Willis drew a deep breath. "I hear there's a good musical show at the Colonial," he said. "I don't know whether you've seen it or not."

"Why, no," she said, "I haven't seen it."

"Well, we might go to it," Willis said, "and have dinner somewhere first—say at the Ritz."

"Why, Willis, I think it's awfully sweet of you," she told him. "I think it would be lovely. What time?"

"I'll call for you at a quarter before seven," he said. "Now don't forget."

"Why, Willis, of course I won't forget."

He could not decide on Friday whether or not to wear evening clothes and he finally compromised on his best blue suit. He did not look as badly as he might have. Though he was still thin, his weight was catching up to his height. He had twenty-five dollars in his wallet, and the theater tickets in his inside pocket.

WILLIS changed from the Harvard Square subway at Park Street to a car which took him to Copley Square and thence he walked to the Bryson Harcourts' house on Beacon Street, not hurriedly because he wanted to arrive there at exactly quarter before seven, and he did so, to the minute. When the maid opened the door he saw that the dining-room doors were open and that the table was not set, which meant that Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Harcourt were dining out.

"I'm calling for Miss Bess, Tillie," he said.

"Miss Bess is in the sitting room," Tillie said. "She asked if you would please go up."

Willis had been at the Bryson Harcourts' often enough to know where the upstairs sitting room was. He ran up the stairs quickly, and there was Bess, standing in the center of a blue Chinese rug. She wore a black velvet dress and she had pinned on it the diamond-and-sapphire clip that her parents had given her on her last birthday. He had never seen Bess look better and it made him happy that Bess had gone to so much trouble.

"Why, Bess," he said, "you look wonderful."

She did not smile, nor hold out her hand.

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "I'm terribly embarrassed, but I know you'll understand, because we're such old friends. It's dreadful, but I simply can't go out with you tonight."

"You can't?" he heard himself repeating after her. "Why, what's the trouble, Bess?"

"Willis," she said, "I'm so glad it's you. I have another engagement tonight and I forgot until he called me up this afternoon."

"What made you forget?" Willis "Don't you write things down?"

She shook her head. "I should ha said. "Don't look so upset, Willis. W out some other time—any time at all."

It was unfortunate that she used tha "any time at all." He had an even tem he usually could keep his emotion control up to a certain point. If he pas point it must have had something to the taken-for-granted quality of her which indicated that she could do a she wanted with Willis Wayde.

"That's right," he answered slowl time at all."

He never did forget the relief that lig her face.

"Thanks, Willis. Thanks ever so she said.

"You don't have to thank me," swered, "but let me know sooner w find something you'd rather do."

He was glad he had looked straigh

"Willis," she said, "that isn't really."

"Listen," Willis said. "I'm not as all that, Bess. You're standing me u you?"

"I didn't know it would be like t said. "Willis, don't be angry. Please," voice dropped to a whisper. "*Please.*"

WHILE the sound of her whisper wa his ears, Bess Harcourt's eyes had and she was looking in panic at the op The front doorbell must have rung an of them had heard it, and now ther sound of quick footsteps on the stairs.

"Oh," she said, "hello, Ed."

It was the Edward Ewing with whor played tennis, and Edward Ewing, un self, was in a dinner coat.

"Edward," Bess said, "you rememb Wayde, don't you?"

"Of course I do," Edward Ewi "How are you, Mr. Wayde?"

"Fine," Willis answered. "I'm gla you again."

"I'm awfully sorry, Bess," Edwar said. "I wasn't able to get anythin Colonial. The time was just too short but we can go to a movie anyway."

Willis smiled again, though his face an ironlike feeling, and he reache pocket and drew out a small envelope

"It's a funny thing," he said. "I couple of tickets for tonight for that the Colonial. I just stopped in to as she didn't want them, because I have a report. It's due first thing tomorro ing. The Harvard Business School, yo

All at once he felt completely easy was amused by Edward Ewing's puzz

"Why, that's awfully nice. Are you don't want them?" Edward Ewing as

"Yes," Willis said, and he laugh solutely sure."

"I was taking Bess out to dinner," Ewing said. "Why don't you have di us before you go out to Cambridge?"

"That's very kind of you," Willis s I've really got to get back. Bess wou it if I stayed," and he laughed be could interrupt. "You see, her gran helping me through Business School got to get good marks."

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "why ca have dinner? It's such a good idea."

"Good-by, Bess," he said, and he his hand.

He had walked to Central Square was in the least aware of anything arc He could never forget his sense of hi adequacy. He knew that Bess Harc titude toward him was his fault as hers. He had always felt inferior to his inferiority had always fed her a He told himself that night that he wa with Bess and that he would neve again.

Two days later she sent him a lett sentences were still clear in his memo

Dear Willis: I am ashamed of wha other night and I have been wretched e don't know why it is that I sometim hurt you. I don't behave that way with ple, and I promise never to do it again. give me, and please—I'll be in the

and until Sunday afternoon—please see me. It's always better when we are ther. With love, BESS.

gh he made up his mind not to, of saw her that Saturday, but if you once, you were instinctively careful hurt that way again.

never could have explained exactly meant to him when Mr. Harcourt m to attend the stockholders' lunch- big house in June, 1929.

y the way, Willis," he said, "I have ning to give you a little present. five shares of common stock in the Mill made out in your name. Don't too much for them. Their par value ble. It is a necessary gesture, be- ant you to attend the stockholders' nd to be at the the customary It's time you of the more embers of the

been a long e Willis and rcourt had own from the oor upon the ders of the Mill. Things otly different use Willis had of being part ouse itself. It him that day as almost like ourt.

s standing on one porch by door smoking . "Thank God re," he said. a great weight nd."

at sort of Willis asked.

n I won't have an ass of my- said, "trying a lot of ques- can do all the

laughed. He walked into hall. Mr. and nry Harcourt ting there to e guests.

boys," Mr. said, just as Willis were a f the family. punch in the om, and Bill, u to see that Willis meets everyone." rcourt had changed very little. He s looked small and slightly frail and ot too old. He always had a bright He had reached a static, time- d like the house in which he lived, same was true with Mrs. Henry

, dear," she said, "I want to talk to minute after the guests have left. I are the only outsiders here—not really outsiders."

ET means that she's thinking of you eeper, Willis," Mr. Harcourt said. ing to talk to you about my general d ask that I don't overdo."

," Mrs. Harcourt said, "I wish you'd r what Doctor Blair said in Boston."

et, dear," Mr. Harcourt said, "I re- very well what Doctor Blair said. I'm not dead yet, though I dare say eople here would like me to be."

Henry," Mrs. Harcourt said, "who e to see you dead?"

bly my nephew, Roger," Mr. Har- d. "There's always a lot of solid a well-regulated family. Willis, I to be especially pleasant to Roger if l ask you about anything. Now, Bill, Willis go into the living room and e punch. It's very weak."

MORNING

By MIRIAM HEMMENDINGER

I sometimes wonder why we
set the clock.
We have less fragile and as
shrill alarms:
As certain as the hour comes
a knock
Close followed by two dogs,
three pairs of arms.
Then tempo shifts from idle
into high;
Still half asleep, I head toward
the stair,
Behind me sounds the mingled
morning cry:
"Can't find my shoe!" "Hey,
mom, what shall I wear?"
Like Alice's White Queen I fly
about,
Hot breakfast, lost and found,
and button-up,
Until some magic sends them
safely out,
And sends me in. Oh, lovely
"second cup!"
But count beside that blessing,
also this:
Four smiles, three hugs, one
slightly sticky kiss.

In the long dark hall Bill grasped Willis by the arm. "What's that about Doctor Blair seeing grandfather?" he asked.

Willis could only answer that it was the first time that he had ever heard of any doctor.

"BLAIR'S a heart specialist," Bill said. "I don't believe anyone's told father."

Willis knew that he was representing Mr. Harcourt in a way. He knew that it would be wrong for the news to get around suddenly and he told Bill exactly that.

Then they were in the living room and Willis was speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Bryson Harcourt. Mrs. Harcourt said it was wonderful that Willis was doing so well.

Willis shook hands formally with Bess Harcourt and Bess laughed.

"It's funny to see you here," Bess said. "You might almost be Bill."

"Oh no," Willis answered. "I'm just the handy man."

"Then don't look so superior," she said. "This isn't such a great occasion. Don't look so highly honored."

"I didn't know I looked that way," he told her, "but maybe it's a greater occasion for me than it is for you."

"Don't sound humble like Uriah Heep," she said. "You're always part way humble, and I hate you when you are."

"Maybe it's because I have to get along with all of you," he told her, and he felt his face flush. "I'm just a poor boy trying to get on."

Bess shook her head impatiently. "Well, don't have it on your mind so much. You know grandfather says I ought to have been Bill?"

"Well," Willis said, "you're not."

"No," she said, "I'm not. That's why I'm glad you're here. I'm glad we have some brains around."

Then Bill Harcourt interrupted them. "Who says I haven't any brains?" he asked.

"I did, stupid," Bess said.

"All right," Bill said, "but never mind it now. Cousin Roger wants to meet Willis."

Willis may have been too humble and too anxious to please in those days, but it was an insult to be compared with Uriah Heep, and Bess Harcourt's words had challenged his self-control. His nerves were still on edge when he followed Bill across the living room to where Mr. Roger Harcourt was standing.

It was the first time that Willis had ever spoken to Mr. Roger Harcourt, although he had seen him several times. Roger Harcourt was utterly unlike his first cousin, Mr. Bryson. He was ponderous and fat. His face was a soft pinkish white, and it had a petulantly childish expression.

"So this is Uncle Henry's factotum, is it?" Mr. Roger Harcourt said, in a voice that was incongruously thin. "I've heard a lot about you from Bryson and everyone. You don't mind if I call you Willis, do you, since you seem such a part of the family around here?"

"No sir," Willis said, "of course not."

"I'm just a family stockholder," Roger Harcourt said, "but I like to think I'm an interested one. Uncle Henry put you through Business School, didn't he?"

"He lent me the money," Willis said.

"I've a great admiration for Uncle Henry," Roger Harcourt said, "even if he has occasional whims that I don't agree with. I've always been predisposed against boy wonders,



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IF YOU doubt that it's good to be alive at 70, 80 . . . or even 90 . . . look about you. You will find many of our senior citizens at these ages "spry as larks" . . . living long and liking it!

Liking it? Yes, indeed! For much is being learned about how to make life's later years happy, active and rewarding. *Geriatrics* . . . the science of helping older people enjoy longer life . . . has contributed much to our brighter outlook on growing older. As research in this specialty continues, perhaps even greater gains in life conservation may be made.

In addition to the striking advances made in geriatrics and other health and medical sciences, the rapid rise in our standard of living has been an important factor in making life longer and more healthful. The effect of all these advances is highlighted by these facts:

The average life span for Americans is now 69 years.

There are now more than 13 million Americans who are 65 and older, and by 1960 it is estimated that they will number 16 million.

Specialists agree that when a man reaches his 65th or 70th birthday, his "age" depends not so much on the calendar as on his earlier health habits . . . especially during mid-life when so many of the chronic or degenerative diseases begin to develop. To help forestall such disorders, or lessen their effects if they should occur, authorities make this recommendation:

Go to your doctor for regular health examinations. He may be able to detect conditions of which you are unaware. Through prompt diagnosis and treatment, he may spare you serious illness later on and perhaps add years to your life.

In addition to regular medical check-ups, a healthy old age may depend on the living habits that you follow after 40. It is important, for instance, to control your weight through proper diet. It is also wise to slow down, to get your required sleep regularly, to take the type and amount of exercise that is best suited to your physical abilities and to follow a hobby that will help keep your mind sharp and alert.

There is no "magic formula" for a long and healthy life. However, experts agree that the person who prepares *early* has the best chance of getting more . . . rather than less . . . out of the years beyond 65.

Metropolitan has published a booklet to help you live long and like it. The title is "Your Future and You." Just fill out and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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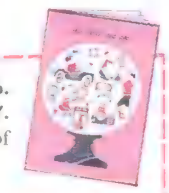
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but I've a feeling that you and I might get on quite well together, given time."

"I'm glad if you think so, sir."

"Someday before too long," Roger Harcourt said, "I want to devote a day to the mill. I'd like to have you take me around, if Uncle Henry can spare you."

"I'd be very glad to," Willis answered.

"This firm of experts we've been hearing about in the meeting—Beakney and Graham—who've been pulling and hauling things around. Do you think they're any good?"

"Mr. Harcourt thinks they are," Willis said.

"Now let me ask you another question. Did you ever hear of a firm called Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting?"

"Yes, sir," Willis said, "I've heard of them."

"You know they're a very large company, don't you?"

"Yes, I know that, sir," Willis said.

Of course Willis had to know about competitors. Roger was gazing at him fixedly, as though he were trying to read some secret.

"There's a rumor"—Roger lowered his voice—"there's a rumor that they're prepared to buy us out. Have you heard it?"

It was the second surprising thing that Willis had heard that day. "No, sir," he said. "I haven't heard a word of it."

Roger Harcourt laughed, but he looked as though he had learned something. "Uncle Henry said he hadn't heard either," he said. "Do you mind if I ask you one more question?"

"No, of course not," Willis said.

"I know you see Mr. Harcourt every day. How would you say he's feeling? I mean his general health?"

"I would say he's feeling fine," Willis said. He did not like Roger Harcourt, but he felt a reluctant respect for him.

"I'm relieved to hear that," Roger Harcourt said. "I'd hate to have anything happen to Uncle Henry, but time will march on."

Roger Harcourt smiled faintly, and moved away. It had been what you might call an exchange of information, guarded and watchful. If Mr. Roger Harcourt had learned anything, Willis had learned something, too, and he only wished he knew whether or not Roger Harcourt had intended him to learn it, but there was no time to think this over at the moment, because Mr. Decker was speaking to him.

"Well, well, Willis," Mr. Decker said, "so you're a stockholder now, aren't you?"

"Five shares, but I'm here for lunch."

"I saw Roger putting you on the stand," Mr. Decker said. "Well, Roger does that to everyone. Now it looks as though lunch is ready. Mr. Harcourt will make a sp guess. I always like his speeches."

The family and the stockholders r strange group in the dining room. The a veneer of good fellowship, but Wil sensitive enough to feel the small tensio and Bill and Bess sat far down the tab he could see Mr. Harcourt talking while his glance moved from face t He was a captain guiding a ship thr troubled sea.

When the coffee appeared, Mr. H tapped on his glass, softly as though h in no hurry. Then he rose from his ch glanced up and down the dining room.

"It is a pleasure to welcome you a today," he said, "as I have for so man and as my father did before me. This h a part of the Harcourt Mill and it has extended its hospitality to those who c mill, and I hope it will continue to do

He stopped, but he was not groping words.

"Most of us here are related and a too well accustomed to this small cer The Harcourt Mill has always been a business whose shares have never been distributed. We have lived from the H Mill"—he tapped his lower lip softly nearly eighty years.

"I think we have had a very successf I am glad to welcome a new face board—that of my nephew. Roger H should, perhaps, have been with us le fore, considering the size of his interest.

Mr. Harcourt coughed and smile there was a slight stirring about the ta waited until it subsided.

"Some of these words may sound ho those of you who know only too well t branch of the family is in control. Yet I have always listened to suggestion office door is always open, but I kno well I'm like the King of France who am the state.' Well, in a way I suppos but though times have been changin dividends have gone up. I think we are pretty sound position. I do not want like another monarch, 'After me the de

He stopped and raised his champagn

"Perhaps I've been here too long, but very well I can't be here forever. Ther be any deluge, if you hang together not to hang yourselves separately. An want to give you our customary toa Harcourt Mill."

Willis often wished later that he coul a speech as unpretentious and one that

Ask Any Woman

By MARCELENE COX

YOUNG daughter, Christmas shopping: "I'm having luck; I've found at least twelve things other persons can give me."

Legend has it that a farm woman once set a dish heaped with boiled hay before her menfolks. "Why, how did I know you'd notice? I've been cooking for you men for twenty years and in all that time I haven't heard a word to let me know you weren't eating hay."

Christmas vacation: the period when children arrive home from school with their roommates' clothes.

Three things that rise slowly: bread in a cold room; husband reading a newspaper; teen-age boy from a winter bed.

It's all right for the wolf to be at your door if you have a marriageable daughter.

About loud talkers my grandmother had this to say: "The bank with the fewest coins makes the most noise."

I have never—no, never—heard o good cooking listed as a cause fo divorce.

A family bought a new desk with a secret drawer, and the children imme diately acquainted the neighborhood with its location.

"My mother always had so much housekeeping to do," reminisced a young man recently, with regret in his voice. "When she had everything clear and shining she got out a comb and combed the fringe on the rugs."

The ins and outs of being a good guest are arriving and leaving on time.

Many a child has had a big lesson in honesty from watching a grocer walk back to the vegetable bin to get one more string bean, pea pod or potato.

A boy waiting for the right girl to come along is probably sitting in a car blowing his horn.

n Mr. Harcourt had finished every-
up together, but when someone
lap he raised his hand.
he said. "There's no need for ap-
everyone is finished, brandy and
in the library, and if anyone likes
e the grounds and flowers, but the
nesting. Don't go too near the

me for everyone to go, or almost
hen Willis remembered that Mrs.
ad asked to see him.
ut on the porch, Willis dear," she
ust a minute."
od on the porch that looked over
d trees to the river.
you think it was a nice speech?"
ourt asked. "He always says the
, doesn't he? And he didn't look
Willis, if you see him looking tired,
me from the office."
id that of course he would and that
speech himself. Then the veranda
d and there was Mr. Harcourt.
you coming out here," he said.
talking to Willis about the doctor,

' Mrs. Harcourt said, "I simply
to someone."
se everyone has to know eventu-
Harcourt said. "What was Roger
ou about, Willis?"
ted to know how your health was,
said. "I said that you were feeling

think he believed it?" Mr. Har-
illis said, "I don't think so."
court smiled his thinnest smile.
said, "I guess he understood that
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Simcoe Hose and Belting is going
ut," he said.
ht he might ask that," Mr. Har-
"I hope you looked surprised."
Henry," Mrs. Harcourt said, "you
me about that."
asn't any need to bother you about
" Mr. Harcourt said. "Roger's al-
g I'll sell out. What did you think
Willis?"

he's pretty clever, sir," Willis said.
ever but he's timid," Mr. Harcourt
on't like clever, timid people. I
have pleased Bryson by putting
e board."
' Mrs. Harcourt said, "don't you
ought to take a rest after the meet-
lunch and everything?"
," Mr. Harcourt said, "and we've
ere too long. Willis, you'd better
me."
accident no one was in the library
d Mr. Harcourt got there.
ell," Mr. Harcourt said. "I guess
gone outside, but they'll be back to
y. Would you like some brandy,
my father's brandy."
nk you, sir," Willis said.
u sure?" Mr. Harcourt asked him.
ll try a little. What's the matter,

not going to sell the mill, are you,
asked him.
indication of his own distress that
ventured to put such a question to
urt, and as soon as he spoke he
e should not have asked. Mr. Har-
poured out a sip or two of brandy
olved it slowly in his glass.
Mr. Harcourt said, "do you think
o sell out, Willis? Prices are high

I've said too much already," Willis

quite all right," Mr. Harcourt an-
ve always made it a practice to en-
reasonable proposition, and I'd do
ing if I were you."
d turned suddenly and his words
into silence. There was a discreet
the panel of the open door, and
that Selwyn was standing there.
elwyn said, "the gentleman has

Mr. Harcourt asked, "What gentleman?"

"The gentleman who you said was coming for dinner and for the night," Selwyn said. "Mr. Nagel, sir."

"Get him in here as quick as you can, Selwyn, and send his car away and don't take out his luggage. Couldn't he come when he's invited? You'd better go—no, stay here, Willis."

Selwyn was back a second later with a thickset man in his middle forties who looked like a football player, except for his immaculately pressed brown double-breasted suit.

"Well, hello, Henry," he said. "Have I barged into a garden party or something? I just drove out in a rented car. I thought we might have time to see the works."

"It's the stockholders' annual luncheon," Mr. Harcourt said.

"Oh," the stranger said.

"Willis," Mr. Harcourt said, "this is my old friend and competitor, Mr. Nagel, of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company. Take him into the study and lock the door and don't come out till I knock. And you'd better take the brandy with you."

It was like being thrown suddenly into a prison cell with Mr. Nagel, once they were in Mr. Harcourt's small study. Mr. Nagel moved restively, examining the shelves that contained Mr. Harcourt's collection of antique firearms and the old-fashioned safe that had Mr. Harcourt's father's name painted on it.

"Maybe you would like a little brandy, sir," Willis said.

"Say," Mr. Nagel said, "pour me out a slug, will you?" He tossed off the drink in a single gulp. "Oh, boy," he said, "I'd like to contact the bootlegger who sells this stuff."

"It's been in the family," Willis said. "It's Mr. Harcourt's father's brandy."

Mr. Nagel laughed in an affable, reminiscent way. "My old man didn't pass me on any heirlooms," he said. "I assume you're Mr. Harcourt's grandson, aren't you?"

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"No, sir," Willis said. "I work in the mill office."

"Is that a fact?" Mr. Nagel said. "What did you say your name was, son?"

"Wayde," Willis said, "Willis Wayde."

"Then you'll be old Alf Wayde's boy, won't you?" Mr. Nagel said. "Old Alf is the best engineer in the belting business."

"I didn't know you knew him," Willis said.

Mr. Nagel said, "Everybody in belting knows Alf. Say, if you're ever in Chicago, look me up. I'm still young enough to know what young fellows like, and I've got a lot of good addresses."

"Thanks very much, sir," Willis said.

There was a knock on the study door.

"I guess that's Mr. Harcourt, sir," Willis said, and when he opened the door he was surprised to see that Mr. Harcourt was not alone. Mr. Bryson Harcourt and Mr. Roger Harcourt were with him.

"You can come out now," Mr. Harcourt said. "I'm sorry to have kept you so long, Percy, but the guests were leaving. This is my son Bryson and this is my nephew, Roger, but I understand you've met them already."

"Hello, fellas," Mr. Nagel said.

"Let's all sit down," Mr. Harcourt said. "Percy, I thought it might be a good idea for Bryson and Roger to sit in on our talk."

"You won't want me any longer, will you, sir?" Willis asked. He thought that Mr. Harcourt had forgotten him. He should have known that Mr. Harcourt never forgot.

"I think I'd like to have you stay, Willis," Mr. Harcourt said. "It might not be a bad idea to have someone outside the family hear this conversation. Willis, pass the cigars."

There was a heavy silence and no one but Mr. Harcourt took a cigar.

"We all know why Mr. Nagel is here," Mr. Harcourt said. "Mr. Nagel has made an offer for the Harcourt Mill. I think it's a startlingly generous offer. The transaction would be an exchange of stock—one share of ours for two of Simcoe. The cash value would amount roughly to five million dollars."

"What's that?" Roger Harcourt asked. "Five million?"

Mr. Harcourt nodded. "It does seem high, doesn't it, Roger?" he said. "But then it isn't the mill that Mr. Nagel wants as much as the Klaus patents and some of our other processes. What do you think of the offer, Roger?"

Roger Harcourt's high voice held everyone's attention. "I imagine you know what I think already, Uncle Henry," he said. "It will be a relief for you not to bother any longer with a difficult business and a credit to you if you can sell at such a price. I think we ought to take it before Mr. Nagel changes his mind."

"I'm not changing my mind," Mr. Nagel said. "It's been one of my dreams to get this settled, personally."

Mr. Harcourt nodded and gazed at the end of his cigar. "Perhaps you're right, Roger," he said. "I've given this serious thought and I dare say you are right. Incidentally, I want to thank Mr. Nagel for his thoughtfulness and for coming here prepared to make final negotiations. Furthermore, he's been generous in other ways. He will undertake to manage the mill as it stands for three years and to do what he can for our key personnel after that, thus avoiding any sudden change. I think logically we ought to take the offer."

Mr. Harcourt's expression had not changed and it seemed to Willis that Bryson Harcourt looked startled, but anyone could see that Roger Harcourt and Mr. Nagel were relieved.

"If it's that way, Henry," Mr. Nagel said, "maybe I'd better get on the phone and let them know in Chicago."

"Just a minute," Mr. Harcourt said. "I'm afraid you misunderstand me, Percy. I've been thanking you, but we're not selling. This mill has made money for a long time and it's supported a lot of people here. I have an obligation to them, and I'm proud to say my son feels as I do. You agree with me, don't you, Bryson?"

"Yes," Bryson Harcourt said. "I'm right with you, father."

"It's old-fashioned, I know," Mr. Harcourt said, "but I'm glad my son's old-fashioned too. It would be easier to take our money and run, but you see, we've always belonged here. You don't understand me, do you, Percy?"

"That's right, I don't," Mr. Nagel said. "I think you're crazy, Henry."

Mr. Harcourt tapped his lower lip gently. "Yes," he said, "yes, I think perhaps I am. There'll be broken hearts tomorrow, but there are a lot more people working in the mill. Willis, ring for Selwyn, will you? Mr. Nagel might like to see his room, and then I'd like to take you for a walk, Percy, before it's dark."

WHEN a salesman in Chicago had been taken ill with appendicitis, Willis was sent to call on the Haverford people there, a firm that was one of Harcourt's best accounts. Mr. Harcourt insisted that Willis should go out to finish the sale. It was time that Willis began to move around, he said, and see the country.

You could never tell, until you tried, whether you could sell or not, and Willis immediately enjoyed the arts of logical persuasion and the elation that finally came writing down an order and finishing a d was a new adventure—the contacts wit people and the feeling that the firm's re tion depended on your judgment and beh Any executive, he always thought, should sales ability, because you could neve when an emergency might arise whe ability might be required. Things were m very fast, although Willis did not know it

Later Willis realized that Mr. Ha knew that his time was short. Mr. Ha was one of the best long-term planners had ever met. There was no dramatic of haste. In fact, there was no appre change in Mr. Harcourt. If he had mor ferences than usual with his lawyers, the were uncertain. He had been ready f crash of October, 1929. The truth wa anyone of Mr. Harcourt's ability was a face anything, and death was no excep

WILLIS believed that he was one of th people who knew that Mr. Harcourt w ing it. He had only a single glimpse o Harcourt's thoughts, and this occurred day he returned from that trip to Chica reached the mill office at half past two ca his new leather suitcase. Perhaps he have reported to Mr. Briggs first, sinc Briggs was the head of Sales, but inst stopped in to see Mr. Harcourt.

"Why, hello, Willis," Mr. Harcour "Put down you and sit down. talking to Jess ford on the tele this morning seem to have n happy impressi "I'm glad if went all right Willis said.

"I thought like traveling," Harcourt told "When I was there was not liked better tha ing around and places. I alway Chicago." The in his chair creaked as he leaned back always living in the future, somethi less and less inclined to, I'm afrai getting surprisingly fond of the present I mustn't keep you, Willis. You ough seeing Mr. Briggs now."

Willis rose, but Mr. Harcourt rai hand.

"I want to hear more about Chicago. you for dinner at the house tonigh paused a moment. "Bess is coming. half past six, so we'll have time to sit west veranda. I thought you'd like it if Bess for you."

Of course he liked it, but he was su even then that Mr. Harcourt shoul mentioned Bess.

"She's looking very pretty these day she?" Mr. Harcourt said. "And she's very direct. She said she'd love to come you were there."

You were always living in some fool dise or other when you were twenty-two he was talking to Mr. Briggs in the Sa partment about the Hartex belting th erford had ordered, a part of his mi still concentrated on what Mr. Harco just said. Why, Willis kept asking hims Mr. Harcourt said that Bess was glad t that evening if he would be there too his mind moved further, on the supp that what he thought was true. He co himself married to Bess Harcourt, liv house of their own on the Harcourt p part of the Harcourt family, as Mr. B son-in-law, assisting Mr. Bryson at th He could never blame himself for in in this fantasy. You always lived in so of fool's paradise or other when yo twenty-two.

The Harcourts were all on the west v

"Oh, Willis dear," Mrs. Harcour "we're all so glad you're back, are Bess?"

"Yes," Bess said, "we're pretty glad

The true rule, in determining to embrace or reject anything, is not whether it have any evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good. Almost everything, especially of government policy, is an inseparable compound of the two, so that our best judgment of the preponderance between them is continually demanded.

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s looking very pretty. It was a sort of
at had nothing to do with her fea-
made you forget their irregularity.
s a glow in her tan cheeks, and the
her yellow hair seem lighter and
ut the greenish color of her eyes.
," Mr. Harcourt said, "there isn't
for you always to ring the front
Bess and Bill don't and you needn't
only bothers Selwyn."
t see Willis not ringing a bell," Bess
ways think of him as ringing bells."
right," Willis said, "as long as I ring
h you, Bess."
Bess said, "this must be what comes
o Chicago."
vas no sharpness at all in the way she
ie seemed to know as well as Willis
Harcourt was watching them, but she
appear to mind, and when Willis
Martini that Mr. Harcourt gave
hing seemed possible.
he same at dinner—anything seemed

," Mr. Harcourt said, "tell us about
"

Willis began, "it's quite a place,
You know I hadn't been there since
er and I passed through it when we
here."
uriously, without having intended to
began talking about the only other
id been in Chicago and not about this
He told about visiting the farm in
the way to Chicago, and then about
and the luncheon at Denver at the
Mr. Harrod Cash.
haven't you ever told us any of this
illis?" Mr. Harcourt asked.
't know," he said. "It was quite a
."
you were talking," Bess said, "you
like what you're really like. You
feel I knew you."
ld not blame himself for being puz-
t still struck him as a strange remark.
ght to know me by now," he said.
ss I do," she told him, "but you
natural."
past nine o'clock Mr. Harcourt said
rry to break up such a pleasant eve-
t was time for him to go upstairs.
et's been signaling to me," he said.
, I'll go to bed now, Harriet. Good
ss, dear. You'll see her home, won't
s?"
vas only starlight, but both of them
place by heart. They walked down
o the third large beech tree that rose
f them like a still cloud, and then
y across the lawn toward the woods
ath by the brook.
," Bess said, "I do wish I understood
."

much of a puzzle," he told her.
ght to know that by now."
put your arm around me," she said.
s helps when you do that."
e put his arm around her, he remem-
other times when they had been
night together, but they had never
be as alone as they were then.
, tell me what you want," she said.
dy must want something and you've
me—never."
he said, "it's pretty hard to say it
e. I guess I want to get along. Maybe
at everybody wants, but you don't
ant it as much as I do, I suppose."
s a stupid thing to want." Her voice
low and so close to him that it
ike his thoughts as her hair brushed
is cheek. "Do you ever think about
s?"
he said. "Of course I do."
k about you, too," she said, "all
times when I don't expect it." She
r head against his shoulder. "I wish I
afraid," she said.
d of what?" he asked.
hat's going to happen to all of us—
old you that before. You remember,
?"
he said, "I remember, but there's
o be afraid of, Bess."
"—her voice was a whisper—"did
er say anything about me today?"

"Yes," he said, "a little."

"Well, what?" she asked him. "What?"

"He said you were looking very pretty."

They did not speak for a while, but their thoughts were very close together.

"I think he'd like to have us get married," she said. Everything inside Willis seemed to stop. "It would be awfully queer, wouldn't it?"

"Why would it be?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "It just would be. . . . Willis?"

"Yes?" he said. "What is it, Bess?"

"I'm awfully glad you're here, and I don't want you to go away. You mustn't go away."

"I won't if you don't want me to," he told her. "I love you. Do you love me, Bess?"

"I don't know," she said. "Oh, Willis, I don't know."

"Don't you know at all?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "sometimes. I do right now, but let's not talk about it now."

Then he saw the lights of the Bryson Harcourt house in front of him. There were cars on the driveway and there were people. He could hear their voices on the terrace.

"Willis," she said, "let's not go in right now."

He called up Bess the next morning from the mill and her mother answered the telephone. Bess had left that morning, she told him, to visit her school friend, Mary Adams, at Seal Harbor. She would be away for a week. Hadn't Bess told him she was going? He could almost believe that none of it had happened when he saw Bess again.

"Willis," she said when she saw him again, "let's not talk about it now. You know there's lots of time."

Of course he thought there was, when summer changed to autumn in 1929. He was behind the bulwark of the Harcourts then, protected from the financial repercussions of that autumn. Although there was a slackening of business, as Mr. Harcourt had foreseen, there



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was no demoralizing slide. Willis never realized until everything was over that he and the Harcourts and all the fabric of life around them had been moving through a period of catastrophic change, because everything had seemed to be going on a fixed and even course. He was like someone in the cabin of a ship, absorbed in the immediacy of pressing business while the ship was leaving land.

Mr. Henry Harcourt died on the sixth of April, 1930. Willis could never forget when he heard the news. Selwyn had called the garden house at half past seven in the morning, and Willis had answered the telephone. Mr. Harcourt had passed away quietly in his sleep. Mr. Bryson and Mr. Bill were already at the house, and Mr. Bryson wanted Mr. Willis to come over as soon as possible.

The weather that day was like early March—damp and cold and misty. The mist had made his face wet and drops of water were falling from the bare wisteria vines on the porch of the big house. He rang the doorbell, but when he did so he remembered that Mr. Harcourt had told him that there was never any need to ring it, and a lump rose in his throat.

"Mrs. Harcourt is upstairs, sir," Selwyn said. "It is a shock to madam, and he was so well yesterday."

Mr. Bryson and Bill were in the drawing room. Willis had never seen Bill look so pale and he had never seen Mr. Bryson so upset. When Mr. Bryson spoke, his voice choked, and he had to stop and begin his speech again.

"I loved him," he said, "and I know you loved him too. I don't know what we'll do without him. You've got to help us, Willis."

"Is the doctor here?" Willis asked.

"The doctor?" Mr. Bryson said. "Yes, Selwyn called Doctor Parkinson at once. I can't understand why he isn't here now."

"He'll be here, father," Bill said. "He was out on a call and they're trying to reach him."

"Yes, that's right," Mr. Bryson said. "I remember now. Where's your mother, Bill?"

"She's upstairs, father," Bill said.

"Have you called Mr. Decker, sir?" Willis asked.

"Decker?" Mr. Bryson said. "Why, no, and of course I should have called him. Bill, go and call up Mr. Decker. Ask him to come as soon as he can. There'll be all the arrangements, and the press should be notified, shouldn't it? But Decker can help us with that. What else ought we to do?"

"Perhaps I ought to go down to the mill, sir," Willis said. "Perhaps there ought to be some sort of notice posted."

"That's true," Mr. Bryson said. "Thank you, Willis. Tell Mr. Hewett, and wait for me in father's office."

"Yes, sir," Willis said.

"My car's outside. Have it take you down," Mr. Bryson said, "and then send it back. I'll join you there, Willis, with Mr. Decker." He stopped and his voice choked. "I keep thinking how much better father would do all this."

The news had reached the mill before Willis arrived. Old Pete Sullivan, the day watchman, was wiping his eyes with a blue bandanna handkerchief. Miss Minton, at the reception desk, was crying, Miss Jackman was in tears, too, and her tears wilted her, like a melting candle.

"And he was right here yesterday," she kept saying. "He was so well yesterday."

For a moment Willis stood irresolutely in Mr. Harcourt's office, trying to face the facts. He was only Mr. Harcourt's assistant, but at the same time he represented the Harcourt family until Mr. Bryson should arrive, and until that time he was obliged to give directions in Mr. Bryson's name.

"Perhaps you'd better tell Mr. Hewett that Mr. Bryson will be here in a few minutes," he said, "and ask him if he'd mind coming up here now. Then open the safe and bring in Mr. Harcourt's private files."

It was the first time in his life that he had ever deliberately assumed authority. For a few minutes, at least, he was the head of the Harcourt Mill, and he knew better than Mr. Hewett what Mr. Harcourt would have wanted. He was glad that Mr. Hewett did not resent his being sent for.

"MR. BRYSON wanted us all to meet up here," Willis said, "instead of in your office, sir."

Neither of them spoke for a moment and both of them must have had a vision of Mr. Bryson sitting in Mr. Harcourt's chair.

"How's Bryson taking it?" Mr. Hewett asked.

"He's very much upset, sir," Willis said. "Of course it was very sudden."

"I wish this hadn't happened when business was sliding off," Mr. Hewett said. "Bryson's pretty out of touch with things. There one to take over except me, and I've been in the front office. We ought t Briggs down, and we've got to get your f Miss Jackman, send for Mr. Briggs an Wayde. Let's see, what else ought we to

Willis was not used to indecision, beca had not existed in Mr. Harcourt's time.

"We'd better get a notice ready," he "I'll try to dictate one, sir, and we s prepare telegrams to the stockholders a family. Then Mr. Harcourt had cust coming up from Providence this morni

"You'd better see them," Mr. Hewet "Bryson won't want to. There ought some telegram signed by Bryson, and t have to be a stockholders' meeting."

THE mill's balance and equilibrium lost, and it seemed to Willis that he, n Hewett, was doing the thinking. Ever was under reasonable control when Mr son finally arrived with Mr. Decker. Hewett outline various steps the been taking, an Bryson sat in father's chair gazed at the po on the wall.

"We've all g pull together," Bryson said, " hope we'll make team, but I have much mind fo tails today, wha all the—the ar ments."

"That's all Bryson," Mr. I said. "We'll tak of everything. I I'd better see father's papers.

"You know, Bryson said, "I good for much today. Willis know better tha one what fathe doing. I authori to run the office just the way he have run it. J me know if an important com Mr. Decker and be very busy."

The funeral w at St. John's C in Clyde. Willis stood by the door wit Roger Harcourt and Bill and two of the wards, in his rented cutaway that was underneath his arms. He had memoriz arrangements and he was the one wh whispered to the others where the fami friends should sit and pointed out the fo from the mill and employees of over years' standing. Afterward he was aske the other ushers and the family to the and he remembered the gathering in the room, which Mr. Harcourt would ha joyed, especially because everyone wa viously thinking of the provisions of th

Actually the will had been surpr simple, since Mr. Harcourt had lon transferred large blocks of the mill st Mr. Bryson, Bill and Bess. After a of bequests to charities and to the ser the remainder of his estate, includir house on the Harcourt place, was left widow under trust for her lifetime. The only one provision that was peculiar Harcourt's remaining holdings in th were left to her outright.

Willis imagined that Mr. Bryson ar other members of the family must have surprised by this, but Mr. Bryson showed it. The mill, as Mr. Bryson state letter to the stockholders, would co under his direction in accordance with tion and with his father's expressed wish

"Willis," he said, "I want you to be same position with me that you were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

Edited by John M. Henry

If they go into the park, and sit on the freshly painted bench, and only he gets paint on his clothing, that's love.

JIM CORNWELL,
in Stanton, Nebr., Register

What this country needs is a good five-minute bathroom.

GLEN BABB,
Minneapolis, Minn.

When you can see no end to your troubles, remember a diamond is only a piece of coal that has been hard pressed for a long time.

FAYE NIXON SPEER,
in Indianola, Iowa, Record-Herald

You are young only once. After that you have to think up some other excuse.

BILLY ARTHUR
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I don't know where the money goes these days. It takes twice as much to live beyond my means as it used to.

ARTHUR CRONKHITE,
Springfield, Ill.



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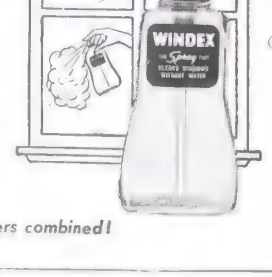
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2. PARD provides the equivalent in human nourishment of a roast beef dinner with green beans and mashed potatoes.

3. PARD is extra-rich in beef protein, beef fat, vitamins and minerals. It contains no "fillers."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

father. I've been rather out of touch with things, but you'll back me up, won't you?"

"Yes sir," Willis said. "I'll do the best I can."

"I'm going to try to induce Mr. Roger Harcourt to advise me with the management," Mr. Bryson said. "Roger has a very good head for business."

Willis knew even then that it was a ridiculous way to divide authority. If he had been thirty-five, he could have told Mr. Bryson what he thought, but not when he was twenty-two.

"You're the boss, Mr. Harcourt," he said.

Mr. Bryson slapped him on the back. "Don't say it that way, Willis," he said. "You and I are old friends. If you were only older, I'd ask you instead of Roger to help me out, but you can help us both."

"Yes sir," Willis said. "I'll do anything I can."

That ensuing year at the Harcourt Mill was a history of confusion and a falling off in business, and all sense of security was gone.

Any organization, as Willis knew now, should have its second team ready to take over in case of sudden change, but there were simply no substitutes at the Harcourt Mill ready to move in and close the ranks, because Mr. Harcourt's efforts to infuse new blood had come too late and Mr. Bryson and Mr. Roger had been utterly unprepared. There was only one thing that saved the situation. Mr. Henry Harcourt had always been conservative in paying dividends, and thus for years some of the earnings had gone into surplus. As the Harcourt Mill entered the depression, its cash reserve was so large that its directors could have voted dividends for several years if the mill had not earned a cent. The surplus had been large enough to carry subsequent loss, but watching Mr. Bryson in the office was like watching an unskilled artist endeavoring to finish the canvas of a master, and winced at every bungling stroke. In Fe Mr. Bryson lost the Haverford acco February, Mr. Hewett announced that retiring, and a week later Mr. Brigg reled with Mr. Bryson and handed resignation.

On March 2, 1931—a date that Will forgot—he found a letter from Bess H on his desk with the other mail. Wi pleased to see that it was a longish lett

Dear Willis: It's been quite a long wh we've seen each other, hasn't it? So much happening that I want to talk to you abo mother has been so busy with plans haven't been down to the country for age dear, I know I ought to say this to you in writing, but I do want you to hear my n instead of learning it from someone else. sort of a hard letter to write, Willis dear seem to understand how this all happened because it happened so suddenly that it's all of a heap. I keep trying to think how Well, I guess I'll have to say it in any old

Willis dear, I'm going to get married a it is. Edward Ewing asked me to marry terday. I wonder whether this surprises much as it did me. Of course I've seen Edward but somehow I never really exp If I had, I promise you I would have tol never knew until he asked me that it m been what I always wanted. Anyway, it's swer to everything for me. I never thoug could be so happy.

I'm so happy that I want everybody el particularly you. I seem to care more ab than I ever did, but in a different way. nothing would have worked with you and maybe you'll understand what I mean us both to be happy. It isn't going to nounced until next week. Edward and I ing down then and we both want to see ward likes you very much—he really doe

Willis put the letter in his pocket, to read the rest of it later, but he ne around to it. He felt perfectly cool a possessed, but at the same time he longer a part of the Harcourt Mill, did not seem to feel either glad or so only knew that he was not the same that he had been before he read that

It was strange how everything so happened all at once. What occurr sheer coincidence, but the result wou been the same in any case. Willis had Harcourt's letter in his pocket, and his desk telephone rang.

"Say, Willis," his father said, "has come in yet?"

"No, not yet," Willis said.

"Have you got his engagement ca I'd like to have ten minutes with him.

"Yes," Willis said, "I've got it he can see him at ten-fifteen."

"That'll do," Alfred Wayde said. you got a minute, Willis?"

"Yes," he said, "I've got plenty o

"Then come up here," Alfred Way "I want to see you."

His father was in his office in the E ing Department. He was in his shirt sl usual, smoking his brier pipe.

"WELL, sit down, boy," Alfred Way "but before you do, open the upper-l drawer of my desk. You'll find a b prescription rye in there. I keep it for usually, but I'll have a little myself righ

Willis handed it to his father.

"Willis," he said, "when I see you pressed pants, it makes me pleased haven't always lived right. I don't you'd like a pull of this, would you? might smell it on your breath."

Willis laughed. "I don't mind if I now," he said.

It was one of the most surprising an antest things he had ever done, to tak of straight rye whisky at nine o'cloc morning. He was certainly not the sa son that he had been before he recei Harcourt's letter. There was no con to be careful any longer with his ma his speech, no compulsion any longe to model himself after other people. H not say that he was happy, but he d a sense of intense relief and self-as that he had never felt before.

"Have you got a cold or something on, Willis?" his father asked.

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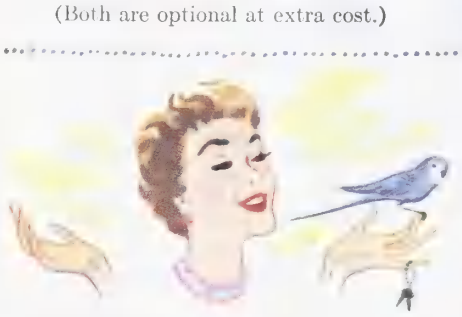
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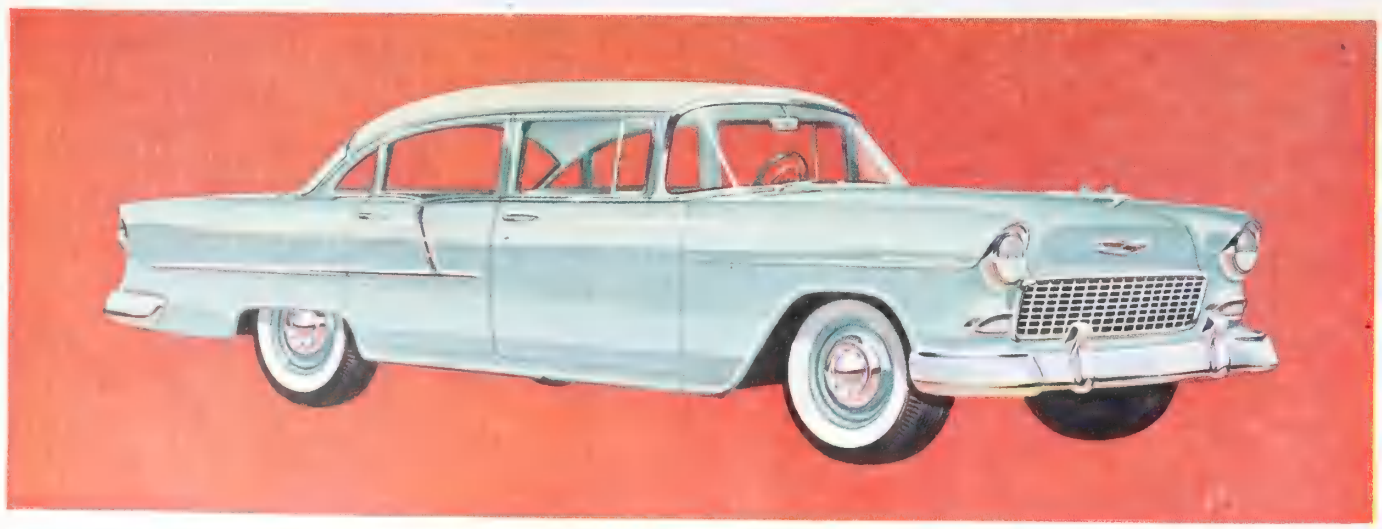
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A NEW **CONCEPT** OF LOW-COST MOTORING

e said, "I'm feeling fine. What do
o see the boss about?"
what I wanted to tell you," Alfred
d. "I'm fed to the teeth and I'm
ut your mother and me and the
the car and light out for the West
ver could stand Bryson."
so?" Willis said. "When did this
you?"
n growing on me, boy," Alfred
d. "I don't know why I've hung
e so long."
se you did on account of me,"

," Alfred Wayde said, "I had to go
ou could get an education. Well,
it, son."
Vayde filled his pipe and lighted it.
rse there was old H. H.," Alfred
id. "He could always talk me
enever I got ready to quit. Every
f mine is owned by this company.
, but what has it got me? No more
r six thousand dollars in the bank
ondhand jalopy. Old Harcourt's
ike a drunken sailor, son."
o you mean, he's rolled you?" Willis

Vayde's voice grew louder, and an
Willis would have been afraid that
night overhear him.
ho was old Harcourt?" Alfred
s saying. "What did he ever do ex-
use of other people, and that's
aught you to do. Frankly I'd rather
key wrench and a book of loga-
hell with it! That's all I'm saying."
," Willis said, "you certainly are

u act as though you understood
ce," Alfred Wayde said. "Maybe
't had all the sense sucked out of
t owe these Harcourts a thing, and
either. And just who the hell is
rcourt?"
t, pa," Willis said, "just who the

r like your attitude today, son,"
de said. "Maybe you'd amount to
if you could play around with the
, anyway, I'm getting through."
u sure you are?" Willis asked him.
lfred Wayde said. "I'm sure."
a," he said, "I guess I'm quitting

moment in his life of which he was
ud, because he had learned some-
t the quality of decision then which
er forgotten.
u mind if I use your telephone a
e asked.
llou ran the mill switchboard, and
at she would listen, but he did not

morning, Miss Ballou," he said.
illis Wayde."
. Wayde," he heard her say, "I've
to reach you. Mr. Harcourt wants
way."

aid, "I want you to make a call for
arge it to me because it's personal.
ork City." His words were distinct
ried. "To the Beakney-Graham
nt Company. I want to speak to
tterick personally. Call me when
n, please. I'll be in the engineering
r. Wayde's extension."

ver expected to see Bess Harcourt
ft, and it was only due to Bess that
eet. He had written her a note on
ay he received hers, which he tried
lly to make agreeable, because any
pique and bitterness would have
appear ridiculous:

s: It was more than kind of you to
e your good news so soon. I do not
hat I am delighted in your happiness,
of course, write Edward Ewing to con-
m. I hope you won't mind my saying
hall always cherish the memory of the
ve have had together, and of the kind-
you and Bill and your father and
e always shown me. I am particularly
se now since, as you may have heard,
two weeks we shall all be leaving the
se where we have lived so happily for
so long—my father and mother for the West Coast, and I for New York. But wherever I shall be, I shall always remember the Harcourt place, and the old mill, and all the Harcourts, with deep affection.

Again, with all best wishes for your happiness, most sincerely your friend, WILLIS.

He knew that everything was over as soon as he had mailed the letter—the Harcourt place, and his days at the Harcourt Mill, and every episode with Bess. They were already on one side of the line and he was on the other, when he saw Bess again, just the afternoon of the day before he left the Harcourt place for good. There was a strange coincidence in his meeting Bess, because they met face to face, unexpectedly, on the same path by the brook where he had first seen her years before. He and Bess were both dressed for the city, Bess having come up just for the day from Boston, and he had packed an hour or so before. There was the moment of surprise in their encounter combined with a vivid sort of curiosity, but he was not embarrassed.

"Willis," she said. And he was acutely aware of her green-blue eyes and of the wind-blown look of her tawny hair.

"Why, hello, Bess," he said.

"Willis," she asked, "were you thinking of me, on this path?"

It annoyed him that she should still think she was the center of all his thoughts. However, there was no reason not to be frank, now that he no longer owed the Harcourts anything.

"I don't know what you want to see me for," he said.

"Oh, Willis," she said, "I wish there was something we could do about everything. I just wanted to have a talk with you."

"I don't know what you want to have a talk about," Willis answered.

"Oh, I don't know either," Bess said, "except that I want you to have some sort of kind feeling about me, Willis, even if you think I've been rotten to you, and I have."

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"Why, Bess," Willis said, "you needn't worry about anything like that. I have the kindest feelings about you."

"You know you haven't," Bess said. "You're just trying to have—don't you see I couldn't help it, Willis?"

"Of course you can't help it, Bess," Willis said, "and I'm sure you're doing the right thing."

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "I wish you wouldn't be so complacent, just as though you never liked me. That's one of the things that put me off you—your complacency. Oh, Willis, let's go up to the pine woods just this once."

Willis could not remember whether he had been shocked by this suggestion or surprised, but it was exactly like Bess Harcourt to have made it.

"And don't say it wouldn't be right," Bess said. "To hell with its being right."

"Bess," Willis said, and he was able to laugh at her for once, "it would not only not be right, but it wouldn't do any good."

"At least we'd feel more kindly toward each other," Bess said, "and more human, and it would be a good way of saying good-by. I wish you were more human, Willis."

"Now, Bess," Willis told her, "I still don't think it would be a good idea—and you won't have to worry about my personality defects any longer."

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "I don't want to get into an argument. I just feel miserable about everything. You know father doesn't want you to leave. He feels very upset about it. In fact, he wants me to try to dissuade you, Willis."

"Your father said a great many very kind things to me," Willis said, "but you know it's better that I leave." And then for just a second he was angry. "What can you expect? What do you think I'm made of, Bess?"

"Oh, Willis," Bess said, "I know, but I don't see what we're going to do without you."

It was like them all, he was thinking pect him to stay because they could without him.

"The mill's going to get along," Will "No one's indispensable, particularly And then he was able to laugh again haven't found me indispensable."

"Oh," Bess said, "the trouble is know *what* I've ever found in you."

She must have known as he did tha ing could be gained by talking any

"Well," she said, "good-by, Willis.

"Good-by, Bess," he said, "and once all sorts of good luck."

"Oh, Willis," she said, "aren't you to kiss me good-by—after everything

He could always think of that mom belonging entirely to Bess and him, never was anybody else's business.

"Why, yes," he said, "if you want

"Damn it," Bess said, "why should asked you to, if I didn't?"

But he was no longer a follower Harcourts when he kissed her.

Bess said, "I wish we'd gone up into t woods." And then she began to cry.

"Now, Bess," he told her, and her te not move him very much, "there's not cry about. You'll forget me an hour from

Still, it was always something to rem that Bess Harcourt had cried when

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good-by to her, and that was some time her marriage to Edward Ewing.

One Saturday afternoon in mid-May Willis Wayde met Sylvia Hodges on Avenue. He had not seen her since left Cambridge about seven years prev and they would have passed each othe out speaking, if he had not possessed cellent memory for names and faces.

Mr. Beakney had been giving a lu in the University Club for Mr. Nat H of the Hawley Pneumatic Tool Comp Cleveland, and two others of the crowd. Mr. Beakney had asked Joe Mc ick and Willis Wayde to attend this sm together, because Mr. McKitterick and would probably go to Cleveland to sur setup there, and Willis' special task make the stay of Mr. Hawley and the crowd a happy one while they were i York. That evening it was his duty the whole Hawley bunch to a din "Twenty-one" and then to the theater a musical comedy which Willis had a seen seven times with other clients. T Sunday morning he was to accompa Hawley crowd by motor to Mr. Bea home on the Sound near Darien, Conn

It was half past three in the afternoo Willis left the luncheon group, and the nothing for him to do between then a forty-five. He must have had some i taking a quick walk in the park, beca turned uptown. When his glance fell o girl walking toward him, he did not ren her at first. It may have been her quic pace or the awkward cut of her tweed he never could remember what it w first attracted his attention. Her mou hardly a trace of lipstick, and someh unkempt look of her dark hair made he distinguished. Then he had a sense of seen her somewhere else.

"Why, hello," he said, and there cordial lift of his voice. "Why, hello, Hodges."

This was a technique that he had recently, of using the full name in g

…n you were not sure whether the …ght not be too informal.
…e said, "you're Willis Wayde."
…ssed it the first time," Willis said, …ed.
…think of seeing you here in New …said, and her voice still had its …and insecure quality.
…e we are," Willis said. "Are you …r long?"
…" she said. "I'm working at …ith some research there."
…a," he said. "Well, that's fine. I'm …e myself, but not at Columbia. …u doing now?"

"Why," she said, "I'm doing some research in sociology for Professor Gilchrist."

"I mean what are you doing now?" Willis asked.

"Oh, I just came downtown to look at the shops," she said. "Gilchrist doesn't work on Saturday."

"Well, if you're just out for a walk," Willis said, and he felt relaxed and friendly, "how about having a cup of tea at the Plaza?"

"The Plaza?" she repeated after him. "I've never been to the Plaza." The way she said it indicated that the Plaza was something she had always wanted to see.

"Well, it's time you went there, then," he said. "The Plaza is a bit of old New York, you know. I always like the Oak Room there for an after-the-theater snack, and you can't help liking the palm court and the fountain and the little tables. It's rather French, you know, but still it's old New York."

"Well," she said, "thank you. It would be nice to go there with someone who knows so much about it."

"Oh, I don't know so much," he said, "but I do go there occasionally. No one can ever learn *all* about New York, but I've been here long enough to learn a little. For instance, there's Bergdorf Goodman's, which stands on the site of the old Vanderbilt mansion. Those are nice summer dresses, aren't they?"

They both stopped to look at the pallidly slender figures in chiffon gowns.

"I hate to think what those things must cost," Sylvia said, and Willis laughed easily.

"So do I," he answered. It was very pleasant to be able to be kind to Sylvia, and he could extend his kindness in imagination. "I'd like to see you in that—er—green gown," he said, and hesitated because he didn't know whether or not "gown" was the word for it.

"So would I," she answered. It was a useless thought, of course, but it had the quality of Cinderella and the coach.

"There's never any harm in wishing," he said. "Very frankly, it's an idea of mine that if you wish for something hard enough and often enough, it might come true sometime."

"Do you really think so?" she asked him. She looked at the dresses in the window.

"Yes," he said, "at least that's my theory at present."

He was glad that he had thought of the spacious, decorous order of the Plaza. There were very few people in the palm court, and the music had not started yet. Although he did not know the captain, Willis greeted him as though he did.

"I think the lady would like to sit a little nearer the fountain, if you could manage it," he said. "Will it be tea or would you rather have something to drink, Sylvia?"

"Oh, tea, thanks," Sylvia said, "and an English muffin and marmalade."

He watched her take off her gloves and fold them carefully. He said, "I hope everything's all right in Cambridge."

"Oh, Cambridge," Sylvia said. "It's the same old place, but there comes a time when you want to be independent, don't you think so?" She looked at him with a timid smile.

"I've always thought it must be difficult for a girl at home after she's finished with college and everything," Willis said. "I hope your mother and father are well."

"OH, yes," she said, "they're doing splendidly. Father was made president of the Geological Institute last year. He makes fun of it, but secretly he's pleased, and his book—did you know he had finished his book on the Devonian ganoids?"

"No," Willis said. "Well, that's fine. How's your sister?"

"Oh, Laura," Sylvia said. "Laura's teaching Latin in a very snooty girls' school in Connecticut, and Tom's in a law office in Boston. He's engaged to Mary Smythe. Did you ever know Mary Smythe in Cambridge?"

"No, I don't think so," Willis said. "I never got around much when I was in Cambridge."

"Well, let's just remember that we're here," Sylvia said. "I really thought for a minute you were a handsome stranger trying to pick me up. Tell me all about yourself and what you're doing and everything."

"Oh, there isn't much that's interesting about me," Willis said. "I'm working in Beakney-Graham and Company. It's a management concern."

Sylvia Hodges looked at him with bright attention. "I suppose I ought to know," she said. "What is a management concern?"

"Well," he said, "frankly, it's sort of like an industrial doctor's office. If someone is having trouble running his business, he comes around to us for assistance, and we tinker with the organization, and it's a real industrial education, but I'm afraid it all sounds boring."

"Oh, no," she said, "but I still don't see exactly what you do."

"That's the fascinating part about it," Willis said, "because we do almost everything. Personally, I'm assisting one of the big shots, Mr. Joe McKitterick, and I go with him on jobs all over the country. A while ago we were down South with a fertilizer company, and before that we were up in Minnesota with a pulp mill, and when we're not doing things like that I'm writing reports or entertaining clients."

"I don't see why you say it sounds boring," Sylvia said. "You certainly look as though you were doing well." It was the first personal thing she had said, and he laughed.

"You have to look that way if you work in Beakney-Graham," he said. "You have to look as though you knew all the answers in the book."



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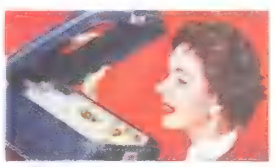
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"You're certainly different from what you were in Cambridge," she said.

"I guess I was pretty provincial when I was in Cambridge," Willis said, "but I don't think I've changed much, basically."

"Oh," she said, "maybe it's because you have to know the answers. I wish I knew the answers to anything."

"That's funny," Willis told her. "I always thought you did."

"Oh, no," she said. "I must have been terrible. You see, I was in love. A girl is always terrible when she's in love."

"Why, I never thought you were terrible," he said.

"I don't suppose you did," she answered, "because you never really thought of me at all. Would you like another cup of tea?"

"Thanks," Willis said, "I would enjoy another cup," and his mind moved awkwardly as he thought of something else to say. "It's a good thing, getting over being in love with someone. It clears the decks, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Sylvia Hodges said, "it sort of clears the decks. Let's talk about something else."

The orchestra had begun to play as they were talking, but Willis had not been aware of the music until then. It was true he had never thought of Sylvia Hodges as a person separate from her environment.

"Suppose you tell me what you really want, I mean out of life and everything," she said.

"Out of life?" Willis repeated after her.

"I know it's a silly question," Sylvia said, "and probably it shows why I'm not good at talking to men. I always say something like that and it drives them off."

"Well, everybody tries to figure what he wants out of life. I've given it serious thought personally, but I don't want to bore you."

"It won't," Sylvia said. "Just looking at you makes me curious, because you look so happy and so sure of everything."

"Well," Willis said, "I'm glad you think I look happy, but I wouldn't say I am, entirely. Actually—to draw an inventory—to get ahead, and eventually to be r boss, with a business of my own home of my own, of course, and a fam my main problem just at present is to ge and that's quite a game in this tow had forgotten about Sylvia, being lo second in his own imagination, but acutely aware of her when he paused. leaning toward him listening, and it first time he had ever thought of her a looking. "Well, that's my picture and your turn. If you had a wish what wo wish, Sylvia?"

He saw her hesitate, but the light left her face.

"I'd like to want about what you d said, "but a girl can't get any of thos by herself, you know. I'm awfully tired poor and bright." She gave her head shake. "If I were to tell you what I w now, you'd think I was an awful fool.

"Oh, no," Willis said. "Tell me."

"All right," she told him, "I want th dress in Bergdorf Goodman's."

The Plaza was not a bad place for he often thought afterward. The voi the music made Willis gay and reckl

"Personally," he said, "I've been to buy an automobile all day, and driv country with the top down."

"Have you?" she asked him. "Reall

Nothing that he was thinking mad sense. He could never analyze the rea hind the decision that he made, and h cared to try to explain it.

"Listen," he said, "if you want tha we'll go over and buy it."

"Don't be silly. Of course I can't d she said.

"You can if you want to," he t "We'll buy the dress and then we'll bu It might be a very good idea if you ar what we wanted for once."

"Willis," she said, "don't be rid I hardly know you, and of course I c do anything like that."

He smiled at her. He had often con large sums of money in the abstract, had never realized so definitely and co exactly what money meant.

"Sylvia," he asked her, "what's the Are you afraid?"

"No," she said, "of course I'm not only—what would people say?"

"No one needs to know," he said, nodded to the waiter and asked him check.

He was Willis Wayde again as soon were out of the Plaza, and Sylvia though she did have a good figure, plain and rather pale. She would have much better if she had worn more

"You know I can't let you buy me a Sylvia said, and it no longer seemed now they were out of the Plaza.

"I DON'T suppose you can," Willi "but just the same I'm glad I asked y

"Well," she said, "it's been awful seeing you, and thanks for the tea. ought to be going now."

"But you haven't told me where you Willis said. "Can't I come up and call sometime?"

"Oh, I live in an apartment with a girl," she said. "You don't want to again, do you?"

"Yes," he said, "seriously I want to she gave him her address and telephon ber. "But I am going to buy an autor even if it's a cheap one."

"Then I'll go with you," she said. "I to see what it's like to buy one."

Willis' five years in New York with ney-Graham and Company had molde into the man he still was. He had ris gradual steps from the ordinary employ the office to a first-rate junior executiv he had started from the bottom. It wa fusing to him that Sylvia Hodges shoul disturbed his assurance that afternoon

Reaction swept over him when he w his apartment on West Tenth Street to and change before meeting those clients Waldorf. Willis lived on the third floor of those old brick dwellings that he li

The richer your lotion—the smoother your hands!

Trushay is richer in protective ingredients than any other leading hand lotion

Yes, Trushay's formula is *extra-rich* in beauty oils! That's why it gives your hands such perfect care . . . brings your skin new loveliness so *many* ways!



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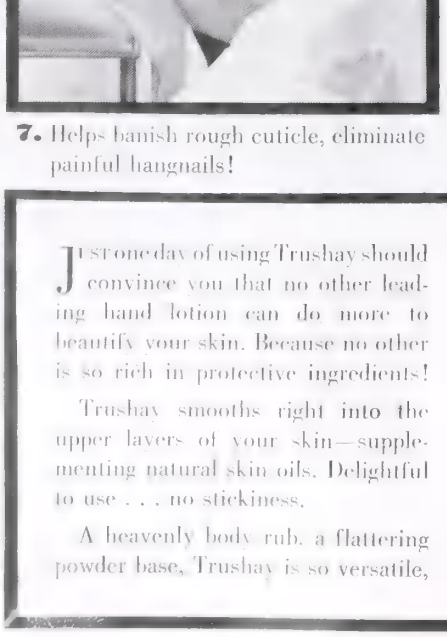
4. Smooths those rough spots—elbows, knees, heels!



5. Makes a fragrant, luxurious body rub!



6. Comforts chapped, cracked, red skin!



7. Helps banish rough cuticle, eliminate painful hangnails!



8. Softens, beautifies—a quick, flattering powder base!

9. Trushay Lotion gives your skin that lovely silken smoothness!

Just one day of using Trushay should convince you that no other leading hand lotion can do more to beautify your skin. Because no other is so rich in protective ingredients!

Trushay smooths right into the upper layers of your skin—supplementing natural skin oils. Delightful to use . . . no stickiness.

A heavenly body rub, a flattering powder base, Trushay is so versatile, you'll probably want *two* bottles—one for the kitchen, one for your dressing table.

TRUSHAY®
LOTION



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

ons." His room reminded
ionally of the Harcourt
the Harcourt house was
standard of his tastes. This
been in his mind when he
d around for secondhand
nd rugs, at a time when it
ssible to pick up Victorian
ables at a reasonable price.
ances asked why he didn't
ew stuff now that he could
Villis always answered that
as it was. He always felt at
never he reached his apart-
its quiet was like a rebuke
ıy evening.
olish and uncertain of him-
d bought a runabout and
tten his personal check for
agreed to take delivery on
ternoon. He did not mind
e as much as not knowing
he had made the purchase,
he would never have taken
den step if he had not met
lges. He had done it on ac-
er, but now that she was
isode was like a daydream.
me time a trace of his ela-
as in him. Without his be-
with Sylvia Hodges, for a
r minds and desires had
ogether. They had both
power of money, and they
power.
is telephone rang, Willis
so deep in his imagination
nd made him start guiltily.
Willis," a girl's voice said.
e answered, "hello, darling."
Lydia Hammond; she had
ent in the Village in order
from her parents and was
t the Art Students League.
g," Lydia said, "have you
p there looking at etchings,
u got a cold or something?"
," Willis said. "Why?"
someone *is* there," Lydia
u're too cute to be trusted
e corner. Willis, how about
dinner, and then, the way it
her Saturday? You haven't
have you?"
rse I haven't," Willis said,

o leave to keep his appoint-
ne Waldorf, but he had an
ental picture of Lydia.
Lydia," he said, "you don't
much I wish I could, but
go right out. It's a crowd
eland and I've got to see
al again."
oor darling," Lydia said.
nised you were going to call
afternoon, you know."
ompletely forgotten. Noth-
emed to end with Lydia.
it, darling," he said, "but
ied up with these people all
"
illis," she said, "you know
have taken a minute off to
ve been waiting for hours."
se he should have called
should have remembered.
dreamed you'd be waiting
ne just to hear from me,"

old you I was going to,"
m. "Haven't you had me
ind at all?"
rse I've been thinking about
g," Willis said, "but there
other things."
d himself pacing nervously
desk, but he was tied by the
ord of the telephone, which
m to Lydia Hammond.
sort of other things?" she

ss," he said, "and it looks
I've got to go out to Cleve-
week."
it wasn't all business this
" she said. "I'll bet you
ith some other girl."

"Lydia," he told her, "I've really got to be going now. I'm sorry I was thoughtless."

"Then if you can't come over tonight," she said, "come over for breakfast in the morning."

"I wish I could," he said, "but I have to take those people out to Darien."

He waited but there was nothing but unbelieving silence. It was a relief at last to be able to feel honestly indignant.

"If you don't believe me," he said, "get up tomorrow morning and stand by the Park Avenue entrance of the Waldorf. I'm going out to Darien with Mr. Hawley from Cleveland."

"Darling," Lydia said, "you can come around on Sunday night, can't you?"

"Why, yes, I'd love to, Lydia," he said, "and good-by until then, darling, and I'll tell you a secret on Sunday night." He could not understand what made him say those last words, except it was unkind to leave her with the feeling that he was not enthusiastic. "I bought a little runabout with red leather upholstery this afternoon."

"Oh, darling," she said, "was that why you didn't call me?"

"Yes," he said, "of course it was."

"Darling," she said, "I can't wait. I'm awfully sorry I was mean to you."

Willis had a feeling of temporary relief when he hung up the telephone and it was a greater relief to think about Sylvia Hodges. She was shy and aloof and proud, and even her plainness was appealing. Sylvia Hodges would never seduce him in an off moment, or bother him on the telephone.

So new! So gay! So good!

ANOTHER GOLD MEDAL SUCCESS FOR YOU!

Christmas Bell and Tree Cookies

Mix well:
1/2 cup soft shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together, then stir in:
1-1/2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt

Color 2/3's of dough red or green. Mold this into 1½ x 10" roll and chill. For Bell Shape... squeeze top half together, leaving lower half flared and curving like bell. For Tree Shape, squeeze into triangle.



Save ¼ cup of white dough to form bell clappers or tree trunks. Roll out rest of white dough on paper into a 10 x 4" rectangle large enough to cover colored dough. Trim edges. Wrap around colored dough. Chill.



Heat oven to 375° (quick moderate). Slice dough with sharp knife, ⅛" thick. Place on ungreased baking sheet, ½" apart. Press tiny balls of white dough to bottom of bells to form clappers or to trees to form trunks. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen.





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EASY TO MAKE AND SURE TO PLEASE!

● Betty Crocker's festive refrigerator cookies are so crisp and delicious made with Gold Medal Flour. And you can be doubly sure of success with this *"Kitchen-tested"* recipe and flour. Make the cookies days in advance, bake them when you wish, then pack 'em in a plastic box (easily available), tie with a jaunty ribbon and... well, there's no nicer way to say "Merry Christmas."





THIS YEAR GIVE FOOD

"A little of your love goes with every gift you bake"

Says Betty Crocker, of General Mills



It was also a relief to meet Mr. Nat Hawley in his suite at the Waldorf, because there Willis was dealing with a familiar personality. Industrial executives, Willis was beginning to learn, were different from Mr. Henry Harcourt, who was an older model, but they were all pounded and battered and then smoothed on a sort of universal production line.

Mr. Hawley's suite was in disorder. There was an array of bottles on the table, and ice and soda and sandwiches and even two individual bottles of milk. The contents of a briefcase were scattered over another table, and coats were draped over the backs of chairs. Mr. Hawley was pacing back and forth in his shirt sleeves, holding a highball glass. Pete Judkins, second vice-president of Hawley Pneumatic Tool, was pouring himself a drink, and Art Ross, assistant sales manager, in his undershirt, with his face covered with shaving cream, stood in a bedroom doorway.

When he saw Willis, Mr. Hawley gave a loud, happy cry. He was a heavy-jowled man with bushy eyebrows, and he clasped Willis by the hand.

"Well, well, if it isn't our host for the evening," he said. "We've just been sort of washing up and having a little skitch and soda before we get on the road. Help yourself to skitch, unless you want some bourbon."

"Thanks, I could certainly do with a touch," Willis answered heartily.

It was always best to pretend that you liked liquor, and yet he knew that Mr. Hawley's hard brown eyes were watching how he handled it.

"You call me chief," Mr. Hawley said. "You're working for Pneumatic Tool tonight, isn't he, boys?"

"He sure is, chief," Pete Judkins said.

"O.K., chief," Willis said. "Hello, Pete. Hello, Art."

He had not forgotten that they had reached a first-name basis at the University Club. It paid never to forget.

"You go wash your face, Artie," Mr. Hawley said. "We've got to get on the road and see a show."

"How about another short snort, chief?" Pete Judkins asked.

Mr. Hawley frowned and handed the second vice-president his glass. "Just a light one, Pete. Say, Willis, do you know what I always tell my boys?"

Willis laughed. You always had to get into the spirit of the moment. "I'd really like to know, chief," he said.

"Come here, Pete," Mr. Hawley said. "Willis, you take a good look at Pete. I've got the finest, most loyal crowd around me that there is in any organization in this whole beautiful country. My boys make me proud, and seriously, just a little humble too. We're all for one and one for all in Pneumatic Tool, and—well, here's what I tell the boys. Work hard and play hard."

It was amazing how clearly Willis could remember the scene. He already knew that you should never underestimate anyone like Mr. Hawley. If he sounded silly, it was well to remember that he wasn't. None of them were.

"Personally," Mr. Hawley said, "I believe in having fun. I used to be quite a playboy, but I have to watch the skitches now."

Everyone laughed sympathetically, and Mr. Hawley cleared his throat.

"The greatest playboy I ever knew in business," he said, "happens to have one of the finest organizational minds I know, and he is a very dear close personal friend of mine. I don't know how he still keeps it up at his age. His name is Percy L. Nagel, and P. L. is a sweetheart."

There was a moment's respectful silence.

"Is that Mr. Nagel of Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting?" Willis asked.

"It certainly is," Mr. Hawley said. "Were you ever acquainted with P. L. Nagel?"

It all went to prove that it paid to remember names and faces.

"I only just met him," Willis said. "It was when I was working in a small plant in Massachusetts—the Harcourt Mill. Mr. Nagel wanted to buy the mill."

"Son," Mr. Hawley said, "you can shake hands with me again. Any friend of P. L.'s is always a friend of mine."

"Say, chief," Mr. Judkins began.

Mr. Hawley waved his hand. "Don't crowd me, boys," he said. "Let me make my point. I believe in fun, but life isn't all fun either. There are finer things in life."

Mr. Hawley looked around him sharply, but everyone was listening.

"Life isn't all play," he said, "and it isn't all work. A well-rounded man makes all sorts of contacts. Now, for instance, about three years ago we were selling some drills to Rothstein Mining and Development. You remember, don't you, Pete?"

"Yes, chief, I certainly do," Mr. Judkins said.

"It was a real experience," Mr. Hawley said. "There were all sorts of experts around that table—mining engineers and geologists and things like that—and among whom was a college professor. I don't recall why the Rothstein people had retained that professor, but he was a real contact. He knew about fishes and red sandstone, and he wrote a book which he presented me with, personally inscribed. His name was Hodges. He's a professor of geology from Harvard University."

"Chief," Mr. Judkins said, "we really ought to be going."

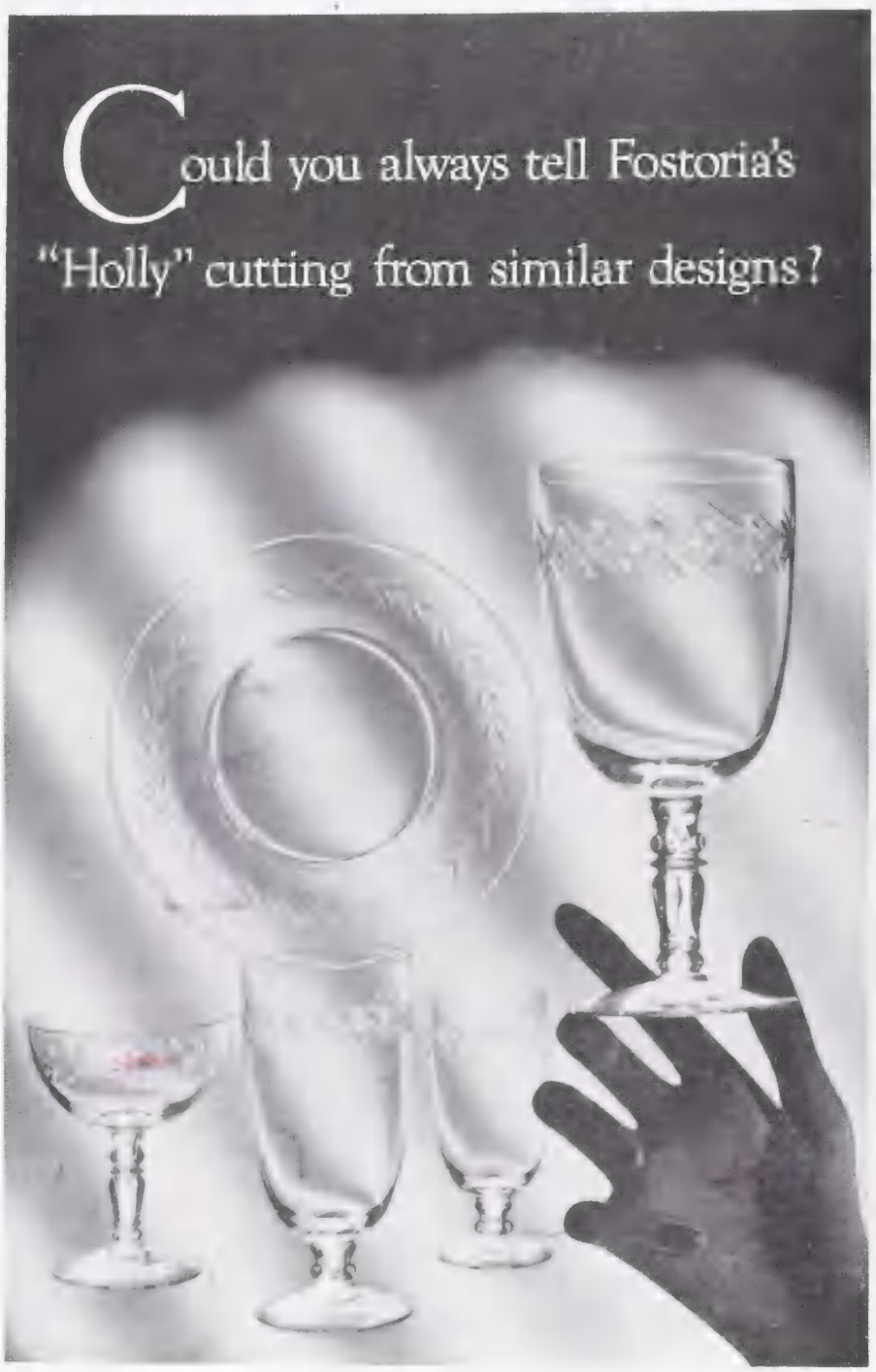
"All right, Pete," Mr. Hawley said, "but let me make my point. My point is that my acquaintance with this Professor Hodges a real experience. Get my coat, will Rossy?"

It was strange how the name had come out of nowhere, there in a hotel room New York. For a moment Willis was u cided whether or not to say anything, finally he spoke.

"The fishes were called ganoids, we they?"

"Say," Mr. Hawley asked him, "how you know that?"

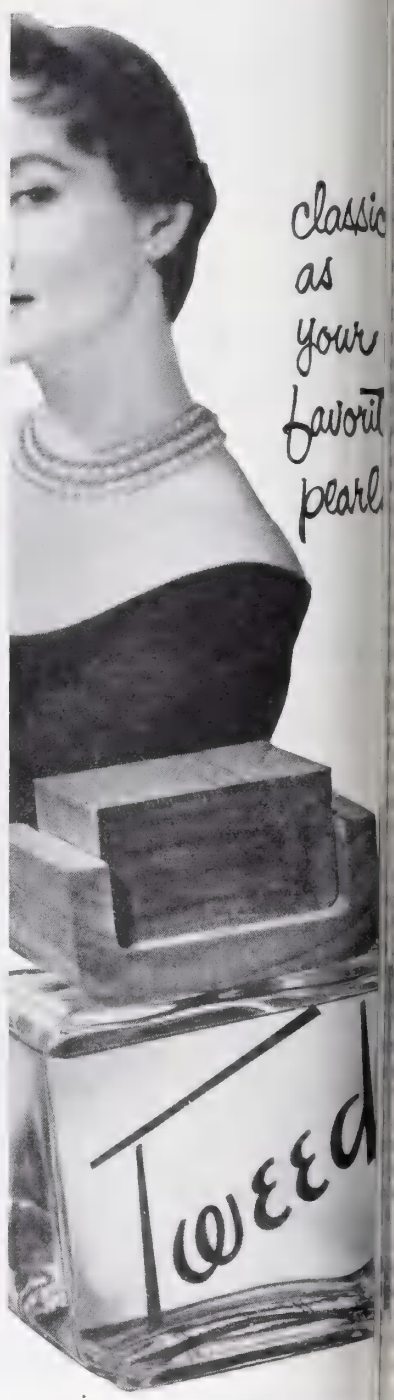
"Why, I happened to know Profe Hodges myself in Cambridge quite a ago," Willis answered. It was strange to t



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sor Hodges could be useful to him
ss way.
Ir. Hawley said, "I forgot you were
nan. When did you see the old prof

t for quite a while," Willis an-
ıt I happened to have tea with his
ıst this afternoon at the Plaza."
on," Mr. Hawley said, "that's a
coincidence. Those contacts never
a bit of harm. That's exactly the
een trying to make."
ey were on the street waiting for the
call a taxi, Mr. Judkins squeezed
affectionately.
ief is in quite a mood tonight,"
s said. "You made a real hit with
stairs."
." Willis said. "That makes me
."
him happy,
he way that
All at once
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wonders if
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Mr. Beak-
she smiled
Yes, you can
"

kney's office afforded a fine view
son. You had an impression of the
nd then of two or three college de-
f them honorary, which were the
tions. You always saw Mr. Beak-
carefully tailored man, gray at the
h aquiline, mobile features.
ell, Willis," Mr. Beakney said,
nearly over and night is drawing
wn and let's look at the view. It's a
e and steel, isn't it?"
," Willis said, "it looks beautiful

nd steel," Mr. Beakney said. "That
se which I happened to use when I
sing the chemists' convention the
. Have you seen a copy of my
"
" Willis said, "I read it."
ney was watching him closely.
Ir. Beakney said, "but you didn't
to speak about my oratory, did
off your chest. I have to go to the
ess for dinner."
, sir," Willis said. "I want to know
't think I'm worth ten thousand
ar."
kney gazed at the view without
answer, and Willis knew the pause
d to disconcert him.

"I don't like this sort of thing," he said, "at the end of a hard day. It's not the custom here for my people to ask for raises."

Instead of being crushed, as he would have a short time ago, Willis kept his wits about him. Watching Mr. Beakney was enough to tell Willis that he was in danger. Willis had only to say the wrong thing once, and Mr. Beakney's cool expression told him that it would be very easy to say it.

"Just what in hell"—Mr. Beakney's voice had risen to a cool, hard note—"makes you think that you're worth ten thousand dollars a year?"

"I didn't say I thought I was," Willis answered. "I only asked you if you thought so."

"So that's it," Mr. Beakney said. "Hawley's been getting after you for Pneumatic Tool, has he? I rather thought he would."

It was a question of whether to answer or to remain silent, and there was only a second in which to make the choice.

"I wasn't especially attracted by Mr. Hawley," Willis said.

You could always tell when you had said the right thing, and all at once the tension was broken.

"You wouldn't get on with him at all," Mr. Beakney said. "Personally, I disliked every moment I spent with him. You're happy with us here, aren't you?"

"Yes sir," Willis said, "very happy."

"I'm glad to have you say so," Mr. Beakney said. "You've been making a real place for yourself here, but I guess we'd better change your plans a little." Suddenly Mr. Beakney laughed, and slapped Willis affectionately on the knee. "I guess we'd better send Hal Towle with Joe to Cleveland. I wouldn't want to see you in Hawley Pneumatic Tool."

"I wouldn't want to be there," Willis said.

"Now, Willis," Mr. Beakney said, "if two thousand dollars more a year makes you happy, why, what's two thousand dollars? It won't mean anything to you in a while at the rate you're developing, but after this, you let me make the raises. It's annoying, being asked."

"I'm sorry, sir," Willis said.

"Don't say you're sorry," Mr. Beakney said. "I was young myself once. I know what it's like when someone like Hawley puts on pressure. I wish I knew what he offered you, for purely academic reasons. I'll bet it was more than ten thousand, but I won't ask."

"Thank you, sir," Willis said.

"I get this in a better perspective now," Mr. Beakney said. "It was loyal of you to come to me first. I won't say I would have matched him, but it was loyal. Ability is first here, but loyalty is a close second."

Mr. Beakney slapped his knee again and stood up.

"Just the same," he said, "I guess you'd better not go to Cleveland. I've got another problem that came to us yesterday. The Rahway Belting Company wants a survey done. It's a small outfit, but it's a chance for you to develop, and you worked at Harcourt. Have you forgotten about belting?"

"No sir," Willis said.

"Well," Mr. Beakney said, "clear up what you're doing around here. Next week we'll send you down to Rahway. I wonder what you want that two thousand for. You're not thinking of getting married, are you, Willis?"

"No sir," Willis said, and he meant every word of it.

After leaving the office he went straight to his apartment on Tenth Street and sat for quite a long while thinking. He had succeeded with Mr. Beakney, he knew now, by giving himself a value which did not exist. Mr. Beakney had thought erroneously that Willis had received a tempting offer from another source, and Willis' conscience stirred uneasily, but then it had all been Mr. Beakney's own idea. Mr. Beakney was astute enough to look out for himself, and if he had fallen into a trap of his own contriving, there were fine dramatic precedents.

Then he was lonely and he wanted to share his thoughts with someone, which explained why he had pulled out his pocket address book and a moment later he was dialing Sylvia Hodges' number.

"Hello, Sylvia," he said, "this is Willis Wayde. How would you feel about having a bite of supper? I'll bring the car around and we might run out somewhere to Long Island."

What would have happened, he often wondered, if Sylvia had not been at home? As sure as fate he would have called up Lydia Hammond. He was in a mood where he had to call someone.

(To be Continued)

THE LESSON

By JOAN AUCOURT

A cold light of love,
A wild one was I,
Whose kisses came and went
Easy as a sigh;
Nor did I ever dream
When mouth was pressed to mouth
What warmth was in the wind
This much farther south.
And now, lost in love,
Where should I go?
I was never taught this;
I did not know.

Morning once was morning
And night and stars were night;
Now there is only
One kind of light:
If eyes are shut or open,
Lights are off or on;
Darkness is darkness
Only when you're gone.
Blinded with love am I;
How should I go?
I was never taught this:
I did not know.

"Joy to the family"



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THE H. D. LEE COMPANY, Kansas City, Mo.

Lee CLOTHES FOR WORK AND PLAY

LOST CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

be too old for a doll. So I think I will this Christmas."

Will got up and hung the stool on its peg, and picked up the bucket of milk. Old Mott took a sleepy mouthful of hay. Turning the button on the door, Will thought, *Plague Martha Sims. Dumping the kid here like this and never a word about Christmas. . . .* Of course she was busy; the Welfare Department was real busy this time of year, he guessed. . . . Still, she was the one who should have seen to it.

Neither he nor Hattie had wanted to take the girl, but Martha had put it so they couldn't refuse. She had paced about the kitchen with her toed-out, flat-heeled walk, hands in the pockets of her baggy tweed suit, tears actually damping the nervous, sad horse-face.

"If you could take her, Aunt Hattie, just for a while," Martha had said, "till we can find someplace permanent to put her. I can't leave her where she was another day. If you knew —— Oh, sometimes I hate this job!" she'd cried.

Hattie had said dryly, "Well, I spose I could give her a good scrubbing, and feed her up some, but I can't keep her long, Martha. You'll have to find her a permanent place right away."

Martha had gone striding out to the car then, opened the door with the faded WELFARE DEPARTMENT on it, got the girl and her baggage—a paper sack and a shoe box—and dumped them in the middle of the kitchen. They hadn't seen Martha since.

It was dark crossing the barnyard. Will found his free hand holding a scratchy darned-mittened one by the time they got to the steps. On the porch, in the light from the kitchen window, he saw Arla's face looking gravely up at him from under the delicate feathering of snow on her cap.

"Before you take your coat off, Arlie," he said, "spose you bring in a load of wood for the wood box in the front room. Take it in the front door."

In the kitchen, he closed the door to the front room quietly. Hattie looked up inquiringly from the stove where she was mashing the potatoes, her face flushed and pretty from the heat. He came over to her.

"Hattie," he said in a low voice, "Arlie says tomorrow's Christmas. She's been marking the days off on her calendar, and she's expecting a present."

"Oh, my stars!" Hattie said. Pain flickered in her eyes. They looked at each other. "She's never said a word. Not a word."

She began to whip the potatoes angrily. Like him, she turned her anger toward Martha Sims.

"Martha should have done something," she said. "You'd think she would have, Christmas being so near."

They heard wood tumbling into the box, in the other room, and a door closing. Arla was getting another load.

"If you could maybe make up some cookies or something," Will said, "I could cut a tree. I know where there's a little balsam fir just the other side of the pasture."

Hattie hesitated, frowning. She lifted the plates from the warming oven, then set them back again.

"MAYBE I could do that," she said. "There's those nightgowns and stockings and underwear I got from the mail order today. I was going to surprise her with 'em after supper tonight, but I could put 'em under the tree for tomorrow."

Heavy knit underwear, long tan cotton stockings, striped flannel nightgowns—he knew just how they would look, the new-flannel smell of them when she opened the package.

"She wants a doll," he said. "A big-girl doll with real hair and go-to-sleep eyes. She thinks she'll get it this year, sure. It's kind of a last chance."

At the closed still look of Hattie's face, he wished he had not spoken. For immediately there was another presence in the house. They both felt it: the doll, lying there above their heads, her dimpled hands stiffly outspread on the blue silk skirt, her eyes serenely closed, on the delicately tinted bisque face a sweet impersonal smile, forever turned to the blue-striped wallpaper lining the lid of the trunk.

Hattie's lips made a straight line, her jaw was set.

"Call Arlie to supper now," she said. She took the plates down from the warming oven and set them on the table.

Seeing the firm way her hands moved, the stern pose of her head, he knew there would be no good in speaking of it.

After supper, when the dishes were done, Arla came over to him where he sat with his sock feet on the oven door. She stood beside him for a few moments, watching him tamp the tobacco into his pipe, before she got out what she wanted to tell him.

"I know a Christmas song," she said. "Want to hear it?"

He looked at the odd intense face—the skin so white, the ragged hair so black, the eyes so burningly blue. She had none of the tints and contours of a child, but the child looked out of her eyes.

"Sing it," Will said.

She clasped her hands:

"*Away in a manger*
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.

The stars in the sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep in the hay."

She hadn't got the tune quite right, and the hoarse little voice broke on the high notes, but she sang it lovingly, looking at him shyly as she sang.

Hattie came over, the flour sifter in her hand.

"That was real nice, Arlie," she said. "You better go to bed now."

The child started to the door, and then looked back. She was waiting for something—some talk of Christmas, some assurance that it would be here tomorrow.

But Will couldn't say the words she wanted, and Hattie, already busy measuring out flour for the cookies, seemed not to see her.

"Good night," Arla said. She shut the door carefully behind her.

"I'll finish up the dress I was making for her," Hattie said. "I only got the handwork left to do."

It had a brown wool skirt, a tan wool top, from two old dresses of Hattie's, and it was like everything Hattie ever sewed, neat and stout, but homemadish. Good enough to wear to school, but not the kind of dress little girl for Christmas. A blue silk pink rosebuds embroidered in the the dress on the doll in the trunk—t be the kind.

Will got up and brought his b Mackinaw in from the back hall a putting them on in front of the fire, the dark and the snow outside.

"I don't like you going out after night," Hattie said. "Spose you w hurt, Will."

"It's not very far," Will said. "I where it is, noticed it last time I w clean out the spring."

IT was farther than he'd let on t farther even than he'd thought. T was swollen from the storm, the log ridged with snow in the beam of his It had been a long time since he cross in wet weather. He hesitated, balanc and swept his light around him. All see through the deepening snow was pine or two.

The little balsam would be halfw slope, in a small clearing that had velop in perfect symmetry. He had last time he passed that way, not thin sciously, as he used to, "That woul good Christmas tree," but somethi than thought marking it, all the sam

He'd have to cross over now if he w Another few minutes of hesitation ar too cold to make it.

He didn't quite know how he g or how he was going to get back, but the tree. It was a little bigger than h bered, and he was sorry about that, would be harder to carry home.

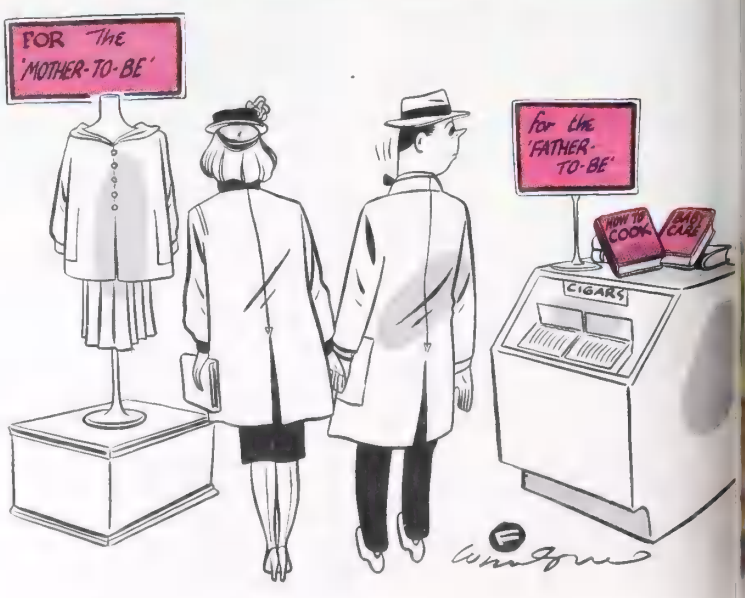
But this was the one he'd come aft began on it, chopping away the lower one by one as the light found then him working space. The trunk at fir to resist the ax. For a moment he sharply destroying this living thing chips were flying now, fresh-cut fresh-fallen snow.

Not until he was halfway across t he remember the ax leaning against with the snow closing over it. It wa him to leave it there; he was a ma spected good tools. But he was not g tonight.

His balance was poor with the t one arm—stepping from the log t guessed too short and stepped viol space.

A sapling saved him and the tree; pulled himself up the creek bank, began to beat violently. He sat on let the snow and the cold and the wrap about him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



Here they are!

-famous Gibson Christmas Cards



You'll *love* these merry new Gibson Christmas Cards. So visit your Gibson Dealer *now* while he has a complete selection. They're conveniently packed, 25 identical cards to the box for only $1*. Of course, the Gibson name on the back of each card will say *you sent the very finest.*

GIBSON

Christmas Cards

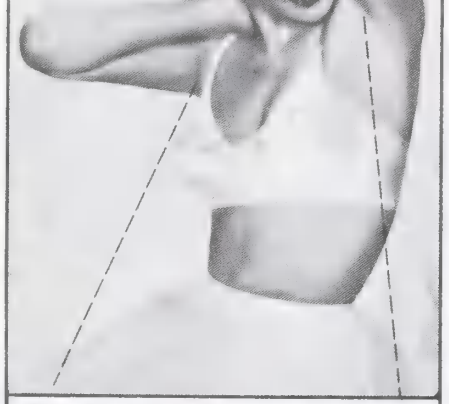
The Gibson Art Company
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Publishers since 1850
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NEW!

DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal for sanitary napkins, too.* Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Arla would be asleep by now, warm under Hattie's quilts, and the doll would go on sleeping up there in the trunk—how many more years? He made up his mind he would speak to Hattie about it when he got home.

He stopped in the woodshed and picked out some boards to make a stand for the tree. The yellow light from the kitchen windows, slanting through the falling snow, made him feel warmer already.

It seemed to him he had been gone a very long time. But Hattie was only frosting the cookies, cut in the shape of stars and Christmas trees. She scarcely looked up when he came in.

"Soon as I finish with this," she said, "I'll bring down the ornaments."

He set the tree up in the front room by the window. Its fragrance, more powerful than the fragrance of brown sugar and spices, filled the house.

Hattie came in with the boxes of ornaments. She set them out delicately, carefully, but they had lain away from the light too long; three of them crumbled at her touch. The tinsel was deeply tarnished, the star of Bethlehem had lost all its sparkle, but they put them on anyway, working silently together, he on one side of the tree, she on the other. Last of all, they clipped on the candles.

These candles had decked the last Christmas tree they trimmed together—but they had never been lighted.

"I'll light 'em in the morning," Hattie said, standing back to look at the tree. "It'll likely still be dark when she gets up."

In the kitchen, Will put some oak in the range and adjusted the damper, and Hattie brought the rocker up to the oven and sat down to her sewing.

Will spread his hands over the warmth. Now was probably the time to speak about the doll. But he couldn't bring himself to do it. He remembered that long ago he had wanted to give Velma's warm coat to one of the Sweeney girls, knowing she'd have wanted it that way. Hattie's response was something he could never get out of his mind:

"I'd rather burn it than see another child wear it."

It was still up there in the trunk with the doll.

The next day Hattie had started making over one of her old coats for the Sweeney girl, and neither of them ever spoke of it again. . . .

Watching her plump pretty hands rhythmically whipping the needle into and out of the brown wool, he found that he could not disturb her now. But neither could he forget Arla's "next year I'll be too old for a doll."

"Hattie," he said, "do you think Ben Hubbert might have a doll there in his store somewhere?"

"If he did," Hattie said, "it'd be fifty years old. He's still got the same old buggy whips hanging from the rafters he used to have when papa took me in there as a little girl. And how would you get it here in time? You couldn't get through tonight."

"Maybe I could," he said, "if I was to leave right away, and take the truck."

He went over to the phone. Three longs and a short, that was Hubbert's store, written up on the wall by the phone.

"WHAT's that? A doll?" Ben was one of those people who always yell into a phone. "I don't stock 'em any more. Ever'body gettin' theirs from the mail order now. You hang on a minute, though—I'll go look—might have one somewhere."

Hattie held up the dress, frowning at the hem.

"Seems like I got it a little too short," she said. "But I left plenty of hem in case I have to let it out."

A stick of wood settled itself in the stove, and the room seemed not quite so warm. It must be good and chilly, Will thought, out in that drafty store. Where in the world, in all that accumulation, would the old man look for a doll? And even if he found it, it would be foolish to go after it tonight. He was so tired that it would be very easy to fall asleep and end up off the road. . . . Maybe he could get up extra early.

"I'm sorry!" Ben cried. "Sorry, Will!"

After he hung up Hattie said slowly, "I could make her a rag baby, but she's too old for it, and when she's got her heart set on something else, it would be like a slap in the face."

She was embroidering a yellow daisy with a brown center on the front of the dress. Her brow began to smooth out, her mouth to soften with the pleasure of the work.

"You go to bed, Will," she said. "I'll be along pretty soon."

Yes, he'd have to go to bed; he was too achingly tired to be any good to anybody tonight. Too tired to talk about the doll. But at the door, he turned.

"There's that doll up in the attic," he said. "It's just what Arlie wants."

Hattie's lips tightened. Slowly she shook her head. She did not even look up, and the daisy went on unfolding steadily in her hands.

There was nothing more to be said. Twenty years and she had not changed. . . .

It must have been three o'clock when Will woke up.

On her side of the bed, Hattie turned with a little sigh to sleep more deeply. Always in the night like this when he awoke and she slept on beside him, she seemed to him the young Hattie, grave and trusting, unmarked by age and grief. And he would lie there and remember that both of them were getting old, and many things that had been, until he drifted back to sleep. But this was different; the awakening was as if he had an appointment with himself.

The stairs had a metallic coldness; he was shivering by the time he got to the attic.

He knew where the trunk was, under the small window, and the keys hung on a nail behind the door. He did not need a light. In his own house he knew where everything was. He got the wrong key at first, and the second key stuck a little before it turned in the lock.

He raised the lid on the odor of moth balls, clean woolens, long-folded cotton and linen. He felt for the solid shape of the doll.

It was not there.

He thrust his hand among the layers of clothing, the paper-wrapped bundles, feeling to the very bottom of the trunk.

What had she done with it? Had Hattie guessed his purpose, before he knew it himself, and hidden the doll tonight? Or had she burned it long before?

When he awoke for the second time that morning, Hattie was already up. It seemed a good deal later than it was b snow on the ground reflected all the of the beginning day.

He did not get out of bed at o was a feeling of grief about this da to him a little at a time as he dress ing, sitting on the edge of the bed.

When he opened the door to the f warmth laden with the balsamy fra the tree was a breath of the long ecstasy of Christmas morning. H lighted the candles.

Anyway, he thought, he had g that—the tree, fresh and magical, ant than any tree before.

The door of Arla's room opene came out in nightgown and bare f excitement she had forgotten to p slippers Hattie was trying to tea wear.

IT seemed to Will that she stood for a very long time, her arms strai sides, her face turned to the glowing then she began to search, but only eyes, as if she dared to go no neare

Almost as soon as Arla, Will saw against a package at the foot of dimpled hands outspread.

Arla knelt, her thin little pro against the candle-starred dark, the her shoulder blades sharp in the w gown, her sleep-tousled hair stick back.

Carefully she touched the doll's w fore, the crisp blue-and-white gingh the slip edged with tatting, the lac panties all made since last night, he

She smoothed out its skirt. Then s the doll up and held it to her wit memorial gesture of the mother.

Until now he had not noticed Ha ing in the kitchen doorway. She loo in her gray-and-white print dress, even this early in the morning, neatl and pinned up. She came over to did something she had not done t long time—something he rememb the young Hattie.

She put her hand on his arm an up, spoke to him seriously and co

"She could be a pretty child, Will. got to looking like she belonged body."

He placed his hand over the plu that rested on his arm—as the young used to do.

"I think she's beginning to look a it already, mother," he said.

MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI

(*Painting on page 44*)

PAINTINGS have their vicissitudes, as do human beings. Van Dyck's portrait of the Marchesa Elena Grimaldi has experienced the mutability of fortune. It was painted in 1623, when the artist was a young man, still at the height of his vigor. He had left his native Flanders and settled temporarily in Genoa, where he became overnight the fashionable portraitist of the patrician families. There he created on canvas a race of supermen and women, richly dressed, of lofty stature and aloof expression. However, of all the Genoese who sat to him, Van Dyck has given to none so dignified, so majestic a pose as to the wife of the Marchese Cattaneo. He has also favored her with perhaps his most brilliant design. How skillfully the parasol is used to heighten still further the Marchesa's tallness, "towering in her pride of place," as she advances across her terrace and casts at the spectator, far below, an appraising glance! This is the ultimate in the Grand Manner in portraiture.

The failure of their trade and the decline of their independence, however, brought the great families of Genoa close to destitution. English collectors cast covetous eyes on their works of art, and especially on the Marchesa Grimaldi's portrait. Sir David Wilkie in 1828 wrote Sir Robert Peel saying he had heard from his agent that in the palace of Nicola Cattaneo there was a picture of "a Young Lady, with a Black Servant holding a Curious Parasol over her head," which he tri The family would not sell, but sho once more? Apparently the later Wilkie's agent were equally unava early in this century when the V scholar, Sir Lionel Cust, gained adm the Cattaneo palace, he was usher room where he halted spellboun every wall, as it seemed, Van Dyc down, and on one there stood and ga a haughty dame, over whose head page held a scarlet parasol. All, spoke of dust and neglect, and whe was with regret that such treasures o should be left to molder on the wall

Van Dyck's masterworks were not ble away much longer; they had in fac the nadir of their fortune. A dealer b the Cattaneo paintings shortly before World War, and eventually Mr. Wi quired the most important of the lot trait of the Marchesa Grimaldi and traits of her two children. These he the rest of his collection to the nation when Wilkie's agent had seen the pai wrote, "What a prize . . . for a Nati lery." It would never have occurred to anyone else at that time that the Gallery for which this prize was e destined would be, not in Europe, b United States of America.

—JOHN WALKER, *Chief Cura tional Gallery of Art.*

ok crisp, for allure . . .

but look *twice*, to be sure!



h, winter cottons answer every hall I wear?" problem. Many d with new crease-resistant fin- ay crisp hours on end, shed between wearings.



Upset! She'll never look crisp in this again—it *shrank!* Whatever else you look for when you buy, ALWAYS look for the "Sanforized" label—it guards against shrinking.



Down South, pastel linen is the biggest thing under the sun. Chinese styling, the newest. This two-piece version unpacked without a wrinkle—just as the label promised.



Downhearted! The backbone of her wardrobe . . . after just a few washings! Whether they wrinkle or not, linens can shrink. As Confucius say: No "Sanforized" tickee—watch wash-ee!



e slim-jim pants, fancy shirts garb of gals everywhere. And all those ruffles scare you. Ac- to the label, they practically mselves.



At wit's end! Without the "Sanforized" label some cottons can shrink *two* whole sizes in just a few washings. Out of fit, out of style . . . out of your wardrobe.



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.



(Top) "Willow"* *(Left to Right)* "Chantilly"* "Décor"* "Strasbourg"* "King Edward"* "Rondo"* "Lily of the Valley"* "Greenbrier"* "Theme"*

Wouldn't one of these Gorham sterling patterns make a wonderful gift for a Christmas bride?

Or wouldn't *you*, for that matter, love a gift of sterling flatware with the Gorham name on it? There are so many good reasons why you should.

Most obvious reason is the beautiful variety of patterns. Only Gorham* has so many: American Modern patterns like Gorham's newest "Willow" and "Theme"; classics like "Strasbourg" and "Chantilly." (Did you know that through the years more brides have picked "Chantilly" than any other sterling pattern?) And richly decorated patterns like "King Edward" and "Décor" that show sterling the way Gorham makes it, in all its deep-cut beauty.

But fun as it is to pick out the prettiest pattern, when you're buying sterling there are other deeper values you should consider. Because all sterling is not the same. The sterling Gorham uses, for example, is finer than the Government standard for sterling. There's more precious silver in it.

And into this finer sterling Gorham builds a solid strength with a deep glow that years of daily use can't dim. Both these qualities add greatly to the value of your sterling gift.

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Why don't you see this finer sterling at your jeweler's just for the sheer pleasure of it? And who knows, maybe you'll find some under your Ch tree! Single placesettings start at $27.50; sta to serve 4 persons, from $77.00, Fed. Tax incl. payment plans available.

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINC

*TRADE MARKS © 1954 BY THE GORHAM CO., PROVIDE

The graceful designs of museum masterpieces inspired these new needlepoint patterns. . . . An heirloom rug with flower-and-leaf motifs and matching designs for cushions, chair and stool upholstery.

New needlepoint designs from a Museum treasure

FOWLER



A Victorian lady's chair comes into its own when upholstered with needlepoint showing the graceful Cluny pattern against a contemporary decoration color.

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE are new and unusual needlepoint designs taken from a rare hand-worked rug inspired by the famous Cluny tapestries. There are six of the designs for upholstery with the centers already worked on 26″ canvas. The same designs appear in the rug so that your chairs, ottomans and sofa cushions can be matched to or harmonized with it.

The rug comes in two sizes, 44″ x 68″ and 36″ x 54″. The center motifs and border are already worked ready for the fill-in background. The designs themselves are worked in cream, beige and other light neutral tones with small occasional accents of darker colors. This makes it possible for you to choose for your background a color that harmonizes with your established scheme.

Light designs against decorative colored background are a new look in needlepoint, which traditionally shows darker colors against neutral backgrounds. This is a true tapestry touch which lends distinction to your handiwork.

This reverse use of color in needlepoint is particularly flattering to antiques, as it emphasizes the beauty of the wood and brings old pieces directly into the room scheme. Almost every woman has a precious old chair or two for which she would like needlepoint of her own handiwork. The freshness of the lighter colors is singularly pleasing and makes your piece a real heirloom treasure.

Heavier yarns are used for the rugs, of course, so that they will withstand practical use; and, happily, the filling in goes faster with the regular rug yarns.

If you do not find these needlepoint designs in the art-needlework department of your local store, write to the Interior Decoration Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa., for the name of a store in your area where they are obtainable.

When

are you really

grown up?



There was a time when you wanted things to prove your maturity . . . like high-heeled slippers or the key to the front door. But all these hard-won privileges seem unimportant when you're really grown up. Then you make your decisions because they're best for you—not just to prove a point.

Take sanitary protection, for example. *Almost every girl, every woman, who uses the internal method has made the grown-up decision to adopt it because she honestly believes it's best for her.* She may have learned about it from a friend, from her doctor or from a Tampax ad. But basically, she has weighed the advantages of Tampax herself. Here they are:

(1) Tampax prevents odor from forming. (2) Tampax is both invisible and unfelt when in place—does away with the whole belt-pin-pad harness. (3) Tampax is easy to dispose of. (4) Tampax is so small, month's supply slips into purse. (5) Tampax can be worn in tub or shower. (6) Wearer's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

Get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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TAMPAX INCORPORATED
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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ [illegible] of silver to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

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CHURCHILL OFF GUARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

seat was improved noticeably. Mine was still what it had been before. Because I truly dreaded our return, I tried to get the secret, but when the gaits of our three beasts matched one another enough for me to call to Lawrence, my camel decided quite suddenly to gallop all the way home. Lawrence seemed to know what was in the animal's mind for he turned his thumb toward me and said something to Winston just as my long runaway began.

"Go it, Thompson!" shouted Winston Churchill. No urging was necessary. We flew over the sands with the dreadful purpose of an empty goods train with no engineer. I knew, if I could just stay on, I would far outdistance everyone else in the desert. This would at least give me some moments to compose myself before resuming the more formal and sensible duties of guarding Mr. Churchill.

Both he and Lawrence were already seated in the rear of the [railroad] car, smoking and chatting when I arrived. They let me get down without saying anything. I eased myself over to the car. It was like moving a fracture case without benefit of splints, stretcher or sedation.

It would have been an ideal time for a try on the Secretary's life, for I was nearly blind with the sun glare and I felt in every bone as if a stampede had passed over me. Churchill chuckled richly. I didn't want to hear any comment from him or Lawrence, either one. I felt a tap on my shoulder and Winston's voice at my ear, high and ragging:

"That was a great show of energy, Thompson! I've never known a man to get so much out of a camel."

We drove with some hurry to the RAF installations outside the city of Cairo. There was something there, or something going on there, that Winston was determined to know about and that (from what I could sense and gather) the RAF was as determined to keep from him.

"I'd now like to be driven over to the married quarters," Mr. Churchill would say. And there would be a fast and fussy procrastination, such as another inspection of a hangar the duplicate of which we had just seen, or a diversionary skirmish into the canteen or the map room. But they could not shake their Secretary's will to see what he had come for and see it in every detail, creditable and discreditable.

He waved officers away from himself, and drew noncoms (and their wives, too, standing about in polite and inquiring forlornness, struggling to be cheerful and honorably responsive, quite enough to upset a man) about him and into converse with him, until the whole complaint was in his mind. His eyes were cameras and the conscience of his mind was their film strip. . . . Before we were ourselves out of the field's area, his urgent memorandum for improvement was on the submarine cables and tapping out its calm authorities in Whitehall.

The officers who had tried to sidetrack him were dismissed with a monumental disinterest and a handshake almost reflexive in its brevity. It was in this blunt little exchange that I realized I would serve this man with all I had, in any danger, and for as many years as his positions might require the protection of the Yard. Was there ever a one like him for seeing so much?

Astonishing examples of his quickness of eye were happening all the time—for beauty, for drama, for pathos, for mechanical imperfection, for power improvement, for danger, for the containment of it and the release of good forces. Years later, on our way back from first inspections of the British fleet in Scapa Flow, I overheard him give an order to a junior officer. The order puzzled me as indeed it did the N.C.O. as well.

Churchill said, "See that refuse is dumped in the water in the mock ship's area."

"Refuse, sir? What kind, sir?"

"Dinner scraps. Garbage. There are no gulls at the mock ship, but there are hundreds of them at the others."

Then I saw. There was a huge silhouette of a battleship, made by carpenters of light timbers and wallboard, to deceive German reconnaissance and mislead them as to our strength in this huge basin. These things he saw and fixed.

I was most greatly annoyed at the unconscious use to which he could put anyone at all to do things for him that had not the least suggestion of belonging to his proper office. It is true that I had carried his paintboxes to the quayside while we waited for our ship at Marseilles and stood by holding off inquisitive snoopers at the wharf till the "seascape" (no marvel) was finished. I had at the time thought it to be a capricious enthusiasm that would not repeat itself, as it was hard to associate the art of painting with the man's other activities.

I very soon learned that painting was no mere enthusiasm. It was a disease, and before any time at all had passed I had become worn out at the thought of the menial lugging of his damn boxes. It has given me a quite warped notion of this whole side of civilized living to the extent that I would never think of going into a museum no matter who was hanging there.

He painted [in Egypt] and smoked by the hour, while clusters of tourists, dilapidated sheiks and buggy little boys hung about, taking snapshots or giggling.

A group of British Tommies came along, off duty and carefree. With his back turned to them, Churchill could have been nearly anything in the world before being what he really was. Now, under a green umbrella, he looked like an upholstered toad slowly incinerating itself. Very loud stage whispers of advice came from the Tommies. They thought the man might be better doing the outside of blimp hangars. They wondered if instead of painting the Pyramids the man might do better to repair them.

At this sally, Churchill turned and grinned broadly.

"Gawd! It's Winston!" The young soldiers sucked in their company breath and wished themselves far away, but he called them over, showed them his effort at close range, criticized what he thought was still missing in the effort, set about trying to put it in, and all the time chatting back and forth—getting an amazing amount of spontaneous comment from every one of them. They had been thoroughly "sweated" for impromptu offerings of many sorts, without ever knowing that the magic of the Churchill process of kindly solicitation was also giving the Secretary for Air and the Colonies a look into the morale of the "effectives" on the field, and ground guess at their competence.

About this time I saw at close rang strength of his stoicism. It came about, hibitions of stoicism necessarily must, result of the pain of disappointment. caused by the man I had previously gu the Prime Minister, Lloyd George. W Churchill [then a member of the Liberal was so obviously the logical appointme the Chancellorship of the Exchequer t man thought Lloyd George could withh

It was in late 1921. Lloyd George's c was not too sturdy, and Tory oppositio building. Lloyd George feared that the servative machine would end his pa assembled [Liberal-Tory] coalition. A did not give Churchill the post of Char of the Exchequer. I am sure it crushed h

The office workers about him, the secr staff and clerks, all shared the desolatio knew he suffered. He must have seen t tress in my face, and wished to spare embarrassment of speaking of it, for he ened roguishly, peered up at me by p over his glasses (I always felt a foot abov for he crouched so) and said with twinkle, "It is obvious, Thompson, yo little influence with the man you las tected. See that you improve this."

If Winston Churchill in defeat is Winston Churchill with nothing to d kicker of wa paper baskets, and a believably ungoverned bundle of bad t It is better to stay away from him, a his family seeks to do. And such of his ers as can find the reason to take the d or find an emergency miles or counties He could be as abrupt as a large mete leave fumes behind, and a large crater there had been nothing before but s notions of the man.

Then in the course of a few mont quixotic course of events took many some of them doubling clear back on selves. Lloyd George's coalition fell. Law's Conservatives moved into powe

Churchill was neither a Cabinet M nor a "Member." He was plain W Spencer Churchill. I reminded him t was (because of membership in the Council) "Right Honorable," and some glint of the man came back at once.

"They don't want me here! We'll see that! I'll have to try somewhere else. know where I'm going. I'm just not clear

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



"I wouldn't worry. I'd say it was very sensible of you to be scared of women."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

the date. Pack a bag, Thompson. I'm going to fight for my old seat at Dundee."

That night he had an acute attack of appendicitis. I sat outside his room in the nursing home and was not able to believe my ears when I heard him shouting my name as if he might be at his own desk.

He wanted my newspaper!

Then he wanted his secretary. He wanted several, not just one.

The more his doctors insisted he was too ill to do so much [after the General Election campaign started] the more they were reminded it was now their doing and none of his. Then the chief nurse complained.

Churchill, still in the nursing home, announced to his doctors that he had ordered a special coach to be attached to the regular Scottish express and that he was going aboard the train.

He was reminded that his stitches had not yet been removed. "Then I shall wear them in remembrance of you," he most dreadfully warned them.

Hecklers would rise in halls, and other hecklers would rise and begin clubbing them. Churchill hated to have heckling interfered with because he was so good at giving it back. On one occasion he got a roar of a laugh when a heckler became so entangled in his attempted abuse that he could only splutter, and before the expletives could be arranged for delivery, Churchill had flung at him, "My friend should not develop more indignation than he can contain!" And the same evening (Mr. Churchill was cultivating a not very successful mustache at this time and quickly abandoned it) a shrill and striking woman rose and shouted, "I don't like your ideas *or* your mustache!" To which Winston had this to send back: "Madame, pray do not distress yourself—you are unlikely to come into contact with either one."

Everybody shouts things at Winston Churchill. Bus drivers stop, lean from their cabs and give him advice. Children pluck his sleeve. There is a happy flutter of solicitude on all sides.

The American-born Lady Astor, acid-pure in all her pursuits and a woman with more vibrating value than grace, went after Churchill on the liquor problem, and on one occasion, when acknowledging that more money in His Majesty's coffers was his first concern, Churchill said calmly enough, "It is imperative that I should refresh the revenue." And, perhaps enjoying the discomfort of Lady Astor (whose tongue is not only versatile but forked), he produced from the Speaker's stand a glass of Scotch whisky, and added to his previous sentence, "I do so now," and took a fine pull before replacing the glass.

Another time, he was sitting below, listening to a harangue from some now-forgotten member of the opposition who was taking Winston's logic and his character apart, one bone at a time. It began to bother Churchill (who, while the greatest talker in the world, is also its worst listener) and he began to indicate his disagreement with what he was listening to by the most violent and continuous shakings of his large head. Everybody in the House of Commons saw what Churchill was doing The speaker, too, saw how seriously the House's attention was being pulled away from himself and humorously and disastrously dissipating his argument. He came to the edge of the platform and looked right down at Churchill, who continued shaking his head. The speaker aimed his forefinger at Winston and remarked to him, in a sort of squealing outrage, "I wish to remind the Right Honorable friend that I am only expressing my own opinion!" And Churchill, looking up impishly and half rising: "And I wish to remind the speaker that I am only shaking my own head!"

There could be no more serious business that day.

The general strike was the most awful upheaval (of her own doing) to scourge England since her own Civil War and I do honestly believe Winston Churchill enjoyed every single minute of it.

The editor of the Morning Post wrote the Chancellor of the Exchequer and, strike or no strike, offered the full physical facilities of the Post to the government.

Mr. Churchill wanted to run the newspaper. In no time we were off to the building of the Morning Post. All newspapers are housed in ugly palaces, and are accessible to the strangest people. On my very first sight of the structure, it was apparent it was a worse security risk than a county bazaar, for one could enter anywhere without a pass, without challenge, and carry anything whatever into the numerous dark floors. I cautioned Mr. Churchill about this. I cautioned him four times. He merely thought I was cross and sleepy (which was true) and went ahead singing abominable melodies through his nose.

Churchill was always unceremonious about his departures. He would just be gone. Now he was gone. I chased down the dirty floors and hallways, overtaking him on his way to the machine room. There were a lot of beer mugs on the floor. Winston peered into them. They were all empty. He inquired what this meant and found that beer drinking and type-setting and press running were occu that went together. He was told the n enough beer. He didn't believe it. On long-remembered sentences rolled out then as he stood in the middle of a clu sweating workers in dungarees:

"Nonsense! There *is* no such th enough beer!"

The Duke of Westminster, who had dence near Dieppe, invited Mr. Churc a weekend. He decided to drive the ca self to Dover to catch the boat for the C crossing. This is always a bad sign. I means that he is cross and subcons wants to smash up something, or tha dangerously elated and things will get sm up anyhow through careless exuberan Churchill has an immense grasp of the tages and uses of the machine age; genius for putting whole mechanized zations to work, whether it be a navy force or a fleet of emergency automo distribute his British Gazette. But he personal sensitivity about the machine selves. He runs everything as if it were a proof fire engine in a foam-rubber ca strips gears and rams head on towar thing. He could never learn, for exam fly an airplane, though flight has been his greatest enthusiasms (and one of h too). He is a great shot but a poor dan is a strong swimmer, but he sounds an like a North Sea flotilla maneuver. He most beautifully kept hands I ever sa man and they have great strength, but t few times he tried to play golf he cur turf till it sizzled, never once hit the clean whack, and ser of grass into the a sounds and expleti before heard in E

Did he ever, in fa when he was first get "feel" of flying? never did, though fl ficers have told me t sure he was thinkin He would have cracked up. If things h gone the way he felt they should, his and his scalding impatience would have up in mid-air and the retaliatory forces ity would be waiting for him when it w for the two to meet—Winston and the that is. He was a bit less than fair when over controls in the early days, but w less in the problem of landing or tak

So we drove, myself in some misery, ing for Dover. Churchill was driving he hated was Stanley Baldwin and wanted was to find Baldwin suddenly right of way and ram a "thank you" him. There was a lot of road repair. W near Croydon. Winston went throu just as if they weren't there (it is physica which he lacks, and a celestial insensit violent jolts when he's at the wheel). Th narrowed. Construction lamps were b Cars were in single file. There were mo shoveled earth about. Winston did n for the delay the situation indicated. an opening and I suddenly realized jumped out of the road and were prog right down the sidewalks of Croydon. apparently the plan of the Chancellor Exchequer to bypass the single file of stationary cars and merely rejoin the sion when he could conveniently be hea

It was indeed most foolish of him. forgotten that pedestrians have privile their own sidewalks and are not accu to seeing motorists, even Chancellors right down them. We got into a nice no time and had to make an abrup (Churchill was unusually good in th nique of the abrupt stop) and of course up into the amazed countenance of a raged local constable.

Churchill's head hung down in de couragement. He did have the civic s say he was sorry (though I'm sure he at all sorry—just nettled at the delay) matchless voice of the man identified once for the constable.

"Sorry, Mr. Churchill." Then the of the constable's office and the dis guilt of the violator brought forth, in sarcasm, a caution that withered C

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and kept him silent clear to the Channel. The constable looked into the car in the most falsely paternal way imaginable, and said softly, "*Do* try to stay in the road, sir."

Churchill likes to know when he's in danger. It exhilarates him. He gets extra lively and almost boyishly concerned. The danger simply delights him. So we never tell him.

When Churchill purchased Chartwell Manor and the huge stretch of ground which surrounded it, his life seemed to open out in a new way. Winston loves to get into work clothes and he is a horse for day labor. The lawns around the house were the immediate job to be done, and he and I, with the gardeners, put in long days when government work permitted these defections, leveling off the earth and laying grass turf over a huge area.

He loved the visual gratification that bricklaying brought him. Winston could lay several hundred bricks in a single day. British unions don't permit more than eight hundred.

His first "wall," which he finished in four hours before lunch one morning and which he fashioned (proudly) without guiding strings, level or foundation, looked less like a wall—to the amazed but silent bricklayers who were too paralyzed to say anything—than it did like a mine disaster. It was a thoroughly awful wall that would fall down with the very first rain. Winston, of course—because he'd built the thing—went off to his luncheon quite sure it was the best thing since the Romans.

The bricklayers gave up their own lunchtime to pull down his work and put it all back together again, working with the regular beat of output that pronounces the professional. A little before twilight, Mr. Churchill came out again, bringing with him a Cabinet member, and pointed out his great skill and speed and sureness of eye and steadiness of hand and delicacy of trowel work. "One morning's work—and behold, a classic entity!"

The bricklayers' union was so impressed with the photographs of "his" labors (everything had the obvious "master builder" touch) that it was proud to include anyone so distinguished as a Chancellor of the Exchequer in its membership. There was a brief challenge about it from the union's council, querying the right of an amateur to enjoy professional standing and the union's protection that went with it. This turned into a row. The union itself seemed to want the "bricklayer statesman" in its company, the council not to, and the socialist element was strong enough to force the president to ask Churchill, who by then had paid dues, to resign.

Churchill was hurt at first, then majestically furious. He reminded the whole union that it had sought his membership and he'd lay bricks with the best of them, in a public exhibit to prove his competence. He said he was to be considered in this matter for exactly what he was and that he was a bricklayer and nothing more and those who were dragging in his "incidental duties" as King's Minister were laying down a smoke screen over the dignity of organized skilled labor.

Here is Churchill, the contained man, at his best. (But give him a swimming pool or a war and look out.)

Churchill has only rarely lent his painting to exhibits. And then only when he had the protection of anonymity. Here, I think, he liked to stand up under the pressure of competitive skills and see how good he was considered to be by those who did not realize they were examining the labors of a Prime Minister. The vanity-modesty dilemma again.

I knew that Churchill [in Italy to see Mussolini in the '20's] was not in the least impressed with the so-called "long walk to the Presence." Churchill has the instinct and the technique for taking the military clank out of heavily decorated aides and flunkies (when he thinks they need bypassing or reducing). So, when challenged by the advance brass of Mussolini's outer chamber for daring to be smoking and especially for thinking he could walk in on Il Duce that way, he simply passed his smoldering cigar to the astounded sergeant who had challenged him, pushed his gun up, and walked in by himself, lighting a fresh cigar while he closed the door with his foot.

Early in World War II Mr. Churchill became Prime Minister. One day, soon after taking over the rooms provided for him at No. 10 Downing Street, he issued an order to the whole British government against whistling in the corridors. Many times, in the midst of meetings, upon hearing whistling after the posting of his order, he has dispatched the person nearest to him to fly outside and find and silence the culprit.

I was accompanying him early one morning. We were on our way from the Annexe to Downing Street. A boy passed, whistling loudly (and not too well). But he was a pleasant-enough-looking boy, and half saluted Winston by a lift of his eager brows as youngster passed statesman.

"Stop that whistling!" Churchill thundered.

"Whatever for?" the boy properly challenged.

"It's a horrible noise!"

"Then shut your ears!" the boy hurled back upon the astonished Prime Minister. The boy returned to his enjoyments full blast.

We crossed the road into the Foreign Office yard. I saw a slow smile break over Winston's face. He repeated the boy's words aloud to himself, and chuckled. Then he looked up at me. "Shut your ears," he said. "Shut your ears!"



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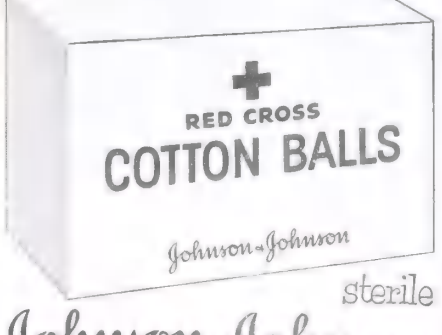


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We were to visit President Roosevelt at sea. Churchill rushed about Chequers being in favor of everything and approving of everyone. Very unusual for him. On the day we were due to leave, his keenness to be off grew more and more intense—actually boyish—as the hour came. He very well knew the hour, yet he kept asking me it. At one o'clock, for the thirtieth time, he once more asked me if everything was ready and "secure" and *exactly* when were we to depart.

"About a quarter of an hour," I answered him, amused at his suspense. I felt some myself, of course, but I am a cop and this is not an authorized part of our equipment.

Today I do truly believe if I had studied my wrist watch for a second or two and then said with quiet positiveness, "We leave in exactly thirteen minutes and eleven seconds," he would have stood it out. (And we were only going to the station to catch a train! At least, that was the start.) But he couldn't stand it. At one-five he jumped into the waiting car and instructed the driver to take us to the station at once. He was grinning at all, and flashing his most bewitching smile on persons never before seen.

Of course we had to wait. Finally the train came. It already had quite a supply of some of the most important Englishmen alive. And a lot of champagne too.

The mood of the group grew happier at dinner before we arrived at our point of embarkation. Churchill not only had his regular pint of champagne, he had a bit more tonight.

He turned to Lord Cherwell—a brilliant mathematician—and asked him to work out in his head how much champagne he had drunk, at the rate of a pint a day, in twenty-four years. He seemed very satisfied with the answer. But when he turned to the professor again and asked him how many railway coaches it would require to stow and carry all that champagne and was told that one end of one coach would be more than ample, he was very put out and disappointed, feeling himself a very uninteresting imbiber at best. He wanted it to require several trainloads.

Then Sir John Dill asked Mr. Churchill how many yards of cigars he'd smoked. The Prime Minister wouldn't get into it, and it also came out that the definitions of smoking would have to be gone into with considerable care, many seeming to know that Winston, while seldom without a cigar in public, was also known to carry it about unlit for long periods of time, so that a single cigar might last half the afternoon, most of the time more ornamental than functional. You can see how important the dinner conversation had become.

We arrived in the far north of the island in a cool, heavy rain, but nothing would dampen the spirits of the Prime Minister or the pervasive sense of "mission" that went with this group.

I knew by this time—and by silhouette—every ship in the Royal Navy, and there before us (though I had not been told—indeed, none of us had) was the Prince of Wales.

We went aboard at once. There the Prime Minister was met by Admiral Tovey. Churchill stepped forward to shake hands with him. He had not noticed yet that a quick and sickly-looking man had also stepped up. Then these two shook hands. I'd seen the picture fifty times, but did not at once identify the man.

It was Harry Hopkins. He had just come back from seeing Stalin.

"Hello, Harry!" said Winston jovially. "How is our friend Joe?"

"Joe is looking very well, Winston, and is sorry he didn't take your advice."

"Joe has a lot of work to do now," said Winston.

"I guess he knows it now," said Harry.

"He should have taken my advice. *Everybody* should take my advice," he added good-naturedly. "At all times."

I had a certain amount of importance, at least by proxy. I could keep people away from the Prime Minister, and I could tell the hundreds of inquirers that I had no idea where we were going, who was to meet us, what was to be said, and then look wisely and laconically away as if I actually were carrying the plans in my trousers. I enjoyed a great deal of prestige and was well served at messtime. But too often, when in the midst of a cluster of eager questioners and holding them spellbound, there would be the warning buzz of the ship's loud-speaker, then the momentous summons: "Inspector Thompson, lay aft to the laundry to fetch the Prime Minister's fresh linen!" . . . "Inspector Thompson, lay aft to the Prime Minister's cabin to porter his laundry." . . . "Inspector Thompson, the Prime Minister's uniforms are ready!" And off I'd go, the whole navy sensing my odd humiliation. And enjoying it.

In speaking of President Roosevelt, I gathered that Winston was rehearsing in his own thoughts quite closely what he was planning to say, and in what order. He and Harry Hopkins were together much of the time. Winston had a world sense. It was English, and it was personal, but it was a world sense nonetheless. He seemed to feel that he held the continents in his right hand and the custody of all their inhabitants, and that in his left hand he held the oceans. I began to feel that Winston's view of President Roosevelt was very much that sort of thing too: that there might be two such men; men of prestige and power, of might, accomplishment, elaborate thought, fearless initiation, supported by an impassioned love by the multitudes; that Winston felt it might be likely (certainly possible) that this, also, was the way the President of the United States felt about *him*self.

There was a loom of land ahead, then land itself, then the outlines of ships, some carrying sail.

Just ahead now was the USS Augusta, with the President of the United States aboard her.

We approached and spirits lifted at once. We soon reached our anchorage in surrounds very similar to Scapa Flow. Around us were numerous units, big and small, from the U.S. Navy. How hungrily Winston looked over their firepower! How we needed it!

As we passed slowly and majestically between these ships, bands were playing everywhere. It was most beautiful. It was hard to hold back tears. We sailed clear around the Augusta playing a number all the Americans love—the Sousa march, Stars and Stripes Forever. We received a salute from her and she right away struck up God Save the King.

The Augusta had a large canvas awning over the quarter-deck, and as we arrived the band played God Save the King again. We went to the deck above. The President of the United States was here. So were officers of the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force.

President Roosevelt was standing by the rail, supported by his son Elliott, an officer in the U.S. Army. It was a most impressive moment. The President looked strong and healthy. He did not smile at first. He was a serious man. Character and decision were written into every line of his face. He stood very straig had a cape. It gave him an aloof elega did not appear incongruous.

Winston Churchill moved forward. President Roosevelt smiled most winn had never seen such a smile. They shook warmly, informally. After greeting the dent, the Prime Minister presented the officers who had accompanied him Augusta, and of course those of the C and War Council.

At the conclusion of this, Mr. Ch handed to the President a letter fro Majesty the King. Here, most regrettab contrarily, the sound camera suddenly to function. What was said then is now caught only a broken snatch or two. It not be reconstructed.

We got back to the Prince of Wales af two warriors had lunched together. A o'clock a welcome surprise was in store crew of our ship, and for all her escort stroyers. Several small boatloads of cardboard boxes came alongside. We not imagine what they were. The boat manned by marines. They brought thes dreds and hundreds of boxes on deck box contained 200 cigarettes, two app orange or other fruit, and half a po cheese.

You cannot imagine what a lift this Most of these men hadn't tasted an orat two years, hadn't even seen one. This present from the President of the States to all crews. And in each box printed folder, on the front of whic inscribed: *The Commander in Chief, States Navy, sends his compliments a wishes, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Presiden United States, August 9, 1941.*

A meeting of this character had neve held before. The circumstances in wh came about will remain forever with tho were present and who took part. All were ships of war—encircled by the high of the clean coast of Newfoundland. F planes drummed but remained far off.

The head chaplain read the service [S morning] standing before a rostrum with American and British flags. We w deeply reached. Three hymns were sung them selected by the Prime Minister. He the sea and knew the hymns the majo the sailors would be sure to know. The rang richly across these strange waters. was never such singing.

Roosevelt was one to capture the im tion. From the instant I had heard his vo the wireless, I had wanted to behold th in person, to look at him and listen to must confess I got quite a start when his guard offered to make this very thing p right here and now.

Mike is like all the other Americans met in one respect at least, in that sugge are put into action right on the spot. W ried across the deck to the President's "Isn't there some sort of warning? I some ceremony? Some protocol?" I very didn't want to be guilty of a breach in tilio, and didn't at all understand the ican system for such things. (It turns ou is none!) "Hell no!" he said cheerfully, ing me along with a powerful shove acr shoulders. "*Any*body can meet the Pre if I think they're O.K. Me and a few that is." And he seemed glad to be able this for me. (The paper work this woul entailed in England is amazing to think

At the very doorway of the Presi suite, I collided with Winston Churchi stepping out after a conversation. I in ately told him the purpose of my com and the courtesy being shown me by the ican Secret Service. Churchill beame grabbed us both, one in each hand.

"Oh, no, Thompson! I will perfor introduction myself! It will be a great pl for me."

So we came into the presence of Roo I stood at his desk, where he was readin writing. He looked up and smiled mos ably. He seemed relaxed and good-natu leaner and sharper edition of Winston h

THE "DIFFERENT" GIRL

By BARBARA SHOOK CONKLIN

She looked different from the other girls who waited
Downstairs in the dorm to greet their beaux;
She wore brown oxfords and her hair was plaited
In two thick braids. Even her clothes,
A plain brown crepe touched up with lace,
With its mended spot and jagged hem,
Made her seem old-fashioned and out of place.
It was clear that she wasn't one of them.
But the boy who met her looked different too;
He called her darling and she never knew.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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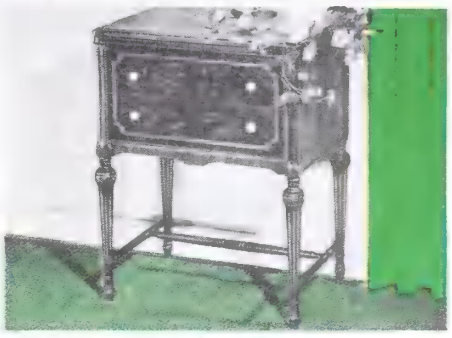
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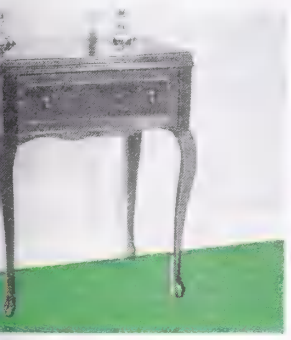


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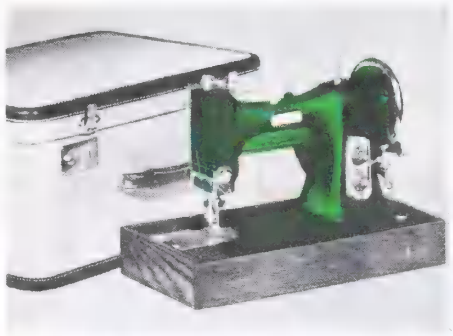
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ACHINE CORPORATION, Cleveland 1, Ohio



Take a drumstick, for instance . . .

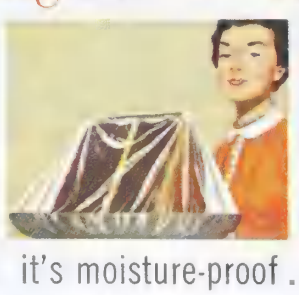
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

in some ways, and extended his hand across his desk to me. He had good arms and shoulders and an unexpectedly powerful grip. Winston spoke:

"Inspector Thompson has faithfully guarded me for a period of nearly twenty years. It gives me great pleasure to present him to you."

Here we chatted for about ten minutes, the President offering me one of his cigarettes from his silver cigarette case.

Churchill slipped out. Roosevelt asked me to stay. Mike went on into the suite somewhere.

Roosevelt asked, "How is he standing up under it, Thompson? How is he *really?*"

"He has marvelous reserve, sir, and fine working habits, including the habit of periodic rest."

"Good. Good. See that he goes on observing that. I do this myself."

"Yes, sir. I understand so."

"Does he sleep at night?"

"When he finally goes to bed, sir, he goes off at once."

"It's useful. I cultivated it many years ago. It's a valuable habit for busy people." He smoked thoughtfully for a moment, leaning back and looking at me, as if measuring me to see how much strength stood between the life of the Prime Minister and the dangers and the terrors about him—those survived and those not yet encountered. "Is he hard to handle?"

"Yes, sir. He's reckless and self-willed. Restraint of any kind is unendurable to him."

"Well, take care of him. He's about the greatest man in the world. In fact, he may very likely *be* the greatest. You have a terrible responsibility in safeguarding him. You have the responsibility of four or five hundred million people, Thompson."

He smiled and dismissed me, and was instantly at work. Churchill was this way, too, total attention to the matter under scrutiny.

We then left the Augusta, finding Ensign (later Lieutenant) Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., waiting for us at the gangway. He and Mr. Churchill spoke together. Young Roosevelt said a most comforting thing, and in my hearing: that a thorough understanding had been reached. It was the first I heard of it. The younger Roosevelt accompanied us to the Prince of Wales. On the way Mr. Churchill said to him, "Your father is a great man."

This precipitated one of the most interesting conversations—at least for individual slant—that I have heard. Roosevelt, Jr., immediately thanked the Prime Minister, then amended the observation to read this way: "I think my father is *becoming* a great man."

"Yes," said Winston, seeing the point at once. "He has certainly had much to get through. And to get over."

"That is it. He has been determined to get over his affliction, and he has done so. It hasn't reduced his activity, mental or physical, nor impaired the fairness or clarity of his judgments. My father is a very religious man, Mr. Churchill. I presume you know this."

"I have sensed it."

"He is brainy, but if he is great it is through his determination to set aside obstacles. Setting aside his own was first."

"It is my opinion—and one not arrived at without a considerable range of samplings and comparisons—that your father is one of the greatest men on the earth today."

To this young Roosevelt replied, smiling, "Father was talking to me of you while you were out of the dining room yesterday and said that Churchill ——"

Here the Prime Minister broke him off with gruff good humor: "No—no! 'Winston.' 'Winston.' Your father always calls me 'Winston.' He's never to do anything else!"

"Yes, sir. Correct, sir. So he does. So he will, too, I'm sure!" They laughed together here. Roosevelt, Jr., continued: "In any case, he said quite plainly and without reservation that you are the greatest statesman the world has ever known."

Churchill's eyes glistened and a tremble went through him. "I do not think of myself this way. I hardly think of myself a just in the flood of the circumstance.

"But the world thinks of you this Churchill. So does my father. I told history would have time to make thes tions, but meantime it was my own e that he—meaning my father—and were certainly the greatest *two* men and that together you can bring pea world and keep it here."

"Very diplomatic of you, young m very challenging. Thank you now, for us ac ss."

A beautiful villa had been placed at ill's disposal at Palm Beach, and at a able distance from the next nearest The day following our arrival, I ap the Prime Minister to find out what swim suit he would like me to get f told him I was going to a store in the get one for myself.

"I don't think I need one," he said and to my astonishment.

I made the polite sounds implyin and just the faintest remonstrance— of noises butlers make in the cinem they don't use words.

"No," he continued, unimpresse quite private here. And no one kn staying in this part. It's quite a sec I've been promised it's one that'll be we

Both of these statements were, o true, or nearly so.

"You see, Thompson," he encourag ing toward the villa, "I have only to of the back door into the sea."

"But you can through field glass I said.

To which he replied, "If they much interested, it own fault what th

I knew it would b thrown away to bu swim suit.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

—MME. DE STAEL

Winston caused amusement on t over [to the United States]. He was He loved flight. He did not much ca he looked like. This time he looke lievably ludicrous. It was hard to was the Prime Minister of a world po looked more as if presiding at a Ha party. He looked chubby too. He lay the rear of the flying boat, seeming to most of the space there—absolutely f ant in baby-blue siren suit (we might admit that his siren costumes were the of military) and the gaudiest dressin ever seen on an Englishman. He chan a couple of times as the drafts see change in the plane, and smoked a twe cigar most of the way across the Atl was better for me not to look at him.

The meetings were only well starte the heavy news came to us that the A ships containing armored vehicles to r our armies in Libya had been sunk. will remember, the Mediterranean was impassable, and supplies had to be se sands of miles around the Cape of Goo then through the Suez Canal.

President Roosevelt looked up at th and as if declaring advantages he coul a hand of whist, he said, "I have a nu Sherman tanks just being issued to ou You shall have them at once. We'll se for you right away."

Without an instant's delay—witho waiting for Winston to thank him, or the admirals and generals to react—he up a telephone at his side and issued th then and there.

These tanks—minus a single shiploa a U-boat got—enabled us to drive th mans back from El Alamein.

Our journey [to Quebec the same ye broken for a visit to Niagara Falls. C men surrounded us so thick it was not p to walk. Winston, with his wife Cle and daughter Mary, stood in a hundre One of the newsmen asked in a loud upon learning that Churchill had seen t in 1900, "Do the falls look the same to

irst saw them so many years ago, tittered but all waited.
looked out at the mighty chasm as s questioner the compliment of a answer, then said, "I'm not abso- in as to the falls, but the principle changed!"

joked about Friday the thirteenth, king was never quite a joke with believe it was his one obstinate . . . . But the Germans were getting k so hard and so fast on all fronts were still fighting that I looked any Friday the thirteenth with joy. , there was a Friday the thirteenth, n April, 1945. It was three A.M. and ell rang. I was instantly up. Winston ls this late unless I have left him last few minutes. This night he had his light a little before two. I was newspapers. I was not restless but eful.
ou come quickly, Thompson?" aid weakly. I grabbed my guns and

up and pacing about his bedroom. vas sunk down. He kept looking at would go from one wall to another. topped.
ou heard the terrible news?"
, sir," I said, protesting. But he right—and that was the main thing. in your family, sir?"
he President of the United States. d and mine, Thompson."
n?" I asked quickly, thinking of later, the dead look the President they took leave in North Africa.
r worse, Thompson. He has passed

long time Winston Churchill just out his room, talking of Roose- ing, reminiscing, smiling, going days, the years; recalling conversa- hing he had done this, wondering been meant when Roosevelt said at; agreeing, disagreeing, reliving. alized Winston could not stop talk- ing—here in the middle of the night—because he could not bear the agony. Now that the great American was no more, it was all a terrible, unbearable loneliness for him.

I remember some of his sentences. "No one realized what that man meant to this country. No Englishman can ever quite know it altogether. They can only half sense it. Perhaps, in time. In later years."

He went over to a dressing table and opened a drawer. He kept his fresh handkerchiefs there.

"He was a great friend to us all. He gave us immeasurable help. We would surely have gone under. Without him and the Americans behind him, surely we would have been smothered. There was just too much." Then he wept, and finally recovered. "I do not know just now, but I will try to fly across the ocean tomorrow. The funeral is to take place at the weekend. I do not know for certain. I must ask the King and members of the Cabinet. There is so much. You will come, of course, if I go?" And he looked shyly at me.

"Of course, sir. Whatever is needed."

"He was loved by millions. Inside and outside the United States. Hated, too, as who isn't who gets things done. I'll be hated. But I'm composed about it. It requires no resignation on my part. I'm sure it took none for Franklin.

"I have lost a great friend. One of the greatest ever. And now"—and here the pacing slowed and he went into deep thought—"we have to start all over again. And it is Friday the thirteenth!"

In the evening of his life and work (his eightieth birthday is November 30, 1954), I hope that the peoples of the world will long remember him as the one who, when all seemed about to crack, hung on; that his eloquence and his determination and his honest endeavor to keep this world together, and keep it right, did vitally help bring us through to victory in Europe.

Alfred North Whitehead said once, "Churchill is a better Prime Minister flat on his back in bed with pneumonia than any other man in England up in his boots."

OUR READERS WRITE US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

he front section of the book. As you w, the Arab is noted for his hospi- ty, and no visit, however casual, is r ended without tea and coffee being ed the guest. Very truly yours,
CONNIE B. RIDGEWAY

e Made It!

Houston, Texas

Dear Editors: Polio laid me low forty rs ago. It added to my burdens that parents were lovingly reconciled to ing their crippled, old-maid daughter manently on their hands. My ways ttempting to be "marriageable" are the methods I would employ in my ater wisdom, but they sufficed at the e and our marriage has been beauti- and satisfying. I still prepare break- for my husband and eight-year-old with thankfulness in my heart.
Yours very truly,
(Name withheld)

rican King

Kampala, Uganda, East Africa

Dear Mrs. Bass: My husband and I e recently invited by the King of nyoro to spend a week at his palace in ntral Uganda. This was the week that ruler celebrated his thirtieth anni- sary of accession to the throne.
Bunyoro is the oldest kingdom of ntral Africa, with 1200 years of excit- history behind it. In olden days its gs were all-powerful and ruled with a d and cruel hand.
We were fortunate to see what re- ins of the old tribal glory, for although Kingdom of Bunyoro is no longer verful, and modern civilization has ught many changes, the king himself clings to his old tribal customs with ubbornness that is unique in modern ica. The ceremony to which we had n invited was a re-enactment of his ginal coronation.

When each day's symbolic ceremony was over, the King of Bunyoro shed his pagan personality and became once more a modern man in a modern world. The transition was amazing. He would leave us, magnificent in his bark-cloth robes and return again a few minutes later, wearing an immaculate white suit, tie and highly polished shoes. Then he would sit with us on his balcony, a grandchild on each knee, and watch the dancing of his people. He spoke with us, in perfect English, of the past history of his kingdom and of its future too.

His queen the Omuga spoke only a few words of English and I knew no Bunyoro at all, which, to a stranger, seems to consist mostly of gutteral sounds and long drawn-out "mmmmmmm's." And yet, as we had many interests in common, we did not find it difficult to understand each other.

She was curious about people of other lands, and through a translator asked me many questions about our lives in America. And for a woman who until only a few years ago wore the simple costume of her country—robes of pounded bark—I was surprised to learn that she had a great liking for our Western style of dress. She admired the cottons that I wore and took pride in showing me the wardrobe she had taken with her to London when she attended the Coronation of another queen—Elizabeth II of England.

But my biggest surprise came when she showed me her treasured copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL from which she studied the current fashions. It was given her by an American missionary two years ago. Then she turned to a page of Wilhela Cushman's and pointed out a dress that she herself had copied—the dress she wore to England to meet the queen! Very truly yours,
JINX WITHERSPOON RODGER







"There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas"

A magic that stirs remembrances of the blended perfume of many sweet and spicy odors; of popping corn and fashioning it into endless chains for the tree; of pulling taffy, polishing apples; of knitting a mitten just right for snowballing; of sampling each batch of cookies as it comes from the oven; of laughter, song and whispered confidences; of warmth and the happiness of Christmas.

Christmas Fun in the Kitchen





The kitchen door says "Merry Christmas" with its gay frosted ginger-cooky wreath and the cookies the children made.

LA G. SHOUER

CH Christmas as your children grow
ıp has its own and special memories.
: missing a great slice of joy if you
ɔuild some of those memories right
kitchen. Even the littlest one can
share in making cookies and wrap-
ackages, if it's only to put a finger
ribbon while you tie the bow. You
ıelp getting that Christmas feeling,
l-over warm isn't-it-wonderful feel-
atching a child squiggle frosting on
erbread star—his star, his offering
birthday Child.

ɔon't be too busy this year to have
'un in the kitchen. Christmas is still
l weeks away and friends will cherish
ıemade, family-made gift. If you
ıave time to run the whole gamut of
mas-food giving, concentrate on one
things you make especially well.

the least of the charm of homemade-
gifts is the originality you show in
ting them. I'll lead you on with some
tions and ideas. Then put on your
ıg cap and dream up some of your
You'll be surprised how much fun

v for some good things to put in the
ges. It wouldn't be Christmas with-
aking at least one kind of homemade
Anyone would love to receive a
or so of

CHRISTMAS CARAMELS

ne in a large heavy saucepan 3 cups
-and remember beet sugar makes just
nderful candy as cane sugar—2 cups
ream, ¾ cup light corn sirup and ½ teaspoon salt; cook slowly on medium heat to soft-ball stage (236° F., if you have a thermometer), about 20 minutes. Add ⅓ cup butter or margarine and 1 cup light cream alternately in five additions, beginning and ending with butter or margarine (do not let mixture stop boiling), stirring constantly. Continue to cook slowly to hard-ball stage (252° F.), which takes about 25 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¾ cup broken walnut meats. Pour into lightly greased 9″-square pan. Cool completely, then turn out on a board and cut with a sharp knife (using a sawing motion) into 1″ squares. Wrap each square in cellophane or aluminum foil or plastic-film wrapping to keep it fresh. Makes about 2½ pounds.

There are four kinds of cookies in our cooky train. Ann Batchelder gives you some to choose from in The Party's On! on page 64 and here's the one in the center coach—simple, easy to make by the dozen.

FILBERT DIAMONDS

Mix 4 egg yolks with 1 cup sugar without beating. Grind ½ pound (1½ cups) shelled filberts and add to yolk mixture. Chill dough. No, there's no flour in this recipe. Roll out about ⅛″ thick between sheets of waxed paper, working with a small portion of the dough at one time. Cut out with a small diamond-shaped cooky cutter. Place on greased baking sheet and top with filbert halves. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 10 minutes. Makes about 85 small diamond-shaped cookies (2′ long).

For friends not quite so appreciative of sweets give something sophisticated—maybe these before-dinner pickups called

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Merry Making

Cooky express. Fill a cardboard train (available in card shops for displaying your collection of Christmas cards) with Christmas cookies, a different kind for each car.

Bake your favorite fruitcake in tiny pans—wrap and heap in a salad bowl, handy by the front door—nice to give to parting callers.

A wire lettuce basket prompts a gift idea. Enamel it green. Line with a gay, colorful napkin. Fill with almond schenkle (miniature almond doughnuts) or Christmas cookies. Tie the handles shut with ribbon and tuck in a gay spray of gilded spruce and cones.

Make a Christmas-breakfast coffee bread for each of your next-door neighbors. Wrap on brightly colored breadboards with clear film.

Inexpensive miniature picnic hampers, sold for purses, take to paint and a greeting. Ideal toters for snacks for a special friend.

Remember the friends who rave about your salad dressing with generous samples in inexpensive, corked flasks given a sophisticated holiday touch with rickrack, tiny bells and sequins.

Jolly jelly. Make saucy Santa caps of red paper and cotton for jars of jam or jelly. Use notebook reinforcements and cotton for the faces

Sugar-plum drum. Coffee cans become enchanting toy drums to fill with homemade candy. Paint blue. Trim with red-and-white pressure tape. Stretch letter paper over the top.

A wreath that tastes good. Cut a 10″ circle out of rolled ginger-cooky dough—have it thicker than for regular cookies. Cut out center with sharp edge of an opened fruit can. Bake on greased cooky sheet. Frost with icing, decorate with candied fruits, marzipan and silver candies.

No gift expresses "Merry Christmas from our home to yours" more warmly than a gift of food.



STUART



Coconut-cooky mittens in all sizes and frosted ice-cream cones to fill with candy and hang on the tree.



ONIONS IN THE STEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

and the Jackie Coogan doll he won at a carnival when he was ten years old in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

This was during World War II and in Seattle, where we lived, there weren't any houses for rent and none for sale for nothing, which is what we had. We did like the country, it is true, but we would gladly have moved into the police station if it had been for rent furnished. You see, in addition to no money, we had no furniture.

In the Pacific Northwest, there are several hundred islands, varying in size from small enough to be cuddled in the crook of your arm to over a hundred miles long. Not one of them, no matter how small, has that forlorn, discarded floating-paper-cup look so often associated with the word "island." These are young, virile, heavily wooded. Five of the larger islands are within commuting distance of Seattle. They are all ringed with beaches and homes, mostly summer, some of which probably could be rented, we thought. But when we tackled a real-estate agent, he treated us as if we were inquiring about the Pribilof Islands and had demanded a snap decision as to the exact number of female seals in residence that year.

That is why we finally decided to look for ourselves.

We investigated Bainbridge Island first because I used to visit there when I was a little girl and had pleasant memories of large, well-furnished houses with inside plumbing, electric lights, even grand pianos, all owned by *darling* people who would undoubtedly not only let us move in but would probably not let us pay any rent. All the houses, I remembered, had orchards with yellow plums, sandy beaches with clams and gardens with bulbs.

I said, thinking of my happy childhood, "And the ferry ride takes forty-five minutes."

The ferry ride did take forty-five minutes. When the ferry docked we started looking for a real-estate office. We found one, and the proprietor, Mr. Haggerty, was so pleasant I had to go out and look again to be sure the office sign did say "Real Estate." Not once did Mr. Haggerty say "There's a war on," or "Say, are you crazy?" but only that he didn't have much to rent because of a shipyard operating on the island. "I'll be delighted to show you what I have, though," he said, getting some keys out of a drawer.

What he had was one large, thin-walled summer house, miles and miles and miles from the ferry, a store, a school or another house. It had no electricity and the bathroom was on the back porch. The house did have a fine view of the Olympic Mountains, a sandy beach, four bedrooms, adequate beds and sagging wicker furniture and it was for rent for $60 a month. Don wanted to take it at once. But I, who had lived without electricity or friends and with the toilet outdoors, stood firm.

The only other place for rent on Bainbridge, Mr. Haggerty told us, was much farther from the ferry, had no lights either and was at the foot of a steep cliff. "It's easy to get to at low tide," he said. "But the rest of the time you'd have to use the steps and I wouldn't trust 'em. They're about forty years old."

"Let's go see it anyway," Don said, assuming a lifetime-lease look. I stiffened and got tears in my eyes and Mr. Haggerty winked and said he had forgotten the key.

WE were invited to spend the next weekend on Vashon Island. The Havers, whom we visited, had a charming house right on the beach, the tides were perfect for clamming, and Saturday night as Don and I lay in bed on their porch, listening to the slurp, splash, slurp of the waves against the sea wall, and watching the ferry gliding across the moonlit water, we decided that this was the perfect place. The beach was rich with clams and driftwood. The water was filled with salmon, sole, cod and Spanish mackerel. The soil was so fertile that syringa and alder grew twelve feet a season. The climate was almost ten degrees warmer than that of Seattle. And it was walking distance from the ferry.

The next morning we told George Haver, "We like this place. This exact spot. We want to live here."

George was glad that we liked his beach, but very discouraging about our finding anything to rent or for sale for no money. He explained that all the people on that particular beach had been coming there for thirty-five years and, even though there was no road and they had to walk in by the county trail and bring in all their provisions and possessions by boat or by wife, they were all very attached to their houses and never rented them. We were so downcast by this information that he took us for a boat-ride around the point.

In the course of the ride he said, "As long as you're disappointed anyway, I'm going to show you a house that will spoil you for any other beach house."

He steered the boat to shore, pulled it up on a log and we climbed a small winding path to the house.

He had told the truth. It was the most attractive house we had seen and it certainly did spoil us for all the sagging built-by-grandpa-designed-by-the-cat structures we had seen and were to see. Unfortunately, the Hendersons, who were living in it and who had bought it from the doctor who had built it, were very happy here.

"We are going to live here forever," they told us smugly, while I looked around me and wondered if the Seattle Public Library had anything on well poisoning.

The house, snuggled on the lap of the plump green hillside, was built of hewn fir timbers. The roof was hand-split cedar shakes, each shake at least an inch thick. The rain and the salt air had turned it all a soft pewter color. The kitchen, which was small, had knotty-pine walls with a bricked-in electric range and a trash burner across one corner. Against the windows which looked at Mt. Rainier over an enormous window box filled with pink geraniums was a Flemish-blue drop-leaf table and four stools. The drainboard and inside cupboards were the same Flemish b door was pine planks put down with pegs and calked. The living room opened from the kitchen by a swing half door, was about forty feet long. same plank floors, an enormous sto place that went up two stories, a sma stairway leading to a balcony from opened three small knotty-pine bedroo a bath. At the south end of the balc the master bedroom, which had a ceiling, pine walls and a fireplace with hood. In all the rooms were hand rugs and lovely pine furniture made doctor. There were two patios, one kitchen, one in the angle of the ell fo the master-bedroom wing and the livir made of rounds of cedar with flowers in between. Around the south patio rockery filled with heather. Above it or was a gnarled old apple tree. The ground the apple tree was carpeted with blu and yellow tulips. Across the front house and accessible from the living r French doors was a rustic porch over the water and the sandy beach and fa Rainier.

IT was the house we had dreamed of But it definitely wasn't for rent or for we said good-by to Vashon.

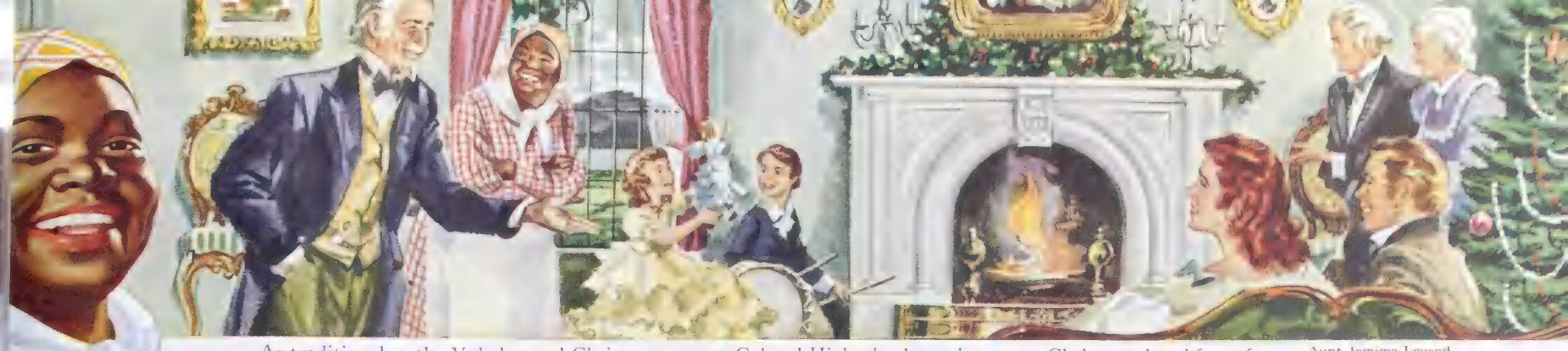
Then my sisters Dede and Madge fo rented a small beach house on Quarte Harbor at the other end of Vashon Isl the next few weeks each Saturday mo would load the car with groceries, dren, Tudor the dog, mother and her ing things, bathing suits, sun-tan oil pounds of ice because the house had t of icebox, and go to Vashon.

We had a wonderful time. The wa warm for swimming. There were hug

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



D. B. A. AND CO., LTD.—"THE BEST CARTOONS FROM PUNCH"



As traditional as the Yule log and Christmas tree at Colonel Higbee's plantation was a Christmas breakfast of Aunt Jemima's pancakes. Light, tender, famous for flavor, they were a perfect start for a day of merriment.

Aunt Jemima Legend

u can't duplicate it in a homemade batter; you don't get it in any other mix . . .

e matchless

4-flour flavor of Aunt Jemima pancakes



FOR THE FINEST BUCKWHEATS *get Aunt Jemima in the* YELLOW *box*

The treasured Aunt Jemima recipe combines 4 flours in a special way. **Wheat** flour for lightness, **corn** for tenderness, **rye** for richness, **rice** for browning quality. This 4-flour blend gives Aunt Jemima pancakes a flavor no others can match.



AKES

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

piles of driftwood for beach fires. There were the mingled smells of fresh coffee and salt air. And there was sleep refreshing as only a sleep induced by too much sun, too much swimming and too much food can be. Don and I became revitalized and renewed our efforts to find a place on Vashon on the water.

We looked at large thin-walled houses without electricity and with a bathroom on the back porch; we looked at houses at the bottom of cliffs; we looked at crumbling houses furnished in sagging wicker and discarded pottery. Don and I got so that we could tell by the kind of fern in the abalone-shell hanging basket what the inside of the house was going to be like.

After we had finished Vashon we went to Camano Island. We looked at Manchester on the Olympic Peninsula. We drove to Tacoma and Everett and even went clear up to the San Juans with the idea that if we should find "the place" perhaps we could manage with mother until the war and our jobs were over.

Then one morning I was in a restaurant drinking coffee and dispiritedly leafing through the want-ad section of the paper when I saw what appeared to be an advertisement of the Hendersons' house on Vashon. The ad said, "Lodge-type log house, huge stone fireplace, 400′ of sandy beach, for sale—$7000 furnished."

I called Mrs. Henderson at the office where she worked and she told me that it was their house. That her husband had been offered a wonderful job in California and they thought he should take it. I made arrangements to go over the next weekend. My hands were shaking as I hung up the phone.

The next Saturday as we swung along the trail, I told Don that I just knew we were going to get the house. "I just feel that it was meant to be," I told him.

Don, who is Scotch on both sides of his family, is not exactly an optimist. He said, "Quite a bit of erosion along here."

But the house *was* for sale and the Hendersons had got the place from the doctor who built it with *no* down payment because the doctor had to go in the Navy, and they were willing to sell it to us the same way. We were to pay $150 a month until we had established a down payment, then we would go to the bank and have it refinanced. We were all terribly casual and gay, made more so by the fact that we none of us had any money, didn't want the others to find it out and I kept my hand over Don's truthful mouth at the right times.

Anyway, we made arrangements to come out the next weekend with two payments (which we intended to borrow) and the house would be ours.

"You see," I told Don on the ferry on the way home, "it *was* meant to be."

Don said, "That ramp isn't down far enough." He pointed at the cars bouncing onto the ferry, each one denting its exhaust pipe because the dock hand hadn't lowered the ramp far enough, which he still doesn't.

It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

—CHARLES W. ELIOT: The Happy Life

If, as I have, you have ever said in a rather superior way, "I simply will not allow things to dominate my life; I keep my possessions down to a minimum"; if, also like me, you have nurtured the mistaken impression that you have kept your possessions down to, say, one package of corn plasters and a few first editions, then you should move to an island. Try mixing that minimum with water and see what you have. My box of corn plasters turned out to be three old trunks minus handles, filled with clothes and/or ingots; stuff out of ten medicine cabinets; assorted boxes of canned goods, vases, dishes, records, pictures; and thousands of loose items such as pillows, pots and pans, record players, bamboo rakes, lamp shades and dog beds. My few first editions, supplemented by the contents of the trunk of Don's car, were mistakenly left to rise in the moving van overnight, and when we unloaded them at Vashon they had swelled into eighty-seven cartons filled with lead.

This was October. My sisters Dede and Madge had married and left home, and mother was to live with my sister Mary while her husband was overseas, so I got the washing machine, the encyclopedia and mother's portrait.

I PACKED. I started out very methodically. "Books—reference" I marked on the outside of a carton. "Sheets—towels" I marked on another. "Silverware" another. When Don attempted to help I said kindly but firmly, "You had better let me do it, dear. I know exactly what I am doing and I want things to be orderly."

"Draperies—living room" I wrote on a neat newspaper bundle. "Candles, vases, bric-a-brac" I marked a carton. Then somehow I began running out of enough of the same thing to fill a box—also out of boxes and newspapers—also out of strength. By the end of the day I was rolling a jar of mayonnaise, a heel of salami and a half-filled bottle of perfume in my tweed skirt and not even stamping the bundle "Perishable."

Next came getting the things to Vashon. My sister's husband borrowed a moving van, Madge solicited an unemployed musician to drive it, Don and the children and I loaded it and the car and we were off. One last sentimental look at the old brown house revealed that we had left mother's portrait, the box of old medicines, the skis, and Tudor the dog, who didn't care for cars and kept oozing in one side and out the other. The rearranging to get these things in took just the right amount of time for us to miss the ferry and wait an hour on the dock. Also, just as we turned onto the West Seattle Viaduct, Tudor reared up, put his paws on Don's shoulders and threw up down the back of his blue cashmere sweater. Don groaned and looked accusingly at me. He couldn't do much else because the traffic is always very heavy on the viaduct and a sudden stop or swerve might mean being squashed by an oil truck, and I certainly didn't want gasoline all over my clean jeans. Crowded in the front seat with Don and me were the two girls, the portrait, the elk antlers and a lot of strained silence. When we got to the dock at last I carefully maneuvered the sweater and T shirt over Don's head and substituted a red sweat shirt still warm from Mrs. Miniver, the cat. Tudor watched the operation reproachfully, the girls giggled behind their hands and Don's expression, to put the kindliest interpretation upon it, was rage suffused with despair spread thinly over a boiling caldron of desire to commit wificide and dogicide.

THINGS were really not going too badly, however. We *had* intended to get the ten-o'clock ferry, but as is usually the case with expeditions of this kind, we weren't even packed by ten. The ferry we had just missed was the two-thirty. Of course everybody was starving and the little store on the dock had only a gum-ball machine and a few candy bars so stale the chocolate had turned to silver and the peanuts tasted like peach pits, but we all ate with gusto, even Tudor, who, the girls felt, should be rewarded.

"For what?" Don asked grimly.

Harris, Madge's musician, was sleeping in the van, so we didn't bother him.

The day was lovely—hazy with a sun like a marigold. The tide was going out and the wet sand by the dock steamed faintly and gave off a nice seaweedy smell. "Wood will certainly be no problem anyway," I said cheerfully, pointing out logs in huge jackstraw heaps along the shores on either side of the dock.

"I like wood that is already sawed," Don said unenthusiastically.

"Over at Marilyn's summer home we gathered bark," Anne said. "Even when it is soaking wet it burns keen."

"Remember those creosote logs we got at Dede's," Joan said. "There's a nice little fat one. They weigh a lot but they make a hot fire. Let's get it, Don."

Don said sternly, "One of the first laws of the beach is that anything on your property belongs to you. The man who lives in that green house is probably counting on that nice fat little log for his fire tonight."

"Darn!" Joan said. "It's just the right size."

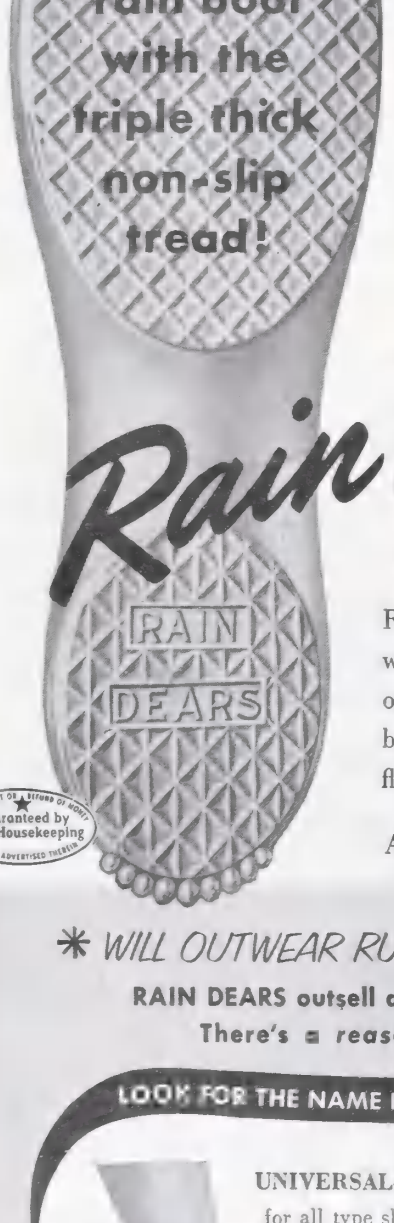
"If there are creosotes on this side there are probably some on the other," Don said.

"But the tide will be high on our side," Joan said. "We're right across from here."

So Don explained about the tides and he apparently knew what he was talking about because he used words such as "lunar," "barometric pressure," "coastal configuration" and "tidal bore," but I only half listened as I am very well satisfied with my conception of the tide situation, which is that every twelve hours somebody, perhaps the man in the moon, pulls the plug and lets out some of the ocean. After a while he turns on the faucet and fills it up again. If he is in a hurry we have a tidal wave.

The wash from an aircraft carrier suddenly began pounding the shore. Because the tide was out the waves slapped the flat beach with a tremendous noise like giant handclapping. The old dock trembled and Tudor barked. Anne and Joan laughed and shouted and the day lost a little of its grimness and took on more of a holiday aspect.

Then the ferry came in and Don bought our first commuter's ticket: car and driver, ten rides for $3.70—passengers 10 cents each. To



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FASHION PERFECTION!



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ioned, I believe, that our new,
er-colored dream house had no
od the civilization-ridden neigh-
ith of us did have a road. They
at was steep and rutted and
two hundred feet from the
y let us use it. They also let us
oats and an outboard motor.
s tied all the boats together and
hem. Harris insisted on steering
which was unfortunate, as he
ed with the idea that we were
rom Vashon to Seattle and kept
sea, chairs, books and pillows
vake.
igh confused, was eager and
nightfall we had most of the
wall, a few things in the house
g machine in one of the boats. I
dinner, but he pointed out that
inches of beach left before high
id him and he slithered off, the
ldly at his narrow back.
staggered wearily up the path to
ew house, which was as cold as
ed high with junk. While Don
ilt roaring quick-dying carton
sh burner and the fireplaces,
awed feverishly through boxes
food. The night before I had
and a pot of beans and had
tuff for salad in a damp dish
everything will be ready and
g day," I told Don. But where
y certainly were not in this old
es—or this one of vases or
almost an hour of fruitless
ded that they might still be on
ook Tudor and a flashlight and

my neck, my back, my arms,
y palms ached and with each
h little jagged pains ran down
I still experienced a wonderful
rity as I realized that this was
was going down to look for *our*
wall.
down to the sea wall I had an-
emotion as I listened to the
against the wooden pilings and
e tide was in and so those were
ause Mr. Henderson had ex-
owned the tidelands too.
light over the heaps of boxes
oing that I had marked the box
if I hadn't, in some mysterious
ould make its presence known.
didn't so I called Tudor.
" I said kindly. "Here Tudor,

his wont, absolutely ignored
sy sniffing a rock. "Tudor," I
ply. Instantly he flattened him-
nd, buried his head in his paws
blow.
ed my voice again. "Tudor, old
food! Good food! Find it!" I
of boxes and trunks.
d at me suspiciously, then ran
the house. He wasn't any help,
en me an idea. I began sniffing
elf. It was hard to get a true
above the salt water and the
mill whose rich rotten-cabbage
en in on the south wind but I
e package of food. It was un-
reference" and "Draperies—

g pine table in the north corner
om, but we ate clustered around
oths around a porch light. Oc-
here are chilly and we were all

and Joan washed the dishes in
Don and I made up the beds.
to find the blankets and sheets I
or that short-lived spurt of effi-
boxes were clearly marked,
d linen."
n a bedroom is a very luxurious
ing tired feet down into the icy
n sheets is not so grueling when
e you are looking into a merrily

After we had turned out the lights, Don and I watched the leaping shadows on the pine walls and listened to the wind, which had freshened. Then suddenly we realized that, in addition to the crackle of *our* fire, the slosh of *our* waves, the moan of the wind under *our* eaves, we were listening to rain on *our* roof.

"It's raining!" I said, leaping out of bed. "The books and records! Hurry, we've got to cover them."

Not even stopping for raincoats, we ran down the path, dragging tarpaulins which we hurriedly tucked around the boxes and trunks. Don flashed his light on the washing machine defiantly spraddled in the rowboat. The waves were almost washing over the stern. "Come on," he said. "We'll have to try and pull the boat up the steps." I jerked on the rope and he jerked on the washing machine and we managed finally to get the prow onto the top step, the stern in the water, the washing machine veering dangerously toward the south. Don tied the painter to a maple tree. I tied my bathrobe cord around the washing machine's wringer and secured both ends to the oarlocks. We stumbled back to bed.

The fire in our fireplace was only coals, but it was still comforting and delightful, especially after the chilly interlude on the sea wall in the rain.

From far across the water a freighter tooted. The rain on the roof sounded like millions of birds' feet. I said to Don, "Isn't it wonderful! Here we are all together at last."

Don said, "Unk." He was very tired. With a snap, the last piece of wood broke apart. The glow from the fireplace was very faint now. The noise of the Sound, less of the slurp, slop, splash and more of a rhythmic thrummmm, like a drum roll, showed that the waves must be pretty high. *Heavenly sounds*, I thought sleepily.

Then above the wind, the rain and the surf I thought I detected a heavy groaning scraping noise.



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Love him wisely, protect him from every hurt

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1000 SHEETS—OVER ½ MORE THAN THE 650 SHEETS YOU GET FROM MOST OTHER TISSUES



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2 ROLLS OF SCOTTISSUE EQUAL MORE THAN 3 ROLLS OF MOST OTHER TISSUES



"That washing machine!" Don said loudly in my ear. "It's still trying to get away."

We had moved on Saturday. That gave us Sunday to unpack, put away, look around, plan ahead and get wood. Sunday morning when I got up later, tireder than I planned, I found that the washing machine had got away after all. Joan and Don, with their irritating early-morning cheerfulness and 20–20 vision, spotted it riding the waves halfway to Three Tree Point, directly across from us.

"See," they told Anne and me, who, even under normal conditions, have trouble seeing each other, "there it is, right there by that white streak."

"I'm cold," Anne said. "Let's go in the house and start the fire."

Joan said, "Can't you even see the rowboat?"

"No," Anne said, huddling her arms around her.

"You're not trying," Joan said. "Now look right across the Sound at that bare place on the hill."

Don said, "The water's pretty rough out there. I can see whitecaps. Let's row out now before breakfast and try to get it back."

"I'm not going anyplace until I have a cup of coffee," I said crossly.

"I'm not either," Anne said. "Only I'm going to have cocoa. Let's start the fire."

"Ah, come on, mommy," Joan said. "A boat ride before breakfast would be fun."

"Why don't you and Joan go?" I said to Don. "Anne and I will get breakfast."

"Yes," Anne said eagerly to Joan. "You and Don go and mommy and I will have breakfast all ready when you get back."

"We'll all have to go," Don said. "Towing that washing machine in that rough water is going to be ticklish business."

So we had breakfast first, and after my second cup of coffee I became mildly enthusiastic about the boat trip. "Hurry with your cocoa, Andy," I said brightly. "We're going for our very first boat ride."

"Does Don know how to row?" Anne asked suspiciously.

"Of course," I said. "Don't you, Don?"

"Well, I haven't had too much experience with boats," Don said, "but I can manage, I guess."

"Can you swim?" I asked him.

"I would be able to," he said, "if my bones weren't so heavy. I always sink."

I looked out at the Sound again. The water in the middle looked much rougher and several large dark clouds were grumbling menacingly as they shoved and pushed each other around directly overhead. I poured myself another cup of coffee.

"Oh, mommy," Joan said, "we'll never get started."

"This may be the last cup of coffee I'll ever have," I said, "and I intend to enjoy it."

"You may as well pour me one too," Don said, sighing resignedly.

"Well, I'm going down and get the boat in the water," Joan said.

"Go ahead," Anne said. "I'm going to make myself another piece of cinnamon toast."

"Why don't you get one of the neighbors to help you?" I said, peering past the pink geraniums in the window box toward the horizon. "If that speck I see out there is the rowboat with the washing machine in it, it's awfully far out."

"Oh, nonsense," Don said. "Pe
across the Sound all the time. It wo
long."

"I wish we had life jackets," I sa

"Oh, Betty," Anne said, "don't
Joan and I are wonderful swimmers.
probably swim across the Sound.
let's go before it starts to rain again.
toast in the boat."

When we got to the beach Joan h
rowboat in the water and was splash
up and down in front of the sea wall.
to her to come in and after Don had
boat onto the beach with a tremen
that sent Joan, who was about to
sprawling and lost an oar overboa
climbed in and began arguing abou
to sit where.

There was a great deal of unnece
about my tremendous weight and h
on one side with only one of the girl
fly weight to balance me, the boat
over. This could have been easily sol
sitting in the prow, but that was a fa
and both girls wanted it. They finally
take turns, so that when we were in
of the Sound in rough water, they
crowded
and the oa
the boat d
ly and kic
the ankles
changed se

Don wa
adept at
He blame
"damned
keep slipp
the oarlo
Joan infor
tactlessly
didn't h
blades str
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oar and h
ting every
She had
everythi
rowing
Dede's
would be
help him.

Anne
that she h
everythi
rowing
Washingt
she and
rowed the dinghy of Marilyn's fath
mous speedy cruiser." She told D
dipping too deep, he was holding
too straight, but it was all right
row so hard with his right oar
would turn us around and we
where we were going. I, who had b
since I was five years old and i
had seen all the Washington crew
my mouth shut because I have neve
this sport and was not anxious to tak
With set lips, Don continued to di
and splash toward the washing mach
even I was beginning to see clearly.

Like a stout gray lady on an excu
it had slid up and wedged itself in t
the rowboat, from which position
watched our maneuvers to ease alo
get the painter. This was not too e
water was choppy and the painter w
around the washing machine's legs.
tempt to lift the washing machin
tangle the rope, Don leaned so hard
of our boat we dipped water.

Anne immediately screamed, "We
over! We're sinking! Help! Help!"

Joan stood up and shouted, "W
everybody, I'm going to get in the ot

I shrieked, "Don't get in the o
Joan! Shut up, Anne! Don, be car
Don said, "*Everybody be quiet!*" j
black clouds above us released larg
drops, which began splatting on ou

Joan said, "Please, mommy, let
the other boat. I can hand you the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

NEXT MONTH

This handsome, charming stranger—she felt an intense longing to push his head under the cold tap. It showed clearly on her face. Robert, watching her, smiled happily to himself. This was going to be livelier than he had anticipated.

What can you do with a man who conspires with your friends and relatives to make your life miserable . . . who is bent on staying although the look on your face plainly says that he must go? Only one thing. And Lucille did it in

THE LARK SHALL SING

By ELIZABETH CADELL

complete in the January JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by William Morrow & Co., Inc.

IOW TO HAVE FUN...AND GET THINGS DONE

Wednesday night's a great time to have fun, and still *do* things in all sorts of places. Meet some folks who've found out how.



. Father's late again. But he's getting all the news from *Morgan atty* on the car-radio. Mother's listening, too, while she hems a ss in the dining room. Then she'll hear "ONE MAN'S FAMILY"—a habit 's had for 23 years! Mighty pleasant habit, too.



2. Father takes to the basement, to paint an old kitchen chair. He's happy as a lark because *Dinah Shore* is giving him a private song-recital. Dinah *always* sings just for Father. At least, to hear *him* tell it! (And the family just lets him go on dreaming!)



. Mother and Sister never think of dish-washing as a chore, when *ank Sinatra's* program keeps them company. Brother's gone calling on e light of his life and he's listening, too. The girl friend *insists.*



4. Brother and his girl are living it up at the soda fountain with friends. Witty *Bill Cullen* in "WALK A MILE" and wacky *Groucho Marx* in "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" supply an hour of entertainment (free!).



. Sister's Caller has arrived and they've taken over the living room. ey're listening, at the moment, to a dramatization of an actual news- per story on "THE BIG STORY." The wonderful thing, they agree, is that u can listen to the radio and still do other things!



6. Mother and Father relax in style! First, a visit to Wistful Vista where "FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY" are the warm and funny hosts . . . then, "THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"! After he raids the refrigerator, Brother'll clomp upstairs chortling like Gildy. He's been listening, too.

All in all, you have so much fun . . . can do so much in so many places . . . WEDNESDAY NIGHT *on* NBC RADIO *a service of* RCA *consult your newspaper for time and station*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Don said, "O.K., Joanie, but wait until I steady the boat."

Nimbly Joan jumped into the stern of the other boat, which was clear up out of the water due to the weight of the washing machine, skipped down to the prow, crawled *under* the washing machine and fed the painter out the small opening between the wringer and the point of the prow.

I grabbed the end of the rope quickly and yelled at her to "get out from under that washing machine right now!" She did, announcing unconcernedly as she jumped back into our boat, "It was caught on that faucet on the side."

As soon as we started rowing back toward home, the washing machine became unwedged and slid down and leaned over the starboard side, thus making it as difficult as possible to tow. Of course Joan wanted to get back in the boat and try to push it into the prow again, but even Don vetoed this. We finally reached shore, the washing machine defiant and un-cooperative all the way; and when we tried to maneuver it up the narrow trail to the house, it weighed just as much as possible and kept flinging its wringer around its head like a billy club.

When we finally got it installed in the service room, the girls insisted that I test it out. I threw in some dish towels and turned it on and it swirled and swished very efficiently.

Joan said, "I'm certainly glad it works, because I didn't pack anything but dirty clothes."

"How perfectly disgusting," Anne said.

Don said, "I wonder if you'd rinse out a few pairs of my sun-tans."

Anne said, "Of course all *my* clothes are clean, but I think I'll wash all my summer clothes and put them away."

Joan said, "Can you wash coats in washing machines? Mine has mustard and some hamburger juice on it."

I said, "Before we get too enthusiastic a washing, let's see if the wringer works."

I turned off the washing part and turne the wringer. The rollers began tu smoothly against each other, neatly pre the water out of a piece of seaweed picke on the trip.

"O.K.," I said to Don and the girls. erything's working fine. Bring on your clothes."

Then I reached in to get one of the towels and the next thing I knew I was a the room, lying on the floor, crumpled ag the cement wall, and Anne and Joan bending over me wailing, "Mommy, mo are you hurt?" and Don, who unders electricity, was helping me to my fee saying soothingly, "Probably sand i brushes."

He finished the washing, with Anne Joan and me crouching in the doorway w for him to be electrocuted. Nothing hap except that he took all the buttons off J blouses with a popping sound like sh peas. Afterward he took the washing ma all apart, removed some seaweed and the from the brushes and a clamshell or two the tub. He oiled it but said he could n derstand what had happened, as he coul nothing basically wrong. However, as l we had it that washing machine had the casional rebellious spells, shooting spark the water, grinding things up in the wi even knocking down a devout Ch Scientist who had no fear.

After Don had finished the washing a had all had some more coffee and coc began the unpacking. While I worked I h down rapid decisions on vital questions s "Isn't this my blouse, mommy, you can the inkstain on the collar, see?" . . . "I blouse, Betty, you know perfectly wel Don't you remember, it is the one bought but it was too small so she gav Alison and you took it because Alis taken your checked one and you gav me?" and "Betty, are you going to let t wear all my sweaters? [That was the y girls to wear men's sweaters.] They h ready taken all my sweat shirts." The l wailed plaintively at me from the be where Don was rapidly filling up drawers with *his* things. I still keep my wear, stockings, girdles, gloves, jewelry nightgowns and scarves in the tw drawers in my bedside table. My sweat shorts share a blanket drawer under on bunks with the bathing suits.

THOSE pictures in movie magazines star's bedroom with a separate clo purses and another separate closet coats make me drool like a boxer do that I would have anything to put in th it would be so wonderful, when wis change purses, not to have to stand hamper and fish around in the top close end of the bathtub where I also kee thousand clean flour sacks (remains o en-farming days—second attempt—o husband) and suitcases.

The next problem was getting our fo into the medium-sized refrigerator. frigerators seem to be designed for peo buy their butter a cube at a time, and the type of shopper that makes the but out, "Here comes Betty MacDonald, A ter get out that big side of beef," I ende I always shall, with a large carton o vegetables outside on the umbrella ta the refrigerator stuffed to the point had to ease the door open to keep the t nicely balanced on top of the milk bott flinging themselves out of captivity. T was enormous and took up a lot o

We had ham and eggs for breakfa ham and potato salad for lunch, ha wiches for supper, but I could still s sandwiches every day, ham omelet at l times, ham and Lima beans Thurs split-pea soup Saturday night.

When we sat down to supper, An "Ham again! Oh, dear! Marilyn's mo fried chicken every Sunday. I wish had fried chicken."

Joan said, "Marilyn's mother takes dren to restaurants all the time—any they want. Sometimes every day."

Even a tiny difference in **freshness...**





makes a big difference in **flavor!**



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What's more, *you prove it's fresh* before you buy! The rounded top of the can tells how. *You can't test coffee packed any other way!* Discover the wonderful difference *real* freshness makes in coffee. Try Chase & Sanborn today!



Pressure Packed for fresher flavor!

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEES ARE SERVED BY MORE FINE HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS THROUGHOUT AMERICA THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

said, "I think Marilyn's mother is aw-
utiful, don't you, Joan? She's fun too.
es us around in her green Cadillac and
op as many times as we want for ice

aid, "Remember the time she took us
oon Chicken Inn and let us have two
, and I had three?"
said, "Marilyn's mother has a Filipino
y and she says he is positively useless,
oes make good hot biscuits. They have
for every meal. Hot ones."
, "I think Marilyn's mother is posi-
eless." I sounded a little hysterical.
e are at war trying to save our democ-
l all she does is ride around in a green
and eat hot biscuits. As far as I am
d she is a very poor citizen and I wish
no more about her."

, gosh, you're crabby," Anne said. "I
trying to tell you how nice Marilyn's
as everything and you ——"
at my yellow sweater you're wearing,
Don asked.
mean this sweater?" Anne said in ab-
nazement. "This yellow one?"
that one," Don said.
nk this is Uncle Cleve's," Anne said.
aid, "It is not. I saw you get it out of
rawer over at the apartment yester-

re a sneak," Anne said. "A dirty little
rossing sneak. All you ever do is spy
nd tattle and ——"
will do," I said hopefully.
took my navy-blue sweat shirt?" Don

blue? Sweat shirt?" Joan asked.
e just a few things [twelve drawers—
oards—three shelves and he was not
npacked]," Don said plaintively, "and
like to keep them."
said, "I'm sure this is Uncle Cleve's
but if you're going to be so darn
'll take it off."
aid, "Does your navy-blue sweat shirt
g sleeves and some white paint on
lder?"
' Don said.
ham, anyone? Please have some
n!" My voice shook with emotion.

came getting the girls ready for school.
pproach to the problem was very sim-
merely asked me forty-two times if I
three whole sandwiches in her lunch. I
d and she said what about an apple—
s and she said "Cookies?" Yes. She
y.
s preparation involved first going
and despising all her clothes, then
the least loathsome things and iron-
, even things as smooth as mirrors.
ldn't allow me to iron them—too care-
Joan—too stupid. I let her alone, and
to put breakfast on the table. Anne
me excitedly. I put down my spatula
t into the living room.
was standing by the ironing board, her
rkling with excitement and delight.
mommy, isn't he adorable?" she said,
at a large buck standing on the porch
n the window. "Just imagine, a real
on *our* porch. Oh, I love living in the
It's so romantic!"
enrolled the children in school: Joan
eventh grade of the Vashon grade
comfortable brown-shingled building
ree miles from us; and Anne as a
n in the Vashon high school, a large
brick edifice about seven miles away.
e school bus the girls had two choices.
de was low they could walk to the
rs with the road and go up their
the tide was high they had to walk the
get on the bus down by the store at
. Joan liked her school and seemed to
g very well, only occasionally bringing
of hiding the lids to the inkwells,
a window in the gym, eating some-
e's lunch; for which misdemeanors she
ry unfairly, I thought—kept after
which meant she had to walk the three
me, usually in the rain. The first time
pened I threatened heatedly to go up
l and *do something*. Anne and Joan
ighted.

Joan said, "Yes, and you just tell Miss Harwood that the *doctor* said I *have* to chew gum."

Anne said, "Be sure and wear your gray suit and explain to her that we are from the *city*."

Don told me not to be hasty and produced from his past several valiant incidents having to do with his plowing through blizzards on cardboard soles, carrying mush sandwiches, he was so *eager* to get an education.

Because of my job or weakness or both I never did get up to school until the night of the Christmas entertainment, which was absolutely charming with Joanie singing a solo and a wonderful simplicity of spirit which could be found only in a country school. Even I didn't have enough of the Hun in me to inject an old complaint into such an atmosphere. So on occasion, as long as she attended Vashon grade school and as long as she indulged in climbing out of windows and throwing chalk, and so on, Joan was kept after school and had to walk home. Actually, now that I think about it, it was a very healthful punishment.

Anne immediately loathed her school because: a—it was a school; b—"they sing hymns at noon instead of dancing"; c—it was in the country. So many evenings when I came home from work I would learn that Anne had stayed home with some mysterious ailments. Aching toenails—nonfocusing eyes—pains in her heels. On such evenings I would be greeted with a sparkling-clean house, stuffed pork chops and hot apple pie for dinner, all the ironing done, the beds made. The temptation to keep this little homebody home was almost overpowering. But my conscience told me that I must force her to continue with book learning, especially in view of the fact that she was reputed to have a terrific I.Q.—170 or minus 2. All she apparently wanted was to learn to card wool and make biscuits. Even when I stopped work the following February (fired from job) I had only a little better luck getting Anne all the way to school. If I did get her on board the school bus, with her books and the assurance

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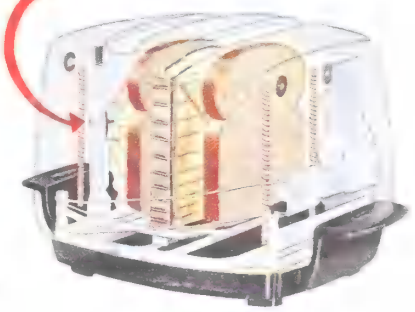


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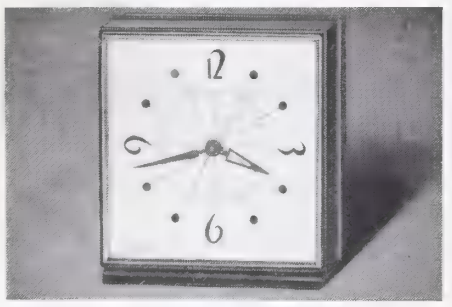
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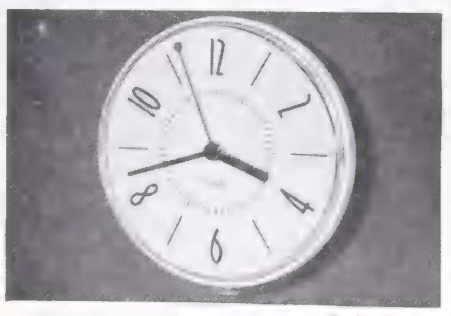
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that her hot lunch was paid for (sandwiches from home were so vulgar), I had no guaranty that she wouldn't go into a decline on the way to school and have to spend the day lying on a couch in the nurse's room.

Joan's way was so much easier. Explaining her A's and B's, she said, "Well, all you have to do is to get a man teacher and be nice to him and then he makes you a checker and checkers don't have to take tests."

As soon as we had the children in school and were reasonably sure they knew where to catch the bus according to the tides, Don and I went back to work. Don had to catch (and that is the right word) the 5:15 ferry in order to be at Boeing's Renton plant, about twenty miles from the dock, at 6:30.

Our schedule then was: up at 4:30 (I'll bet if I have five husbands I'll always manage to find one that gets up at some ungodly hour); Don make fire in the trash burner; turn on oven to defrost the kitchen; Betty make coffee and Don's lunch. I usually set the table and laid out everything the night before. After he had dressed, Don unhurriedly drank his coffee and orange juice, ate his poached eggs, and leisurely lit a cigarette. After the third drag, he would suddenly stare unbelievingly at the clock, leap out of his chair, grab his raincoat, hurl himself through the door into the rain and blackness. I would pour myself a cup of coffee and heave a sigh of relief just as Don, having forgotten to put new batteries in his flashlight or to take his lunch, would come bursting in again.

While he looked for either or both of these things, I went out on the porch and tried to check by sound whether the tide was in or out. If it was out we were glad because he could go by the beach. If it was in he had to take a tiny, slippery, overgrown goat trail through the woods. He was gone again. The clock said one minute of five. Don allowed sixteen minutes to run up the beach, get in his car, start the motor and drive the mile and a half to the ferry. He always made it unless the car wouldn't start, there was a log across the road, the ferry left early or he was out of gas.

At 5:30 I'd fix the girls' breakfast—at least set their places at the table and get out the bread and the toaster and the peanut butter and the cocoa—then I'd go through the icy living room, down a dank passageway to the dark, cold little service room where the shower was. This location of the shower, so handy for swimmers, had seemed adorable to me in the summer. In the winter it seemed like something overlooked by the Marquis de Sade. After I'd checked the floor, the bath mat and the inside of the shower curtain for slugs, spiders, centipedes and wood lice, I would turn on the shower full force hot and let it heat up the room while I ran up and made our bed. About this time I was not spilling over with wild enthusiasm for life on an island. Fortunately, five minutes under the hot shower restored my spirits to normal.

AT 6:30 I awakened the girls, refereed their morning quarrels over underwear, skirts, sweaters, bobby pins, ironing, socks, who did the most work the day before and who was my favorite child, decided with Anne—who was and is a wonderful cook—what we would have for dinner, reminded Joanie—who wasn't but is now a wonderful cook—to be sure and bring up wood when she got home, and checked them both for lunch money and my perfume.

Then I kissed them, grabbed my flashlight and left. It was always 7 o'clock and my ferry left at 7:20 and I should have left at 6:50 and now I would have to run the last quarter of a mile. I wore loafers and woolen socks over my silk stockings, carried my office shoes along with my lunch, purse, current book and grocery list in a large green felt bag.

The county trail from our house to Dolphin Point was narrow, slippery and garlanded with wild blackberry vines which apparently grew four feet every night so they could claw my face and snag my stockings every morning. At intervals nicely spaced between the blackberry vines, spiders had stretched their beautifully woven webs from elderberry to syringa across the path. I tried to catch all the spider webs with my green felt bag, but often missed and ran the rest of the way to the ferry clawing wildly at an invisible veil, complete, I feared, with dots that were alive.

From Dolphin Point on, the trail was better. When I got to the "big tree," an old-growth fir about six feet in diameter, I could see whether the ferry was in, almost in, or going out again. It was from this point that I usually had to run.

My first morning of walking the trail I had plenty of time. I had left the house at a quarter of seven and when I got to the big tree the ferry was still docked at Harper, a small settlement on the Olympic Peninsula and the ferry's only other stop. I made my way to the dock in a leisurely fashion and leaned on the railing. An old sea gull swooped down and lit beside me. He had part of one toe missing, his vest was dirty and he had a face like a Hollywood producer, but I was grateful for his friendliness.

Together we examined the morning. In the east the Cascade Range, including Mt. Rainier and all its foothills, was a purple cardboard cutout, pasted on a pale green sky. The Olympic Mountains were a white-crested wave across the west. The water, a rippleless sheet of foil,

WRAPPING UP SUSAN

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Susan has a zipper to fasten up her snow suit.
Susan has a button to fasten up her coat.
Susan has a loop of tape for pulling on each snow boot.
Susan has a knitted scarf to wrap around her throat.

Susan has a pair of gloves, and those are made of leather;
Susan has two pockets, with a handkerchief in one.
Getting Susan zipped and tied and snappered all together
Takes a lot of exercise before the job is done!

reflected a single late-blooming star. To the north, the fat little ferry twinkled across the Sound past Blake Island, a small, plump, lonely place without a single light or inhabitant.

It was nearly 7:15 and rosy-faced people began hurrying past me along the dock, their feet making nice, hollow, purposeful clumps on the boardwalk. All the women carried bags containing town shoes. I wondered if I should change my shoes then or wait and do it in a genteel fashion in the ladies' lounge on the ferry. I glanced down at my feet and there between my two brown loafers was a $5 bill.

"It is an omen of good luck," I told the children that night as I stuffed it in the teapot, traditional place for mother, even working variety, to stuff money. It was too.

In the city, as I remember, weather was a topic passed around with the salted peanuts and not expected to hang around much past the introductions. In the country, weather is as important as food and sometimes means the difference between life and death. In the twelve years since we moved to Vashon Island we have experienced the most rain, the driest summer (that wonderful one), the coldest winter, the most snow, the severest earthquake, the worst slides, the highest tide, the lowest tide, the strongest winds, the longest unceasing period of rain, the densest fog, the hottest day, the earliest spring, the latest spring, the coldest summer, the warmest fall, the dreariest winter (this one), the wettest Christmas, in addition to a total eclipse of the moon, a total eclipse of the sun, and a flying saucer on the Oregon coast.

We have also come to expect, in times of great emergency, no co-operation from the elements.

There was that time after weeks of agonized waiting (which included withering looks if we dared to use the telephone in the evenin fear "he" might want to call) when Ann finally asked to the Junior Prom by the boy. She had a beautiful pale blue net dress (borrowed from a friend of Aunt A and Roger, *the* boy, worked in Beall's G houses, the third largest orchid growers United States, and he had promised h orchid, her first. He assured her it wou "still good." Everything was wonderful! a tremendous sigh of relief the family s back to normalcy, at least our version There were a few tense moments the ni the prom when Anne couldn't decide wh to hide Don and me and pretend she and lived on the beach alone, or whether in T and formal we were to be just lounging a in the background, ready to run down beach and get a log or two if the fire go

Finally Joan, always realistic, pointe that no matter what kind of dumb ideas got, had we forgotten that Don's Tuxed gone to sea with the washing machine an covered with mildew and anyway there girl in her room at school whose moth her clothes off the city dump. Anne to not to be disgusting, *if* she could help it. A last admonition when she went to dres "Now, when I come downstairs, *don't* te look nice."

"WE won't have to, because you w Joan said.

"You shut up!" Anne shrieked.

"Can't we ever have any peace?" Do So I turned up the radio.

Anne did look beautiful. The pale blu perfect for her red hair and turquois eyes, but we all kept a stony silence stamped down the stairs, walked ove jerked the orchid away from Roger, wh such a "big wheel," seemed unusually fr apprehensive. After they had gone Joa out her homework (mere gesture) and I the ironing board. Then they were back, bawling, Roger looking miserable.

"The tide!" Anne bawled. "It's high! got his shoes all wet just getting here. you do *something?*"

"Why don't you walk the trail?" Joan

"You mind your own business!" screamed, because for some strange ado reason walking the trail was a shamefu to her, like picking up coal off the ra tracks.

Finally we quieted her and she wo loafers and carried her shoes, and Rog rowed a pair of Don's shoes (mine woul been a better fit, but pride, both Roge mine, prevented my suggesting it) and his own and they waded through th Anne had a wonderful time at the pro she said that she despised living on an and how would I feel if a ship went by was walking the beach and got my part wet and seaweedy?

Then came Halloween. Anne and Joa invited to a party at the Falcon's Nest, grand place (since burned down) repu have been built by a Chicago millionai Falcon's Nest was on the hill back of us easy walking distance.

"Oh, you are lucky!" I told the girl love to see that house. I hear the garag basement will hold *thirty* cars."

Anne said, "I wish we didn't have t though. Do you think we'll ever have a Cadillac?"

Joan said, "Everybody walks on Hall dopey. Don't you remember last year w and-treated for twenty-two blocks?"

"I wish we were back in the city," An

I said, "Look at that beautiful moon It's just perfect for Halloween."

Joan said, "Oh, boy, tomorrow Halloween!"

Anne said, "Moonlight on the water me feel lonely."

When we woke up the next morning w having one of our better storms. Winds miles an hour, drenching rains, eno waves that thundered on the beach l guns. As I fixed the lunches and set the watched the rain beading the kitchen w and the wind knocking the geraniums in the window box, and my heart ache

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

was not too unusual, as I have never been exactly joyous in the early hours, often going through an entire divorce and marrying Howard Hughes while I am waiting for the coffee to boil. But this morning my sorrow was for my children. My poor little disappointed children so cruelly imprisoned on this desolate island by my hardhearted husband.

Old Hardheart came whistling in at that point and said cheerfully, "Another hot day."

I said, "I could just cry for Anne and Joan. Tonight's Halloween and they are invited to a party at the Falcon's Nest."

Don said, "They'll just have to wear their raincoats."

"That isn't the point," I said furiously. "It's walking the trail in the rain and their costumes getting all soggy and oh, just everything!" I glared out the window at the storm.

Don said, "Betty, you're a sentimentalist. Children are realists. They probably won't be nearly as disappointed in the weather as you are."

"But they will," I said. "They were counting on the moonlight."

"And it's raining and it can't be helped so they will have to face it," Don said, lighting a cigarette. "Have you ever heard of anybody who amounted to anything who didn't have a few hardships in his life?"

This brings up a point. All books on "Child—the Training of," "Home—Making it Happy," "Others—Getting Along With," and so on, agree that the parents should *always* be in *absolute accord* on matters of discipline. This is a lovely thought and would certainly make any home happier, but from my experience and observation it could be possible only if the mother and father were deaf mutes or identical twins.

Take Don and me, for instance. We loved the children. We loved each other. But when a crisis involving discipline arose in our happy little home and it was necessary for us, as reasonable understanding parents, to hark back to our childhoods and try and recall how we felt about the same situation at the same age so we could be fair, we were as far apart as an Eskimo and a Maori.

Don comes from a stern, unrelenting Scotch (both mother and father MacDonalds) Free Methodist ("free" certainly a misnomer) family of twelve children. The stories of his childhood had to do with oatmeal, working twelve hours a day for Western Union when he was ten—or perhaps it was seven—years old, hauling ashes to earn school clothes, church five days a week and hour-long prayers on bony knees every single night. Up to the time of my father's death when I was twelve, my three sisters, my brother and I had experienced discipline of a sort. I say "of a sort" because daddy, though very strict when he was home, was a mining engineer and away most of the time and when he was gone mother was her usual fun-loving, easygoing self and we did as we pleased. After daddy died we really did as we pleased. Exactly. If we didn't want to go to school we didn't (we usually did, though, and a couple of us even had A averages); if we felt like studying, we did—if we didn't, we didn't; if we wanted to stay with friends for two or three weeks, we did, sometimes not even calling up to give our whereabouts; if we wanted to spend our Sunday-school (Episcopal) money for candy, we did. About the only laws of behavior, aside from nice manners, laid down by mother were that we couldn't sulk and we were expected to tell the truth, no matter how appalling. Even when daddy was alive we were encouraged to bring our friends home with us, as many as we liked for as long as we liked.

DON wanted to be "notified" well in advance of guests. He never got used to the nocturnal shrieks and giggles and trips to the refrigerator and lending of *his* pajamas occasioned by Milly's or Ruthie's or Jeanie's or Molly's staying all night. He just was not used to adolescents; but is anybody?

So the girls, bundled up in yellow slickers, sou'westers and galoshes, went to the Halloween party. The tide was high so we walked the trail, but Don did promise to come and get them in the car at 11:30. We thought the tide would be out a little by then.

When Don and I got home we built up the fire and put Pinafore on the record player. At 11:30 Anne hadn't called and I thought we should go up and get them anyway. Don told me to relax and he'd play some Burl Ives. At 12 Anne called. She said not to come for them for half an hour as they were eating and having a *wonderful* time. "She sounded excited and happy," I told Don almost tearfully.

He said, "Why shouldn't she have a good time—it's a party," which remark of course opened such an enormous chasm between us that I didn't even see any point in attempting to bridge it with conversation. Especially as it involved the basic difference between men and women and goes way back to date of birth: when the doctor (male) informs the father (male) that he has a son (male) and passing out of cigars and rejoicing can be heard for sixty miles. Then if it is a girl there is a great deal of smiling *anyway*, being a good sport and talking about next time.

THANKSGIVING was fun. All my family came out. There were fifteen of us and the day was beautiful and everybody loved our house and thought we were so lucky to live on an island that my sister Alison and her husband bought a big old house with five acres and the roof on backward within easy commuting of us (if you happened to be a goat), and my brother Cleve bought a small old house with three acres and the icebox on the back porch, within easy commuting (if you happened to be a goat with a car).

Then came Christmas. Oh, I was *glad* we lived in the country where we wouldn't run any risks of being tainted by the gross commercialism so rampant in the city. We were going to have a real Christmas, pure in spirit, old-fashioned in execution.

"We will make *all* our presents and we will have the *biggest* Christmas tree we have ever had and we will cut it on *our own* property," I told my noticeably unenthusiastic little family. As I spoke I could hear the ringing of the ax in the crisp winter air, could see the children standing by, eyes shining, while I perhaps hummed a carol or two. Mentally I added popcorn balls, strings of cranberries and gilded walnuts to the festivities.

Anne wailed, "Oh, aren't we going to town for Christmas? I told everybody at school we were."

Joan said, "What do you mean, make our own presents? You mean like those ugly little calendars we used to make in third grade?"

"I certainly don't want one," Anne said.

Don said, "Are you dead set on getting our Christmas tree on our own property?"

"I certainly am," I said. "That's one of the *main* advantages in living in the country."

"Well, then you'd better get busy on some ideas for decorating a leafless alder," Don said.

"What about those great big firs?"

"Four feet in diameter is a little big even for your taste, isn't it?" Don said.

"Oh, I don't mean using one of them for the tree," I said. "I mean, aren't there some seed



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required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published Monthly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1954.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.

Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Manager, None.

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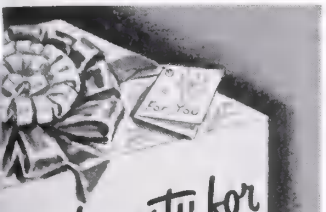
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lings around? I'll bet you five dollars I can find a pretty Christmas tree on our own property."

"By flashlight?" Joan said. "It's dark when you leave and dark when you get home."

"I'll look on weekends," I said.

The next weekend it rained. Also the next, but as Christmas was the following Friday we went out anyway. We walked along the beach until we could see Tacoma. We found miles and miles of vacant property, all solidly overgrown with alder, madroña, blackberry, syringa, buddleia, elderberry and maple. Sometimes firs or cedars loomed black against the sky but, sans a helicopter, we couldn't get at them. Sunday we tried the hillsides near us. We found a few fir trees, but they were anemic, sallow little things.

Monday morning, Mr. Harvey, a banker who lived around the point from us and with whom I often got a ride to town, asked me if we had got our Christmas tree yet. I told him of our fruitless search. Whereupon he told me that he had some enormous balsam firs on his place, all perfectly symmetrical, and he would be delighted to let us have one. I said that Don and I would be down that night after work. He said he would have the tree ready for us. He did, cut and packaged. It was perfectly beautiful with cones on its thick branches, twenty-one feet tall (the exact distance from the peak of our ceiling to the floor) and the largest tree in the history of the family.

A FERRY acquaintance of Don's who had been a high rigger in the logging camps helped us bring it home and put it up. The family Christmas-tree ornaments, which I had inherited along with the encyclopedia, were not quite sufficient, especially after Don had decorated the upper branches by balancing on one of the beams, snagging a branch with the poker, attaching an ornament and letting the branch snap back and smash the ornament against the wall. We strung popcorn, made stars out of tin foil, gilded walnuts and added three more strings of lights (Vashon purchase) and the tree was lovely.

Christmas Eve we went in to my sister Mary's as we always do. It was raining, but we were very gay with our carload of presents (mostly bought at the Vashon drugstore).

The entire family—at that time only eighteen, now thirty-two and rapidly increasing—was at Mary's. Mary's house looked beautiful and very Christmasy and everyone, filled with a delicious supper and the Christmas spirit, had a wonderful time. Then as we sang Silent Night for the last time Don announced we had only twenty-seven minutes to get the last ferry.

By taking back streets we made it and the next thing we knew we were on our neighbors' sea wall looking down at the tide which was slapping playfully at the *top* step. The trail was dark with an impenetrable darkness like oily smoke, wet and very slippery. By the time we got home our Christmas presents and our spirits (even mine so homemade and old-fashioned) were like leftover dumplings.

Don built the fires while I put Christmas carols on the record player and made oyster stew. The girls' reaction was tepid.

Christmas morning rain was still lashing the windows and gurgling in the downspouts, but we managed a semblance of gaiety as we opened our partially dried-out presents in front of a roaring fire. The sagging atmosphere was leavened still further by the girls' getting just what they wanted (I believe it was men's sweaters and deep purple lipstick that year) *and* mother and Alison and her husband, who had been invited to dinner, loyally appearing.

Then came January and the big snow. We are not used to snow in this country, are never prepared for it, and even when it is actually flittering down and the weatherman predicts twelve inches, we keep talking gamely about those winters when the nasturtiums bloomed straight through.

I remember how surprised I was about ten o'clock that morning when I left my office building to go across the street for coffee and found that it was snowing hard—small dry flakes that powdered my hair and were still unmelted when I looked in the mirror behind the coffee urns.

By noon the snow was three or four inches deep on the downtown sidewalks and the radio



Long-wearing full-fashioned Cannon nylon stockings in three proportioned lengths. Cannon 60's are your best buy. You will find Cannon stockings at your neighborhood store. CANNON

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reported six inches and more in the residential districts. Everyone in the office began calling home.

I tried to call Mrs. Russell, the only other year-arounder on the beach, to ask her to look out for Anne and Joan and keep them at her house until Don got home at four or thereabouts. The operator said the lines to Vashon were temporarily out of order. Every once in a while I went to the window and looked out. In spite of the wind, a thick white curtain of flakes had turned the early afternoon into dusk and made the street lights wan and ineffectual. The roofs of the parked cars on the street below were heaped with snow which was pulled by the wind into peaks like seven-minute icing.

About three o'clock the "big boss" announced that he was closing the office. He said that most of the city buses had stopped running and many of us would have to walk. I tried to call Vashon again, but the lines were still out. I put on my raincoat (white poplin and stylish, but no warmer than cellophane) and galoshes and started for the Vashon-bus stop five blocks away. The wind, apparently fresh off a glacier, had gathered momentum on the north-and-south streets and came whining down between the buildings with an armload of snow that made each crossing a little nightmare of streaming eyes and frozen legs. People were walking huddled with their heads down, their coats pulled around them like bathrobes.

When I got to the Vashon-bus stop, I found most of the commuters already there. Apparently every office in Seattle had closed early. While we crowded in the small doorway waiting for the bus, I heard that the lights always went off on Vashon during a snow, the telephone was already out and probably would be for weeks; the ferries probably wouldn't be running; this looked like a *big snow*—big snows always caused terrible slides; a wind like this would certainly take out a lot of sea walls.

I became almost frantic with worry. What if I couldn't get to the island? Poor little Anne and Joan would be there all alone. I tried to inventory the supplies we had on hand. All I could accurately remember was a new case of dog food, part of a case of cat food, and two or three cartons of cigarettes.

Then the bus came. We all squeezed on board and drove to the Fauntleroy dock, where we were informed that the ferry was now leaving from another dock in downtown Seattle. We drove back to Seattle and down on to the dock. There was a long line of waiting cars, but the bus had priority and went right to the front.

The ferry finally left at 8 o'clock. The waves were enormous, the ferry creaked and groaned and writhed in pain. In the restaurant where I sat out the trip, the coffee cups slid off the counter and a woman pushed away her apple pie and sobbed, "We'll never make it. We'll all be drowned!"

We landed at the Vashon dock about 9:30. At the store, Bob Russell and I were told the trail was impassable and we would have to go by the beach. The tide, for some strange cooperative reason, was out. We started. The wind was at our backs, but walking on the rocky beach was like stepping on frosty billiard balls and our flashlights were futile against the driving snow. It took us almost an hour to reach the point where Bob lived. He wanted me to come in and warm up a little before going on, but I was too worried about the children. I stumped on. My nylon-clad legs were numb. My face felt as if it had been sandpapered. I recognized our sea wall, but the path from the beach to the house was completely obliterated.

On my hands and knees I crawled where I thought the path should be. I reached the kitchen door just as Don and the children, who had been waiting for me at Russells', came down the steps. They helped me to my feet, dragged me into the kitchen and gave me a big drink of whisky by candlelight.

"The lights are off, the telephone won't work, and the pipes are all frozen," they told me cheerfully.

WE were snowed in for two weeks. At first I was happy because I couldn't go to work and could be with my family. Anne was in raptures because school was closed, Joan loved the snow and Don was very cheerful about hauling water from the spring and wood from the beach.

Then came the second day and cooking on the trash burner without an oven by candlelight lost a little of its hilarity; Don didn't leap to his feet eagerly when I called "Wood" and the girls began quarreling the minute they opened their eyes. At night I dozed off to something murmured by Joan and answered by Anne's shriek, "Mommy, Joan's caught a mouse [or a fly or a spider or a slug] and she's going to put it in my room. Stop her!" . . . Don: "Peace! All I want is a little peace! Do something, Betty!"

By the sixth day I began to wonder what all those delightful things were that I had been planning to do when I stopped working. I had faint recollections of dreams of long country evenings spent in front of a roaring fire reading Shakespeare, each of us taking a part, the way we used to do when daddy was alive; listening to symphonies on the record player, braiding rugs.

People who are late are often so much jollier than the people who have to wait for them.

—E. V. LUCAS: The Phantom Journal (Methuen & Co., Ltd.)

Of course the first drawback was the fi Don's attitude toward the woodpile. If more than two matches going at once to listen to moans about waste and lect not looking ahead. Naturally, durin period the beach was as clean as a pla tide didn't even bring in seaweed.

Another thing was the matter of lig had one kerosene lamp and one ke lantern, but we had no kerosene. We ha a few candles, but we learned that a wi wick even if a candle is three feet tall ar berry. We couldn't play the record pla cause it was electric; I hadn't learned braid rugs; the Shakespeare was in on hundreds of boxes in the back hall (th had only three small bookcases) and t thing I wanted to do was look for it.

WE played bridge—this was not too fun for me as I was the only one wh how and my pupils refused to take m for anything and slapped across the Finally our life boiled down to reading, sleeping, getting wood and getting another's nerves. Even eating lacked tomary fillip, and when I was asked wh fixing for lunch or dinner and I told was almost certain to hear at least one This was partly induced by ennui and by the fact that our only really ample were the dog food, the cat food and of which we seemed to have about a th pounds.

One bleak morning toward the end siege, I was shu around the kitchen plating a casserole dles, cat food and stubs, when Don *op* mush up to Vashon some supplies.

I said I would mak but he told me not t as he knew what we and he was the ju what his knapsack hold and what h bony shoulders could carry. Of course point the girls rushed in with demands solutely vital things such as hormone movie magazines, firecracker-red nai and bobby pins. After a great deal of sion, a few tears and some loose talk a wish I could see my real daddy," D firmly he would not forget the keros *would* get some candy and gum. He w bobby pins. He would *not* get movie zines, hormone cream or nail polish. H get the mail. He would *not* forget the n

We bundled him up and waved him as he crunched down the beach past the which was a frozen waterfall, and the in their white fur scarves, I could alm the enclosing howl of the wolves.

While Don was gone there was a fi tide and for hours and hours Anne a and I filled gunny sacks with bark, them along the beach and heaved them the sea wall. Then we each hauled one up the path to the house. When the fir fireplace was burning hot and bright, only bark soaked in salt water can made a pot of coffee and we each hac

Don came back at dusk with the ke several cans of beef stew, very heavy a ing like dog food; candy, gum, movie zines, nail polish, mail, steaks, baco canned milk, matches, lettuce, coff noodles. He brought the noodles, he s cause, although I hadn't said anyth noticed the supply was getting low.

For the first few years after we m the beach, we had only one year-round bor, the Russells. They bought their ho same year we did, and also, as we did, and commuted.

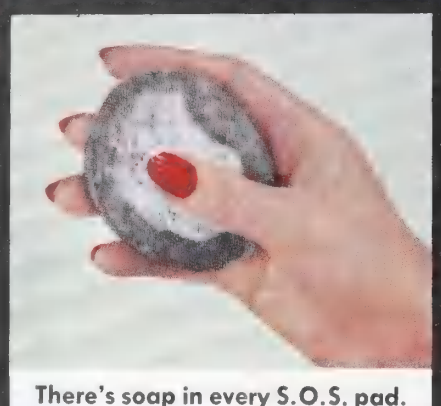
The Russells were neighbors in th old-fashioned, almost forgotten calf jelly sense of the word. A plate never r empty. Tea and cucumber sandwiches afternoon. Half of a fresh cake left kitchen table. Hand-knitted Angora so the girls. Help with a creosote log, broth for the ailing. "I'm rowing to th

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

See how easily S.O.S® cleans off burned-on food and grease



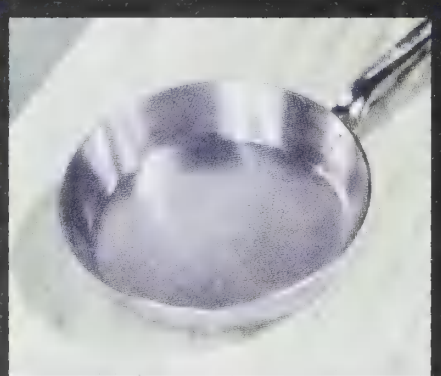
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

what can I get you?" It is a sad thing that the pace of today's living has done so much to eliminate this graceful way of life. To us the word "neighbor" is a warm tangible thing instead of merely nomenclature for the house next door.

As time went on and their children finished school, other summer people girded up their loins and became year-rounders. Now, even on the stormiest nights, nights when the wind grabs the giant firs and shakes them until their cones rattle on the roof like pebbles, the clouds explode with rain and the waves attack the sea walls like charging bulls, we can look along our curve of beach and count seven lighted houses, seven beacons of friendship.

We didn't meet all the regular inhabitants of our beach for several years as all the boys, one of the girls and many of the men were in the service. During this period some of the houses were rented. Most of the renters were transient, both in location, occupation and attitude, and though we were moderately friendly, I cannot easily recall their faces or their names.

When I say I cannot remember the war renters I am excepting Lesley Arnold, who, in addition to a husband in the Navy and thirty-one coats, including one lined with real leopard and a full back wild mink, had large purple eyes which she kept focused on Don!

It was our first spring on the island. I was painting the porch furniture and humming and being happy and trying not to care that I worked harder than anyone in the whole world and was apparently also going to be buried in my tan knitted suit. I love to do things like painting porch furniture on a spring day, or licking bookplates on a rainy day. I am a true homebody, a domestic woman who will fight a tiger for her children, her man or the last leg of lamb in the butcher shop. My favorite song is "You're Mine, You."

I had just made the discovery that the word "folding" stamped on the bottom of the captain's chairs I was painting meant "with a hammer" when Anne and Joan came bounding in and announced breathlessly that some new people named Arnold had moved to Vashon. "Mrs. Arnold is about your age only *awfully pretty* with *beautiful* clothes," Anne said. "She gave us a Coke and they are just moving and her husband is in California so I invited her to dinner. Her name is Lesley and she said we could call her that. She's adorable, Betty, and she's brown and has a perfect figure."

A strange chilly premonition like one of those small unexplained riffles on smooth water swept over me. However, I said, "How nice. What time did you tell her to come?"

"I didn't tell her any time," Anne said. "I just said dinner. What smells so awful—dinner?"

"Turpentine," I said. "I'll call Mrs. Arnold."

A GUST of wind slipped under the newspapers I had spread on the porch, lifted them up and began folding them around the freshly painted chairs like wrappings. "Oh, damn!" I said, slapping furiously at the papers.

"You've got white paint in your hair," Joan said.

Anne said, "What are you going to wear tonight, mommy?"

"I hadn't thought," I said. "But undoubtedly my tan knitted suit."

"What are we going to have to eat?" Joan asked.

"Oxtails," I said. "I've already got them in."

"Oxtails!" Anne wailed. "Why don't we have fried chicken? Marilyn's mother always has fried chicken when she has company."

"But Andy," I said, "I've got oxtails already in the oven. Anyway, they are delicious and I cook them better than anybody."

"But oxtails sound so *cheap*," Anne said. "And they're so gluey."

"That's the best part," Joan said.

"What else are we going to have?" Anne asked.

"I was planning on having oxtails with carrots and mushrooms, mashed potatoes because the gravy is so good, green salad and that fruit stuff made with bananas and oranges and pineapple and coconut."

"I'll make an angel-food cake," Anne said.

"You can't. Not enough eggs," I said. "Anyway, we won't need cake. Oxtails are filling and fruit is all we will want for dessert."

"Please, Betty, let me make a cake," Anne said.

"Go on, Betty, let her," Joan said. "Only make a devil's food with four layers, Anne."

"If you want to cook, why don't you bake some oatmeal cookies?" I said to Anne. "I think we have both raisins and nuts."

"Sure," Joan said. "I'll help."

"Eat them, you mean," Anne said.

"What time is it?" I asked. "Joanie, run in and look at the kitchen clock."

From the kitchen Joan called out, "Quarter to five."

I stood up and stretched. Anne said, "Maybe I'd better just fix the fruit. I wish we had a *fresh* pineapple and *real* coconut."

"It'll be just as good without," I said. "Put some fresh mint in it. I'm going in and call Mrs. Arnold."

Lesley Arnold's voice was husky to that fascinating point just short of asthma. She was easy and absolutely sure of herself. She said she'd love to come to dinner and couldn't she come early and help? With that tiny laugh with which women indicate that they are so well organized they have had everything done since four that morning, I said no but to come early.

She said, "Anne and Joan are so adorable. I do hope they'll be home."

"They will," I said. "They think you are beautiful and glamorous, and can hardly wait to see you."

"The lambs," she said. "I'll be over in a while."

I went upstairs, took a bath, mostly with turpentine to get the white paint off my legs and arms and hair and neck, put on m knitted suit, lots of perfume, heavy jewelry and heavy make-up. When I cam the kitchen Joan said, "Wow, your eye are dark!"

Anne said, "I think you look glam but I wish you'd wear more eye sh A piece I read in a beauty magazine sai everybody should wear eye shadow even daytime."

"Even on the beach?" I asked.

"Of course," Anne said. "I'm goi wear eye shadow with my bathing su summer."

"I'm not," Joan said.

"No, you'll probably wear filth and berry stains," Anne said.

I said quickly, "Joanie, you set the t Anne said, "I'll set the table. Joan make the living-room fire."

Portable Kitchen

Plug-in devices admirably take on cooking assignments for three meals a day, are easy to pack when moving day rolls around.

By GLADYS TABER



SETTING up housekeeping is a wonderful adventure. Home from the honeymoon, unpacking the wedding gifts, hanging the good water color—it adds up to great fun. Best of all, maybe, is the first dinner. The bride anxiously watches that first tentative bite of the shrimp-tomato-rice dish or fried chicken. "Best I ever ate," says he. These young-marrieds had a cubbyhole kitchen (4′ x 7′) but fortunately a good refrigerator and sink. Fortunately, too, the landlord provided adequate electric circuits—an old light socket is not enough for plug-in cookers. With portable appliances they could take on their next move, they were set. For the tiny kitchen they bought an unfinished wood kitchen base cabinet, faced the back with plywood, hinged a drop leaf to it and then mounted the unit on easy-rolling casters. Top was gay red plastic, easy to care for. The cabinet was painted gray like the living room, then spattered red. A blue folding screen was added, to hide kitchen clutter when needed, and on this they mounted menus collected as a hobby. But home-cooked meals are better, says the man of the house! Introduced on these pages are some of the fine plug-in devices now available.

For saucepan cooking, *welcome gift for a bride (or anyone) is an electric pan. She dials cooking heat; it stays at proper level. Four-quart size, pan cooks shrimp-rice main dish or steams vegetables. Handsome enough to come to the table with chicken curry for company. Easy on budget for a rib-sticking stew or savory baked beans.*



At mealtime screen unfolds to hide sink and refrigerator. Nice touch, right panel can be used like a door to kitchenette. Swing-out drop leaf on cabinet adds casual eating space for two while counter top helps with the serving. Electric coffeemaker brews coffee and keeps it just right.



For baking or roasting, *handy homemaker's aid is an electric ovenette. Fresh cherry pie, fluffy baked potatoes or crisply crusted casseroles come out ready to eat. She can cook brown buttery rolls, sweet berry muffins in it, use it for small roasts or for reheating leftovers. It's economical to operate and temperature-controlled.*

ure," Joan said. "I'll light the candles. you carry up a thousand-pound

t's all this loose talk about logs?" Don n the doorway.

Arnold was so beautiful she made me sick at my stomach. She had large eally purple, eyes, small regular fea- istening white teeth, and hair the unbleached muslin, pulled severely d held with a large tortoise-shell bar- e had on a goldy-brown, sleeveless, hintz dress, cut very low, a gold e sweater, huge topaz-and-diamond and three heavy topaz-and-diamond . Her slender brown feet were in natural-leather thongs. She made just like a hygiene teacher. A hot teacher in an ugly tan knitted suit, g shoes and no husband.

Don, my honest, blunt Scotsman, was so dashing (drooling?) that even the girls were impressed. After dinner some of the beach people came up and we played records, recorded our own squeaky voices and were terribly gay until after three o'clock. Lesley was certainly very, very attractive. At least I thought so until she pushed me up against the refrigerator and said, "I've asked your big handsome husband to walk me home—do you mind?"

"Help yourself—take two," I said, my eyes on the dripping ice tray I was holding.

"Can I have a kiss too?" she said.

"Why don't you ask *him?*" I said.

By the time Don got home I had washed the dishes, emptied all the ash trays, even vacuumed. (I didn't want anybody getting up in court and saying I hadn't done my share.) Don said, "I hurried as fast as I could."

"Those things take time," I said.

"What things?" he asked.

"Things like kissing Lesley," I said.

"Oh, that," Don said. "She asked me to kiss her, so I pecked her on the cheek."

We were all supposed to go to Lesley's for breakfast the next morning and then to someone else's house for sandwiches. But somehow or another I was making clam fritters at eleven in the morning and hamburgers at four in the afternoon, and in between Lesley took everybody, especially the men, down to her house while I cleaned up the mess and made things attractive again. I was spreading relish on a bun when they came back the second time. I may have been a little curt because Lesley said, "Why, Betty, I believe you're jealous."

"Jealous?" I said. "Of course I'm not."

Anne, who had been helping me, said, "But she is jealous. She's mad because you asked Don to kiss you and Joan and I are too." Her eyes were blazing.

Lesley put her arm around Anne and said "Why, baby, Betty and I were just joking. She's not jealous of me. You and Joanie bring your hamburgers and come sit by me." And lucky old unjealous mommy got to cook them.

Then there is the night Anne and Joan were staying all night in town and Don and I planned to have dinner at the Alibi, the Vashon restaurant, and go to the Vashon movie show. We were sitting in the kitchen discussing this fabulous outing when Lesley called and said she was all alone and wouldn't we come down. I said that we were going out to dinner. She said come down for a drink then as she was all alone and Johnny wasn't coming home until the next Wednesday and wouldn't we please. It was a nasty rainy night and I felt sorry for her all alone so, like a fool, I asked her to have dinner and go to the show with us. She said she would but only if we would come down to her house and have a drink. So we went and she had on black velvet slacks and a black cashmere sweater and diamonds and French perfume and the minute we walked in she told Don how tired he looked, how terribly tired, how absolutely worn out. This time she made me feel like a great big botany teacher in tweeds and without a husband.

AFTER she had been gay, Don had been tired and I'd been uncomfortable for about an hour I said, "Come on, let's go. I'm starving and the show starts at eight-ten."

"Show?" Lesley said. "What show?"

"The movie show at Vashon," I said. "I told you on the phone we were going."

She said, "But Betty, it's a terrible night and Don is *so* tired."

I said, "Don promised to take me to the show."

"What's playing?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said sulkily.

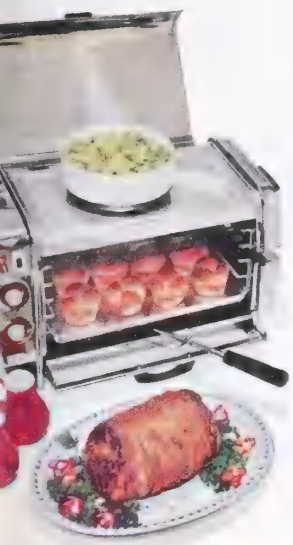
"Now, Betty," she said, "be reasonable. Don is *tired, terribly* tired. You don't want to drag him out into the ra[illegible] cold just to see a movie."



helves rest on movable brackets so height can be changed. Top shelf is widest. Gay red ubber covering, scissored to fit shelves, cushions sound, is easily cleaned. Practical gifts ke electric fry pan (on cabinet) and cooker-fryer (on shelf) are meal-making mainstays.



Handy, new cutting-board drawer pops into position—top right. Partitioned cutlery drawer on left. Two of many exciting features.



For broiling and rotisserie cooking, *plug-in broiler is portable and always useful. For a party dinner, a roast or chicken revolves under the heat until crusty and brown; baster is used to drip zesty sauce as spit revolves. Raising lid, she can cook vegetables or heat frozen French fries on top surface. Rolls are placed inside to warm after meal comes out. For late snacks, the hostess broils 'burgers.*



For heating liquids, *electric hot cup is small and compact but does important jobs. Speedy, it's a natural for brewing tea or making instant coffee or hot chocolate, is at home, too, with hot onion soup or oyster stew for two. It cooks breakfast eggs, with a rack for lowering them gently. On a cold night, it heats chili for a bracing supper.*

might [illegible]
you'd bette[illegible]
"I couldn't [illegible]
I said.

And so the summer went on and on and on. Lesley took sun bath[illegible] and wore different real jewels and a differe[illegible] new dress every night. Every afternoon at about five-thirty she would call to have Don help her pull up her boat, carry her groceries, saw up her logs, fix her stove, check her wiring, and she was clever enough to make it sound natural.

Don liked her and Anne and Joan still adored her and they all made me feel like Typhoid Mary if I criticized her even the tiniest bit. I had terrible dreams of frustration every night and woke up every morning even nastier than usual.

"Lesley has me on the head of a pin and she is enjoying every minute of it," I told Don.

He said, "Why are you so stinking about Lesley? She's a nice gal and she's lonely."

"Yes, lonely for *my* husband," I said.

"You're being ridiculous," Don said, but I think we were both relieved when she moved to San Francisco in October. Anne and Joan were inconsolable.

"She had thirty-one coats," Anne told one of her friends, "and three Dior dresses."

"And real diamonds and rubies," Joan said.

"And she had a perfect figure, thirty-six-inch bust, twenty-four-inch waist and thirty-four-inch hips," Anne said.

"And she had a gold-color convertible and fourteen cashmere sweaters," Joan said.

"Gosh, she was beautiful," Anne said. "Her hair was platinum and she had great big violet eyes, and whenever her tan faded even a little she took an airplane to Hawaii!"

"Somebody set the table," I shouted rudely. "It's almost seven."

"Gosh, you're crabby!" Anne and Joan said together.

According to titbits I have picked up from my reading over the past twenty-five years, it seems to be an accepted fact that the happy woman is the woman who has some interest other than bearing children and the subsequent washing and ironing and cooking and sweeping. These tasks, thrust upon her with her wedding ring, are her lot and she is expected to perform them with willingness, dispatch and quiet efficiency, but, we are told, the discussion of them is not interesting to the husband—that lucky pup who goes downtown every day to meet new people and eat in restaurants.

If you want to keep your husband's love, so say the instructions, you should *always* look pretty, be *fun*, keep your house *immaculate*, get up and cook your husband's breakfast, *and* have outside interests. There is one thing to be said for this state of affairs: it offers a challenge; an absolutely impossible one, to be sure, but a challenge.

When we moved to Vashon Island my outside interest was working for a contractor who was building something or other, very vital, for the Government at terrific expense in Alaska.

It was an outside interest, though, and I could fill up the evenings telling my husband and children how tired I was, how incompetent everybody else in our organization was, how much cabbage was selling for in Alaska. Then in February my sister Mary decided that I should become a writer and introduced me to an editor who told me to bring him a five-thousand-word outline of *my* book. Never having dreamed of writing a book, I was not as quick with the outline as I might have been. In fact, I had to stay home from work to write it and some pal in the office told the boss what I was doing and I was instantly fired and thus became rather unwittingly an author.

The job of being a lady writer, not substantiated by any regular salary, was regarded by my family with the same tolerant amusement they accorded my efforts toward making my own Christmas cards. "All I ask," I would tell them with tears in my eyes, "is one quiet spot where I can write and not be disturbed." (This was a lie, of course, because they knew that what I really wanted was a million dollars so I would never have to write another word.)

When I am writing I itch and hate my family, especially during that painful period known as "getting into the book," when I am trying to decide whether I shall be Marcella Proust or Thomasina Wolfe and know I shall end up being Betty MacDonald and sobbing over nasty reviews. Thank goodness I'm not alone in this because I read The Cost of a Best Seller, by Frances Parkinson Keyes, and another book about writing by Kenneth Roberts, and they had their feelings hurt in Europe too. Apparently the only writer who is never sorry for himself is Ernest Hemingway.

I HAVE tried writing in the kitchen, the dining room, the living room, our bedroom, the guesthouse, the porch, the patio—it is always the same. I am first, last and always a wife and mother and must stop whatever I am doing to —— "Try and remember where you left the big screw driver" . . . "I am up in Vashon and I lost the list—what was it you wanted?" . . . "Read the directions and see if Weevil Bait can be used for slugs." . . . "Give me the recipe for chicken in olive oil and wine." . . . "I'm bringing the children over for the weekend ——"

When I contemplate my own household and our way of life with my greenhouse devoted to little sailboats, big plastic alligators and sun-tan oil, twenty-four sheets to the laundry on Mondays, and $183.50 long-distance phone bills, I think longingly of a neighbor who ways has her cuticle pushed back and h her ground round steak one pound at a ti

"Well, one reason I'm glad we have house," Anne said, "is because now I can vite all my friends to visit me."

Joan said, "Who am I going to invit don't have any friends."

Don said, "I think before anybody in anybody we should talk things over."

Anne said, "Of course I'm not sure an my friends would care to come way out he

Joan said, "Who'll I invite? I don't h any friends."

I SAID, "Anne and Joan, you can invite y friends, Don can invite his friends, I can in my friends and if *we* feel like singing the S Spangled Banner at three in the morn *we* can."

Don said, "I think we should talk th over. I think I should be consulted."

Anne said, "Of course I'm not sure an my friends ——"

But as it turned out, everybody had frie and relatives and they were all glad to v especially in good weather. I learned r away that the big difference between isl entertaining and other kind is tha an island guests all night or for weeks or a coupl years. Even the rare good sp who try to go h usually miss the ferry, or the f company hears are having peopl dinner and kn down the dolp or stops running ferries just for fun of it.

The point beir you are not an " ways defrost Wednesday" kin housekeeper, but enjoy having pe in for dinner, can stuff that gallons of h finished and a scorched curr jelly under the s tuck that large s of magazines w Don insists on keeping on the kitchen win sill in with the ironing; toss the beach coats dog dishes and my manuscripts in the b hall with the vacuum cleaner; light the can put some good music on the record pla and you are ready.

But when people stay all night, too, slap-dash methods will not pass muste we have congenial people and they are ha a good time, it is easy to stay up most of night, especially when it is a house part like to stay up late, too, and I like to ha good time, but four o'clock in the mornir not a time to make decisions. Shall I clear before I go to bed and perhaps not get to until dawn or let it go and probably be as tired in the morning? In the meantime the guests have popped off, as has Don, keeps calling hoarsely, "Betty, come to Why don't you come to bed, Betty?"

Another thing, I love children and alr always have some tiny friend with me. S tiny friend who goes to bed at seven and in my bed at six in the morning. Oh well, s is just a habit, the psychologists say.

There are all kinds of guests. Fun, no hard, bores, nasty, crazy, alcoholic, relig fanatics, old pals who have got fat and old pals who have got rich and dull, old who haven't succeeded and are on the de sive, relatives, babies, foreign friends know no English, adolescents who play record player from seven A.M. to three A.M. paint their toenails while I wash the dis bright young friends of Anne's and Jo who are fun, bright young friends of An and Joan's who are no fun and don't h

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

A jolly good way to remember your friends and relatives this Christmas is to send LADIES' HOME JOURNAL gift subscriptions! They're easy to order — and the pleasure will last for as long as you care to give. A lovely card in your name will announce each gift.

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Give her the most beautiful cabinet sink in the world

Of all the many gifts you can give (or get), there's *one* a homemaker can appreciate far more often and much, much longer than any other. Every day, for many years to come, she'll enjoy this treasured possession—her new 66-inch Diana Cabinet Sink, by Youngstown Kitchens.

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PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

foreign men who light my cigarettes lingeringly and tell me "Youth is so gauche, so raw," then try to lure Anne or Joan out on the porch, and FBI agents who should open a school.

One summer we rented our town house, which we had bought to lessen the domestic shame while the girls were in their last years of high school and first years of college, to five FBI agents with whom we naturally became friends and whom we naturally invited to spend their weekends on Vashon, and one of whom Joan later married. Now *that* was a summer I enjoyed.

They helped; in fact, did all the work, portioning it out in a most businesslike way and not accepting any excuses. They were good cooks, they were bright, they sang, they never got drunk, they liked children, they made the beds, and they loved the country. As far as I am concerned, J. Edgar Hoover can billet his whole staff on me any old time, for as long as he wants.

My idea of heaven would be an enormous house, preferably one with twenty-four bedrooms and twenty-four bathrooms, thousands of guests, mostly FBI agents and foreign men, a great many excellent unobtrusive servants, and no work to do. As my alternative is a house with four bedrooms, a guesthouse, three davenports, a lawn swing, three chaise longues and the floor, thousands of guests, many of them under four years old, and no servants, I often go six months without getting to the beach. Don says that my problem is that I don't relax. He usually says this to me early in the morning after I have been up until three o'clock anyway and then got up again with somebody small who has thrown up in an upper bunk.

I prefer to believe that I am not abnormally tense—that all over the world there are wives who, under similar circumstances, are not relaxing. How could I relax, for instance, when Anne invited her friend "O.K. Honey" to spend the summer and that was the year we were building a big kitchen with a fireplace and I was making do in the service room with orange crates for cupboards and no drainboards on the sink? "O.K. Honey" was very small, with enormous blue eyes, long golden-brown hair, almost black lipstick, wine-colored fingernails an inch long, and an I.Q. which I estimated to be about 20. I guess the reason Anne and Joan liked her so much was that she was not pressing with her opinions and she knew so many boys. I say I guess, because, though she was here for over a month, I never heard her say one thing but "O.K., honey."

Don kept growling, "Who invited her? Why am I never consulted about these things?" as Anne and Joan and O.K. Honey spent hours covering themselves with sun-tan oil and lying motionless on the chaise longues on the porch, painting their toe-and finger-nails, listening to records, pinning up their hair, and eating. I used to wonder if Anne and Joan mightn't have bought O.K. Honey in a drugstore. She certainly looked as if she could have come wrapped in cellophane and she was unfamiliar with even the simplest forms of housekeeping, such as putting two pieces of bread in the toaster and pushing down the lever.

ANNE and Joan were willing, even eager, to cook for her, serve her, wash and iron her clothes, row her in the boat, drive her to the movies, make her bed, but if I asked them to empty the ash trays or pass the cookies, they roared like wounded bison and said, "Work, work, work, that's all we ever do around here! I thought this was *summer vacation!*"

They were also wearing their hair long and limp, their fingernails painted deep maroon, their lips almost black. Then one day somebody named Buzz telephoned from Seattle and O.K. Honey went to the phone and said, "O.K., honey" and took the next ferry home.

"Buzz is her steady, home on leave from the Navy," Anne and Joan told me, after they had packed her things and driven her to the ferry.

"*Steady!*" I laughed loudly. "And just who were all those Charlies and Phils and Tommies and Donnies—friends of her mother?"

"Do you always have to be so critical of our friends?" Anne said wearily as she settled herself at the kitchen table with a box of tissues, a bottle of polish remover and a new bottle of deep-plum nail polish.

Of course I'll *never* forget the summer I took care of my sister Alison's four- and five-year-old boys because her new baby was very sick, and Joanie invited her steady to stay with us because she was so sorry for him because she didn't love him; I invited a dear friend who was an alcoholic but didn't feel that she was quite ready for psychiatry; a couple whom I had met somewhere in Arizona and carelessly asked to "come and see us any time—we have plenty of room" took me at my word and dropped in for the month of August; my Norwegian cleaning woman's husband had a heart attack; and Anne, who was leading her own life in town being a model, kept bringing home for the weekends and recuperation another model who looked like a Madonna but whose husband was everlastingly blacking her eyes because she was so attractive to other men.

The weather was fair, and by that I mean gray and cold, but I forced everyone to eat supper on the beach every night—paper plates, no dishes—and things might have worked out after a fashion if the woman from Arizona had just once got up before three in the afternoon, especially in view of the fact that her husband was disgustingly hearty and arose and went swimming in the icy Sound at 5:30 A.M. and was lathering around in the kitchen ready for a *big* breakfast at six.

When the woman from Arizona did finally appear, she demanded that I sit with her while she ate her breakfast, which I was glad to do because it was sitting. However, we would no more than get settled at the table and one of Alison's little boys would come sloshing up from the beach to tell me that he had fallen out of the rowboat in his last clean clothes; or in a low throbbing voice Joan would plead with me to do something about her steady who was contemplating suicide in the porch swing; or my sister Mary would call up and tell me that she was on her way out with Mrs. Ellis and her three children and "Arenthau Salavochic and his adorable wife, actually a count and countess but working for the Ellises just to learn American ways," and they didn't speak a word of English but I would love them and she was bringing a salmon and what else did I need? As I write this the thought occurs that it is a very strange thing that the ferry has never broken down bringing people—only when it is supposed to be taking them away.

Then of course there was the Saturday afternoon when Don and the girls and I came staggering along the beach with our loads of groceries and a male voice yelled "Yoohoo!" at us from the *roof* of our house and it was Don's old buddy, the very same old buddy, who, refusing to believe that Old Don" ha finally taken the step, spent our weeke honeymoon (all that was allowed defen workers) in Don's apartment *with* us and t shutoff notices (utilities had been roommate responsibility, Don said) and the evictio letter from the landlord (Don said landlord u reasonably prejudiced against single men ev since he had found those fishbones behir the cushions on the couch).

ALTHOUGH he did not come down off t roof, we could see clearly that Old Buddy face was suspiciously flushed and that he wa crawling around loosening the shakes in nor too steady a fashion. I sent Don out to "talk to him while the girls and I put the groceri away. Mary and some Navy people were e pected on the next ferry and I still had a gre deal of rapid stuffing and tidying and flow arranging to do and I didn't intend to b hampered by Old Buddy.

I set Anne to making clam-and-crean cheese dip and Joan to filling little dishes wit nuts and sunflower seeds and olives. When had finished my tidying I opened the bac door and called to Don to start the fire. Do didn't answer, but Buddy peered at me ov the edge of the roof and said, "Heigh-ho!" slammed back into the house.

"You've got to get him out of here," I sa to Don.

"Why?" Don asked mildly. "He's up on t roof out of the way."

"I don't think you're funny," I said. "Ma and those Navy people are coming on t next ferry; and anyway, think of the girls."

"Yes, think of us," the girls said. "He revolting!"

"Why don't you all relax?" Don sai "Everything will work out. Let's all be sweet."

Leaving Anne and Joan with the ho d'oeuvres, I dashed upstairs, washed my fac put on my tight black slacks and a whi sweater and was splashing on perfum when from my open bedroom window heard Mary and the Navy people crunchin along in the sand, and then from overhea I heard Buddy calling out to them "Heigh-ho!

Anne, who had come in to inspect m make-up and borrow a little perfume, sai "Oh, mommy, honestly, I think he's perfect disgusting. Can't Don get rid of him?"

I said, "He's Don's oldest friend, And we'll just have to be understanding."

It really wasn't too hard as Mary and h friends were fun and Old Buddy stayed on t roof, only asking for occasional favors in t way of drinks and the binoculars so he coul examine the crevasses on the moon.

One of the Navy officers (there were thre had brought a guitar and after dinner we wer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



"Don't you start rushing out here every time I open this door!"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

out on the porch in the moonlight and he played sad songs and sang to us. It must have been after three when I was stumbling around emptying ash trays and brushing potato chips off the mantel while Don called to me, "Why don't you come to bed?" that I remembered about Buddy and realized that we had not heard from him for some time.

"What are you going to do about Old Buddy?" I whispered hoarsely. "He's still out on the roof."

"Nothing," Don said. "His responsibility. Now come to bed."

"I'll be along in a minute," I said, sweeping the hearth.

As I put away the enormous amount of equipment Don uses for fried-egg sandwiches, I thought again about Buddy out there on the roof in the cold night air. What if he rolled off and broke his neck? What if the raccoons that favor our roof as a play field clawed him?

Humming happily, I went up to bed.

The next thing I knew there was sunlight dappling the rug, and up from the patio floated the cheerful thrumming of a guitar.

"What happened to Old Buddy?" I asked Don. "I was so worried about him last night I couldn't sleep."

Giving the cord that pulled back the draperies a yank, Don said, "Take a look." I got warily out of bed, walked to the window and looked out. Below me, spread-eagled in the lawn swing, a white goatskin rug clutched around his throat, was Old Buddy. One of the Navy officers was kneeling beside him strumming his guitar, another was propping up his head, feeding him a gin fizz.

Anne and Joan and Mary came in with coffee. Anne said, "You'd better hurry and drink this, mommy, that lieutenant commander and I have breakfast almost ready. We are making buttermilk hot cakes and sausages."

Joan said, "What's that one's name wit guitar, Aunty Mary?"

"Johnny," Mary said.

"Well, Johnny and I are going out spearing right after breakfast."

Lighting a cigarette, Mary said, "It's l enly out here, Betty. So relaxing."

The tricky thing to remember a adolescents is that they seem so miserabl ing what they are doing that you, their l and bewildered parents, assume that would be happier doing something They wouldn't. Adolescents are going miserable no matter what they are doing they would rather be miserable doin things they choose. This is all so easy fo now that Joan and Anne are twenty-fou twenty-five, charming, intelligent, beau companionable, adult and married. Do I adore them and can't see enough of th

But during that long pull between fou and twenty (they were both married at tw it came over us with a flash—well, really like a punch in the stomach, accompani the splash of tears—that the English are more civilized than we are and they what they are doing when they send Im away to school—and by away I mean Rangoon to England or vice versa—a seven and bring her home reluctantly she is thirty.

The summer Joan and Anne turned teen and fifteen and they both referred to "she" and "oh, him," bolted themselves bathroom for sixteen hours at a stretch wore lipstick to bed, Don and I sent aw the catalogue of a fine school in Cana had the splendid English approach, we tell, because the catalogue said, "No ne them to come home for any of the holi we will keep them all summer." Ann Joan found the catalogue and cried, n cause we didn't want them home but b the school demanded that all pupils hav hair chopped off even with the ear lob wear black oxfords with Cuban heels.

Frankly, I do not know any easy ans adolescence, but I do know that servi the part of the parents—one of the ado goals—does not help. Neither does shr under criticism, breaking into tears, le about fair play, or locking yourself bathroom and talking about *them*. Ab only thing to do is to try to hang on t sanity and pray much as you would were lost in a blizzard without a com were adrift in a leaky canoe and could h roar of the falls just ahead.

WHILE you are hanging on I will reach into the black pit of my experience a you a few things to think about, in ca aren't already glaringly apparent.

1. Adolescents do not hate their p They merely feel absolute contempt, oc ally coated with condescending pity fo their tiny brains, ridiculous ideas, unfa and obvious senility. They all refer t fathers as "oh, him" and their moth "she": "*She* won't let me go naturally scared to death I might have a little fu change." . . . "Who was that on the *Oh, him!* What did he want this ti overcoat again?"

2. All adolescents are masters of the even triple cross. This does not mea they will grow up to be either commu politicians—it is merely an indication adolescence, loyalty is no long-term e and best friends can turn brown quick gardenias.

3. All adolescents "go steady." Da with boys who appear to be oily, weak-c and untrustworthy. Sons with girls w pear hard-eyed, brazen and, if not do immoral, certainly not wholesome types. No parent gets anywhere con these great romances.

How can anyone as stupid as "oh evaluate a big wheel like Billy? (A bi who gets straight D's on his report c has a vocabulary of thirty words.) "It happens that Billy is left half on the t team and president of SqueeGees, th school fraternity."

What can "she" possibly know a wonderful girl like Charlene with he







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rts, fuchsia lipstick put on with a ife, and scintillating conversation of, Anne, Johnny may have the mind of ut he sure has the body of a man!" t jealous because Charlene was voted rt of the SqueeGees *four times.* (No

ing that is so difficult for fathers to r is that very few if any of the bril- yers, bankers, doctors, architects or n, a facsimile of which they desire of law, ever took out girls when they high school. They were too shy and studying to be brilliant lawyers, and g wheels in high school are, always n and undoubtedly always will be oth, shifty-eyed, self-confident non-

ing that comes as such a blow to the is the fact that little Conroy is not to Ermengarde Allen. "She has such anners and will be very nice-looking r skin clears after all, her vas my class- Bryn Mawr." who is shy and efers to Ermen- ho is shy and s "that pimply

dolescents tele- This is part of ive quality that em all eat in the nery, walk in knot up in hall- ted we stand— ve might learn g. You will not thing by hav- telephones. o telephones!" and Joan's aid, and kept n busy. dolescents in- ave the family e time. To ac- this they re- he gentle nag er-on-stone he smooth lie old tearful si- ey will always n try to reason They have the stance to the impersonal

olescents are ul with their ssessions, but bsolutely reck- anything belonging to their parents. ay flannel slacks, Don's shoes, my dio, my toast-colored cashmere Don's bathing trunks, my jeans, our rts, our beach towels hit the adoles- and were never seen again. adolescent girls would prefer to live oom. adolescent boys would prefer to live ther's car.

NG in retrospect those long, wet, winters when daylight was only on and keeping warm was the motivat- I am overcome by how wonderful d Joan were. How co-operative and ining and hard-working and dear. Of ewing things in retrospect does blunt nd point up bright places, but they little girls to be getting wood, cook- r, making beds and smiling, and I ain they were such little girls and they e. I wondered if they were happy, an island and leaving for school in the ter all, they were used to my large d our hordes of friends, I told Don. l, "Look at the Brontës, Saki, Ruskin, All great people who had thrived on

"Perhaps we should have waited were older before moving to the

d, "Living in the city doesn't solve g. Think of all the city children who are alone because their parents are in Palm Springs or down at the athletic club getting pie-eyed or in New York attending the National Convention of the Juvenile Delinquency Prevention Society."

One stormy night Don met on the ferry and brought home to dinner a widower who lived by himself on the other side of the island. Anne, home from school with one of her fleeting unlocalized ailments, had stuffed and baked a salmon and made an apple pie. The man couldn't get over it. "That little girl, that wonderful little girl!" he said over and over again as he passed his plate for more salmon and watched Anne swishing competently around making coffee and cutting the cheese.

JOANIE said, "I'm wonderful, too, aren't I, mommy? I rowed out and bought the salmon from the fishing boat and I carried up a root so big Don can't get it in the fireplace."

"You don't know how lucky you are," the old widower told Don and me with tears in his eyes. "I've never seen anything like it."

Anne and Joan glowed like little fireflies and in his honor after dinner when they were doing the dishes kept their fighting down to quiet slaps, hissed insults and one broken saucer.

Sunday morning the girls always climbed in our bed, Don lit the fire in the fireplace and we took turns going down and getting coffee, orange juice and the Sunday papers which Don brought home Friday and I saved. After we had read the papers, Anne and I got up and cooked a big Sunday breakfast. Kippered herring and scrambled eggs or clam fritters and bacon or shad roe or eggs scrambled with Olympia oysters no larger than a thumbnail. While Anne and I cooked, Joan and Don got wood and built the fires. We never bothered with Sunday dinner, preferring soup and sandwiches whenever we got hungry.

Sunday afternoons we took walks, gathered bark, wrote and acted out plays, popped corn, made fudge, sang into the recording machine, read aloud, took trips in the rowboat with the outboard motor, cleared land, fed the deer and played with the kittens. In spite of my occasional misgivings, we were a very happy, enthusiastic family and I was delighted that Anne and Joan had accepted Don so easily as my husband and their friend.

Then Satan, in the form of adolescence, entered the Garden of Eden and turned it overnight into a jungle filled with half-grown, always hungry, noisy, emotional, quarrelsome, rude, boisterous, snarling animals.

The first manifestation was the hair. Anne had bright copper-colored curly hair which she wore shining-clean and hanging shoulder length. Joan had pale blond curly hair which she wore shining-clean if I caught her, hanging shoulder length. One early evening Anne began rolling her pretty hair into small wet snails about six hairs to a snail, secured tightly with bobby pins crisscrossed like swords.

I said, "What are you doing to your hair?"

Sighing heavily, she said through a mouth filled with bobby pins, "Oh, you wouldn't understand."

"Why wouldn't I?" I said.

"Because you don't know anything about style and anyway you want me to look ugly."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

EGO BRACERS

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

When now and then my self-respect's
In jeopardy because my sex
Is female, I don't yearn to fly
A plane or bridge a chasm. I
Count off the ways I'm better than
My lord or any other man.
To wit: I buy no apple corers
Or magazines from door-to-doorers;
Quite frequently to show my strength
I stretch a dollar thrice its length
And bind the budget's gaping sides;
From me no wily cuff link hides;
I close my eyes when I am kissed.
And as a woman, I insist
No other gender can begin
To make men feel so masculine!



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN

THE MOST TREASURED GIFT you could possibly give this Christmas is the Revised Standard Version of the Bible . . . for regular reading of the Bible has marked the turning point in many a life and I believe the Revised Standard Version will help someone you love find *new understanding* and *peace of mind* in these troubled times! That's because it's not full of old-fashioned words and phrases that are difficult to understand . . . but is written in the *living language* of today. Faithful to the earliest manuscripts, it retains all the beauty of the beloved King James Version. I particularly recommend the magnificent genuine leather edition for Christmas-giving at $10 . . . but you may prefer the handsome maroon buckram edition for only $6. And for the young folks on your gift list, I suggest the new *illustrated* edition . . . with 12 full-color pictures and 12 full-color maps which bring well-known Bible incidents vividly to life. Comes in a choice of 2 bindings . . . one for $3.50, the other $3.25!



ANY LOVELY LADY on your gift list would love to get a blouse of Du Pont NYLON . . . and you can give it proudly knowing it will continue to give her pleasure for months and months to come! And NYLON this year comes in a palette of the most *exquisite colors* I've ever seen . . . vibrant, dark shades of navy and black as well as snowy-white and a perfect "rainbow" of pretty pastels. The new *styles* are exciting, too . . . ranging from casual to dressy, from little-girl to career-sophisticate. In other words, NYLON blouses *look lovely* in *any* setting . . . add an air of elegance to college days, business affairs and *all* at-home events! As for wonderful weaves and weights, I've never seen such a wide array . . . you can choose from two-layer 15 denier sheers to heavier, shadowproof NYLONS. And when you give NYLON, you give *easier care* and *longer wear* . . . two qualities every woman appreciates! So don't think of NYLON Blouses only as gifts for *you* to *give* . . . drop a happy holiday hint around that you'd also like to *get* one at stocking hanging time!



BEAUTY IS APPLIED ART . . . a talent you can easily acquire in your boudoir with the help of my favorite "beauty operator." I'm talking about Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs . . . dainty, cotton-tipped applicators designed for cosmetics, to give you the finesse needed to look your loveliest from head to toe! You see, they have cotton tips at both ends . . . but unlike baby's, Q-TIPS are longer and slimmer . . . so *easy to use*, and so much more "talented" than your fingertips, they put an end to make-up slip-ups! That's why I recommend Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs for all your beauty jobs . . . everything from blending eye-shadow and erasing mascara smears and lipstick smudges . . . to applying cuticle oil, hair coloring and rouge. Every pretty dressing table box brings you a beauty "bonus," too . . . lessons in loveliness by that master of make-up Ern Westmore which teach you the beauty "Q's" practiced by Hollywood movie stars. So if you use cosmetics, use Q-TIPS Beauty Swabs . . . you'll see wonderful improvements!



MEN ARE PARTIAL TO PRETTY SKIN . . . so you're sure to *suffer socially* during the holidays if you have blackheads, pimples, rash or other externally caused blemishes! That's why I make you this:

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And if I were you, I'd use *emollient* CUTICURA Ointment at night . . . for it helps *soften* your skin as well as *clears up* embarrassing complexion imperfections that hide your natural beauty!

I'M SAYING "MERRY CHRISTMAS" to many people on my gift list with a really *perfect present* . . . a thrilling PARKER Game! And that's what I hope *you'll give and get* . . . for PARKER Games bring Holiday fun the whole year long. Which one do I like best? *All* of them . . . but "*Monopoly*," the fascinating real estate trading game, is sure to suit every taste to a "T" and delight anybody of any age! It's truly exciting . . . because "*Monopoly*" players make fortunes, go bankrupt and get rich quick again as they buy and sell land and utilities. You'll want to choose some other PARKER Games, too . . . particularly "*Sorry*," "*Clue*," "*Hollywood Go*," "*Rook*," *Bing Crosby's* "*Call Me Lucky*" . . . and for those who still enjoy crossword letter games, "*Keyword*" is the best of them all. And get this:



WONDERFUL BOOKLET called "*How to Have Family Fun and Popular Parties with Parker Games*" . . . it's packed with hints to help you become the most successful hostess in town . . . so check OFFER #2 in box.

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A gift of 1847 Rogers Bros. is all that so much more. For America's finest sil plate is made to last a lifetime. It will sh on her table every meal, every day, fore ... as a symbol of your eternal love.

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1847

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate A Product of The International Silver Company

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

hair looks lovely just the way it is,"
wisely.
ew you'd take that attitude," Anne
ginning to cry. "I knew you'd get
if I tried to fix my hair the way
y is wearing it."
said, "That's right, mommy. Every-
ts their hair up in pin curls. They all
look like hags."
bags."
scrags."
urious," I said, getting a little furious.
on't see much point in curling curly

don't see any point in *anything!*"
bbed. "You don't know anything
ything! You even like to live on this
aken island."
aid, "Say, Laurie told me that Helen
that Bobby likes you."
n?" Anne said, brightening up.
erday," Joan said. "I forgot to tell

stinker," shrieked Anne. "And now I
I Jimmy I'd go to the Friday dance
. I could kill you."
head," Joan said calmly. "But if I'm
won't be able to tell you what else
aid."
t?" Anne said.
Cross my heart I'm not going to kill
oan said.
't be silly," Anne said.
said, "All right, then, promise you'll
e with my

mise," Anne

," Joan said,
said that
id that Bobby
to ask you
Seaview Boys
ootball dance.
e you going to

ething ugly
dish and old,"
said bitterly.
ll the other
rich and will smoke and have on
formals."
n Hendricks isn't rich," Joan said,
goes steady with the president of the
re class."
but she doesn't live on a corny old
Anne said.
ad red hair and a bust I wouldn't care
lived," Joan said wistfully. "Say, the
f my theme has to be 'Why I Want to
ollege.'"
what a repulsive title," Anne said.
promised you'd help me."
ow," Anne said, "but it will have to
s."
et my notebook," Joan said.
," Anne said. "I have to finish pin-
my hair. I'll do yours, too, if you
he added generously.

nen on Anne and Joan and all their
nale friends spent at least one third
lives rolling their hair into small snail
ver the snails they tied bandannas of
kinds—one year dish towels, one
en's bandannas, one year woolen
one year enormous silk squares. The
hing was that except for special occa-
ch as the Friday-night dances, Squee-
mals, Junior Proms, and so on, we
w these curls unfurled. Their hair was
up when they left for school, it was
p the minute they got home.
day before last my sister Mary's mid-
ghter, Sally, who is sixteen, came to
bringing three of her school friends.
d when I saw their hair, wound into
ils, each snail secured with the criss-
bobby pins. I decided to ask Sally,
ot my daughter and therefore doesn't
ed upon to give me the "diamond-
" or to turn all my simple questions
sonal affronts, why adolescents keep
ir pinned up all the time. Stepping
said, "Sally, would you answer a
for me?" Instantly she and her three

Man is continually saying to woman, Why will you not be more wise? Woman is continually saying to man, Why will you not be more loving? It is not in their wills to be wise or to be loving; but unless each is both wise and loving, there can be neither wisdom nor love. —THOREAU

friends exchanged looks and moved closer together.

She said suspiciously, "What do you want to know?"

I said, "Why do you keep your lovely blond hair pinned up all the time? In the past two years I've only seen it combed out twice."

She said, "Well, it comes out of curl."

"When?" I asked.

"At school," she said. "I comb it out as soon as I get to school in the morning."

"And you put it up again the minute you get home?"

"Of course," Sally said. "Somebody might come over."

"What if somebody doesn't?"

"Then it's all ready for dinner."

"Do you comb it out before dinner?"

"Daddy won't let us come to the table in pin curls."

"Then you put it up right after dinner."

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Somebody might come over."

"Then you put it up again before you go to bed?"

"Of course."

"Wouldn't it be easier to have a permanent?"

"Oh, no, permanents are corny."

Of course everybody knows that adolescents, in spite of a repulsively overconfident manner, are basically unsure. We read it in books. It is pointed out to us in lectures. But you have to live with an adolescent to realize that in this half-ripe, newly hatched, wet-feathered stage they are not aware they are unsure but consider themselves wise, tolerant, responsible adults. Adults so mature they have a phobia against anything childish. Thus the pleasant Sunday mornings in our bed came to a sudden end. Instead Anne and Joan rushed down and got the papers, fought over them shrilly for a while, then came into our room, sat on the bed, drank the coffee which we had got ourselves, and complained. "Gosh, you look hideous in that nightgown, Betty," was one form of greeting, followed quickly by, "Raining again!" heavy sigh. "It seems like it has been raining for years and years." Another heavy sigh. "Do you think Tyrone Power's going to marry Lana Turner, mommy?" They were both wearing Don's pajamas, their hair was of course in pin curls, their faces smeared with calomine lotion, their fingernails were long, ruby-colored and chipped, their eyes sad.

I said, "Let's get dressed, have breakfast, build a big fire in the fireplace and play charades."

"Charades? You mean that baby game where you act out words?"

"It isn't a baby game," I said. "You remember we played it last summer."

"I don't want to play," Joan said, "it's too much like schoolwork."

"I wish I had a pink Angora sweater," Anne said. "Marilyn has two. A pale blue one and a pale pink one."

"Two?" Joan said. "Are you sure? They're twenty-five dollars, you know."

"Marilyn's rich," Anne said. "She gets thirty-five dollars a month just to spend on clothes."

Don said, "I can't understand why we let the Russians into Berlin."

Anne said, "Marilyn's going to spend Christmas in Palm Springs."

I said, "Palm Springs is the last place I would want to spend Christmas. Who wants hot weather and palm trees for Christmas?"

"I do," Anne said wistfully. "I'm so sick of rain I could die."

"Me too," Joan said. "Marilyn's going to get her own car when she's sixteen."

Don said, "Of course Russia had the world bluffed and our policy of appeasement, uncertainty and double talk isn't fooling anybody but ourselves."

I said, "Possessions don't bring happiness. Happiness is something you must find in your own self."

"Well, it would be a lot easier to find it if I had a car of my own," Anne said.

Joan said, "If we had a car of our very own we could drive to California next summer."

"You could not," I said.

"Why?" they said together.

"Because I don't believe in young girls' driving around the country by themselves. It's not safe."

"It certainly seems funny to me that we are always old enough to do what *you* want but never old enough to do anything *we* want," Anne said. "Don't you think Joan and I are old enough to drive to California, Don?"

"What about South America?" Don said. "It's farther away."

"Let's get dressed," I said, getting out of bed.

To be sure they weren't missing out on any new vital beauty aid, Anne and Joan studied the magazines. They knew instantly if burnt sugar was the latest color in lipstick and they pleaded and begged until they got it. When they got it they wore it out in about two hours, because they put on a new complete make-up when they got home from school (this one was



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for getting wood), another for eating dinner and of course another before doing the dishes because "somebody might come over." On occasion they would experiment with different blemish removers. One night when they both came in to kiss us good night coated entirely with some pure white stuff that smelled like creosote and made them look like plaster casts, I said mildly, "Are you sure that is good for your skin?"

Joan said, "Look at my face. My pores are so enormous I look like a cribbage board."

I examined her face as well as I could through the white paste and said, "Your skin looks fine to me."

"Naturally you'd say that," Joan said. "Because you don't care. You cook rich foods all the time because you want us to break out."

Then there were the clothes so vitally important. Everything long and loose and pitiful. Boys' coats. Men's sweaters. Don's shirts. Boys' jeans and T shirts. Wooden shoes, loafers, dirty saddle shoes. Exactly the right kind of white socks turned down an exact number of inches. The first high heels and the furious outburst in the shoe store—"You're glad my feet are so big because you know it hurts my feelings!"

No matter what garment I bought Anne and Joan, the grass was always greener in somebody else's closet. They and their schoolmates exchanged clothes constantly. Anne and Joan would leave for school in one outfit, come home in another. It was hard for me to understand this because all the skirts, blouses, sweaters and coats were exactly alike.

Next in importance to clothes were eating and dieting. For weeks everything would be so-so. The girls would come home from school with their accompanying wake of Jeanies, Lindas, Ruthies, Sandys, Bonnies, Chuckies, Normies, Bills and Jims, go directly to the kitchen, and the refrigerator door would begin to thump rhythmically like the tail of a friendly dog, as they devoured everything not marked with a skull and crossbones or frozen. During those intervals any old thing I cooked—stew, spaghetti or deep-fried pot holders—was greeted with, "Is that all you made? We're starving."

Then one morning I decided to get up early and cook something very nice for my growing girls with their long chain of Ruthies, Jeanies, and so on, who apparently didn't care if they slept six in a bed or in the fireplace just so it was every night at our house. "I'll make French toast," I said fondly to Tudor as I flitted happily around, getting out the real maple sirup and crowding another place on the table each time another gruesome little figure in a torn petticoat, bobby pins and calomine lotion appeared and asked me where the iron was.

When I had a stack of golden French toast about two feet high, I called loudly that breakfast was ready. After an interval the girls began straggling in, dripping with my perfume and, of course, wearing one another's clothes.

"Hurry and drink your orange juice. I've made French toast," I said proudly.

"I hope you didn't cook any for me," Anne said, sitting down at the table and unscrewing the top on a bottle of nail polish. "I'm dieting and all I want is one hard-boiled egg."

"Why do you always fix orange juice?" Joan said. "Tomato juice has only fifty calories."

The various Ruthies and Jeanies said to my offers of French toast, "None for me, thanks, Mrs. MacDonald. I'm just going to have black coffee or warm water and lemon juice or a hard-boiled egg."

AFTER they had gone I grimly dumped the lovely golden-brown French toast into the raccoons' pan and decided that this was the last time I would ever get up and cook breakfast for my disagreeable little daughters and their ungrateful little friends.

After school the locusts arrived on schedule, but only the boys ate. The girls sipped tea. Then came dinner and no matter what I cooked—rare roast beef, brook trout, grou round steak broiled—it was never on th diet. I don't know what diet they were on, it was apparently the same one Mary's dau ters and friends are using today, a spe high-school diet that calls for one plate fudge, three Cokes and a pound of che eaten in private and one small celery stalk half a grapefruit nibbled at the dinner ta Mother used to infuriate Anne and Joan quoting:

"There was a young lady named Maud
Famed both at home and abroad,
To eat at the table
She never was able
But in the back pantry, my God!"

Of course you can't discuss adolesce without getting on the subject of sex, discussion of which occupied a promin place in our dinner-table conversation dur those years. Don and I tried to be very fri with Anne and Joan and encouraged them be very frank with us. We answered t questions with medical terms and, we hop the correct casualness. The result was that matter who came to dinner, the conversa was dappled with remarks about Lesbi prostitutes and nymphomaniacs in wh Anne and Joan and their friends seemed to extremely interested. Adolescents enjoy- fact, will go to most any length to get— center of attention.

I LEARNED after a while, a long while, th I displayed shock or any other interes reaction during these discussions they w on and on and on. So I became able finall toss it off—to say casually, "Please pass gravy," right in the middle of the gory de of the story about Murdene Plunkett, " prostitute" who picked up a soldier in movie, and then brazenly accepted Ge Herod's invitation to the Senior Ball.

I encouraged Anne and Joan to read f the time they first learned how. Our libra large and varied, and beyond casual sug tions I made no attempt to monitor their s tions. One rainy school morning Anne a me for a piece of wrapping paper, to wra a book so it wouldn't get wet. I offere wrap the book for her and she handed Lady Chatterley's Lover. I said, trying hard to speak casually, "Why are you ta this book to school, Andy?"

"Because I'm going to give a book re on it," she said just as casually as she adju her bandanna.

"Have you read it?" I asked.

"Part of it," she said. "It's awfully dull D. H. Lawrence is supposed to be a writer, isn't he?"



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"He's not exactly what I wanted—he's what I could get."

tfully substituted The Turn of the
oy Henry James, as a little more suit-
l high-school English, just as dull but a
r to carry in the rain.
urse the girls eventually came across
d Ulysses quite openly on the couch
ving room, but they didn't attempt to
ok report on it. They adored Gone
e Wind, but they thought Kitty Foyle
ny. They loved Farewell to Arms, but
t decide about The Grapes of Wrath
of "that disgusting ending." They
ortilla Flat, but were not enthusiastic
nvitation to the Waltz or Alice Adams.
he girls talked a great deal about
cation, tight strapless black evening
and long cigarette holders, but when
peared they talked in raucous voices,
like hyenas and pushed one another
boys rudely.
and Joan had always been, to my
ed maternal ears, normally truthful
n. Joan told me when she broke the
eld of Alcotts' car. Anne told me when
led nail polish on my bedspread. They
ld me when they took the candy out of
cent store. Perhaps they each told me
e other one did, but anyway I got the
ne way or another, most of the time.
came adolescence and the birth of the
obvious, bold-faced lie. The lie, told,
y decided, to test parents out, to see
ind of fools they really were. It began
e lost wallet. Anne and Joan were each
ve dollars a week allowance. This was
er carfare, school lunches, Saturday
and occasional shopping trips. One
ay Anne told me that she had lost her
and would have to have another five
I asked her where she had lost her
and she was very definite. It was in
ck and Nelson's at the hat bar on the
or at eleven A.M. on October fourth.
d that she had put the wallet on the
right beside her while she tried on a
d when she looked for it it was gone.
by one of the shoplifters with which
re was crawling, she said. While she
e this story Anne and Joan both fixed
h large innocent blue eyes. Naturally
ed them and gave Anne another five
The next Saturday the same thing
ed. Almost the same story, only this
was the Vashon drugstore. I shelled
other five dollars.

DAY morning Velma, my cleaning
, brought me Anne's green wallet,
she had found behind the bed. In it
o one-dollar bills and the stubs of four
ats in the Fifth Avenue Theater. When
ame home from school I showed her
let and the theater tickets and said,
why did you lie to me?"
said, "I don't know. I guess I just
to see if I could."
d, "O.K., you each owe me five dollars.
n pay me two dollars a week."
said, "Carol's been lying to her mother
nths and months—she never catches

n why does she always borrow money
e?" Anne said furiously. "She owes me
llars."
came skipping school. "Gosh, we had
geometry test today," Anne announced
er one night as she carefully pushed
as into a string of green beads en-
her potatoes.
had an algebra test," Joan said, taking
disinterested sip of her milk. "It was
ut I think I got an awfully good grade."
d, "How do you think you did in
ry, Andy?"
right I guess," Anne said. "I despise
entron, but her tests aren't too hard."
d, "Speaking of geometry, Aunty Mary
u coming out of the Paramount The-
s afternoon."
ie said, "Oh, it couldn't have been us,
MacDonald. We were all at school.
t we, Jeanie?"
ie said, "Sure they were, Mrs. Mac-
d. Ask Kathy."
d, "I don't have to ask anybody. I know
ren't at school and I know you aren't
for dinner because you have spent
stuffing down popcorn and ice cream
and candy and Cokes. Now *clear the table, wash the dishes, do your studying and go to bed!*"

Later on when Don and I were lying in bed reading and trying to take our mind off adolescence, I heard Ruthie say to Anne, who was taking her bath in our bathroom, "Gee, Anne, your mom's sure sweet. I wouldn't dare tell my mom I skipped school. She'd kill me."

Anne said, "Oh, *she's* all right, I guess. Do you think that Bill really likes me?"

I don't know how or when Anne and Joan learned to drive, but I do know that each one on the day of her sixteenth birthday demanded to be taken to town so she could go through the ridiculous routine of a driving test and be given a license to drive her steady's father's car and to lend our car to any bonehead friend who wished to back it onto a busy street without looking, run it into a tree, turn a corner without seeing "that dumb truck," or put it in reverse by mistake when going very fast. After a time I became accustomed to answering the phone and having a small quavering voice say, "Mrs. MacDonald, this is Joanne and I've had a little trouble with the car—your car, I mean—and there's a policeman who wants to speak to you."

Once when we had been up very late listening to "Then I said to Ted and Ted said to me" and then were kept awake further by King Cole and further still by the pattering of bare feet and shrieks and giggles and the thump of the refrigerator door and finally by the bedside light being switched on and Joan demanding, "Do you know where my down quilt is? We're making a bed for Evelyn on the porch," Don remarked with feeling, "What are we running here, a hostel? That Ruthie hasn't been home for two years. How come nobody wants to go anywhere but here? Why should we be the only ones with a string of empty Coke bottles on the mantel? Where are the other parents? What are they doing?"



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Yawning, I said, "Probably sitting around in their uncluttered houses saying, 'What is all this loose talk about the problems of adolescents? I don't find them any trouble at all.'"

Anne burst in and said, "Do you care if Carol smokes?"

"I don't care if she bursts into flame," Don said.

"Very funny," Anne said, "and very old." Taking our only package of cigarettes, she went out of the room again, slamming the door behind her.

"Never mind," I said to Don. "Someday they will marry and leave home."

"Are you sure?" Don said as he sadly sorted over the butts in his ash tray, finally selecting a pretty long one. He examined it critically for a minute or two and then, with a sigh, struck a match and lit it.

Now they are both married and each has three babies. They are loving wives, marvelous mothers, divine cooks and excellent housekeepers. Don and I are very proud of them, but more important, they *like* us. Their husbands *like* us. We are *friends*. Sometimes we are such good friends I get all six of the babies—the oldest is four—but I love it and it is awfully good for my figure.

Some lines from Vachel Lindsay keep coming back to me:

Gone were the skull-faced witch men lean. . . .
'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation. . . .
And on through the backwoods clearing flew:
"Mumbo-Jumbo is dead in the jungle,
Never again will he hoo-doo you. Never again will he hoo-doo you."

Though Anne and Joan are grown up and Don and I are in our forties and grandparents six times over, Vashon Island hasn't changed a great deal. There are a few more houses, a few roadside signs (supposedly not allowed quite a few Cadillacs and foreign cars in tow on Saturdays, there is talk of a floating brid to the mainland, the telephone service is tiny bit better even though we still have fou teen people on our line. Ordinary living-eating, sleeping, keeping warm—is somewh easier than it used to be, but still has little common with urban life. Life is always struggle, but on an island you at least have feeling of having entered into personal, phy ical combat with it. Puget Sound spen every winter trying to batter down our se walls and reclaim the land. The rain tries push us down where the Sound can get at easier. Old logs lie hidden like unexplod bombs on the hills above us waiting f enough rain so they can come charging dow and flick our houses off the beach like ash off a cigarette.

Of course there have been times when have wondered if we did do the right thing moving to an island. If it was fair to An and Joan. If it was fair to me. Once I aske Don and he said:

"Guiding children through adolescence no joy ride no matter where you live. A least here on Vashon we had somethin to take our minds off it. Fun things suc as sawing wood or cleaning out the storm sewers."

Then I foolishly said, "And how do yo think it has been for us? For instance, ho do you think I compare to other women m age?"

Giving me a long, fond husbandly loo Don said, "Well, you don't look as tired a you did yesterday."



When the "men of the house" have colds you'll especially welcome Scotties' wet strength

"MAN SIZED" SNEEZES DON'T TEAR IT—
new Scotties stay strong even when wet!

Softer than ever—you can "blow good and hard" into a new Scottie and you don't poke a hole through it. Scotties have such amazing wet strength they don't crumble and tear in use.

When it comes to make-up, new "wet strength" Scotties take off the "oiliest" face creams neatly, without shredding, and without leaving annoying lint.

Yet—new Scotties are so soft their touch is always gentle on cold-tender skin.

Be sure to keep a good supply of new Scotties on hand for the whole family. Another great Scott value. Scotties are thrifty.


A simple test. Hold any non-wet strength tissue under the faucet. Water makes a hole instantly.


Hold a new Scottie under the faucet. You will see how it holds water without going to pieces. "SCOTTIES", REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CHRISTMAS FUN IN THE KITCHEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

SESAME-SEED NIBBLES

Mix together ½ cup sesame seeds, 1 cup flou ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of cayenne peppe Cut in ⅓ cup cold butter or margarine. Ad enough ice water (about 2 tablespoons) make a dough the consistency of piecru Roll out ⅛" thick and cut into small roun with a 1½" cooky cutter. Place on greas baking sheet. Pat more sesame seeds on the top. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., f 20 minutes until light tan. Before removin from pan, and while hot, sprinkle light with salt. These may be kept in a covere tin or cracker jar, and reheated before bein served. Makes 5 dozen.

On the morning before Christmas when th cake and cooky baking and the candymakin are all done, the wreaths are hung and th whole house looks and smells like Christma honor one more tradition—that of makin the Christmas bread. In many countries th rite is more important than making Christm cakes and cookies. Of Norwegian origin, th one is aromatic of cardamom.

CHRISTMAS BRAIDS

Measure ½ cup shortening, ⅔ cup sugar, teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon crushed cardamom seed and 1 teaspoon cinnamon into large mixing bowl. Add 2 cups scalded milk Cool to lukewarm and add 2 packages yeast compressed or dry, softened in ¼ cup luke warm water. Next, add 2 beaten eggs and cups flour. Mix well. Add 1 cup white raisin 1 cup shredded citron and 1 cup sliced cand died cherries. Beat in 4 more cups flou Place dough in greased bowl, cover and le rise until double in bulk. Punch down an knead on lightly floured board. Shape into braids or 2 round loaves. Place on greased baking sheet and let rise again. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes Brush with melted butter or margarine and cool on a rack.

And now, enjoy yourselves. Gifts you bu are wrapped in secret and hidden in closets t await the giving time. Gifts you make are fo all in the family to see and admire with pride in having helped create them. EN

OTHER VIEWS OF VOGUE PATTERNS
ON PAGES 62 & 63

ue Design No. S-4545. "Easy to Make" coat; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $1.00. White lamé coat with Orlon-fleece lining requires 3 yards of each fabric (50–52″ wide) in Size 14. The lining is cut exactly like the coat and faces it to edge. Turn up the hems separately.

ue Design No. 8016. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 60c.

ue Design No. 829. One-piece dress and coat (coat sleeves are optional); 12 to 20, 30 to 38. $2.50.

ue Design No. 7807. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 46. 50c.

ue Design No. 8300. "Very Easy to Make" skirt and shorts (not illustrated); 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.

ue Design No. 8493. "Very Easy to Make" blouse and cummerbund; 10 to 18, 28 to 36. 50c.

ue Design No. 8461. "Very Easy to Make" skirt or tie-on skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.

ue Design No. 8494. "Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 50c.

ue Design No. 7948. "Easy to Make" bodices; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

ue Design No. 8495. "Easy to Make" skirt: 24 to 30 waist measure. 50c.

ue Design No. 8320. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

ue Design No. 8423. "Easy to Make" blouse: 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

ue Design No. 7716. Pants, 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.

ue Design No. 7394. "Easy to Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

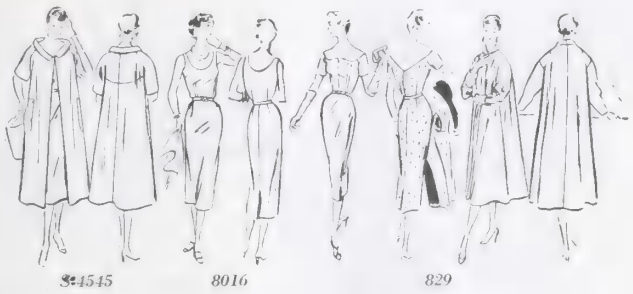
ue Design No. 6949. "Easy to Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.

ue Design No. 8419. "Easy to Make" two-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.

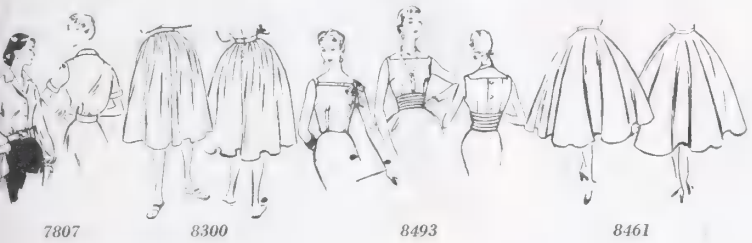
ue Design No. 8267. Boy shirt; 12 to 20, 30 to 40. 50c.

ue Design No. 8199. "Easy to Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.

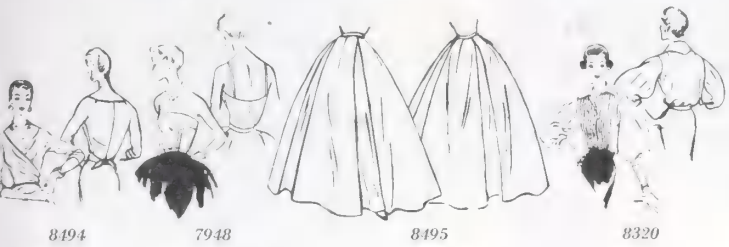
further information about all fabrics and where to buy them, write to Pattern or, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5. Pa. The jewel-trimmed border print India-print spreads may also be bought plain. The bow stole is made from a 5- length of fabric, the loops of the bow forming the sleeves.



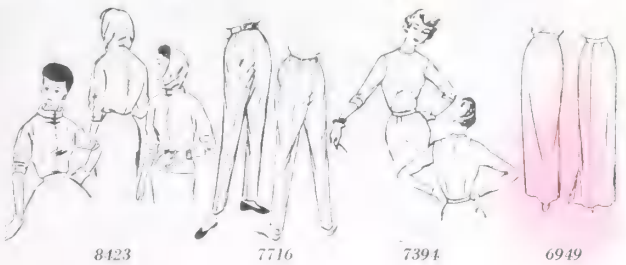
S-4545 8016 829



7807 8300 8493 8461



8494 7948 8495 8320



8423 7716 7394 6949



8419 8267 8199

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Buy The New 65¢ Size—Save As Much As 37¢

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FALSE TEETH

With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's **alkaline** (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

NEW! Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

—LOOPS OVER TOE →



QUICK RELIEF for Callouses, Tenderness, Burning at Ball of Foot

Made of soft LATEX FOAM and NYLON



Just like Walking on Cushions in even the HIGHEST Heel Shoes!

It's entirely NEW! Without adhesive, scientifically designed Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion loops over toe and nestles under ball of foot. Quickly relieves painful callouses, burning, tenderness. Gives priceless walking ease. Your *shoe*—not *you*—absorbs the shock of each step. Flesh color. Worn invisibly. Washable. Only $1.00 pair at Drug, Shoe, Department and 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. If not obtainable locally, order direct, enclosing $1.00. State if for woman or man.

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pany, Chicago 9, Illinois.

st year, before new baby
rry was born, Santa was
y with notes from nine!

Marnita, 10, wanted a world globe or—if possible—skis.

, likes music, asked hatever Santa has."

Sherry, 7, had a feminine hope: a party tea set "with all the knives and forks."

y, 6, when "very little," cided to be a nurse. Nurse and candy pills, please?

4½ (two minutes older twin) yearned for a belt and cap gun.

Clark, 4½, hoped for a real Indian bow and arrow (he'd already tried making his own).

½, wanted a Western o be like the twins.

ark, 2, could use a flash-ht of his own so he could ke it shine all day long.

Scotty, almost 1, loves excitement most of all. And he's sure to get his wish!



Christmas morning: 3 A.M. Stockings are up. Spruce is gala. Gifts are stacked. Now for a nap. At 7 A.M., children will tumble into the room—and from then on it's pandemonium.



TEN ANGELS FOR CHRISTMAS

Ray and Marvel Crookston sing carols with a full choir—their own ten cherubs.

BY ROSEMARY JONES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH ORKIN

"Our claim to distinction is in having had ten children in the first eleven years of our marriage. I am thirty and my husband is thirty-two. We are Mormons and our religion does not make an issue of birth control.

"Our own private theory is that, as long as we both have such perfect health, to deny life to any potential child of ours because of some possible future financial insecurity would be a breach of faith with our Creator."

THE first year Ray and Marvel Crookston were married, Marvel's mother sent them a Christmas card showing seventeen small angels in choir robes, wrote underneath, "You get them here and I'll see that they're dressed!" So for years Marvel and Ray jokingly planned to have seventeen children. "Now that we're over halfway," Marvel laughs, "it's not quite the joke it seemed then! But Benjamin Franklin was fifteenth in a family of seventeen, and who'd want to miss one like that?"

No one, on first seeing "all those children," can believe that they belong to the young Crookstons. Marvel looks just about twenty-three or twenty-four, partly because she is small—not quite five feet tall—partly because her fair skin, clear blue eyes and short brown hair are like a girl's. Ray, long a hunter and skier, is brown and wiry. In

summer the whole family piles into the car—a station wagon, so there's room for all—several evenings a week to picnic.

A stranger called across to Ray one evening, "Is that your Sunday-school class?"

Ray looked around at his family and grinned. "Yes," he said good-naturedly, "every day."

The Crookstons have so many children simply because they want them. They all have wonderful health—Marvel "snaps back like a rubber band" after each baby, according to her doctor. For the Crookstons their children are their career. The care and feeding, bathing and dressing and loving of ten, day in, day out, take all the energy of both, but because they are doing what they want to do, that energy seems inexhaustible. "When a couple agrees on all the fundamentals," Ray believes, "they can make any dream come true." For Ray and Marvel their dreams—and their love—have grown with the family. "He *is* pretty special," Marvel frankly admits. "With so many ears listening," Ray laughs, "we couldn't quarrel even if we wanted to!"

The Crookstons met in 1942 when Marvel, not quite eighteen, visited Portland, Oregon, with a girl friend whose brother roomed with Ray. The friend was Ray's girl, and Marvel admits she was envious from the first day! On the last night of the girls' stay, when Ray and Marvel had a few minutes' talk alone, he said, "We have so much to find out about each other. I don't even know your birthday!"

She told him her birthday (August 20), and he promised to call long-distance. When the call came he invited her to visit his family in Logan, Utah, before CONTINUED ON PAGE 142



As gaiety mounts, Mark and Joey whirl each other excitedly on an upside-down piano stool in between their cooky-cutting jobs.

Marnita, Gail, Sherry and Kay braid and button one another while Marvel does a morning's baking—12 loaves of bread in two ovens.

The children provide
eparations all their own . . .
5 little boys help Marvel
ake cakes and candy while
big girls make decorations.



Mouths fly open like birds' as Clark, Joe and Byron get lunch and bath together.



"Train, train!" Mark exclaims, wide-eyed. There's a bow and arrow for Clark—a nurse's kit for Kay.



"With a family like ours, you have a steady entertainment!" Once a week, girls take turns M.C.'ing and every Crookston sings, plays, dances or recites (Mark fiddled in an impromptu act). After final applause, M.C. serves popcorn.



Grandma Sharp makes girls' dresses—forty in a batch. For Christmas she sent only three *cowboy hats for boys, but Marvel found Indian bonnet for Clark.*

Young
HOW AMERICA LIVES

There'll be 25 for Christmas dinner—all 12 Crookstons,
andparents, and some company to "fill things out."



Crookstons manage on $4700 income. Ray, patient with his small "helpers," feels: "If you're happy and healthy, it's a privilege to share your blessings with children."



Ray and Marvel, Mormons, give a tenth of their income to church. Three nights a week, Ray does home repairs and chores for widows and elderly church members who need assistance.

"With so many little ones learning the rules of growing up, there are problems. But the problem are outweighed by the love shining in their faces whenever a new baby enters the family circle."

Young HOW AMERICA LIVES

Ninth baby, Scotty, was born 15 minutes after Marvel drove to the hospital. Gail totes him tenderly. All the girls receive special notes from Marvel when each baby is born—she doesn't want them to feel lonely.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140 she started her freshman year at Utah's Brigham Young University in Provo.

After that visit they knew their hearts, but both sets of parents felt they were too young. Ray went into the Army Air Corps in October. Marvel wrote so enthusiastically about Ray to her parents in Independence, Missouri, that her father flew out to Provo to urge her not to do anything rash—to wait—and she promised. When she married Ray during his Christmas furlough—on January 6, 1943, at Logan Temple—she thought she *had* waited, quite a number of weeks!

After the wedding (Marvel made her own wedding dress, of white brocade and taffeta), they occupied the time during the bus trip back to his base by planning their family. Six children, they decided—twins first of all.

According to Mormon faith, mortal life is only a small part of the long life of the spirit. The Crookstons do not worry about the temporary difficulties that might beset children in this world. They work to give them the security of a happy childhood, and hope that this security will be great enough to cushion them in adult life. The Mormon principle of the "eternal family" lies behind all the Crookstons think and do.

Marvel followed Ray from one Army base to another until he was sent overseas for six months' duty in Korea, three months in Japan. Then she went back to Missouri, where her parents made a basement apartment in their own home for the new family.

Ray had enlisted during his sophomore year in college. When he was discharged from the Army nearly five years later, he and Marvel had three little girls—Marnita (named for her mother and grandmother, but called "Nini"), Gail and Sherry. So, though Ray has a brother who is a doctor, another who is a dentist ("which helps us immensely!"), he decided to take an apprenticeship CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

No. 10



Last year, Marvel printed 50 family photos for far-off friends. This year needs a new edition—baby Merry has arrived for first Christmas on earth, is getting acquainted with Grandpa Sharp and circle of faces around her crib.

Believe-it-or-not dessert! It bakes in your sleep

—*and it's party fare with* tree-ripened peaches ☆



☆ fruit given every hour it needs on the tree to bring you finest flavor, texture and color in the can

One reason this dessert is so good is the care that goes into growing DEL MONTE Brand Peaches.

Come harvest time, the world's largest staff of peach experts visit every DEL MONTE orchard every day. Their job: to see that our peaches stay on the bough till they're ripe enough to give you mellow flavor, tenderness and glowing color when you serve them.

Doesn't that give you one big clue to why DEL MONTE Peaches are so dependable — the best-liked brand of peaches in the whole world?

PEACH MYSTERY DESSERT

- 5 egg whites, at room temperature
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped and sweetened with
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- Few drops of almond extract
- 6 to 8 DEL MONTE Brand Peach Halves

Preheat oven to 450° F. (hot) for 15 minutes. Beat egg whites and salt together until stiff. (With electric mixer, use high speed.) Take 15 minutes (while oven is heating) to add the cup of sugar, 1 *teaspoon* at a time, while continuing to beat. *It is very important to add the sugar slowly.* Divide mixture evenly into 6 to 8 well-greased glass custard cups (or spread evenly in well-greased 8 or 9-inch square baking pan). Place in pre-heated oven, close oven door and *turn off* the heat. Let stand in oven overnight, or at least 6 hours. At serving time top with sweetened whipped cream flavored with almond extract, and drained peach halves. Serves 6 to 8.

Packed two ways . . . halves and slices



Del Monte® Peaches

—the brand you know puts flavor first

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

in plumbing in his father-in-law's business in Independence, rather than go back to college. During his apprenticeship, Kay was born.

Even with a fast-growing family, the Crookstons have never found it difficult to shuttle cross-country by car. When Ray graduated to journeyman, the Crookstons moved back to Logan, Utah, Ray's home town, and settled permanently into a story-and-a-half house complete with basement and garage. With rebuilding and remodeling, it comfortably accommodated the five little boys who came along in quick succession—twins Byron and Clark, Joe, Mark and Scotty. The Logan house is home to the Crookstons, although just temporarily it's leased while the family is once more in Independence, where Ray is helping out in his father-in-law's plumbing business, and where baby Merry was born this year.

Most of the decorating and rebuilding of their Logan home was done by Ray and Marvel. Marvel painted two rooms, papered six others (including ceilings). Ray converted the basement and garage into extra rooms. Both believe in investing in appliances instead of extra help, and the investment pays off richly. Two loads every day are put through the washer, four loads when the beds are changed. The dryer (picked up at one third the usual cost through one of Ray's plumbing contacts) has already paid for itself in time saved. The kitchen is the heart-center of their house: plenty of cupboard space (though none so high the boys don't climb to the top!); dishwasher, sink, oversized refrigerator; and two ranges side by side, to give Marvel eight burners, two ovens. Wherever the Crookstons find themselves, there are signs of a full and busy world! A large box always filled with rubbers and boots sits inside their door. A row of low hooks holds coats and caps of all sizes.

Marvel is a born organizer, who thinks ahead unconsciously, is never rigid in plans (as if she could be), never upset when the program changes. When the Crookstons have all piled into the car for a long drive, she sits in front talking with Ray, but her quick ear sorts out every sound from the hectic back seats. A cry goes up—to anyone else just a part of the general hubbub—but Marvel asks quickly, "Who's standing on Joe?" She knows what each child is doing most of the time; she has an unconscious sixth sense that checks feet for rubbers, heads for caps. She knows when a cry is real, and when it's just exuberance and can safely be ignored.

Ray is a hard worker, is trained in welding, mechanical drawing and blueprint reading, as well as plumbing. His income (about $4700 a year) is unsteady, but as sure as he can make it.

Ten per cent of the Crookstons' income (and a little extra) goes to the church. In addition, Ray gives several evenings a week to church welfare projects. Tithing is spiritually important to Ray and Marvel, and through the church they are assured of care and help for their children at any time of need.

On the job Ray works hard, but his *real* work begins when he steps through the door of his home. Then his heart and mind are fully absorbed.

At lunchtime the children fly to him. Gail and Sherry have school news, Kay describes the morning in kindergarten. Nini is reading one of the inevitable books, but she's only waiting for the clamor to die so she can begin one of the long discussions she loves—about animals, or stars, or gravity, or ancient Rome. The twins and Joe are full of the morning's adventures, Mark jumps on his father with a loud shout for attention. Marvel, stirring gravy, smiles across at Ray over the hubbub.

Ray can turn his hand to anything, and does. Unconsciously he has looked over the situation, decided what needs doing first. It may be the growing pile of pans in the sink—even with the dishwasher, there are always extras. Or the living room may need straightening for the afternoon. (The heavy vacuum cleaner is used half a dozen times a day.) Or Scotty has waked up and needs changing. Ray begins almost before his coat is off; he and Marvel work together.

To keep the clatter to a minimum at lunch, Ray starts a game—twenty questions or a word game. He takes every opportunity to enlarge the children's knowledge. While he's putting the four little boys to bed he may tell them Bible stories or stories of animals and plants, or of history—especially American history and the settling of the West. For the children there is always something new to think about, and mealtime is their favorite time for questions.

The children share family responsibility as well as family fun, and each little girl spends half an hour every day helping with household chores. They set or clear the table, straight the front rooms, make beds.

Clearing the table is *not* Sherry's favor occupation, and occasionally during lunch loud cry goes up; Sherry has been badly hu "Never mind," Marvel says with goo natured cynicism, "it'll be all well as soon the dishes are cleared away!"

How have they fed the whole family all th years on $100 a month? "Our methods could of interest only to a fraternity house," Mar laughs. Their large freezer (down payment fr Ray's GI insurance dividend) is filled. R has often bagged a deer—or, with luck, two during hunting season. Pheasants, duck a salmon (from canyon rivers and lakes) h gone into the freezer too. Potatoes bought hundred-pound sacks (six sacks last fall $1.25 each) are stored in a root cellar. Mar cans fruits and soup stock in hundreds of h gallon jars. The whole family went last su mer to strip a peach orchard of the last of fruit. For the cleanup job the fruit was gi to them. Marvel and Ray worked all that ni peeling and canning, had 308 quarts peaches. Marvel bakes at least once a w (usually twice), ne fewer than two loaves at a time. T pans of hot rolls, two more of cin mon rolls, go i the oven the sa day. They own p interest in a nei bor's cow. The milk has been s plemented w canned milk for babies, and hom enized milk from grocery. They eggs by the half-c Three filling, v balanced meals on the table e day. There's n any problem at leftovers!

After lunch older girls go t to school, Ray i to work, and the tle of the naps be Kay is usually g about resting, b the boys don't settle down she doesn't ei "Byron is *bothering* me," she reports. " don't you slip in and lie on my bed?" Ma suggests. "But you'll have to be *very* q Mark's there, and I think he's almost asle

Kay wanders away and Marvel turns t to Scotty. She's feeding him his baby f loving him as she does. She bites his toes makes a buzzing sound as her finger ho over him like a bee. She was wrong a Mark. Joe wanders out, says righteo "Markie's out of bed." Marvel's eyebrow up. "Where's Joe?" she asks, laughing.

Joe, the most reluctant napper, has wo out ingenious stalls. Now, in addition to regular kiss, he must give Marvel the "bu fly kiss" (winking rapidly so that his eyela brush her cheek), the duck kiss (qu-qu-ack), the piggy kiss, and so through animal world. At last he disappears back the bedroom.

After Scotty is fed and back in his play Marvel lies down with Mark or Joe, which is still awake. Her relaxation come snatches, just as her individual attention t children does. All day long she seizes e chance to love one or another especially t to hear about his own problems—when putting little boys into sleepers after bath, when she's braiding the girls' hai school.

Ray's and Marvel's understanding of children comes not only from deep love, from vivid memories of their own childho Remembering the special loneliness girls sometimes feel in their teens, Ma wrote a personal letter to each of her da ters during the hospital stays after each was born. She wrote about how much new baby was wanted and loved, how name had been chosen, all the happy th

NEXT MONTH

"*We have no retirement blues, believe me, we're* much *too busy!*"

In 1951, at 70, Guy and Maude Sarvis bought two and a half acres of Florida jungle "replete with chiggers, wood roaches and snakes." On it, doing most of the work themselves, they built the house they'd longed for all their lives.

Today, accept their invitation to "Birdsong" (if it's Saturday, the square-dance club will be meeting) and see

HOW YOUNG AMERICA LIVES—AT SEVENTY-FIVE!

By BETTY COE SPICER

IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL



SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR,

the glamor ingredient, gives you glamorous cakes that are gifts straight from the heart!

What better holiday cake can you bake than luscious Lord Baltimore? Made with Softasilk and the new "LoveLight" recipe, it takes only 2 eggs and only 2 minutes of batter beating. For best results in "LoveLight" cake use Wesson Oil and Softasilk Cake Flour, the glamor ingredient that assures you higher, lighter, more delicious cakes. Only the "Top Twelfth O' The Crop" is good enough for Softasilk. No other cake flour or cake mix can give you better results!

Betty Crocker's "LoveLight" recipe is in every Softasilk package.

Betty Crocker's LORD BALTIMORE Icing and Filling

⅔ cup sugar
½ cup white corn syrup
3 tbsp. water
⅛ cup egg whites (about 2)
½ tsp. lemon extract
½ tsp. grated orange rind
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup chopped red and green candied cherries
1 cup shredded coconut

Blend sugar, syrup, water in small saucepan. Boil rapidly until mixture spins a 6 to 8" thread, or 242°. When mixture begins to boil, beat egg whites until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Pour hot syrup in thin, steady stream into beaten egg whites, beating constantly with beater until it stands in very stiff peaks. Blend in lemon extract, orange rind. Into ⅓ of the icing, blend the walnuts and cherries. Spread between layers for filling. Ice top and sides of cake with rest of icing. Sprinkle coconut all over cake.

SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR

ut the new arrival. The letters are put
the future.
mas, the season of the heart, brings
and Marvel's strength and love to the
ause being together is the way of life
Crookstons, Christmas is the happiest
heir year.
in December Marvel starts sounding
children on what Santa Claus should
He was 'Santy Closet' around here
ongest time—the kids knew about the
ut not about Claus!") One year, when
vas short, she sat up late many nights
twenty doll outfits by hand—dresses,
and coats. Last year with finances
she allowed roughly $5 for each child,
om Ray's extra earnings during the
d for extras she had the $10 apiece her
nually gives
and Ray.
r list is com-
e sends a
ler to a mail-
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on the ques-
hether Santa
ould bring
or a globe
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talked it
kis meant a
investment
ey usually
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Nini could
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in turn. Her
are just right
now. Then,
rvel and Ray
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s sent by her
Why had she
y three wide-
d cowboy
now that
big boy at
ew all about
bo ha"?
searched
h several
finally found an Indian headdress
e with feathers to go with Clark's
d arrow. Cars and trucks were added
cowboy and Indian equipment. For
there was (besides his flashlight) a
train that could be taken apart—and
taken apart again, wheel by wheel!
e wrapping Gail's "rocket skates"—
springs to be attached to shoes for
nd higher jumping—Marvel took a
ng look at them. "I *always* wanted a
en I was little." Because she had no-
ay's disapproval of a friend's nurse's
ch came without candy pills, she care-
ed small bottles with red shot and little
ellets, left over from cake decoration.

ays flew, and fun at home was mixed
Christmas programs at church and
Christmas was everywhere. Among
zens of things every mother does in
ber, Marvel remembers when . . .
she asked Joe, "Whose birthday is
nas?" He considered the question, then said with a broad smile, "Santy Claus!" Marvel, shocked, quickly taught the children new words to the birthday song, "Happy birthday, dear Jesus, Merry Christmas to all," until the idea was firmly implanted.

. . . she drove the little girls downtown for their Christmas shopping. Nini, with $1.50, and Gail, with $1.35, managed to buy something for each member of the family. Gail found miniature sunglasses to fit her sisters' dolls. Sherry, with only a quarter to spend, was so intrigued by a packet of tissues for cleaning eyeglasses that she recklessly gave 10 cents to buy one for Clark. (His glasses make it easier to tell the twins apart—when Clark remembers to wear them.)

. . . she went to the Christmas service at church and heard the small children, lined up behind the altar rail, singing The Cradle Song in thin high voices. Byron, Clark and Joe, looking like cherubs, had their heads together on the front row, and Marvel groaned to herself. "I told the teacher to keep them apart!" she whispered to Ray. "Somebody'll shove somebody else and they'll all go over the rail."

. . . she heard Kay directing the boys as they sang one of the "family songs" to the tune of a favorite nursery rhyme ("This year," Marvel says, "we'll add baby Merry's name to it!"):

"We're the Crookston family, ho ho!
We have fun wherever we go—
There's daddy and mamma, Byron and Joe,
There's Clark and Mark and Scott, ho ho!
There's Nini and Gail and Sherry and Kay—
We have fun every day!"

. . . she helped the children wrap their presents at the big dining-room table. The boys industriously wrapped handkerchiefs for daddy. Nini and Gail, the only ones interested in secrecy, retired to mamma's bedroom, where Marvel heard Nini instructing her sister, "Take the price tags off." "Why?" Gail asked, frankly curious.

. . . she helped with spelling as Kay printed addresses on Christmas cards for grandma and grandpa and her teacher. "Is *F* like a *E* only with two little outs?" Kay asked.

On a snowy afternoon last winter Marvel walked over with the girls to admire the tree and window decorations at school. Whittier School, just across the street from the Crookstons' home, is the teacher-training school for Utah State College in Logan. The teachers assure Marvel that her children are above average, easier to work with than many—perhaps because they are used to group life at home!

One of the most important Christmas events in Logan is the school's cantata. For the cantata Nini and Gail had to be dressed in bathrobes as shepherds, and Sherry and Kay in flannel pajamas (children ready for bed on Christmas Eve). At the last minute Marvel brought out her rouge and lipstick, made up each bright face. Ray dressed the twins and

HOW THE CROOKSTONS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Ray's income as a plumber varies, but averages $390 a month. The first deduction—10 per cent—goes to their church. While the Crookstons are in Missouri, the friends who lease their Utah house make mortgage payments to the bank. In Utah, the Crookston budget holds steadily to these sums. But in Missouri, Marvel has found food expense edging upward, is currently making arrangements to buy food wholesale, as they have done in the past. Social Security is taken out of Ray's check. And P.S.—With all those exemptions, Ray has no income tax to worry about!

Church (10 per cent of income, plus small extra assessments)	$ 43.00
Food	100.00
Mortgage payment (including interest and taxes)	72.00
Utilities (fuel, light, water, telephone)	37.50
Insurance and savings	40.00
Medical, dental, hospital insurance (one-year average)	15.00
Car expenses	22.00
Music lessons (piano for the four girls)	16.00
Furniture and appliances	15.00
Recreation (includes magazines, newspapers, toys; records)	10.00
Clothing (Marvel's mother dresses the children)	4.00
Dry cleaning, shoe repair	3.50
Union dues	12.00
Total	$390.00

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See what we mean?

Formula for pleasant living: follow the ads in this magazine.

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WANT PROTECTION? PATRONIZE THE DEALER WHO PROVIDES YOUR FAVORITE BRANDS



"WHITE TOUCH" is brand-new!... and just in time for Christmas!

The world's most famous shirts for Dads are now available for lads!

Here's an exciting new shirt to rate a big smile from *any* boy on Christmas morn. Arrow "White Touch" for *Grads* (sizes 12 to 20) and *Juniors* (sizes 4 to 12). Rich, deep tones are accented with white saddle stitching and piping. They're washable, and will wear almost forever.

There's a "White Touch" shirt for your boy, be he 6 or 16. Above, red with white for *Grads*. Arrow "White Touch" is priced at $5.00.

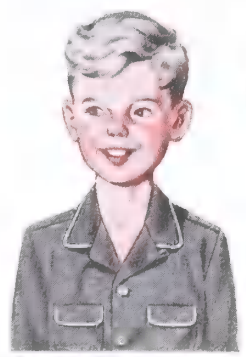
ARROW
SHIRTS FOR BOYS
by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



"White Touch" in charcoal and white for *Grads*. $5.00



"White Touch" in charcoal and white for *Grads*. $5.00



"White Touch" in charcoal and white for *Juniors*. $3.95

Joe, who had been looking forward to this for days. The twins had new shoes and spent much time proudly kicking at each other.

Marvel, the last to get ready, made a lightning change from her red denim coverall to a black faille dress. She stepped into black pumps, put a bright pin at her shoulder, rescued the lipstick from Nini and touched her own lips.

Mark, not yet asleep, knew very well that something he wouldn't like was about to happen, and he held up his coat to Ray anxiously. Ray took him on his lap while the four little girls stood in a row to sing O Little Town of Bethlehem and Gloria in Excelsis for Grandma Crookston, who volunteered to baby-sit. For the last six years, Ray and Marvel have celebrated Christmas with all four grandparents on hand, with Ray's mother and father living close by in town, and Marvel's mother and father flying to Utah for the occasion.

The height of the pre-Christmas excitement came—as it always does—when the whole Crookston family went to pick out the tree. They wanted a tree ceiling high, and Marvel had specified "a bushy fat one," easier to decorate. A blue spruce fitted everybody's requirements exactly, except that it cost more than Marvel and Ray had planned. But the tree salesman, who knew the family, knocked the price down a bit for all those children!

At home again everybody was in the way, trying to help, but Ray finally got the tree off the car and into the house. The little boys started hanging their homemade decorations on it at once. "Oh, *must* we have all the kids' things on it?" Nini asked. She's beginning to feel conscious of conventional ways. "It makes the tree look so *awful!*" Marvel quieted her with a frown and assured her that by the time everything was on the tree the children's things wouldn't be too noticeable. ("Though ours often *is* the worst-looking tree in town!" she admits privately.)

The final wall of the wise man's thought is human kindness. If the road of disappointment, grief, pessimism is followed far enough, it will arrive there. Pessimism itself is only a little, little way, and moreover it is ridiculously cheap. The cynical mind is an uneducated thing. Therefore do I strive to be as kind and as just as may be to those about me, and in my meager success at it I find the solitary pleasure of my life. —STEPHEN CRANE

While everyone discussed where the tree should go (it was put by the windows in the living room, where it has been every year, but there is always debate about other possibilities), Marvel used the few minutes to pop Scotty into the tub for a belated bath. "While I was lying down this afternoon," she called to Ray, "a loaf and a half of bread disappeared. I don't think anyone is really interested in supper."

Now Ray brought out the lights and Mark, fascinated by anything to do with electricity, seized one string for his own. "Byron," Ray called, "I want you to test these lights for me." The little blond boy's face was sober as he carefully began screwing bulbs in and out. Nini and Kay were stringing tinsel rope on the tree while Ray begged them to wait till the lights were ready.

At one point Ray had all three strings of lights working, but next morning all were out. Lighting the Christmas tree means first making a thorough search of four little boys' pockets. In the days that followed decorations were added gradually to the tree, and the top two thirds grew more and more beautiful. The lower third was bare, as little fingers took all decorations within reach to play with.

NEXT day, everyone was working around the tree again when Grandma and Grandpa Sharp arrived, and all the children threw themselves on the visitors. Scotty pulled himself up in his play pen and began to cry. Marvel, excited enough to cry herself, ran to pick him up to share in the general joy.

Mrs. Sharp had a fat package (new bathrobes for the girls) under her arm. Marvel's mother kept her promise and dresses all the children—the young Crookstons' only help with their family. Mrs. Sharp gets such real pleasure from sewing and shopping that she won't let them thank her. She makes for little dresses at a time—whole school a winter wardrobes for the Crookston girls a other fortunate grandchildren.

Now grandma was trying to listen to ea child's special news while she accepted gifts sticky peanuts with real gratitude a promptly ate them. Grandpa pulled Ray a Marvel into the kitchen. "I've got an elect train in the car," he said proudly, unable keep back the news a minute longer. Ray a Marvel grinned at him. He'd wanted to one ever since the twins were born, and h managed to hold out this long, though t twins were still a little too young, Mar thought privately, for such a complicated a valuable toy.

AT last—it was Christmas Eve! Little bo pockets had been searched and the tree lig were all burning. The stockings—red c duroy "boots," like Santa's, in graduat sizes—had been hunted out and now hung a row at the mantel. After Christmas E supper, everyone gathered around the fire toast marshmallows. Then, because the ch dren are fascinated by matches, and can ne play with them, Ray let everyone take tur lighting and blowing out a Christmas cand The girls sang carols in the firelight, wh Marvel started getting out the sleepers.

There are always balloons in profusion Christmas morni ("They cost a ce apiece," Marv points out, "and fifty cents you c make the room a tree look very speci like a circus. The k love them.")

There were balloo on Christmas Eve, t very large ones shap like animals. R started the long job blowing them up, w the little boys crowd so close he hardly h room to breathe. huge yellow mou Joe's balloon, caused trouble—Ray could get air into the ears. But at last the mou half again as tall as Joe, stood wavering cardboard feet.

Mark had been having a picnic with smaller balloons, stepping on them to hear pop—before he discovered that biting th was even quicker. Now he reached eagerly Joe's mouse. Joe pulled it away fiercely a dragged it to the bedroom. Later Mar called Ray to see. Joe had hidden the h balloon under the covers of his bed, where was outlined in every detail, but invisible Mark and any other thieves who might around. Joe, looking innocent, lay cur around it.

The twins' balloon, long and pink, went the bedroom, too, but it wasn't hidden quic enough; Mark was crying for it when Mar sat down to hear the twins' prayers. W divided attention they repeated after her, l by line, "Dear heavenly Father, we tha Thee—for our blessings—for a nice wa house—for good things to eat—for mom and daddy to love us—for all our brothers a sisters ——" (In the long list of family t forgot Sherry, but added her on quickly.)

In the middle of the prayer came the lo pop the twins had been fearfully expecti Mark had bitten the pink balloon. Byron a Clark started up—but prayers were not ov and they stayed until the last words. The loud indignant howl went up, more ballo had to be produced (Marvel broke into next day's store), and Byron and Clark w consoled.

Nini stayed up to help her parents p Santa Claus. "Sometimes they feel left after they know the truth," Marvel sa "and this made her part of it all again."

Stockings had to be filled, the train set under the tree, stacks and stacks of packa brought in from the garage. Tree lights a the train all worked at last, and Nini went bed at two-thirty!—excited and pleased to so "grown up." After she had gone, her o packages were brought out, and the long be

hidden behind the tree. Ray and wearily turned out the last light at the morning. At the very *latest* the would be up by seven.

norning the first small cry came from Ray came out in pajamas and robe to fire in the fireplace. Red stockings a knobby row at the fireplace, soft ne from the fire and tree, balloons imly from tree branches and the l chandelier overhead.

f the twins, a little blond boy in eepers, stumbled out first. Then came vith the others close behind him. s that, huh? What do you think of ?" Grandpa Sharp asked, and the istled.

! Train!" Mark exclaimed, and for it.

Marvel appeared in her blue silk ought from Japan by Ray and saved al occasions), she found the excite- eady intense. Clark had found his eaddress, Byron and Joe were wear- -brimmed cowboy hats, with holsters aists of their sleepers. Joe, a burned his gun clutched between two fingers, ing everyone smell it.

nly Mark's outraged howl rose. He all the toys were his—but the other protected their own fiercely. From nt on Marvel and Ray took turns divert Mark's attention.

his face almost white, took a long package from Ray. "Is it all for y reassured him, and with shaking lark took out the bow and arrow!

Nini, still very sleepy, found her skis, ise was complete. After all, she had anta Claus, and there hadn't been a em! One after another, the children stand in the heavy binders and "ski" e living room.

veryone watched while mamma and ened the presents made for them in school. Gail had made pencil holders—polished wooden blocks with pencil-sized holes drilled in the top. Kay's candlestick ("for the whole family") was a lopsided bit of clay that would hold a candle only with difficulty, but Marvel hugged her tightly. Sherry's red candlesticks, for the Christmas table, were much more finished, but her small clay dish, for bobby pins, had been broken in transit. Marvel, not letting Sherry see, thanked her warmly. Gail had painted a small pitcher dark blue, then dipped it, still wet, in the crushed fragments of a bright Christmas-tree ball. The result was startlingly beautiful.

Soon Sherry collected her presents—a precious tea set in the center—in a corner of the dining room. Then she took Scotty's stocking to his play pen and unpacked it for him. "*This* is for Scotty" (a huge orange) "and *this* is for Scotty" (a small chocolate Santa) "and *this* is for Scotty."

Scotty, surrounded by balloons, one fat hand on his own train (which fitted on the rail of his play pen), just grinned at everything and everyone in bewildered joy.

Mark had at last started pushing his musical chime roller up and down the floor. His sleepers were drooping, he was sucking a limp yellow balloon.

Ray had matters well in hand. There were to be twenty-five for Christmas dinner—including the two sets of grandparents. Marvel decided to slip away for a nap.

On her way to the door she passed Joe, playing intently with Mark's take-apart train. "Mommy, mommy, mommy," he crooned to himself, as he does when he's too happy to know what to say.

"What, Joe?" she asked, and he looked up, startled to find her so near. He grinned, and she laughed back at him.

When people ask, "How *do* you do it?" Ray and Marvel can only answer, "You have to want to." Their secret lies in the way they say "want to."

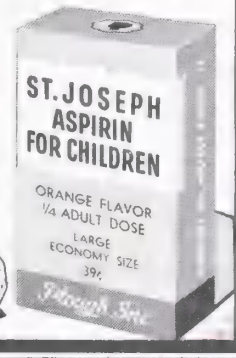
END



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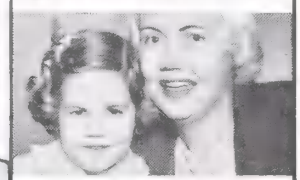
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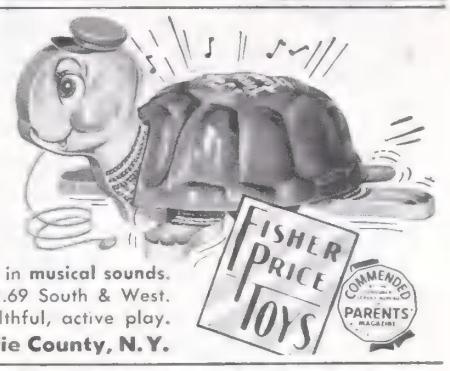
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By MUNRO LEAF

MESSY MUNCHERS can make a nice home look like a pigpen. No matter what they munch and nibble on, they leave a mess behind them. Whenever you see fruit peels and skins, nut shells, bits of crumbs of bread, toast, cookies, bags, boxes and old pop bottles lying around a house where they should not be—then you know that house has a Messy Muncher living in it. Too, too *bad!*





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Get yourself ready for cold, wet days. Women's nationally famous "totes," regularly $2.98 if perfect, yours TWO PAIRS for just $1.00. These are slight irregulars but waterproof, 100% wearable. Money back if not delighted. Millions of women buy "totes" in stores at $2.98 a pair. Now help us advertise and save. But hurry, quantities limited. Rush $1.00 with shoe sizes, and 30c in coin to cover postage to SO-LO MARX RUBBER CO., LOVELAND 26, OHIO.

SHE: "*I have done nothing to deserve Gid's indifference, his icy coldness.*"

HE: "*When I fell in love with Patsy she was sweet and appealing. Now she is an emotional wreck—she doesn't believe I love her, although I do.*"

Half of the marriages that break up are childless; but if there are children in an unhappy home, they often play a crucial part in the domestic tragedy. One parent may use the child as a weapon with which to damage or punish the other; or the child may merely be the prize for which the two opponents contest. Either way, the consequences are disastrous, so that an overwhelming proportion of juvenile delinquents come from these loveless homes. The American Institute of Family Relations, therefore, has to work with children as well as with husbands and wives; and it has to show parents, as in the case here presented, that one of their responsibilities is to teach their own children as quickly as possible how to get along without them successfully. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Elizabeth Smith. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *Director*



Dr. Paul Popenoe

PATSY TELLS HER SIDE:

"My husband and son are teamed against me," flaxen-haired, thirty-eight-year-old Patsy said to the marriage counselor. Patsy was slim and pretty; except for her deep frown and nervous, restless hands, she could have passed for ten years younger. "I dearly love my family, but together Gid and Johnny are driving me frantic. Gid is an airline pilot, who prides himself upon being a man's man. He hasn't the slightest interest in my ideas, and our son knows it. By preference the two would set up a bachelor establishment somewhere by themselves, and then Gid could let Johnny run completely wild. Johnny is fourteen years old and already a serious behavior problem. Everybody says so. Everybody except Gid. It isn't Johnny's fault he is disobedient, unmannerly, a wretched student. His father is to blame.

"Gid flies regularly from Los Angeles to Tokyo, which means he is gone a great deal. At best he is a part-time husband, a part-time father. The instant he boards his plane Johnny and I vanish from his mind. He is glad to escape. When Gid does come home, he consistently bows out of his family responsibilities. Gid is eleven years older than I am and far more intelligent. We have been married since I was seventeen, but we haven't grown closer with the years. Instead we have drifted farther and farther apart until Gid seems like a stranger to me. I desperately need his help and cooperation in rearing our son. When I report the latest on Johnny, Gid scarcely listens. Often while I'm still talking he walks away from me and picks up a book.

"In theory, Gid is devoted to Johnny. In fact, he refuses to concern himself with Johnny's welfare, his character, his future. Since Johnny was ten years old, ever since he started growing so fast, he has been practically uncontrollable. Gid won't acknowledge it. He contends I am too strict and severe, too demanding. I *know* Gid is too lenient. His nonchalance, his airy belief that Johnny will outgrow his faults, is ruining our boy.

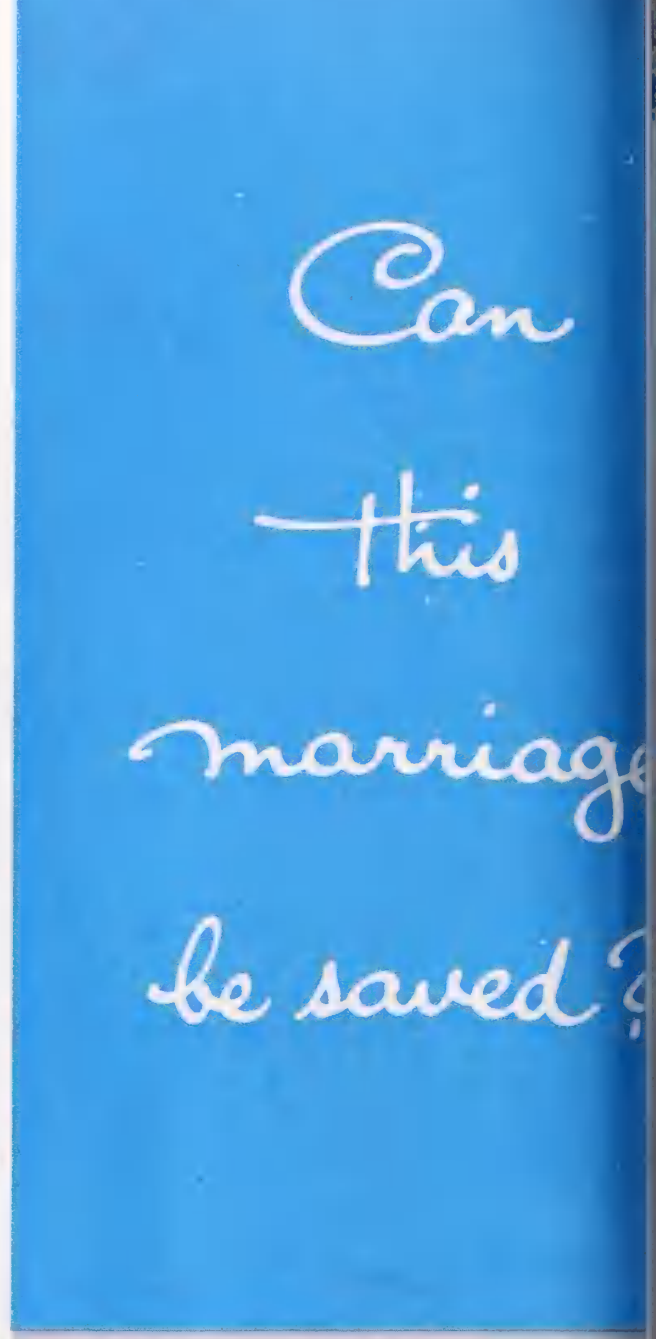
"Last semester Johnny failed in two of his subjects at school. After consulting with his teachers, I worked out a tough new homework schedule for him. Furthermore, I stood over Johnny and saw that he studied. Gid's reaction was characteristic. When I showed him the failing report card he was annoyed, not with Johnny but with me. As a sort of consolation prize he rewarded Johnny with an expensive set of mechanic's tools. Johnny much prefers tinkering with machinery to doing his schoolwork. I am always hauling him out of our garage. Naturally, Johnny was delighted with Gid's partisanship. There is nothing he likes better than to play his father and me against each other. Naturally, too, his interest in his studies took another nose dive.

"Johnny was a darling when he was little," Patsy said wistfully. "Underneath he is a good boy, a bright boy. He is plenty bright enough to realize Gid will let him get away with murder. To Johnny's way of thinking, Gid is the visiting Santa Claus and I am the mean old witch. Unfortunately, I am the one who has to cope with him. Gid behaves like a star boarder, and Johnny also treats our home like a hotel, coming and going as he chooses. Twice he stayed all night with an older boy—Frank is sixteen and a bad influence—and he didn't telephone me until nearly midnight.

"Evening after evening, I am left alone in an empty house. I walk the floor for hours, crazed with anxiety. I feel the way I used to feel when I was a little girl and my father lay in the hospital dying and my mother, who didn't care for either him or me, was out dancing with some other man. I feel freezingly alone. I worry about Gid's safety and imagine plane crashes. I worry about Johnny and wonder what he is up to. My health has always been delicate. Strain and worry make me physically ill. The second time Johnny stayed out all night, I collapsed and had to stay in bed a week. The doctor informed Gid my nerves were responsible for my illness, and Gid's reply to the doctor was that I shouldn't be so nervous.

"My life would make anybody nervous," Patsy went on feverishly. "I never know what stunt Johnny will pull next. Six months ago he and Frank decided cleanliness was sissy and they entered a pact to stop using soap and water. On the evening Johnny made his pronouncement and sat down to supper with filthy hands. I ordered him to leave the table and wash. Johnny glanced toward Gid and waited for him to speak. Gid didn't say a word. So Johnny calmly kept on eating. To avoid a scene, I didn't drag him away from the table although I was strongly tempted. I choked back my feelings.

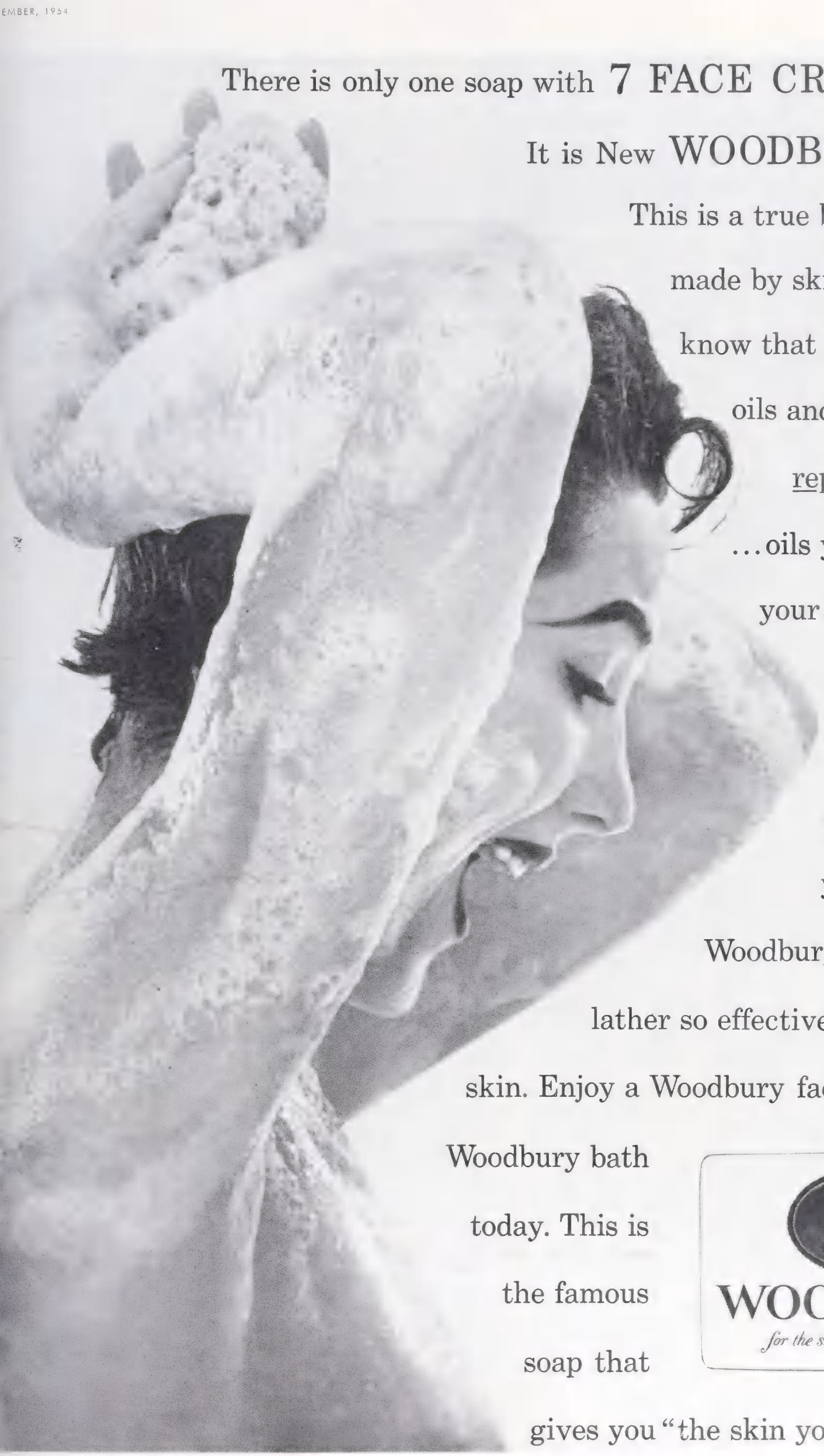
"Next morning Gid went off on a special Alaskan flight. Three days later Johnny's sheets were black as ink and he looked like a Bowery bum. I was expecting Gid back on a Saturday and was determined CONTINUED ON PAGE 161



DON ORNITZ



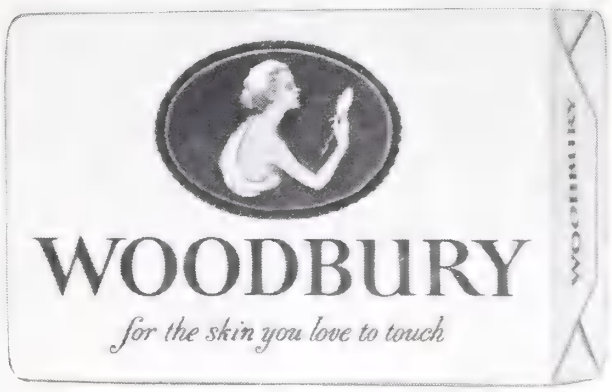
"I feel freezingly alone. I worry about Gid's safety and imagine plane crashes."



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HAVE WE WON THE FIGHT AGAINST POLIO?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

children give blood that Mrs. Stevenson was forced to cross her own youngster's name off the list.

When you have 949 first-, second- and third-graders as at Picadome, the city's largest public elementary school, things don't go so smoothly. Mrs. T. C. Walker, P.T.A. health chairman, counted anxiously every time a teacher turned in a batch of parent-request slips giving permission for the inoculations. The day before spring vacation, nearly 100 were missing. These request slips had to be signed—or else! Ignoring the rainstorms that blew up, Mrs. Walker and three other mothers put on overshoes and raincoats, tramped over hills and back roads calling on parents until every single child had been accounted for.

In the classrooms seven-, eight- and nine-year-olds were learning some basic facts about polio. Nearly everyone knew a neighbor or classmate who had had polio. Tommy Walker, a blond, round-faced second-grader, went home and told his parents that he had learned a new word: immunization. He also told about the orange and syringe his teacher brought to class. First she filled the syringe with a tiny, tiny needle and jabbed it into the orange, very gently, and pulled it out. As Tommy spoke, he flexed his muscle proudly. "Only the needle really goes into the *arm*, about there. It didn't look bad at all—I bet I could take a dozen of those!"

Classroom posters pictured the souvenir lapel button each child was to receive after the final shot. It bore the silhouette of a research scientist, his microscope and test tubes, symbolizing the years of laboratory work preceding the development of the Salk vaccine, and the words, "Polio Pioneer." Pioneer was a new word, too, for most children. Their teachers told the story of the Western settlers, how they pioneered their way into an unexplored country. "Pioneer means being the *first* to take part in a great new adventure," one teacher said. That made every child eager to earn and wear the Polio Pioneer buttons.

By April 21 more than 500 mothers, fathers, teachers and doctors were ready to inoculate 1276 children in Lexington. The vaccine, which had come by plane that very day, was sitting in the Molloys' refrigerator. Now everyone wanted to know: "When do we start?"

In Washington that April 24 the Vaccine Advisory Committee, a group of doctors representing leading medical organizations, completed its study of laboratory reports on the vaccine. They now knew it met all the safety standards, and on Sunday, April 25, notified the National Foundation to go ahead with "evaluation of poliomyelitis vaccine, types 1, 2 and 3."

Telegrams went out immediately to the 48 state boards of health, then to local boards. By 5:30 P.M. Betty Molloy, who hadn't dared leave the house all day, had called 15 unit chairmen. "Pass the word along," she said. "We start tomorrow morning."

Promptly at 8:30 A.M. the great volunteer organization that had been marking time these many weeks went into action. At Picadome school, the first stop for the team from the board of health, twelve room mothers and four teachers waited at the door of the auditorium. One classroom had already filed inside. In the adjoining gymnasium a mother was stringing a row of sheets over a clothesline to form a makeshift partition. "Where shall I put these wastebaskets?" asked a second-grade boy wearing a Polio Volunteer arm band. As he set them down, in came the doctor, two navy-blue-clad public-health nurses, four Polio Emergency Volunteers in neat blue-and-white-striped jumpers, and four recorders guarding the bottles of vaccine and the health records. After the nurses had filled the syringes and set out packages of tiny needles, a wide-eyed little boy peeked curiously through the doorway. A room mother took his hand and steered him toward the doctor.

And here the story of the people's fight against polio ends—for the time being. Now the National Foundation, the parents and children, teachers, doctors, nurses and all the Polio Volunteers await hopefully, patiently the results of the University of Michigan study. Before the start of the next polio season, late spring, 1955, we will know the answer to the question, Have we conquered polio?

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

and never was gift so welcome. Now we can come home on a dark snowy night and find a warm lighted path to the front door instead of falling over ourselves all the way.

The dishwasher Christmas was memorable. So was the new range. So was the new automatic clothes washer. Jill claimed I washed things and hung them up and rewashed them for a week after that gift! The automatic coffee maker was a high light one year. And the deep-fat fryer made us cook like mad experimenting on fried shrimp, fried chicken, fried potatoes, doughnuts and goodness knows what all.

I do think people are wise who consider the house as a person, and give accordingly.

Next to house gifts with us come books. We love buying books, for they are so permanent, so friendly, so always there. My book for all the young fry and for astute oldsters like us for this year is Ted Key's So'm I. I read it and laughed aloud and felt misty-eyed and reread. And thought rapidly of all the children we know who need it. It has everything. It just gives a shine to life. I don't know why the creator of my friend Hazel can also do a book about the little horse, but there it is. He can.

Christmas Eve is still my favorite time. Bayberry candles burning, fire nice and glowing on the great hearth, the smell of turkey lingering in the air, the drift of tissue paper as the children wrap last-minute gifts . . . whisperings upstairs . . . giggles as they find, inevitably, that I am being given three recordings of Edith Piaf, and Jill two Viennese waltzes . . . the packages coming down the steep stairs in armfuls to be deposited under the spicy spruce tree—all this is good. For it belongs with our country. It is really and truthfully celebrating an event that was the most memorable in history. The trappings are fun, the holiday exciting, but underneath runs a feeling that this marks the birthday of Jesus. And it is good to remember that the carpenter's Son was born, and taught, and died so long ago, and yet is still with us, influencing our lives.

When I go out with the cockers and Irish for that last whipping about in the lacy snow, I stop to think that this night and the day tomorrow are celebrated on account of a very simple Man Who was an artisan, Who dreamed, Who suffered and gave His life. How wondrous is it that a man's life should so endure—so we light the candles in the windows still to light the Christ child in. This is a recurrent miracle to me, a heart-warming one.

A single snowflake falls, so intricate in shape, so pure in texture. It melts on my cheek and is gone. It, too, is a miracle. For who could design a snowflake?

I think many mothers get tired during the Christmas rush. I do. The shopping, the last-minute buying, the wrapping, the cooking—there is always one moment when I wish it were August and nothing at all going on!

And yet, when the children say "Thank you for a happy time," when one child whispers, "This was *just* all I wanted" . . . when one child curls up at once to read the book you chose so carefully . . . when one child says, "This is the very most wonderful Christmas we ever had"—all the tired feeling ebbs away, and a pure happiness floods in.

Christmas is worth it! And I let Little Sister in, feathered with snowflakes, and say as I always say, have said for years:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen." END

Lucky Baby—
his Mommy uses
JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Softest, smoothest, *silkiest* powder in the world. A few sprinkles at each diaper change will chase away prickles and chafes . . . keep *your* baby comfy, happy. Sixty years of use have *proved* its quality and purity.



Lucky, Lucky Baby
his Mommy uses
JOHNSON'S
BABY LOTION too!

Scientifically formulated to *prevent* irritating rashes. New *extra* protection for delicate skin. Rich in soothing lanolin. Smooth it all over body after every bath. Give *your* baby the benefit of this new extra care.



THE HAPPY AFFAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

ars that I would give the time of

head, neighbor. Did you ever know
e this that ended happily?"
must have been lots of them," said
antly, "but those are the ones you
about. You keep reading about
t and Anna Karenina and Tillie's
Romance, because the weepy ones
ap. I'll bet there have been thou-
appy affairs."
? Why, Cinderella Jane Holmes!"
lushed. "I mean situations, rela-

the rosy mantle on your cheeks to
that Snow
yet to taste
ed apple."
one of your
said Cindy.
rse not," said
Why should it
my business
early beloved
about to foul
the most at-
oung lives I
orgive me for
g it."
does a girl do
one man she's
he wants hap-
married?"
nice, she runs
."
feel that he's
eel that he
urt me. And
e's the most
nan I've ever

where I came
Gloria. She
and put on a
ng gloves.
are you go-
Cindy.
hn Stadium,"
a. "Levant is
ershwin, and
y in love with

d man, Le-

ewisohn Sta-
aid Gloria,
e uniformed
to prevent
ers from frat-
ith the musi-

Gloria had
dy went into
oom of their
apartment
nings for her
e wasn't much
eeded in the
metic artifice.
vas clear, and
to glow with
ght. Her bold
were fringed
ing black lashes, and set above them
ramatic imprint of straight black
he tied a bit of black velvet ribbon
sculptured throat, and she looked
million dollars. The doorbell rang,
ibration seemed to thrill along her
s. She flew to the door.

COCHRAN stood in the doorway with
under his arm. "Any old bottles,
said.
l bottles," said Cindy.
run establishment," said Spencer.
ace should have old bottles. For-
I brought one of my own." He
e wrappings off the package, and
bottle of champagne. "This wine,
the store assured me, was delicately
from tender grapes by laughing
aidens with intelligent feet. Let's put this in your refrigerator, and go out and see the town."

Cindy watched Spencer as he walked across the room and stuck the bottle in the tiny refrigerator. She had met handsomer men in her two years in the big city, but Spencer was well set up, his smile was catching, and there was a pleasant air of maleness about him.

"How about a kiss for the landlady?" she said.

HE kissed her warmly and well, without making a big demonstration about it. She got a strong physical sense of well-being from standing within the circle of his arms.

"You want to do the Slavko Vorkapich montage?" he said.

"The what?"

"In all the movies where it shows a boy and girl doing New York, you see them in a series of quick shots: riding in a hansom in Central Park, winning a Kewpie doll at the shooting gallery in Coney Island, dancing cheek to cheek, coming home late at night with the milkman. Then you know they had a crazy time and they're in love, and at the front of the picture it says 'Montage by Slavko Vorkapich.'"

"Is there a piano in it?"

"There's a man named Errol Spain at the Four Treys with a strong left hand that can hold up the world."

"Then let's do the Slavko Vorkapich montage."

They had dinner in a steak joint where people wrote their names on the lamp shades, and Spencer penciled in a Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet, entwined in a pair of breaking hearts. At the Four Treys, Errol Spain said "Hi, Spence," and reached out his right hand to shake without losing the beat with his left.

In the hansom cab in Central Park, driving through the soft summer night, Cindy thought of the champagne in the refrigerator, waiting for them like an exciting promise, and then the memory of the conversation with Gloria bubbled up, and she decided that she would have to speak.

"Spence," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Have you ever had an evening like this with Barbara?"

He threw her a shrewd look in the darkness of the hansom. "Not in recent years," he said. "Night spots give her headaches."

"What does she do?"

"You mean when I'm out? Well, she plays a lot of duplicate bridge—tournament stuff. She learns French off records. She goes to French movies and tries not to look at the English-dialogue titles. She scrapes the paint off Colonial cobblers' benches that she buys at auctions. Busy, busy, busy," said Spencer.

"She sounds bright."

"Mind like a trap," said Spence cheerfully. "Anything else you want to know?"

"I guess not."

SUBTLE SUGGESTIONS FOR MALE SHOPPERS

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

Some wives have a yen for a toaster
That tosses the toast when it's through;
And some would go mad for a roaster
That could handle a turkey or two. . . .
But I'm an impractical maiden
As proven too clearly by this:
Bizarre as it seems
I've been stacking my dreams
On a lipstick, a compact, a kiss.

Expensive's a stove, and a boon it
Would be; and a vacuum or grill
Would be great for the family unit,
But where is the personal thrill?
For I am a queer sort of peasant,
As any poor husband can see,
Who asks, when you give me a present,
That you give me a present for *me*. . . .
So, Love, please recall in your shopping
That I'm an impractical miss
Who would happily part
With the whole of my heart
For a lipstick, a compact, a kiss!



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Spence took her hand in his. "It helps those conversations when you come to the point," he told her. "What you really want to know is what goes with Barbara and me. If I don't love her, why do I stay married to her? If I do, how can I be here with you? Isn't that on the nose?"

"On the nose."

"Barbara doesn't care for my kind of evening, which happens to be not only my pleasure, but also my business. At sundown we go our separate ways. I don't know how this arrangement looks by the books, but there it is, and I imagine it happens more often than we know. I respect Barbara, and I try never to do anything to her that would hurt her. By the way, I'd also hate to do anything that would hurt you. If I did, it would make me miserable. Am I hurting you now? If I am, chase me into the street."

This was a moment of decision, and Cindy knew it. She thought of Barbara, and the piano players, and the two dreary years in the city, and then she leaned back against the cracked leather upholstery of the hansom cab, listened for a moment to the clop-clop of the horse's hoofs against the pavement, and said:

"Come on up to my place. I've got a cold bottle of champagne in the refrigerator."

When they got to the apartment, Gloria was there with her hair in curlers, and they all three had the champagne together.

"Something wrong with this wine," said Gloria. "The bubbles don't go up my nose."

"Spence says it was squeezed by laughing French maidens with intelligent feet."

"One of them forgot to take her shoes off," said Gloria.

"I'll mention it to the French ambassador," said Spence.

"While you're at it," said Gloria, "ask him why they don't pay their war debt."

Cindy heard the sharpening knife edge in Gloria's voice, and offered a moment out of her evening's delight to sound a not warmth in the room. "We heard Errol Spa she said. "He chopped the piano into kind wood."

"That man has a left hand that can s down bridges," said Spence.

"Levant plays with two hands," said Gl

"Old-fashioned, I guess," said Spence cl fully.

"Speaking of piano players," said Gl "why don't you stay away from Cindy?"

"Speaking of piano players," said Spe "I think I will go." To Cindy's astonishm he put down the glass and stood up, just that. "Good night, all." He said it so si and matter-of-factly that for a moment thought he was going away forever. walked him downstairs to the outside and clung to him for a moment in the vesti

"Don't let the housemother scare away," she said.

"Gloria's itching to have a fight," he "I don't like scenes. I like things to be ha I want you to be happy. Are you happy?

"Yes, Slavko," she said. "I am happy.

"Stay happy."

SHE stood there in the doorway and wat him walk down the street. That was her bad time, the moment when he turned walked away with his eager, brisk gait, a wave of doubt rushed into the gap openin tween them. Was he going home? Wha he say when he got there? Did he discus evening with Barbara? Did he make hi cuse casually, wittily? He turned the co and the warm memories of the evening flooding back and closed up the gap drove away the imps and made every good and bright again.

"Go ahead, kill me," said Gloria, Cindy had climbed back upstairs to the a ment.

"Bang, bang, you're dead," said C mildly.

"You keep telling me this is the h affair, so I thought I'd see what I coul about making you a little miserable."

"You only make me laugh," said C "That's one of the things I like about Gloria."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid you studying to become a matrimonial pocket?"

"I wouldn't want to do that," said C "Whatever happens, I know Spencer never make me unhappy."

"I surrender, dear," said Gloria. " you've got can't be cured by aspirin advice. But tell me, how long do you i to pursue this foreign entanglement?"

"I'm young," said Cindy. "There's a c amount of slack in my life. We'll see happens tomorrow."

"Levant or no Levant," said Gloria, staying home all night tomorrow night."

The summer blazed up into September crisped into fall. Even in the city there hint of wood smoke in the air. The eve whirled away like so many Slavko Vork montages. Cindy laughed, and danced life beat within her like the heart of a bi

One evening they stood looking at th from the footwalk of the George Washi Bridge, watching the lights of Riverside blazing like a giant necklace against the

"You know, Spencer," she said, "I country girl. I want to see Indian summ Pennsylvania. I want to wear a yellow c anthemum on my coat, and kick throug piles of dried leaves."

"Any self-respecting dried leaf should sider it a privilege."

"Can you get a car?"

"I'll borrow Errol Spain's," he said. "I Italian job nineteen feet long and nin inches high, and it once got a speeding while standing still."

She was completely aware that she w venting an occasion to force Spencer t her in the daytime, and she was a little bi appointed that he had handled it so cas

Errol Spain's car was painted fire-e red, and the horn played the first four no Hold That Tiger. Spencer sounded the against the slopes of the Pennsylvani and it echoed back from the standing

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TUMS *for the Tummy*

aple and oak, of beech and hickory, a
et call that saluted with full throat that
of a summer flaming to its close. They
ted through the hills of Pennsylvania,
ng three hundred miles in the powerful
Cindy abandoned herself to the color and
ght, as if she were a camera receiving
tions. But when they were back on the
Jersey Turnpike and the city was draw-
ear, she felt that she must speak her mind
e she went back into the maze.
's no good, Cochran," she said.
What's no good?"
We're no good—or more specifically, I'm
od. I thought I was a big modern girl,
discover I'm a little sniveling ninny."
nglish translation?"
nglish translation, I have no further in-
n of smiling bravely as I send you back
at woman, like a Gloucester fisherwife
g her man off to the Grand Banks."
arbara will not be enchanted to be com-
with the Grand Banks."
ou know what I'm saying, Cochran. I'm
omplicated enough for these part-time
gements. I love
want you. Break-
dinner and supper.
ay, Monday and
s."
knew this was com-
" said Spencer,
n you asked me to
u in the daytime."
Why not? Are you
Phantom of the
?"
ny particular thing
u off?" said Spen-

es, as a matter of
Last week you had
d. She took care of
want to take care
u when you have a
Country girls are
with colds, Spen-
can put on a mus-
plaster better than
layo Clinic."
ncer twisted the
n car around a big
and trailer and
d back in the high-
groove. It helped
he was looking
ht ahead as he
. "There happens
" he said, "a girl
d Barbara Coch-
whose life is knit
mine. She's a girl
lives a little bit underground, and she
nrough the day because there are certain
narks in her life, steady, predictable
s like stations on a track.'"
he is, in short, like a subway train."
on't be so cruel to Barbara," said Spencer.
think she is wonderful," said Cindy, "and
uld like to chop her up for hamburger."

OULD tell her I was leaving," said Spencer,
I would shatter her into a jillion pieces. I
take the responsibility, Cindy. I just
What's the alternative? Shall I stop see-
ou?"
think so," said Cindy. "I think that's the
way."
think so, too," said Spencer.
hen it's agreed," said Cindy.
think you're being intelligent about it."
h, I'm intelligent, all right."
hope you'll be happy, Cindy."
thousand thanks."
ou're a girl who has the stuff to be happy.
s a rare quality, Cindy."
Well, shall we say medium rare?"
just can't hurt this girl," said Spencer.
f course not," said Cindy. "I wouldn't
you to."
Well, it's settled then."
es, it's settled."
am much too proud," Spencer said, as
put her head back against the red
er upholstery, "to let you know by any
or deed that you are breaking my heart."
or heaven's sake," said Cindy, "when are
going to stop this car and kiss me?"

Well into November, Gloria said to Cindy, "How's the happy affair?"

"It's Armistice Day," said Cindy. "Let's observe a minute of silence."

"Is he going to divorce his wife?" said Gloria.

"You certainly ask some direct questions."

"I have found it is a good way to get direct answers. Is he?"

"We don't talk about it."

"What do you do, laugh about it? Sing about it?"

"You don't understand this man," said Cindy. "He couldn't hurt a fly. The world is full of people who are dull, and have sharp, sharp claws. My nice funny man wants people to be happy. He wants me to be happy. I want him to be happy."

"Is everybody happy?"

"Wherever we are together is a circle of light and warmth."

"There comes a time in these affairs—also in situations or relationships, by the way—there comes a time which is the dividing line between an adventure and a domestic mess. An adventure happens and is over, and you are left with bittersweet memories, and every time the orchestra plays a certain song you sniffle into your beer. A domestic mess, on the other hand, can chew up a couple of years of your life."

"I'm young," said Cindy.

"I know, and there's a certain amount of slack in your life. But it's not only the couple of years. After they're over, there's no way to paste those pages back on the calendar. You're not the same sweet you any more. You have soured up and fouled up and troubled up the sweetest area of life. And you know what happens to you?"

"What happens?"

"You start thinking like me."

"Oh, come off it," said Cindy. "You're all right."

"I have a certain historical interest," said Gloria, "like the ruins of Pompeii."

Having lived with Gloria for two years, Cindy now knew that Gloria was deliberately switching the conversation to the life and loves of Gloria Cook, partly because she was interested in the life and loves of Gloria Cook, but mostly because it was plain that the conversation about the life and loves of Cindy Holmes was leading to tension and possibly to tears. At another time Cindy might have listened with pleasure and patience to Gloria's account of her romance with a second violin at the Tanglewood Music Festival, but her nerves were raw, and she was not in the mood; and besides, Gloria was available for a showdown, and Spencer Cochran was not.

"You'll work out your problems," said Cindy, "and I'll work out mine. Just don't nibble at me."

Gloria looked at her with round eyes. "Was I nibbling?" she said.

"There hasn't been so much attention to the day-to-day progress of a situation since the Duchess married the Duke."

"I'm the same way at gin-rummy games," said Gloria, trying to pass it off. "I have reached into a player's hand and thrown a card for him when I've become aroused."

"Well, this is not a gin-rummy game," said Cindy, and regretted it the moment that she said it.

Gloria looked at her, and then went promptly to the closet, dragged out a suitcase, and started pushing clothes into it.

"Going somewhere?" said Cindy.

"You'll both do much better without a kibitzer, a heckler, a nibbler, a chaperon and a nag."

"Where will you stay?"

"I'll find a place. Don't worry about me, and I won't worry about you."

"Spencer is a sweet and gentle man."

"I know," said Gloria. "Is this your handkerchief or mine?"

"It's yours," said Cindy, although it was hers.

Gloria finished packing, and stood for a moment at the door. "Listen, kid," she said, "if you ever need me, give me a call, and I will arrive with the United States Marines."

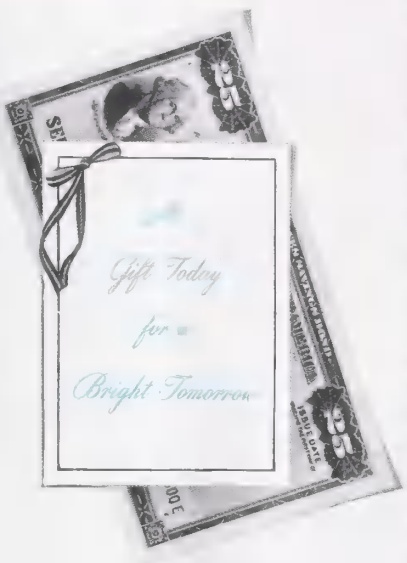
"I will," said Cindy.

Gloria put a hand on her wrist. "You have all that love," she said. "You're a municipal reservoir of love. Don't throw it away. Don't give it away cheaply."

"I won't," said Cindy.

"Well," said Gloria, "there's nothing more to say. It's your life."

When Gloria had gone, Cindy felt a slight sensation of wistfulness at her departure, and then, suddenly, she was overwhelmed by an enormous thrill of excitement at being left alone. She almost reached for the telephone to call Spencer, but an unaccountable rush of modesty stayed her hand. Standing there in



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the small apartment, she looked around at the jumble of clothing and chests left by Gloria's sudden leave-taking, and she decided not to call. Singing softly, she went into the tiny bathroom to wash her hair.

November sharpened into December, and Spencer went away for a few weeks, on a trip to Miami to report on the night-club activity for the winter season. When he returned, the Christmas cards were stacked on the bookstore shelves, the Santas clanged their bells in front of the department stores, the wreaths of holly bloomed in the windows across the courtyard from the small apartment. Each small evidence of the oncoming season fed the fire in Cindy's heart, for she had decided that Christmas would be the day of decision. She filled the small apartment with pine branches, and on a table in the corner she set up a white-dipped, fireproofed Christmas tree. It was not the pungent forest giant which had blazed in a corner of her parents' house every Christmas that she could remember, but it was hung with popcorn and decked with snow, and there was a small white angel on top.

Spencer had been told very little about these preparations—only that there was a Christmas party at her house and that there was a special present waiting for him.

When he called, Spencer had seemed somewhat strange—eager, but dubious.

"In recent years," he said, "Christmas has got completely out of hand."

"Silence, Scrooge," she said. "Isn't there anything you want for Christmas?"

"I want for Christmas to be over," he said, "except that after the Christmas bells come the Christmas bills."

"Well, I'm giving a party," she said.

"Who-all's going to be there?"

"We-all," said Cindy. "You-all and me-all."

"In that case," said Spencer, "you can notify the rest of the guest list that I will be there about the middle of the day."

Christmas morning was clear and snapping cold. Cindy stayed late in bed, then got up and wrapped herself in a flannel robe and started doing things about eggnog. Gloria phoned at about eleven-thirty. It was the first time in almost six weeks that she had heard Gloria's voice, and she realized with a shock how much she had missed it.

"I give you good cheer," said Gloria.

"Same to you, and many of them," said Cindy.

"Are you alone?"

"I am for the moment."

"I happen to be with the entire string section of the orchestra from Radio City Music Hall."

"The music lover finally connected with the musicians?"

"And about time," said Gloria. "They don't have to play a show till one o'clock. Can we come up for a cup of eggnog?"

Cindy thought of the bowl with the nutmeg sprinkles sitting on the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. "I don't have an egg in the house," she said.

"We'll bring the egg if you've got the nog," said Gloria.

"The truth is, I'm expecting somebody," said Cindy.

"Oh," said Gloria. There was silence for a moment, and then she said, "As long as you're not alone on Christmas. Joyoox Noel, as they say in France. I'll call you later."

At one o'clock in the afternoon there was the noise of a party across the courtyard. They started singing carols, and Cindy opened the window to hear the well-worn, well-loved tunes, putting a coat over her shoulders against the chill. For a while she amused herself by joining in softly. As always, the songs brought back memories of the great Christmas tree in her parents' parlor, with the stack of gaily wrapped boxes underneath. After a while she got cold and had to pull down the window.

At two-thirty she flirted with the idea of calling his home, disguising her voice and pretending to be his secretary at Spotlight, but there was no reason to disguise her voice unless Barbara answered the phone, and she decided she would rather die before she put herself in a position like that. Besides, he had always come before, punctually, on the do The trouble was that he had given her such a ambiguous time—the middle of the day. W that noon, Greenwich Mean Time, four o'cloc six o'clock?

Gloria phoned again, a little after three.

"I now have, in addition to the string se tion," said Gloria, "three trumpets, the secon trombone and the tympanum."

"The what?"

"Kettledrum. They don't have to play show till five o'clock. We have the eggs, w have the nogs, and we can mix them in th kettles. How about coming up to your blu heaven?"

"The truth is," said Cindy, "I'm expectin somebody."

"Oh," said Gloria. There was a silence fo the moment, and then she said, "Somebod isn't there yet?"

"He's coming around the middle of th day," said Cindy, in a fierce rush of loyalt

Now Gloria's voice changed, and all th bantering had gone out of it. "Of course h is," she said. "And I hope you have the mo wonderful Christmas ever. You're the bes kiddy." Cindy couldn't say anything, so sh hung up.

By five-thirty she had got rather dulled an numb, as if under anesthesia in the dentist chair. As if in a trance, she had begun to pu away the cups and the ladle for the eggno and the hors d'oeuvres which had been sprea out on the white-clothed table. And so it wa that she stood there rather absent-minded when the doorbell rang, and she walke listlessly to open it.

Spencer Cochran stood in the door. H cheeks were red from the December wind and his eyes sparkled. It had begun to sno outside, apparently, because there was a dus ing of flakes on his coat and on the brim of h hat. His arms were filled with green and ye low and red packages, and there was a b holly wreath around his neck.

"Come all ye faithful," said Spencer, "jo ful and triumphant." He came inside the doo smelling of the cold and the holly wreath, an he kissed her, and the points of the hol leaves pricked her skin. He was there, with h arms around her, filling her vision with h body, filling her nostrils with his good ma smell, and for the moment she washed out th tenseness of all the waiting by going soft against him and letting herself be held.

"I have brought you," he said, "all mann of goodies. I have brought you a cashme scarf which would float out of the package you merely sighed. I have brought you th perfume, which is guaranteed to make a nav officer reveal the plans of the new submari at a distance of forty paces. And I ha brought you a pound of Christmas candy, ce tified to be the most delicious trash ever mas cated by human teeth."

He was a one-man Christmas party; was wreathed in smiles and ringed wi





"What's the idea of the 'one mink coat' at the bottom of this shopping list? You trying to put something over on me?"

or the moment she forgot the chill fallen on her shoulders when she ned to the carols from across the court. ome and thrice welcome," she said. bout a kiss for the landlady?"

as prepared to let it go; she wasn't say a word. The four or five hours, r, empty four or five hours, she was to let slip by without a memory. But ull of accomplishment, thrilled with nent.

he kissed her, he said, "Wait. I other present."

eard a warning sound within her, and stop him. "I have more than enough "

is the present for the girl who has ng," he said. And he took from his ocket a round thing, no bigger than an th a brass ring for a bottom and a whorl of white metal on top. He it in her hand.

t is it?" she said, bewildered.

," he said, "an electric fuse, one of atest accomplishments of modern For when the fuse is in, the lights k, electricity can do its marvels. When is out, the lights do not work, and the t triumphs of our civilization lie dark d. Without the fuse, the toaster does st. Without the fuse, the vacuum never sighs, the electric drier never

opped and took a swallow of eggnog. ed to Cindy a tiresome game, less g than his other whimseys.

out the fuse," Spencer went on, "Coch- ld be having a miserable Christmas."

t do you mean?" said Cindy.

re, if you will," said Spencer, "a room eople, chattering madly, drinking ev- , saying nothing. In the corner stands rilliantly illuminated Christmas tree, e a pinball machine. Suddenly, con- n! The tree is dark. The pinball ma- gisters 'Tilt.' The people stop saying and become speechless. Into the teps mine host, Spencer Cochran. 'It g but a fuse,' says Spencer Cochran, as if he had just revealed the secret ar fission. 'I will go out and get an- ays Spencer Cochran. 'It may be hard a hardware store open on Christmas, haps they have fuses in drugstores,' ncer Cochran. Spencer Cochran speaks sure knowledge of the expert, for he ady taken the trouble to unscrew the ch controls the Christmas-tree lights. vanishes into the twilight. This fuse, unscrewed with my own hands, risk- h to be at your side, is my bonus as present to you."

es were alight, his manner expect- ere was no point in getting angry n about it. He was what he was, and all that he was. If she tried to explain, y be confused. Suddenly she felt terri- ibly tired.

e fuse good?" she said.

on the market."

e it back," she said. "Be nice, and go d light up the tree again."

lady," he said, "I only just came for stmas party. The people that live here me in."

as troubled and hurt, and she couldn't see the bewilderment that lay in his g reply. Still, she had to say it, she had o make him understand what he had her and to the other people who loved l glowed because he was there. "The ic is wrong," she said. "Two half ases don't make a whole Christmas. and screw in the fuse."

he saw that she was hurt, and he was I fouled it up," he said. "That pulver- , because I hate to make anybody ."

funny part of it is, I think you believe wn to your toenails," said Cindy. "You nt to be charming, irresistibly charm- that everyone loves you. Your talent s high-octane, my boy. You can charm s from the trees. But you cannot be all o all men—or to all women. You can't all your way, flitting between two and finding them waiting for you, un- changed, every time you arrive. Sometimes, Spence, it's kinder to have a scene. Have it with me, or have it with her, but have it."

"I don't like scenes," said Spencer. "You know that."

"I know that," said Cindy. "But the time comes when you have to make decisions, even when they hurt. Go home, Spencer. Make one whole Christmas, anyway."

He came close to her. He put his arms around her. "I don't have to be back for an hour," he said. "And you haven't given me my present."

"I have a matchless present for you," said Cindy. "I am giving you yourself. Go be irresistible to somebody who isn't one of those serious drab country girls."

She kissed him on the cheek with dry lips, and sent him out into the snow. She put most of the Christmas things away, automatically laying a wet dish towel over the sandwiches so that they would stay fresh, but she left the tree standing there—the white-dipped, fireproofed, big-city runt of a Christmas tree. She watched its meager garland of colored lights shining, and then she went and had a little eggnog, just for taste, and she cried a little. He was gone, and it burned like fury, but she was young, and there was a certain amount of slack in her life, and it helped her to know that she had done a difficult thing and that she had done it well. It was amazing how good it felt just to know she had been able to do it.

At seven o'clock, Gloria called. "I've not only got the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra," she said on the phone, "I've got the entire Men's Glee Club! They sing carols in four-part harmony!"

"Bring them up," said Cindy. "I think we have a little eggnog left."

And then she went into the bathroom, ran a comb through her hair, touched a bit of crimson to her lips, and she looked like ten million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars. END



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Dr. Spock Talks with Mothers

What "spoils" a child— and when?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



DI PIETRO

Dr. Spock says: "A child needs to feel that his mother and father, however agreeable, still have their rights, know how to be firm. He likes them better that way."

I HAVE two good letters to discuss. A new mother of a two-month-old daughter says, "I would appreciate a column on spoiling babies, as we are not (my husband and myself) in complete agreement on the subject. Is it possible to spoil an infant? I think not (these are almost your words). If an infant cannot be spoiled, when and at what age *can* the child begin to be spoiled?"

The second mother is more experienced and more definite. She says, "The demand schedule for eating-sleeping-loving, which I used and approve of, is fine for young babies, but at some point, perhaps four, perhaps five months, I believe we must modify this or develop both warped parents and children who won't know how to tolerate frustration later on. I also approve of your rule for not letting small infants cry, but this, also, I believe, must be modified for the same reason. It was something I needed help on and I didn't find it in your book. I should greatly appreciate seeing some specific material on when and how you must ease out of the demand schedule. Thank you for everything."

I think there is such a thing as spoiling in infancy. I did say, when I wrote my book in 1943 to 1945, that you can spoil a baby if you work at it actively—playing with him constantly when he'd be happy amusing himself, anxiously hovering over him when he's in no trouble—but that it doesn't come from feeding him when he's hungry, comforting him when he's miserable, being sociable with him in an easygoing way.

Today we can see that that statement doesn't really cover the whole situation. For instance, it doesn't take into account those forms of spoiling, the going-to-bed problems and the waking-in-the-middle-of-the-night problems in infancy, which I discussed a couple of months ago on this page. I hadn't ever seen *one* of these sleep problems until I got out of the Navy in 1946, when the philosophy of self-regulation and permissiveness had become fairly popular in some parts of the country. I hadn't seen any older babies eating at strange hours either. The old-fashioned strict regularity simply wouldn't allow such problems. But it's wise to remember that the spirit of rigid scheduling produced many other psychological problems, in mothers as well as babies. Ask some mothers of the 1920's and 1930's.

I did insert some sentences, in later printings, in Section 88, after I began to encounter sleep problems. I said, "Occasionally a very determined type of baby, whose mother has gotten in the habit of rocking him to sleep in her arms to avoid any crying, will gradually learn to fight off sleep for hours to avoid being put down. It's better to let such a baby cry for ten or twenty minutes for a few nights than to get into such a chronic struggle." But this statement probably wasn't emphatic enough to warn all parents.

In Section 274 I did say, "It's probably a good idea, after I have been emphasizing how you handle a young child by distraction and consideration, to point out that there are limits. Some gentle, unselfish parents devote so much effort to being tactful and generous to a child that they give him the feeling that he's the crown prince, or rather the king. They speak to him sweetly no matter how disagreeable he is or how unreasonable his demands. This isn't good for him or for them. He needs to feel that his mother and father, however agreeable, still have their own rights, know how to be firm, won't let him be unreasonable or rude. He likes them better that way. It trains him from the beginning to get along reasonably with other people."

One trouble is that you can't write an article that will mean the same thing to everyone. Each person takes out of a statement mainly the idea that he likes and ignores the rest. But I still keep trying to think how I can discuss the controversy of permissiveness versus firmness in a way that will make what I think is right clear to everybody.

To get a better perspective on this question I think it's helpful to take a historical view. For the first forty years of this century doctors in their pediatric training, in medical schools and hospitals, were taught the importance of strictness, especially in infant feeding, and when they went into practice they conscientiously taught strictness to mothers. They figured out mathematically what a baby of a certain weight should need in the way of protein and calories, and translated this into ounces of milk and water and sugar. They told the mother just how many ounces to put in each bottle, and they told her to give no more and no less, at just 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M. and 10 P.M., no earlier and no later.

We've learned by now that it isn't necessary to be so rigid. But then why did we think so in the 1910's and '20's and '30's? It wasn't because doctors were foolish or mean. Pediatrics was strict in the beginning because it was trying to stop the terrific infant death rate from severe diarrhea, which had always existed for bottle-fed babies, particularly in the hot summer months (that's why it was called "summer complaint"). We eventually concluded that the main cause was badly contaminated cow's milk.

Pediatrics was also strict in the beginning because babies' nutritional needs were being carefully studied for the first time and it was believed that some of the diarrhea was caused by overfeeding as well as by bacteria.

The doctors were the ones who saw the babies die by the hundreds, and the doctors were the ones who were proud of their new lifesaving knowledge. The kindest of people get stern when they carry this responsibility.

As the decades have moved by, it has become gradually clear that improved dairying, pasteurization and refrigeration are preventing most of the serious diarrhea, and that we don't have to worry so much about holding all babies down to an average formula or holding them to the clock for their feedings.

But this extreme strictness which was the rule in infant feeding easily spread into other aspects of child care such as bowel training (the mistaken idea was that absolute regularity makes for health, so why not start it early), specified hours of sleep for each age period, and so on. Get everything regulated and the sooner the better.

Now we are in the middle of a big swing back toward flexibility. The sensible and courageous people who I think did most to lead the way in American pediatrics were Dr. C. Anderson Aldrich, who headed Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, and later the Rochester Child Health Institute; Dr. Grover Powers, then professor of pediatrics at Yale; and Dr. Preston McLendon, a pediatrician, and Mrs. F. P. Simsarian, a psychologist, who together wrote the first article on "self-demand" and coined that phrase in 1942. Doctor McLendon was and is professor of pediatrics at George Washington University, and he took care of Mrs. Simsarian's baby, who was the first official experimental self-demand baby. Of course there had been billions of self-demand babies since the beginning of time, but nobody thought this was remarkable until after we had all been carried away by overregularity.

But a few parents get into jams under the new philosophy. I remember an extreme example described in a letter from an exhausted and bewildered mother a few years ago. She said her baby, then a year old, waked for breakfast at noon, had lunch about six, wanted to stay up till late in the evening, though the parents were sleepy at ten, wouldn't eat a good supper till midnight. Of course all that she needed to do was to wake him whenever the parents got up in the morning and he'd be ready for his meals at the time they were.

The conscientious parents who run into such problems aren't stupid or ignorant. Some of these parents probably were bossed more than was wise in their own childhoods and weren't allowed to develop confidence in their own judgment. Such people become guilty too easily, always blaming themselves and excusing others (including babies).

These situations are too bad all around. The parents are not only *entitled* themselves to have more assurance and more fun, they *ought* to, for themselves *and* for their children. Babies, just like grownups, prefer to be around people who know their own minds, in an agreeable sort of way, who don't let themselves be imposed on, and who take charge when appropriate.

That's enough lecturing. I should answer one question practically. Self-demand is particularly appropriate for young babies, who are mostly hungry stomach and not much worldly sense. Practically all full-size babies can adjust to a fairly regular, approximately four-hour schedule within a couple of months and can be helped to stabilize by not having a feeding rushed to them too promptly when they fuss a bit, off schedule. (I'm not talking about holding out on a starving baby.) Most babies are able to be off the second night feeding (2 A.M.) by a month, and certainly by two months, unless they're colicky. If a baby at a month or two sleeps through the 10 P.M. feeding first and still wakes between midnight and 2 A.M., then you can wake him for his night feeding at 10 or 11 P.M. If in spite of a 10 P.M. feeding he still fusses at the mystic hour of 2 A.M., let him fuss a bit and see if he won't go back to sleep. In other words, help him along gently in his growing up. I think that most healthy babies can be off all night feedings by about six months, if they've doubled their birth weight, and that by about eight months practically all of them can be on three meals a day. A few may still wake before the family breakfasttime and may need a bottle or a snack to hold them till then, but they should certainly be able to have lunch and supper at conventional hours (with perhaps one snack in midmorning and one in midafternoon).

I've received letters from a number of you asking me to write something about circumcision, timidity, aggressiveness, reluctance to graduate from strained foods, jealousy of the new baby, finicking eating, weaning from the bottle, constipation, bad language, resistance to going to bed, introduction to nursery school. I've at least touched on all these problems in my book, and I hesitate to say the same things all over again. If you want discussion of some specific aspect of one of these subjects which seems incomplete in the book, I'd be delighted to try.

Every month or so I get a frantic-sounding letter from a mother wishing I'd said more about how to manage the very difficult situation of twins. Each time I've immediately written back saying I was sorry to admit I didn't know anything very helpful (aside from the two obvious points: try to get someone to help you if you possibly can; try to treat them as individuals from the start), and asking the mother to write me everything helpful she had discovered so I could pass it on. I've never got an answer.

Although he cannot answer letters personally, Dr. Spock will be glad to hear from readers and will discuss in these pages problems of general interest.—*Ed.*



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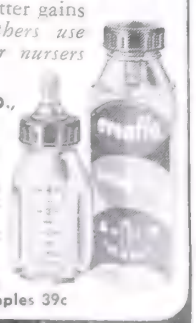


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THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Finally, however, social pressure was too much for us. Mat was the first to go. He took to arming himself with a boy friend and disappearing into the basement to work on an engine whenever I went over for dinner. I hung on as long as I could. I shadowed him on the playground, and trailed him home after school, on the chance that he would be alone. When he was alone, he would still talk to me. But grade school had a rigid social structure—a six-month gap in age was formidable, and four years was unthinkable. My classmates would chant "Sally loves Mat," and the bigger kids would laugh, and Mat, in self-defense, would laugh too. The humiliation was too much to bear. I had to conform. I took to dolls and dress-ups.

Mat and I still saw each other, of course, but the old rapport was gone. We spoke politely, like people from different planets who are friendly, but who have no real means of communication. Mat went to junior high while I was still in grade school. When I reached junior high, I felt very adult. I remember that Joanie Hayes and I talked it over and decided that from now on we would walk properly to school, like the big girls, with poise and dignity, instead of running, as we used to do. But I could not catch up with Mat. While I was learning to walk with poise and dignity, he was already mastering the rumba.

Then, when I was thirteen, my relationship with Mat went into a new phase. I no longer adored him—I had known him for too long not to take him for granted. But I told him all my problems, and he gave me solemn advice, although sometimes I caught him smiling, and I knew he felt that anything that happened to a thirteen-year-old could not be very important.

Mat was a senior in high school then, and a very big wheel. He was on the basketball team, and he was the editor of the paper. Being a brain did not cut half so much ice with the girls as being sophisticated, and everyone agreed that Mat was sophisticated.

Joanie's older sister Elizabeth went with Mat. She told Joanie all about it.

"She says," Joanie said, "that when he looks at her she nearly dies. She says he's the handsomest man she's ever known, and if he asked her to run away and get married tomorrow, she wouldn't have the strength to say no. She says when they dance together it's so wonderful that sometimes she can't even breathe."

Mat was teaching me to dance that year, and I watched myself carefully for any of the symptoms that Joanie had described. But the only distress I felt was when Mat changed steps and I stumbled over my feet.

"A one and two and a one and two," Mat would say cheerfully. "Come on, stupid, let's try it again."

I looked at him and thought about him, but I still couldn't see what Elizabeth was so excited about. He wasn't really handsome. He was bony and thin, and the straight black hair that I had once admired seemed unglamorous to me now.

One reason for my failure to appreciate Mat may have been that I was in love again myself. Wesley Blake had curly red hair and round, pink cheeks. I thought he was perfectly darling, and when he looked at me I nearly died.

One day I told Mat how I felt about Wesley.

"He's president of home room," I said, "and he gets all A's in deportment. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Uh-huh," Mat said.

"Don't you think he's cute?" I persisted. "Joanie's crazy about him, but he likes me better." I knew I was bragging, but I couldn't help it. I wanted approval.

Mat smiled tolerantly. "He seems like a nice kid," he said.

After that I still liked Wesley, but it was different. The bloom was gone. Nothing was ever said, but Wesley and I drifted apart.

I didn't go steady with anyone for a long time; not that I wasn't interested in boys—I was. But I wanted the best, and the best was Stuart Anderson. He was the backbone of the football team, and class treasurer. I noted that the girls Stuart took out were always president of something, and I decided the way to intrigue him was to be outstanding.

I worked on the paper, I worked in the drama society, I did decorations for school dances and volunteered for anything. All this extracurricular activity was hard on my grades, but as long as I graduated, I didn't care. Besides, Stuart took a dim view of brains.

In high school, if you try hard enough, you can usually get elected to something. In my senior year, I was head of the Pep Club. I had the final word on the cheers, and during the first game of the season we capped a sequence with, "Stuart Anderson, he's our man! If he can't do it, *no* one can!"

The next night, Stuart called me for a date.

Stuart was a lot of fun. He liked to dance, and he talked a sort of Elizabethan boy ("Come on, wench, get thy coat") which I thought was terribly funny. He never said anything serious. The only dangerous thing about him was his driving. He had a hopped-up car and we raced trains, friends, trucks, airplanes and rabbits, while I shut my eyes and said firmly to myself, "Remember, he's the captain of the team."

When spring came, we were both still alive and a new mood settled on us. We knew that we were going on to greater things when we graduated, but we knew, too, that we were leaving something behind.

We talked about the future. Stuart was going to the State University. I was going east to school.

"Sally, lass," he said, "I'll miss thee."

"I'll miss thee—you—too," I said. I felt like crying.

We looked dolefully at each other.

"Sally," he said, "let's—let's not lose track of each other."

I threw my arms around his neck. "I'll never lose track of you," I said. "I'll write every week—every day. It's only four years. I'll wait."

"Me too," he said.

And so, although we were not officially engaged, we had promised to wait until we were out of college.

Mat Cantrell had spent most of his summers away from home while he was in college, but that summer he was back. He had graduated, and he was waiting to be called for the Army, so he couldn't work, and he was bored and when I wasn't with Stuart, I was with Mat.

Mat had changed. He seemed taller and heavier, and his dark eyes, while not exactly frowning, were serious. He was interested in a girl named Ruth Winston, who came for a visit in July. She was not pretty, but she was very smart. I felt ruffly and wispy around Ruth. I tried to calm down my curls and gave up peasant skirts for tailored linens, but even then I looked pretty naïve.

We went out on a couple of double dates—Mat and Ruth, Stuart and I. Mat and Ruth did most of the talking. They discussed dialectical materialism, Hegel, and Kant, and the role of philosophy in modern living.

"The world's in a mess," Mat said, "and it's up to us—to our generation—to do something about it. But philosophy has got to be practical. It's too easy to take a dive into Schopenhauer and never come up." He turned to Stuart. "What do you think?" he asked.

"You bet," Stuart said. "You can't read a book on football. You've got to get out there and *play*."

Even I could see that this wasn't quite the right answer.

"Hey, swain," I said to Stuart, "let's dance."

Later, I asked Mat if he were going to marry Ruth.

"Maybe," he said. "With a couple of years in the Army ahead of me, I don't think it's the time to plan."

"Two years?" I cried. "Stuart and I'll have to wait four—maybe more—but we're going to do it." I told him all about Stuart, how he was the captain of the football team, and had a scholarship to the university.

"Good for him," Mat said. He was watching me very kindly.

ıny," I said, "I've thought I was in
e, but when you *really* are, it's dif-
gave him an anxious glance. "Do
ove, Mat?"
ed. "It's none of my business, is it?"
ıt I want to know. You do like him,
?"
ted my arm. "Of course I do, Sally,"
He strikes me as being a very nice

ıat, when I went out with Stuart,
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hange, and so was Stuart, no matter
l we tried not to. I think Stuart
, too, because he kept telling me that
he ones who were going to be dif-
ıo were going to be faithful, and I
th him, a little too fervently. I parted
with tears, and I wrote him con-
through the fall. By Thanksgiving,
s had dwindled to nothing. When
s came, he told me he was going
h a girl at the university. I waited for
to break, but it didn't, so I said,
l right, Stuart. I guess we both knew
going to happen, even last fall."
ere such kids," he said.
e smiled at each other over the

was not like high school. In high
lot of us had had the faint notion
were doing somebody a favor by
In college, we were paying outright
ivilege—a fact that our parents did
forget. It suddenly became not only
e, but actually desirable, to get good

est and most serious boy in my class
Bauer. Peter had stern blue eyes
ong chin and a sensitive mouth. He
t of bitter idealist—that is, he knew
and hoped for the best. He was an
or, and he was very bright. He argued
rofessors and treated the world to a
sapproval. People were a little afraid
ut they admired him. I was dazzled
in; but beyond that, I knew that he
o save the world, and that anyone
to save the world was in for a rough
ped that he needed a friend, and that
would be me.

English major, but I got in as many
rses as I could, and worked myself
ng to get through them. Peter was
to bother with girls. He bought me
coffee once in a while, and checked
erm papers, but that was as far as it

n the fall of our senior year, some-
natic happened. Doctor Brown, one
ofessors, suddenly and inexplicably
resigned. Peter and I were incensed. We were sure that Doctor Brown was being forced out because of the unorthodox opinions he had expressed in class. Doctor Brown was not exactly a liberal, but he believed in the goodness of man in the raw, or primitive state, and this led him to some strange conclusions.

"I think his opinions are crazy," Peter said, "but he has a right to them. What's happening to freedom of speech, anyhow?"

"I think we should do something about it," I said, figuring that was what he wanted to hear.

PETER banged on the table. "We'll organize the students!" he said. "We'll have a mass protest!"

Everybody likes to protest, and by the next morning we had a couple of dozen students gathered together. We marched over to Doctor Brown's house and informed him of our plan.

He was more startled than pleased.

"Look here," he said, "it's very fine of you to take this—this interest, but I'd just as soon leave quietly."

"That's exactly what they *want* you to do," Peter said. "We're going to bring this thing out in the open. No man should suffer for his honest opinions."

Doctor Brown stood on the front porch, looking quite unsettled as we marched off to see the president of the college.

Peter and I, as the leaders of the movement, were admitted to the president's office. He listened to us gravely, but he did not cringe under Peter's questions, and he refused to give any reason for Doctor Brown's resignation. I expected him to throw us out of school for our effrontery, but as we left he said he was pleased to see that we were alert young people, even if our enthusiasm was misdirected. I caught the flick of a smile in his eyes and wondered when, if ever, anyone was going to take us seriously.

Peter and I were too excited to go to class. We bought some coffee and walked up by the lake and drank coffee and talked.

"We'll keep at this thing till we blow it wide open!" Peter said. "This is terrific. I finally feel as though I'm accomplishing something. Thanks for standing with me on this, Sally. I know it takes courage."

"Peter," I said, "I'd stand with you on anything."

He took my hand. "Would you?" he said.

I nodded.

We looked at each other for a long time, and then he leaned over and kissed me.

The next morning we heard, via the grapevine, that Doctor Brown had been dismissed over his unorthodox opinions, all right, but they were his unorthodox opinions about somebody else's wife. Peter and I were practi-



"They're fine—I mean they're not sick."

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cally laughed off the campus. It didn't matter. I had made a fool of myself, but Peter had kissed me, and that was worth any amount of humiliation.

After that Peter and I were together constantly. We made a lot of plans for the world, which was sleeping peacefully, unaware that we were on the way. Peter came home with me for spring vacation, in order to look over my family.

Mat was back in town. He was out of the Army, had taken a course in business administration, and settled to work for his father. Mat was going with a woman named Martha Wyatt. She was a divorcee, a few years older than he, and she had two small children.

"Are you in love with her?" I asked.

MAT shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I don't think so. It's more of a friendship than a romance. But I like to be around her. She's—well, she's an adult. Most girls seem lightheaded to me now. When you're young, you have a lot of crazy ideas—you're going to make a million dollars, or run for President, or sail to Tahiti in a rowboat. The Army gave me enough adventure to last the rest of my life—and I'm smart enough now to know I'll never be President. All of a sudden you realize you've got to fit your ambition to your capacities. That's when you grow up."

"What do you want now?" I asked.

He smiled. "All the things that I used to laugh at," he told me. "A home. A family. A place in the community."

I made a face. "You certainly sound bogged down."

"No," he said, "there's a difference between bogging down and growing roots."

I took Peter over to meet Mat. Martha was there too. We did a lot of talking. Peter kept trying to get Mat into an argument, but Mat didn't seem interested. Peter ended up giving a monologue on Adam Smith.

I salute you.

The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it yet within our reach is joy. There is radiance and glory in the darkness, could we but see—and to see we have only to look. I beseech you to look.

Life is so full of meaning and purpose, so full of beauty—beneath its covering—that you will find earth but cloaks your heaven. Courage then to claim it; that is all! But courage you have; and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending through unknown country home.

And so, at this Christmastime, I greet you . . . with profound esteem and with the prayer that for you now and forever, the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

—FRA GIOVANNI, A. D. 1513

Later I asked Mat what he thought of Peter.

"Well," he said, "he's a little wild-eyed right now, but he'll calm down. I went through that stage myself."

"He's awfully smart," I said. "He's got the highest I.Q. of any of the econ majors. Everybody expects great things of him."

"They're probably right."

I frowned. "I wish you'd tell me what you *really* think."

"Would it make any difference?"

"No, but I want to know."

He ruffled my hair. "If it'll make you feel any better," he said, "I think Peter is a very nice kid."

I had thought that Peter knew everything, but after that I realized suddenly that he was young, and that no one so young knew everything, no matter how bright he was.

When we got back to school, I remembered Doctor Brown and freedom of opinion, and decided to try a little of it myself. I came out in favor of *laissez faire*. That did it. By the time graduation came, Peter had given me up. We had a long talk about it.

"I don't really care about *laissez faire*," I admitted, "but sometime there'll be something I *do* care about, and if you disagree, what would happen?"

Peter nodded. "You're right," he said. "I'd never let you alone. I'd try to, but I couldn't. We came together in a crisis; now that the smoke's cleared—well, at least we found out in time, and there's no harm done."

"No," I said, "I guess not."

I kissed him good-by, and I cried halfway home on the plane, but by the next morning I felt better, and in a couple of weeks I found that I had stopped thinking about Peter at all.

I had, along with my econ and English, the sense to take typing and shorthand, ar September I went to work as a secretar Phillip Dyer.

I didn't see much of Mat that wi Martha Wyatt had married someone else. Mat was not going with anyone in partic but he had moved into his own apartment it was on the other side of town. So we no longer neighbors, and sometimes a wee two went by without our meeting. He busy—and I was busy too.

Working for Phil Dyer was exciting. He a famous man in our town. Young—he under forty—he had taken over a dying ness and turned it into one of the fastest-g ing small factories in the Midwest. He longed to a lot of organizations and bo I was forever making plane reservations sending telegrams and juggling appointm

Phil (we got to first names after a mon so) was an attractive man. He wore gla and his hair was beginning to desert temples, but he had strong features and a smile and he talked slowly, with great aut ity. You had the feeling that he could bac everything he said with a notarized docum

He took me out to lunch a few times, then out to dinner. He was so busy the could never plan far ahead, and af had missed a coup dates with him bec of previous eng ments, I stopped g with anyone else.

I tried to figur whether or not I in love with him. sight of him didn' me cold chills, or thing like that, enjoyed being him. He was ir gent and atten and sometimes, I made him lau felt that I had ac plished somethir taking his min business for a while.

For the most though, we c laugh. Phil was ant, but he wa lighthearted. I used to the vo college crowd, and when I was with Phil to curb my silliness. He was seventeen older than I, and I tried to grow up fa

One spring evening Phil and I went walk. We ended up at the fountain—the fountain where, years before, Stuart A son and I had sworn eternal faith. It wa same kind of evening as that long-ago on been—soft and warm, with the scent of and the gentle drip of water over the st

Phil started talking about himself. Th unusual. He generally talked about bus or politics. But he told me about his hood, and how his father had lost every in the crash and how he, Phil, had go work when he was fourteen.

"Now for the first time," he said, "I'm ing up for air. I've begun to realize tha not getting any younger, and that just isn't enough. I want a home, and child a son to inherit the business—and, of co a wife." He took my hands. "I know th crazy sort of proposal, but I've never pro to anyone before, and when I can't fall ba parliamentary law, I'm likely to flounde

HE had a funny smile on his face, an moonlight made him look about ten younger, and made me feel about ten older. I decided that it was just possible *did* love him, and I think I would have l him and said yes, only the chimes fro city-hall clock rang nine, and he started

"Good heavens," he said, "I was sup to be over at Paxton's half an hour ag have to get you home."

I went straight to my room and stre out on my bed and thought about it. was a lot to be said for marrying Phil. I he wasn't mad about me—it was just ti

d to get married, and I happened to be ble. But I knew, too, that he would be il, and that, in his own way, he loved Ve would have a pleasant life, and I be a part of something important and ig. I pictured myself dressing for dinner lanning menus, and being charming to iests. When Phil was depressed, I could rt him; and when he was ill, I would him breakfast in bed and see to it that ok his pills. Of course he was almost depressed, and his health was excellent, omehow he was more appealing when I ht of him as down.

y there worrying for about an hour, and instead of going in to talk it over with r, which is what girls are supposed to do se cases, I slipped downstairs and into r and headed for Mat's apartment.

t was not surprised to see me. I fre- ly stopped in for a late cup of coffee—he e same if he was in our neighborhood. ello, child," he said, "have a chair."

waved toward the sofa, and went out urned the heat on under the coffee. Then tled down.

hat's with you?" he asked.

hink," I said, "I'm going to get married." raised his eyebrows. "Married? Who

oked casually at the wall. "Phil Dyer." re was something like an explosion from side of the room. "Phil Dyer!" he bel-

ow wait a minute," I said. "Don't get d. It isn't as crazy as you think." I told ll about it, the various pros and cons, he emphasis on the pros. Mat paced up own, getting madder by the minute.

ou're out of your head," he said when I nished. "You can't marry him."

hy not?" I said. By this time I was get- nad myself. "I'd have a wonderful life im. Why can't I marry him?"

t threw up his hands. "Why can't you?" d. "Because he's an old man, that's why. ust be nearly forty."

mped to my feet. "So at least he isn't a kid,'" I snapped.

scowled at me. "What do you mean?" egan to do a little pacing of my own. e kid'; that's what you always said—as h I were about five years old and had urls for a brain. Wesley, and Stuart Anderson, and Peter—you ruined all of them for me. Every time I liked anybody, he was a 'nice kid.'"

Mat was standing perfectly still, staring at me. "I didn't mean to ruin things for you," he said.

I turned on him. "If you didn't mean to, why did you keep doing it?"

He shook his head. "I don't know." Then his expression changed. "If you knew I ruined things," he said, "why did you keep letting me?"

It was my turn to stare. I looked at Mat, at his dark hair and his dark eyes, and his strange, familiar face—the face I had not really looked at since the days when I followed him home from school.

"I don't know why," I said, but I did know. A thousand memories rushed through my brain: Mat, breaking the ice in the fishpond; Mat, describing the guillotine; Mat, counting out the rumba. It seemed that wherever I looked, there was nothing in my whole life but Mat Cantrell.

Neither of us moved.

"Sally," he said at last, "maybe I wanted to ruin things for you."

"Maybe," I said, "I wanted you to."

I don't know who took the first step, but somehow we were in each other's arms, and he was kissing me, or I was kissing him—whichever it was, it was wonderful.

After a while, I drew back to get my breath and my balance.

"Do you realize," I said, "that this is the first time you've kissed me since I was six and I hid in the doghouse and you caught me?"

He nodded. "Think of those wasted years." Then his face brightened. "However," he said, "it's much better now."

"Yes," I said, closing my eyes, "much better."

So I'm marrying Mat tomorrow. I still don't know quite how it happened, and neither does Mat. But I guess we were the only ones who were surprised. When I told mother, she said, "Oh, fine! I thought you two were *never* going to get together."

And when I told dad, he looked up from his book with a pleased smile and said, "Good for you! I've always thought Mat Cantrell was a very nice kid!"

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

y should be clean to meet his father. Early norning I filled the bathtub to the brim vater and poured in a cup of soap flakes. I called and asked Johnny to help me e the light bulb. The moment he stepped the bathroom, I was ready. I jerked the rug ohnny tripped. I then shoved him into the ajamas and all. Johnny is six feet tall and s nearly as much as Gid, but I held him and started scrubbing. In the midst of ap-and-water battle, Gid arrived home. ard the yelling and splashing and ran to athroom. Immediately Johnny turned as Moses, and finished the bath by him- ve had no trouble with him since about iness, but Gid still thinks I was wrong." sy sighed.

try to keep an orderly, tasteful house Gid and Johnny can be comfortable. fair seamstress, but I have no incentive sign and sew pretty things. Two years changed all our upholstery and draper- ut my menfolk didn't notice any differ- I enjoy cooking. Both Gid and Johnny mpossible to cook for. Gid is strikingly ome, but he is more preoccupied with ight and waistline than any woman. He type man who is forever adopting some diet, counting calories and vitamins, the fun out of food. Sometimes he eats meat, cheese and eggs; sometimes he nly vegetables. He turns up his nose at kes and pies, my homemade bread. His diet seems to consist of raisins, wheat and raw carrots, washed down with t oil.

hnny has the appetite of any normal but he feels duty-bound to follow his particular version of his father's diet. I serve him wheat germ, raisins, carrots with all his meals. I cook every bite he eats in Gid's brand of peanut oil or he won't touch his food. Our kitchen reeks of peanut oil. The smell revolts me. One of these days my patience will snap and there will be another knock-down drag-out between my son and me. So far I've held myself in because I think a fourteen-year-old boy should eat.

"I also think a fourteen-year-old boy should attend school," said Patsy tensely. "Two months ago—Gid was in Honolulu on the way to Tokyo—the truant officer notified me that Johnny had been absent from his classes a week. I investigated. At first Johnny declared the truant officer had confused him with some other boy. Eventually, however, I got the facts. Johnny and Frank had bummed around in junk yards, collected old auto parts, and built themselves a souped-up jalopy. They had been cutting school to race around town all day, testing their machine. Johnny calmly told me they had achieved a speed of ninety miles an hour on a straight-away. I was terrified. Those hot rods are death traps, as everybody knows.

"Johnny and I went to the mat in a great big way. He was impudent, disrespectful, defiant. I couldn't force him to promise to stay out of the jalopy. But I did my best to discipline him. Every evening I locked him in his bedroom with his schoolbooks and there he remained until I unlocked him in the morning. I could hardly wait for Gid to come home. For once I was certain Gid would side with me. I couldn't believe he would approve of Johnny's cutting school and risking his life.

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"Gid returned very late at night, around one A.M. I was waiting up and so was Johnny—at my express command. The minute Gid walked through the door and put down his traveling bag, I gave him a full report on Johnny and the jalopy.

"I should have known Gid would fail me," Patsy said, and her nervous hands picked at her dress. "Gid wasn't shocked at Johnny's behavior. Nor was he perturbed when I pointed out the dangers of two boys racing on the public streets. If anything, he seemed pleased with Johnny. He was bored, annoyed, impatient with me. In a few minutes he and Johnny were chattering about the jalopy as though I weren't there. Their talk was technical but I soon gathered Gid had given our son the money to buy some of the parts for the car. In short, he had deliberately encouraged Johnny to flout my authority. I couldn't bear it. I broke into their conversation. I demanded to know if Gid didn't intend to punish Johnny. Whereupon Gid said to me, 'Boys will be boys. You have punished the kid already.'

"I looked at my husband, I looked at my son. I sat down on the sofa and started to cry. I lost control and had hysterics. I screamed at Gid that I would pack my clothes then and there, and leave him and Johnny. He didn't even put his hand on my shoulder. He didn't ask me to stay. He mumbled something about my nerves being in poor shape and picked up his bag and went in our bedroom and shut the door. Johnny scuttled into his room and shut his door. Next day I was terribly sick. It was nerves again, the doctor said.

"Three weeks ago, on July third, Gid and I had our twentieth anniversary," Patsy continued in a flat, dead voice. "Johnny had left for his summer camp, but for a miracle Gid was at home. Twenty years seemed like an important milestone to me. Nevertheless, Gid forgot the date. There was no gift. On our wedding night he had ordered a supper of lobster and champagne. On our twentieth anniversary I ate dinner in a noisy roadside inn while Gid sat outside in the car, listening to the radio. When we finally reached home he immediately went to bed."

Patsy paused.

"I have done nothing to deserve Gid's indifference, his icy coldness. When we were first married, he treated me as wonderfully as my own father did. My father died when I was nine," Patsy said. "After my father's death I had nobody until I met Gid. Literally nobody. My mother remarried and my stepfather, who had three children, hated the expense of feeding me. I was kept out of school half the time to tend his children, and the three of them made my life a misery. As a little girl the only escape I could imagine was marriage. I used to dream about my future husband and of how happy we would be.

"Marrying Gid," said Patsy, "seemed to me like stepping out of a prison into the sunshine. In the beginning, that is. Gid was strong and protective like my father. He showered me with compliments, appreciation. Nearly every time he came back from a flight he brought me something. The gift might be small, but the thoughtfulness was there. I was always frightened when he had to fly, but I hid my fear and loneliness. I longed for a child. I thought a child would be company and would bring Gid and me closer. When Johnny finally came, my cup of happiness overflowed. Johnny was a beautiful baby, a warm and loving baby. Then Johnny grew and changed. Gid changed too. It's been years since I've had any companionship with either one of them, any warmth or love. The truth is neither Gid nor Johnny needs me.

"Gid even thinks I am bad for Johnny. He wants to separate us. He is insisting Johnny be sent away to school when he is through with camp. I think I am the one who should be sent away, for I have plainly failed as a wife and as a mother. I believe I should leave my family and get a divorce."

Gid Tells His Side:

"My wife is an emotional wreck," said Gid, a lean, personable man of forty-nine with thick, dark hair and remote, gray eyes. "I would like to help Patsy—she doesn't believe I love her, although I do—but she's got me licked. Patsy seems constitutionally unable to take the normal strain and pressures of living. She allows her nerves to get the better of her, to make her sick. She spends a quarter of the time in bed, and she seems to spend the balance of it battling with Johnny and with me. It isn't surprising that Patsy feels useless, since she so frequently and bitterly complains.

"Patsy could put her wits and energies to use in understanding our boy. There is no denying Johnny is a tough youngster to handle, but Johnny needs his mother's love and help. Patsy isn't a mother in any real sense of the word. She slugs it out with Johnny on his own level, like another child. She has no positive talent for bringing out Johnny's good traits—my worst traits too. She will yield to Johnny on a major matter where she should stand firm, and then make an issue of a trifle.

"The other night she ordered Johnny to go to his room and get at his lessons. Johnny's dignity—fourteen-year-old boys need dignity—was offended. He remarked the study ing had to wait until he went to the corner and mailed a letter. It was obvious he was looking for an argument. If Patsy had said 'O.K., Johnny, mail your letter and then hurry back,' she would have side-stepped trouble. I had already given Johnny the money. He started out the door. Immediately Patsy lost her temper and zoomed up like a space rocket. She snatched a broom and cracked Johnny over the head and raised a lump as big as a goose egg. She darn near knocked him cold. And then, conscience-stricken, she had such violent hysterics I was obliged to call the doctor.

"How can an adolescent boy have any respect for a mother—a mature woman—who hits him with a broom or shoves him in the bathtub? Johnny is too big and too old for strong-arm measures. Patsy continually protests because I don't uphold her in disciplining our boy—at times I guess I may be too easy

make it easy with mix

make it sparkle with Diamonds





WALNUT PEACHERINO SALAD

This two-layer beauty boasts a built-in dressing—plus plump *Diamond* Walnuts for crunchy appeal!

- 2 pkgs. lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1¾ cups boiling water
- 2 tsps. lemon juice
- ¾ cup syrup from canned peaches
- ⅓ cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
- 12 to 16 cling peach slices
- 4 maraschino cherries, cut up
- ½ cup commercial sour cream, or ½ cup cottage cheese, well drained

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; add lemon juice and peach syrup. Cool till thickened. Add *Diamond* Walnuts—the crisp touch that molded salads need! Arrange peaches and cherries in 8" x 4" x 4" loaf pan; cover with one cup of gelatin. Chill till firm. To remaining gelatin add sour cream or cottage cheese. Pour over fruit layer. Chill. To serve: unmold, and spoon mayonnaise down the center to frame plump *Diamond* Walnut halves. 8 to 10 servings.

CANDY-STRIP PUDDING

What wonderful tricks you can work with a mix—when you add *Diamond* Walnuts! Take vanilla tapioca pudding. Make it as package directs; cool to lukewarm. Melt ½ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces over warm, not hot, water; stir in 1 beaten egg yolk, 2 tbsps. cream and 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat an egg white stiff and fold into chocolate. Now add ½ cup chopped *Diamond* Walnuts. In dessert glasses, spoon alternate layers of pudding and the walnut-crunchy chocolate mixture. Top with crisp, golden *Diamond* Walnut halves. 6 delicious servings.



2 ways to buy Diamonds ...take your choice

In-the-shell for economy—Over two full cups of usable kernels per pound! Packed in 1 lb. cellophane bags (large walnuts in red bags, medium size in blue).

Ready-shelled for instant use—crisp halves and pieces, in 8 and 4 oz. cans. So handy, so quick and easy to use!



Add the touch that adds so much

DIAMOND WALNUTS

it if she would settle on a few genu-
ortant faults in Johnny that needed
ient, I might feel different. Patsy
o riled I'm automatically inclined to
inst her and give our son a break.
en there is more right on her side
is, it's hard for me to back her up.
is in a constant ferment because
school grades are poor. Well, I sup-
is a mother's privilege. But Patsy
pride in the fact that Johnny is a
orn mechanic. I do. I enjoy fooling
hinery myself. It's hard for me to
Johnny needs to learn how to write
h composition when all his talents
anical. I am proud he and Frank
opy out of scrap parts. Patsy insists
a sinister influence, which he isn't.
a kid like Johnny. The two of them
have cut school, but Frank just got
's license and they couldn't wait to
nd in their own machine. Johnny
f speeding at
iles an hour,
y was credu-
gh to believe
ks, that jalopy
make forty.
a tough row
when I was
age. Maybe
y I would like
th the road
r him. From
I can remem-
crazy to fly,"
"but my folks
ve a dime. My
seemed as
the moon. I
ears as an auto
—many a time
ngry to pay for
sons—before I
as a pilot. I
rry until I was
ght and solidly
with an air-

I fell in love
she was sweet
ling—soft and
nd helpless as
but only sev-
was afraid she
too young for
d hard to for-
didn't succeed.
having such a
me with her
r mother was
nably as mean
fish as any
I have ever
that I felt almost a duty to marry and
her. I wanted to make up to Patsy for
asures and fun she had missed. In those
never I came in from a flight, she
ually did something special. Patsy
lly appreciative of any little thing.
arly years of our marriage, Patsy
ve these chronic depressions and
ailments, although she hasn't ever
sically strong. And even then she
bout my flying and complained of
.
felt the lack of children considerably
n I did. I wasn't eager for Patsy to
ild, since I was concerned about her
efore Johnny came along, she had
iscarriages that frightened me badly.
, it didn't seem fair of me to stand in

Y's birth nearly killed Patsy," Gid
was based in a small Southern town
ime. The doctor was inadequately
and Patsy was in labor a week. Her
cence was slow. Looking back, I
y wonder if all our troubles might
started then. Perhaps, in my joy at
very and at being the father of a son,
ve spoiled Patsy. She was so thrilled
nny, I never dreamed the day would
en she would treat him as she now

e Johnny was a baby," Gid went on,
as an ideal mother. But she couldn't seem to get it through her head that Johnny wouldn't remain a baby. Johnny is the all-boy type, I'm glad to say. Patsy lost control of him longer ago than she thinks; Johnny was sassing her at six and seven, and small wonder. Patsy was still trying to handle him as though he was four or five. Naturally he rebelled and acted worse. Then Patsy would punish him much too severely for misbehavior she had practically invited. Furthermore, she would attempt to drag me into the act. When I arrived home days later, she would expect me to jump on the kid. I refused to oblige her. Somebody had to defend Johnny's rights, as I saw it. Whenever I stood up for him, Patsy got her feelings hurt. I have repeatedly suggested to Patsy that she demand something less than perfection, but I don't get to first base.

"I AM away from my son more than the average father. I don't like the idea of Johnny looking upon me as an ogre. Johnny will be grown and gone soon enough. I don't believe he should be brought up to hate either of his parents. When I tell Patsy her top-sergeant techniques are alienating me and making Johnny dislike her, she doesn't improve. Instead she is likely to create one of her scenes.

"She is forever threatening divorce—Patsy would be completely lost on her own—but long ago I learned her threats weren't serious. Now when she starts talking in that vein, I simply walk off. Or else I tell her to go ahead and leave, if that's how she feels. Of course she doesn't leave. Usually, after one of those scenes, she folds up and has another illness.

"For years, except when I'm out on a flight, I've led a life no dog would envy. Luckily, I love my job. The money is extremely good, but there are satisfactions in my line that money won't buy. There's male companionship. There's variety. There is the challenge of aiming at perfection on every flight. As a class, I guess that most airline pilots do feel clannish, a little set apart from the ordinary run of folk. There is nothing trivial or small in being responsible for the safety of anywhere from fifty to eighty passengers as you carry them over thousands of miles of water.

"No, I don't discuss my work with Patsy," Gid replied in answer to a question. "She sees flying only in terms of possible crashes. She isn't even interested in helping me stick to a diet. I have a tendency toward overweight. If I don't keep my weight and blood pressure down, I'll be out of a job.

"I'm no spring chicken," Gid said. "I come home from a flight tuckered out and in a mood to rest and relax and enjoy a little calm. Even now, there are times I come home feeling warm and loving toward Patsy. That feeling certainly doesn't last. Invariably I walk smack into the middle of a pitched battle between her and Johnny. I feel like turning around and walking right out again.

"The situation in our house has got to be changed. I have an obligation to both Patsy and Johnny; I also have an obligation to myself and my airline. I believe Johnny should be sent away to school. I will miss him. For that matter, Patsy will miss him too. But Johnny deserves a chance. Maybe from disciplined people he can learn a little of the discipline that figures so largely in Patsy's conversation but so seldom in her conduct. I

DUEL

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

The mind is cautious, eager to recover
From the touch of a hand or the kiss of a lover.
Waking in the morning and recalling the night,
The mind close-guarded is apt to take fright;
Is quite inclined to forget to remember;
Is firm in calling December December.

But the heart, the heart! No use to try
To restrain the heart with a warning cry.
Waking in the morning, the heart folds tight
Its memory of love in the star-swept night,
And no matter how bleak the December day,
The heart, extravagant, proclaims it May!

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"... and make 'em sparkle with Diamond® Walnuts!"





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OF GENERAL MILLS

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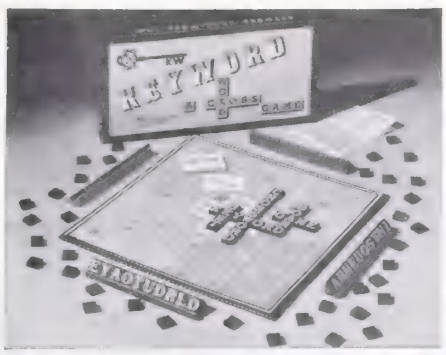
Each box of the new Betty Crocker Brownie Mix makes 36 fudgy squares. And most everything you need is right in the mix. All you add is one egg—for chewy brownies, or two eggs if you like 'em light and cake-like—and Diamond Walnuts for the touch that adds so much!

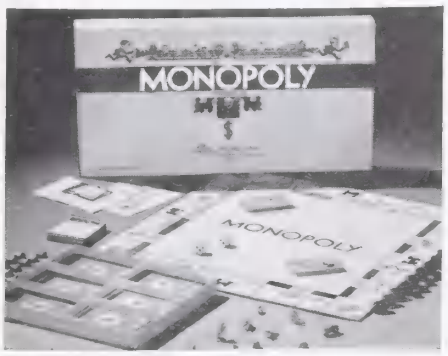
Do bake brownies . . . soon!



FILL UP THE COOKY JAR!

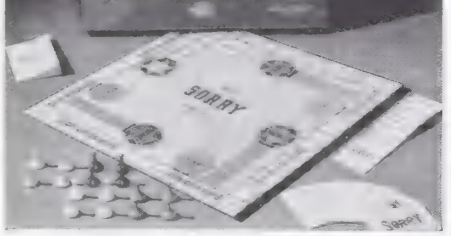
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do wish Patsy would grow up and behave like an adult."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Patsy was taking out on her adolescent son the dissatisfactions of her own life. Of course she wasn't aware of it. She honestly believed she was doing her best by Johnny. Actually she was punishing Johnny for growing away from her—something that was inevitable and natural—and she was also punishing him for the emptiness of her relationship with Gid. In the process, she was further alienating Gid, she was turning Johnny into a behavior problem and she was turning herself into a chronic invalid.

"Patsy's mistakes were clear enough. It would have been useless for me to point out her mistakes to her at the time we met. When our consultations began," the counselor went on, "Patsy was literally starved for love and affection. She was too confused and despondent, too sunk in self-pity, to be rational. Her childhood had left Patsy with a profound sense of inadequacy, a feeling of being utterly alone in the world. As a little girl she dreamed that marriage would resolve all her personality difficulties and be an Open sesame! to permanent happiness. The dream was romantic, unrealistic. For a while she was happy, although not so happy as she fancied in retrospect. In retrospect, she idealized the honeymoon period of her marriage just as she idealized the brief period of Johnny's infancy.

"Patsy failed to develop and mature with the passage of time. As Gid's and Johnny's dependence on her seemingly lessened, her old childish feelings of inadequacy and unimportance took control. She struck out blindly at a world in which she felt unnecessary and unwanted. Her threats of divorce, threats she didn't intend to carry out, were a key to her emotional state. She was frantically seeking from Gid an assurance that he loved and needed her. When this assurance did not come, her frustration manifested itself in physical symptoms. She had fainting spells, sleeping spells, headaches, stomach upsets—the classic neurotic ailments. Patsy indeed needed to grow up. She couldn't manage it on her own. She had to have Gid's help.

"Fortunately Gid, who was the strong partner in the marriage, wanted to help. First he and I discussed the question of Johnny. Breaking up the family and shipping Johnny off to school at fourteen, as Gid himself acknowledged, did not seem to be the course of wisdom. There was the danger that the boy might feel rejected by both his parents. Nevertheless, Johnny required and deserved a different home atmosphere. In his efforts to counter Patsy's temper outbursts and her undue severity, Gid had swung too far in the opposite direction. Patsy was in full charge of Johnny a large part of the time and she was entitled to her husband's support. Moreover, Gid was ignoring serious faults in Johnny—major faults—of which Patsy had complained. Johnny's truancy, for example. And his poor scholastic record, for which there was no real excuse. Johnny's talents were mechanical and he was ambitious to be an engineer, but in this day and age a broad education is necessary in engineering.

"After Gid and I had talked together, he admitted that he was not blameless in the matter of Johnny's unruliness. He perceived that memories of personal childhood hardships had motivated his leniency in part, that he had not been thinking of Johnny's ultimate welfare. Gid then changed his tack, stepped out of the role of a visiting Santa Claus and assumed his responsibilities as a father. He held up higher standards for Johnny, both at home and at school. He told Johnny that he was expected to do his best in all his studies, including English composition and literature. He laid down some definite rules and regulations for the boy to follow. Johnny profited.

"Needless to say, Gid's backing was helpful to Patsy's morale. When Gid came to understand how Patsy's deep emotional hunger was affecting her health and the lives of all three of them, he reacted with characteristic sympathy. Gid was considerably older than his wife. He had been instinctively protective and considerate until his bewilderment and exasperation with Patsy had caused him virtually to abdicate as a husband. Gid felt fulfilled and satisfied in his work, and he readily comprehended that a constant feeling of self-dissatisfaction and failure would be hard for anyone to bear.

"Gid undertook an experiment. He set out deliberately to make Patsy *feel* that she was important to him. In every way possible—particularly in small ways—he sought to show Patsy that she was in his thoughts, a part of his life. On his next flight back from Japan, he brought her a set of china. He refreshed his recollections of the holidays that had meaning and significance to her. On Patsy's birthday he sent her yellow roses. Patsy realized that some of his 'little acts of thoughtfulness' were calculated, but this did not lessen the value to her of an unexpected orchid to pin on her coat, champagne in a cooler on New Year's Eve, unexpected words of praise. For Gid was taking trouble on her behalf, and thereby proving that she did count with him.

"The transformation in Patsy was striking and swift. As soon as she *felt* loved and appreciated, her depressions melted away. Nervous illnesses ceased to plague her when she achieved mastery of the runaway emotions that once had guided so many of her actions. She commenced to give to her husband and son the adult kind of consideration they needed.

One of the best things about a very little child is that he never thanks you for doing things for him—he is so sure you want to.
—MAURICE HORSPOOL

"Patsy's clashes with Johnny did not end overnight. But her point of view changed radically. For the first time she endeavored to think logically about their altercations. For the first time she saw why, how and where she had made mistakes. She saw that she had been regarding Johnny as a projection of herself, when he was a person in his own right. She began to share Gid's pride in Johnny's mechanical talents instead of vaguely hoping that Johnny would become an English teacher. After she read a few books on the nature of adolescence, she discovered that she had been exaggerating a good many of Johnny's faults.

"Patsy settled her minor skirmishes with Johnny when they occurred. She stopped saving up horrid tales to relate to Gid at the moment of his return from the flying field. As a result, Gid's home-coming warmth wasn't chilled at his own threshold. The couple's sexual relationship was resumed.

"Patsy had practically no interests, except her family and herself. She had shunned outside activities on the grounds of ill health and this had given her far too much time for brooding. Her first tentative reading led her into a neighborhood study group, where she made feminine friends. She joined a ceramics class which met two afternoons a week, and found an outlet for her creative abilities. Gid's compliments on the latest pretty household ornament were welcome but gradually became less essential. For Patsy had gained inner satisfaction; she knew that her husband and son loved her and that she was conducting herself like a real wife, a real mother.

"Four years have passed since I last saw Patsy and Gid, but I hear from them occasionally. Johnny was graduated from high school with creditable marks and is now a freshman at Carnegie Institute of Technology. The family is still a closely knit unit. Last Christmas I had a card from Patsy and Gid. There was a message from each. Gid wrote, 'I never dreamed a little appreciation, a few words of encouragement and praise could change a woman as Patsy has changed.' Patsy's triumphant postscript read: 'Why wouldn't I change? After all, Gid changed the whole world for me.'"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



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THE PARTY'S ON!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

boiled ham (canned or done on the base), 2 tablespoons catchup, 1½ tea- prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon Wor- hire sauce and a dash of Tabasco. Roll ur pastry, *thin*, on a floured board. with a small piece of the dough at a nd keep the rest in the refrigerator so s cold until ready to use. This treat- you know, makes the dough easier ndle and flakier too. Cut with a 2″ cooky cutter. Put ¼ teaspoon ham h round, wet the edge with cold water, e dough over and seal the edges with Just as you make any turnover. Chill refrigerator on a greased baking sheet eady to bake, just before supper. Or an be baked ahead and kept hot in a r or in a low oven, with a motherly eye little tots. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., rown, 8 to 10 minutes. This makes 30 turnovers. "Now good digestion n appetite."

SHRIMP-STUFFED CELERY

and drain stalks of celery from the the heart of celery, not your heart or . Longer stalks can be cut into 2″–3″ s, you be the judge of how many—let sity prevail. Crisp them in ice water preparing the filling. Drain a 5-ounce shrimp. Take out the black veins fork, unless they are the variety that already deprived of said veins, and hem in cold water. Break the shrimp e pieces. Mix with 1 tablespoon finely d chives, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons juice, ½ cup mayonnaise and 2 dashes co. Drain the celery and dry between Stuff with the shrimp filling. You'll ut with about 15 stuffed celery pieces, start with a normal stalk of celery. the rust and spots and use only the nished.

ipe or green olives prove their versa- n a score of ways. A way to use them ill please you and add to your olive the way I've shown you here. It's the

SPICED OLIVES

the liquid from a 9-ounce can of green ives; simmer 5 minutes with 2 large garlic, sliced, and 4 dried red chili s. Add 1½ tablespoons vinegar and 3 fresh dill (have you yet an herb-pot in the kitchen?) or 1 teaspoon dried our over the olives and let them stand in a covered jar before you spring on your guests. These improve with o you needn't be afraid to make for future parties, or for the "old t home."

ow nice to know. Let the drifts drift and nd blow high, and the cold gray clouds the cold gray sky, let the gods of the ains beat their drums, and the last bird as winter comes. Let anything happen, thing may, one thing is sure and it's stay, for a spell and a long spell any- that's the oyster. Try them this way:

AVORY CREAMED OYSTERS

dozen shucked oysters over low heat for utes to release some of the juice. When ges curl they are finished. Drain well. tablespoons butter or margarine. Add espoons flour and make a smooth paste x. Add 1 cup light cream and stir over eat until very smooth and like *heavy* I do these operations in a double but then I'm never in a hurry. Do as e to do. To the cream sauce add ½ cup diced green pepper, ¼ cup minced , ¼ cup diced pimiento, 1 cup grated ar cheese, ½ cup grated Parmesan , 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish, oon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon ary, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon r. Add the oysters to the sauce and the double-boiler treatment, or put afing dish for 20 minutes or so—and to be as hot as a red-hot poker. Serve on toast or on hot split and buttered baking-powder biscuits.

The bird that never fails. You may count on one thing in this uncertain world: as long as you have or have had a turkey in the house, you'll eat, come the calm of spring or the blizzard of winter. If you can think up something that hasn't been done to, or made from, a turkey, from the day it's roasted to the day the last bone has disappeared, send me word. And don't say it never made a custard pie. For how do you know? Or ice cream either. This may not be new, but neither are most jokes, and now you have a chance to try

TURKEY GLACÉ

Trim the crusts from a 1-pound loaf of day-old bread. Cut the bread into ½″ cubes to make 6 cups; sauté the cubes in a frying pan, using ¼ cup butter or margarine. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon each of thyme and poultry seasoning. Spread in bottom of a shallow baking dish, 13¼″x 8¾″x1¾″. Cut up 6 cups cooked turkey into 1½″pieces and spread over the browned bread cubes. For the sauce prepare 1 quart rich turkey stock, by cooking up the leftover turkey bones and gravy with some onion, celery and parsley. In a large frying pan sauté 1 cup finely chopped onion in ½ cup butter or margarine. Add ½ cup flour and 4 cups rich turkey stock; season with 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning and ¼ cup chopped parsley. Pour over the turkey and bread cubes. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes, then take it from the oven and spread the top with two 1-pound cans of whole cranberry sauce. Bake for 10 minutes.

No goose in the act. It's a goose-liver *pâté* without any goose. A *pâté de foie gras* minus any Strasbourg inheritance. It's a secret until now, and now it's about to fall on the ears of a palpitating multitude, and bound to become, someday, a treasured heirloom, a legacy, and its name is Swedish Liver Pâté. Leave it to the Swedes to dream it up, and make it for *your* next party.

SWEDISH LIVER PÂTÉ

Wash 1 pound calf's liver. Soak it in milk several hours. Drain and wipe dry. Take off, with a sharp and pointed knife, all the membrane. Cut into pieces and put through the grinder—using the medium knife—at least 4 times, along with ½ pound fresh pork fat, 1 medium-sized onion and 5 drained anchovies. Add 2 egg yolks—one at a time—to the ground mixture, beating well after each addition. Stir in ⅔ cup heavy cream. Season with 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, a pinch of allspice and ¼ teaspoon ginger. Blend well. Fold in 2 egg whites, beaten to soft peaks.

Grease an 8½″ x 4½″ x 2½″ loaf pan, line with greased brown paper, pack in the liver mixture. Cover with greased paper or, better yet, a sheet of aluminum foil. Bake in a pan of hot water in a slow oven, 300° F., 1¼ hours. Cool and chill overnight. Turn out on your fanciest plate and garnish with sieved hard-cooked egg. Serve sliced with Melba toast or saltines.

Apples are cider's best friend. If there weren't any apples or apple pickers or orchards to pick apples in, there wouldn't be any cider—and what a catastrophe that would be! But Nature has attended to all that, and apples and cider are all ours. One thing among many that there are to do with them both—at the same time, too—you see right here, and you may add to your repertoire

APPLE-TANG SALAD

Dissolve 2 packages lemon-flavored gelatin in 1½ cups hot water. Add 2 cups sweet cider, ¼ cup lemon juice and a pinch of salt. Chill until partly set. Fold in 3 cups diced red apple (unpeeled) and 2 cups diced celery. Pour into a pretty mold or 12 individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve



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Combine in measuring cup ½ cup of Mazola and 5 tablespoons of ice water (or cold milk). Beat with a fork until creamy. Immediately dump this mixture all at once over 2 cups sifted flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Toss and mix with a fork. Notice how quickly Mazola mixes in!

Form dough into ball . . . divide in half . . . roll each between two 12-inch squares of wax paper (wipe table with damp cloth so paper will not slip). Remove top sheet . . . place dough in pan . . . peel off the other sheet. Bake at temperature required for filling used. For single crust, divide recipe in half. Prick well, if for baked shell.



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Reminding you that someone, somewhere—close to home or far away—would enjoy hearing your voice by telephone today.

with thick commercial sour cream or with a boiled dressing.

Who wants cookies? Who doesn't? Don't all speak at once and no pushing, please. Here are enough, different enough and delicious enough, to satisfy the most cooky-minded maker and eater that ever swung a rolling pin, or found an empty cooky jar after Junior had brought a few friends in after school. So tie on the apron and get out the works and prepare to stock up on the best stock you'll find. Your party'll agree. I'll bet on that. (What is the bulge in Willie's pocket?)

YULETIDE COOKIES

Cream 1 cup butter or margarine, 2 cups sugar and ½ cup honey. Add 2 eggs—one at a time—beating well after each addition. Add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ⅓ cup orange juice and 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Then add 1 coarsely grated unpeeled apple (about ⅔ cup). Mix well and add 2 cups quick-cooking oats, 2 cups whole-wheat flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Finally, add 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup bleached seedless raisins, 1 cup currants, ½ cup chopped citron and 1 cup chopped walnuts. Mix well. Drop from a teaspoon about ½" apart on a greased baking sheet. Press lightly with the bottom of a drinking glass over which has been stretched a cloth squeezed in ice water. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This receipt will make 18 dozen small cookies. Store in a covered and inconspicuous cooky jar, with waxed paper between the layers. Will keep and improve with age, like fruitcake. But, unlike fruitcake, which is aloof and boasts a "Keep Off" sign like a bed of asparagus at rabbit-poaching time, cookies are vulnerable, and if you can't hide them, set them in the front window with a sign "Merry Christmas. Help yourselves." I guess this is best, after all.

SWEDISH WAFERS

Beat together 3 eggs and ½ cup sugar. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup melted butter or margarine and 1 cup flour. Beat until the batter is smooth. Bake as thin as possible on a well-heated, greased wafer iron over low heat until golden brown on both sides—about 1 to 1½ minutes on each side. Use 1 tablespoon batter for each wafer. Keep the iron at a slow even temperature. Roll the wafers quickly, while they are warm and before they crisp, around the handle of a wooden spoon, or shape into a cone. When cool, serve plain or filled with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Swedish-wafer irons are handy and not very costly and most housewares departments have them.

SESAME COOKIES

Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with 6 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, and blend well. Sift 1½ cups flour with ¾ teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to the creamed mixture and flavor with ¾ teaspoon vanilla. Cookies, like cake, demand flavoring. Somehow it "bakes out," and if you try to be too saving, the result is B flat. Break off small pieces of dough, about the size of a small walnut. Form into a little pat (patty cake, patty cake), press down on hulled sesame seeds and arrange in baking order on a greased baking sheet with th seed side up. (If the seed side wasn't *up*, would be *down*. And where would *you* be? Decorate tops of cookies with citron c angelica. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F about 15–20 minutes until light beige. (dressmaker color or *décor.)* Makes 3 dozen you're lucky.

ALMOND CAKES

Cream together thoroughly ¼ cup butter c margarine and ¾ cup sugar. Add 2 eggs, on at a time, beating hard between addition Add ¾ cup finely ground blanched almond 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind, ½ teaspoo grated lemon rind, and ¼ teaspoon almon and ¼ teaspoon vanilla flavorings. Be until very light. Gradually stir in 1 cup plu 2 tablespoons flour and ¼ teaspoon sal Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased bakin sheet. Garnish with a slice of candied cherry Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., minutes or until ligh golden brown. Th adds up to about dozen cookies.

SONG FOR MY NEWBORN SON

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

He is all pure and fair and freshly minted,
Stamped with the starry seal of Love imprinted
By the Lord's limpid grace;
Coined from a mortal dream's immortal metal,
Softer than smiles that dance and drift and settle
Upon a changeling's face.

This is my son, in whom I am well pleased;
Delivered, my deliverer, who eased
My heart of grief's dead growth:
Who forced the issue: who confronted Death,
And with one piercing cry of pent-up breath
Made answer for us both.

PANOCHA SQUARE

Melt ¼ cup butter c margarine. While it still hot add 1 cu brown sugar. Add 1 eg and ½ teaspoon va nilla. Beat until mixtu is fluffy. Sift togethe and stir into the fir mixture 1 cup flour, teaspoon baking pow der and ¼ teaspoo salt. Mix in 1 cup sem sweet chocolate piec and ¾ cup choppe walnuts. Spread o evenly in a greased 8 square pan and bak in a moderate ove 350° F., for about minutes. Be careful n to bake this longer tha just until done or will be too firm. should be chewy. O yes, I meant to tell yo they look like panoch taste like it and wh cut into squares li panocha, *are* panoch Only they're *cookies.*

BRAZIL-NUT RINGS

Beat 2 eggs until ve light. Gradually a 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar and teaspoon vanilla, beating constantly. And the arm faileth, page Mr. Edison's legio Sift together 1¾ cups flour, 1 teaspoon ba ing powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Mix wi 2 cups ground Brazil nuts and mix with t egg mixture. Chill dough in the refrigerat for about 2 hours. If you run into the wo "castana," pronounced "castana," it mea Brazil nut. What it means to be educate Break off pieces of the dough, shape in balls about 1" in diameter; or form in lengthwise rolls about ⅓" in diameter, long, and join the ends to make a ring. Ba on an ungreased baking sheet in a mod ately slow oven, 325° F., for 10 to 15 minut Spread with a thin confectioners'-sug frosting and decorate with multicolor sprinkles. Bought by the thimbleful at t candy store.

Bows won't stay. When I tie a bow, w won't it stay tied, but all at once slips a kn and lallygags on one corner, and nothing l than a spike will hold it? Why do my ca get left out, like a robin's egg under a tree stead of in the nest? My labels won't st and my presents look like the confusion y find in a little boy's room after he does homework. You tell me if you can. I beli in poltergeists and leprechauns and all other troublemakers in fairyland. But another year. Maybe things will improve. the meantime more parties and the best holidays from

ANNI